

F Disciples 301

Chapter 301: 301

The reactions to this were mixed, to say the least. Jasmine and Lin Qingcheng had blank looks, confused and unsure what a divine daughter really meant. Hua Yulan was just as shocked as Prioress Gui Li while Zhou Ziyun had a thoughtful expression.

Gui Li calmed herself down and explained just how special a divine daughter was.

They were few in number, beyond rare and precious. One might be born in the entire world of countless humans only every thousand years. In the endless world, it was a solitary existence blessed by the heavens. The Virtuous Order held divine daughters in the highest regard. While holy daughters were assigned an abbotess or cardinal as their master, divine daughters were so rare that they were taught directly by the pope and groomed into cardinals and future popes.

In fact, one of the main purposes of spreading the teachings of the order across the world was to find divine daughters.

“Wow! How strong is your pope?” Lin Qingcheng asked.

“I cannot say for sure.” Gui Li said, “The strongest cardinal can be at the Spirit Overlord Realm. I have never met our pope but she should at least at that level.”

Zhou Ziyun raised a hand and cut in, “Respected prioress, time is short. Given this new information, will you still help us with our sister Long Yifei?”

Jasmine was the nominal elder but Zhou Ziyun was the one in charge of things. Aside from Chen Wentian, she was the one most responsible for the plan. She knew that Long Yifei having such tremendous talent was a blessing but it could also turn into a curse.

“A message has already been sent. Once the Immaculate Vessel produced the results for a divine daughter, a message has already been sent to the nearest temple in the continent. An abbottess should already be on her way as we speak.” Gui Li answered.

“One is good. If they send too many, it may alarm the enemy.” Jasmine said.

Gui Li nodded, “Exactly. If they realize the existence of a divine daughter, then all-out war might erupt in the subcontinent. Just like us, divine daughters hold the same importance to them. If they find out, the entire metropolis might be reduced to dust in the ensuing struggle.”

It was a frightening thought, one that was very likely to come true if things went awry. A hint of a divine daughter was enough to move cardinals. The pope might even get involved if there wasn't anything else going on. A divine daughter was simply too precious to give up.

“What about the matter of the pope and divine daughters you mentioned?” Zhou Ziyun asked, “Long Yifei is our sister. She is our master's disciple, a bond that is not easily broken. I don't know how she would react to the situation but if she refuses Abbottess Liang and the Sororal Order, what's to say that she will accept the Virtuous Order and become a disciple of your pope? If that happens, will you still help us?”

“We will, we will do everything for a divine daughter. That is codified in law within our order. But rest assured, we will not force our ways upon anyone. Each daughter of the order is allowed to choose and they chose our ways and teachings willingly. But that being said, a divine daughter of the order will reach the immortal realms with absolute certainty. Spirit Lord, Spirit King, Spirit Emperor, Spirit Overlord... it is up to her where her limits lie. Her potential is simply boundless.”

The words of the prioress were clear. With the teachings of the order, a divine daughter was almost guaranteed to become a powerful immortal that far surpassed the Spirit Lord Realm. Without the order, the future was uncertain and even breaking the shackles of mortality might become an impossible task.

It was difficult to say how anyone would react when faced with such a decision. Regardless of the choice, it would be unfair to someone. If Long Yifei chose either of the two orders, it would be unfair to Chen Wentian. If she chose to remain out of loyalty or some other reason, it would be unfair to herself. She would be throwing away an opportunity to live for thousands of years as an immortal. Would Chen Wentian even allow her to do that to herself?

Nobody in that small cave could answer that question even though they thought about it. At the end of the day, it was something for Long Yifei to decide.

“Very well, there is still roughly two weeks left for Long Yifei in the dream cultivation array. Abbotess Liang is already there, waiting to snatch her away as soon as she awakes. Your abbotess has to be ready by then. But do not confront the enemy until our sister awakes. We don't want any accidents to happen while she is dreaming.” Zhou Ziyun said.

“Agreed!”

Many provinces away, in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis, the Golden Feather Hunt continued. Since crossing the one-month threshold, many on the leaderboard were getting close to the nine feathers required to redeem the top prize. Excitement was building day by day. Everyone was eager to see who would reach that goal first.

The top prize wasn't the only thing in the competitors' minds. A sizable number of lower-tier prizes had already been redeemed. Those went to people who had already given up on the top prize and were grabbing anything they could. To them, anything was better than nothing. Even the lowest tier of prizes was worthwhile.

The Golden Feather Hunt was, by all means, a resounding success. The hunt and the steadily diminishing rewards were the subjects of everyone's attention. The population was engaged and excited. It was a great event that boosted the prestige of the Immortal Association and the Four Kings to new heights.

However, one day after the one-month mark, something happened, something absolutely amazing. The news was so shocking, it spread to all corners of the metropolis in a single morning. By the afternoon, it had taken over the city in a way that even the Golden Feather Hunt could not.

In the metropolis, it was all anybody talked about. From small pubs to corner restaurants, from the poor houses of the Old District to the immortal towers of the Sky District, the matter was on everyone's tongue.

It was so shocking that it threatened to upend the entire city and plunge it into chaos!

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The River District was the playground for the rich and powerful in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. It contained all the best restaurants, theaters, and brothels. It also contained numerous villas and palaces so people could enjoy the comforts of the district inside their own homes.

One palace was particularly impressive, built into the hills beside the river and overlooking a colorful paradise. It was eight stories tall, with curved roofs made of red tile. Intricate lanterns hung from wooden beams made from the highest quality trees. Its windows were tall and wide, made from the most expensive and transparent glass, allowing an unimpeded view of the city below.

Inside, the great hall was equally impressive, if not more. The vast room was adorned with ancient vases, carved statues, soulful paintings, and inspirational calligraphy. There were also well-manicured plants that each exuded rare and special spiritual auras.

A small group of people was in the middle of the hall, amongst the splendor and riches. They lounged around in soft beds in a rough semicircle, laughing, drinking, and playing. The tables in front of them were adorned with plates of food and bottles. Next to each man was at least one young woman whose beauty was equally as brilliant as the décor around them.

“Ahhh! Yes!” One of the men shouted, who was currently atop a woman and nestled between her legs.

“Ohhh, Prince Nanjiang, spare Xiao Li please! Xiao Li can't take it anymore!” The woman beneath him cried out coquettishly.

“Hahaha!” The one surnamed Nanjiang bellowed with laughter and pressed the woman down for a sloppy kiss.

“Hurry up, Nanjiang Siyuan, this daddy is still waiting for a turn!” Another man shouted.

“Noooo... Prince Zhen, do you not want Ping'er anymore?” The half-naked woman beside him pulled at his arm and pouted.

“Zhen Tianlei, go satisfy your woman first! This prince isn't done yet!” Nanjiang Siyuan shot back, denying his drinking buddy a go.

“You dick!”

“Bigger than you!”

The group dissolved into laughter and shouts. The other princes joined in to make fun of each other in good spirits. Partners were exchanged, more wine was ingested, and the debauchery continued.

“Brothers, brothers!” A shout came from the entrance. “Big news! Brothers!”

A heavy-set man lumbered in. He ran in a way that was an embarrassment to his Spirit Initiate Realm cultivation as well as his upbringing which was signified by his overly luxurious clothes.

“Chen Dou! You fat ass, what took you so long? You didn't bring any women?” Zhen Tianlei asked.

Nanjiang Siyuan, Zhen Tianlei, Chen Dou, these men were the same ones that accosted Chen Wentian and his disciples. They were a close-knit group of young masters and princes who squandered their families' wealth away and were useless at anything else.

“Shut up and listen!” Chen Dou shouted.

The urgency in his voice surprised the others. Even Nanjiang Siyuan stopped what he was doing and looked up.

“Something happened, something that affects our futures! You girls, leave now, I have to speak to my brothers in privacy!”

Although Chen Dou was often the punching bag of the group, he was still the scion of an influential family and knew how to act like one in front of a bunch of prostitutes.

The women obeyed without question. They jumped up and skittered away. The men left behind had annoyed looks but they were also interested in what was going on.

“Well? Don't keep us waiting.” One of them said.

Chen Dou withdrew a rolled-up poster and spread it flat on the table. The gathered friends were greeted with a painting of a strikingly beautiful woman, far more beautiful than all the prostitutes that were just here combined.

“Long Yifei!” A few of them shouted.

“Indeed,” Chen Dou said, “The rumors were true. My men managed to snatch this as they were being put up around the city. But the news has already traveled far and wide. Yet you sad sacks are still here playing with sluts.”

“Just say it!” Nanjiang Siyuan said angrily.

Chen Dou pointed to the rows of characters at the bottom of the portrait and read out loud.

“By decree of Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, Master of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, Lord of Dragon Flower Province...”

“Long Yifei, disciple of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, is a flower in full bloom, pure, unspoiled by the touch of man. My disciple's future and happiness are my future and happiness. All women deserve to marry and Long Yifei is no different. She made her intentions known to me before we came to the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. As a noble master, I cannot deny her reasonable requests and shall put forth my very best effort to fulfill them...”

“I, Chen Wentian, seek everyone who may be interested in marriage. They must be below fifty years of age. They must be in the Spirit Initiate Realm. Other than these two simple requirements, anybody is free to try their luck. Like master, like disciple, Long Yifei does not place too much emphasis on physical traits, upbringing, strength, or potential. Instead, she enjoys wisdom, wit, honor, integrity, and above all, compatibility...”

“All who believe in themselves are invited to join in the marriage-seeking event. It will commence in three weeks, as soon as she awakens from her time in the dream array. Everyone must be signed up within two weeks in order to qualify. The sign-up fee is one hundred thousand taels of gold. Those eliminated will not be refunded...”

“Competition will be fierce so I expect only the best. To decrease the number of participants, there will first be an elimination event. The field will be narrowed to fifty within a week. These fifty finalists will participate in a much longer main event. The main event allows the finalists to interact closely with her. There will be group events, many different activities, and even one-on-one settings where you can get to know each other better. It will be up to you to take advantage of each of the opportunities provided to make your mark and move the maiden's heart. Everyone has a chance so let the heavens decide, may the best man win!”

“Signed... with Chen Wentian's spiritual signature!”

Chen Dou finished reading and the great hall erupted into absolute chaos. The guys were shouting over each other, unable to contain their excitement. Some even hopped into the air in premature celebration. They were all going crazy, this was the best news they had heard in their entire lives.

The object of their worship and combined sexual desire magically dropped out of the heavens and was now within reach. They did not know why Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian was doing this and they didn't care. It was Long Yifei, she was a virgin, confirmed by her master's spiritual signature. Anybody had a chance, no matter how small.

“I will join!” Nanjiang Suyan howled.

He was pushed aside by Zhen Tianlei, "No, I will!"

"No, me!"

"Me!"

"Shut up, it will be me!"

The men scrambled to their feet, the prior feast and merriment forgotten. They glared at each other with fierce competitiveness. They all wanted to be Long Yifei's husband, not knowing just how impossible that was.

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"What a stupid plan!" A voice burst out, filled with the utmost frustration.

Several giggles came in response.

"I'm serious!" Xu Lanyi said, her voice filled with annoyance.

The ice sisters were by themselves in a rather simple room. Su Xue and Su Yue were the culprits of the giggles but were quieted by a withering glare from Xu Lanyi. They sat around tables set up in an arc with Li Yuechan at the center. Atop the tables were piles of papers of what looked suspiciously like advertisement posters, each with a portrait of Long Yifei. More of the same were stacked around the room. A countless number of them had been printed, to ensure maximum coverage over a metropolis that spanned vast lands.

Indeed, they had been dragged into the plan to Long Yifei from the clutches of the evil Abbotess Liang.

Xu Lanyi wasn't happy but she wasn't the only one. They had been drafted by Chen Wentian into the effort, pulling them away from their Golden Feather Challenge. He had begged and pleaded and they had not put up any objections, but it didn't mean they were happy about it. As disciples, they also

wished to save their fellow sisters. But as disciples, they were naturally disappointed that their own progress was being stunted in the process.

Chen Wentian had promised them over and over again that he would pay them back. They could only trust him as they had always done.

“It's not going to work. Who's going to believe him? With that registration fee, people will think it's just a stupid money grab.” Xu Lanyi complained again.

“The spiritual signature should assuage doubts.” Song Wushuang said evenly.

Xu Lanyi clicked her tongue but had no retort. Spiritual signatures were similar to spiritual oaths but also different. An oath was a binding between an individual's soul and the heavens. If it was broken, the soul would receive a backlash from the heavens, something that was built into the laws of the world.

A signature was merely a fragment of one's spiritual energy put onto paper. It was worth nothing to the heavenly laws but worth something to the laws of the human world and to the Immortal Association. A spiritual signature was a person's honor. To many in the cultivation world, honor and reputation were just as important as power and influence.

So far, Chen Wentian's honor was still worth something...

“Plus, I think mass hysteria will assuage the doubters very soon.” Song Wushuang said. “The flyers are not his only method of drumming up excitement. He told me he has a few tricks up his sleeves.”

“Wait... he told you and not me? Xue'er, Yue'er, what about you?” Xu Lanyi asked.

The twins shook their heads.

Song Wushuang smirked and squeezed her ample breasts together so that the cleavage visible deepened. “Don't blame me for having better assets.”

“You...”

“Alright, alright, come on.” Li Yuechan said, “The entire sect has been mobilized for this. The Zhou Clan has started a huge operation in the capital at great cost. Sister Lin's branch sect has also moved some of their operations here to support us. We're all in it to save Sister Long. If it had been any of us, master would have done the same. He is that kind of man.”

She sighed and then called out an order to the personnel waiting outside. An elder of the Zhou Clan rushed in with a stack of papers but these were smaller and different from the posters.

“Mistress, here is the first batch!” The man said and dropped it off on Li Yuechan's desk.

“Thank you, these are more of the signed posters, please take them and distribute them based on the plan. Also, make sure to send the acknowledgement letters along with instructions for the event.”

“Of course, mistress. It will be done!”

The Zhou Clan elder called out and a bunch of aides rushed in and carried away the stacks littered around the room.

“More unsigned posters are ready.” He said afterward.

“Send them in.” Li Yuechan nodded.

“Yes!”

Freshly printed posters were brought in for the ice sisters to stamp with their master's signature. Each was given a specially crafted stamp for this task.

The Zhou Clan people left soon after and the four sisters all looked expectantly at Li Yuechan. She did not keep them waiting and started reading the first page which contained some data.

“Lanyi, here are the results you wanted. Thirty-four people registered after just the first day. And this is still just with minimal coverage.” She looked down and smirked, “There's even one woman among them.”

Xu Lanyi spluttered, blushing, “A woman... really... how does that even work.”

This earned her several giggles from the rest.

“If one is motivated enough, anything is possible.”

“Nonsense!”

“Anyways,” Li Yuechan continued, “The Zhou Clan has handled the registration process and taken their money. They will be delivering it to us soon. Now, let's take a break from stamping and look at these names and their provided profiles.”

She read through each one with the others listening in with interest. It was a kind of perverse fascination at what kind of men were interested in their fellow disciple.

The first few were unremarkable. They were the core disciples of several immortal sects, those with only Spirit Lord masters, not Spirit Kings. Disciples in such positions could afford the registration fee simply with their saved-up allowance. Although it was a huge expense for them, they all felt it was a necessary risk. They were confident in their own talent and cultivation arts and hoped that Long Yifei would be attracted to those aspects.

Another group soon caught their eyes. They were scions of clans that had vast business empires throughout the metropolis. Their vast wealth far exceeded immortal sects even if their relative strength was weaker. These people could throw away a hundred thousand taels of gold in one evening. They also recognized a name among them, Nanjiang Siyuan.

“These all came in at the same location, almost ten of them at the same time.” Li Yuechan commented.

“Men...” Xu Lanyi muttered.

“Men...” The others agreed.

“If master was in a similar position in the past, in the Spirit Initiate Realm, do you think he would have also signed up?” Su Yue asked.

“If he could afford it, absolutely!” Xu Lanyi declared.

The sisters giggled. The atmosphere in the room evened out. They had been worried the plan wouldn't work but it seemed now that it was.

The small fry were already circling the bait, eager to take a bite. But they weren't the goal, the main goal at least. The thing still missing was the big fish, ones that could actually help them when the time came. They still had yet to be caught.

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Tower of Light was one of the four largest sky-scraping pagodas that dominated the Sky District. It was the home of the Eastern Light Clan, one of the four ruling powers of the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. From a distance, it did not look like a classical pagoda with distinct tiers and curved, tiled roofs. Instead, it looked like a singular, narrow beam of yellow light that shot into the clouds.

The top of this massive tower was where the eastern light of daybreak first hit every morning. Needless to say, it was the home to Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu, the 10th head of a clan which history spanned over three thousand years.

The Eastern Light Clan was able to produce a continuous stream of Spirit Kings, one after another. It was an unbroken lineage that maintained and grew their power and prestige in the subcontinent. A new one always arrived before the previous one died of old age without fail. This was the only way the clan could keep its position within the Immortal Association. If there was any interval without a Spirit King, no matter how small, they would be immediately set upon by their rivals.

Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu was barely over three hundred years old. Among his peers, he would be considered young and spry. But compared to his ancestors, he was a failure. The reason was that he still had not found a worthy successor and his time was running out.

Maintaining an unbroken line of Spirit Kings required tremendous resources and a lot of luck. Raising a Spirit King took at least a hundred years given a heaven-shaking talent. One of average potential took a hundred and fifty years at best. If they went beyond two hundred years of age, it was almost certain to be a failure. The bad news was that none of his descendants currently at the Spirit Lord Realm were capable of breaking through.

It had been a disastrous century and a half. The clan had raised seven Spirit Lords in that time and within the whole clan, they had ten. Raising a Spirit Lord wasn't easy, even for a super sect like the Eastern Light Clan. Each one was the absolute best out of an entire generation, the victor of countless trials, missions, and life-or-death battles. Yet none of them were good enough, not good enough for the position of clan head, not good enough to be a Spirit King.

They were all useless. They weren't hardworking enough. They were too satisfied with their existing status and lacked the ambition to strive for more. They drank and played with women all day. Their position and comforts turned their brains had turned to molten slag and made them no longer capable of progress.

Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu furrowed his brow as he sat in front of a desk made out of pure clear crystal. The other furniture in the room was similarly decorated, chairs, lamps, windows, and doors all made out of crystals of various colors. The ceiling wasn't so much a ceiling as a crystal dome with as little metal structural support as possible. It let in as much light as possible, which coincidentally happened to be what the clan's cultivation art was about.

Ming Mu sighed for the hundredth time and scribbled nonsense on a piece of paper. It contained a small portrait of a young man along with many paragraphs of tiny text. Around it was other similar reports, with a stack in a corner that contained at least a hundred of them. Each highlighted the biography and analysis of his most talented descendants, those that were approaching the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm.

Raising the next generation in hopes of finding someone who could take the mantle was his most important task. The First Light of Zhulong was an incomplete cultivation art. It was incomplete when the first clan head found it by a stroke of luck. It abruptly cut off at the Spirit King Realm with no possibility

of progressing any further. Thus, caring for his descendants was far more important than his own cultivation.

A strand of spiritual energy floated into the room. It was a message from the floors below.

“Ming He, son of Elder Warder Ming Hai, is here.” It stated.

The clan head found Ming He's profile among the mess and peered at it with interest. The young man was thirty-six but already at the lesser realm of Spiritual Awakening. He only had one lesser realm to go before he could try to break through to the Spirit Lord Realm. It seemed almost certain that he would reach it. He was certainly the most talented one of the bunch. The only problem was his father...

“Have him come in.” The clan head said.

“At once!”

The crystal doors opened a few moments later and a man strode in. He was tall, handsome, and well-dressed. He was the type to make women's hearts flutter with a mere smile and make them wet with a simple touch.

Clan head Ming Mu frowned slightly upon observing these features. While they were not uncommon traits among the Eastern Light Clan, one known for a splendid male lineage, this Ming He seemed to have hit the jackpot in terms of all the best traits. Sharp jawline, thick black hair without a single trace of gray, and perfectly proportioned features, this young man put even his peers to shame.

“What do you need?” Ming Mu asked.

Ming He stood in front of his clan head with confidence. Being in front of such a powerful figure did not make him uncomfortable. Instead, he smiled slightly and nodded.

“Venerable Clan Head, I am approaching the end of the third stage of the First Light of Zhulong. My father says I will soon reach Spiritual Ascendance and afterward, I will prepare for my breakthrough.”

Several rays of blue light shined over Ming He's body and examined him from top to bottom. This only took a split second and lights receded.

"Mmmm." Ming Mu nodded, "It's correct. Your progress is quite good."

"Thank you, Venerable Clan Head."

"So, what is it that you need that dragged you up here?"

Ming He answered promptly, "My father says that my final breakthrough requires a female companion, one who would become our first wife. He says that the more compatible the two of us are, the deeper our feelings are for each other, the faster and more profound my breakthrough to the Spirit Lord Realm will be."

"That is correct."

Ming He smiled brilliantly, his white teeth almost flashing, "Venerable Clan Head, I have made my choice. I would like to pursue Long Yifei as my Dao companion."

Ming Mu's frown returned. The First Light of Zhulong did require a female companion but it wasn't some sort of dual cultivation art. It came from an aspect of the cultivation art that a few of his ancestors suspected originated with the Shining Dragon, a divine beast. Dragons were well known in legend for being hopeless romantics that placed great emphasis on the matters of love. But the sheer idea that this cultivation art came from a divine beast was so ludicrous that only a few in each generation believed in it. It seemed that this Ming He was one of these few.

Ming Mu asked, "You are referring to the Marriage Seeking Event of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, one that is being advertised across the entire metropolis and beyond?"

Hearing the displeasure in his clan head's voice, Ming He's expression did not falter. He bowed respectfully and spoke again.

“Venerable Clan Head, I know that nothing is for certain. Many are interested in Long Yifei, including those from our clan as well as the House of Armament. I understand that if I fail, it may result in a heart demon that stumps my growth. Even so, I am willing to take that risk because if I succeed, all the other competitors that I defeat in the process will be plagued by their own heart demons. I would have won over everyone in my generation in one fell swoop. And most importantly, if I win, I will have proven that I am the best man in the whole of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, a worthy candidate to become your successor and a future Spirit King!”

Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu studied his descendant in silence for a long time. Ming He's demeanor never wavered, even when put under pressure. The youngster's spiritual aura was strong, it was impressive, even to him.

Ming Mu finally nodded, “You may enter the event. I will do what I can to support you.”

Ming He returned to his residences sometime later. It was somewhere in the middle of the tower and took up half of the entire floor. His concubines that were lounging around the main hall rose to greet him but he ignored them. He strode directly into his private room and closed it off against their protests.

Once alone, he grinned to himself in the darkness, his expression starkly different than before, almost like he was completely new person.

“A big fish is on the line.” He said triumphantly.

A black shadow rose from the bed and took the form of a fox.

“About time.”

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A great miracle took place over the next week. At first, those that registered for the marriage-seeking event were merely those with too much money and time on their hands. The number of registered grew by tens and hundreds per day but there was a limit. These people were those that loved to spend money and loved beautiful women even more.

None of those registered included the true princes and scions of the greatest powers who looked down on the event with scorn and disinterest. They were all interested in Long Yifei, this fact was undeniable. As a woman, her beauty, demeanor, and allure were second to none in the entire subcontinent. However, the nature of the competition for her hand in marriage was too crass, too low-class. It was something only a peasant immortal from the frontier could think of.

What Immortal Blue Dragon? They all ridiculed Chen Wentian's event as a way to earn some money and sell out his disciple. These young princes and young masters refused to take part in something that was beneath them. Competing against a horde of rabble tread on their dignity as future leaders of the four great factions. Even Long Yifei could not move their pride because they saw the whole event as a farce.

Thus, the whole capital was thrown into chaos at the news that young master Ming He of the Eastern Light Clan had joined the event. It was a wholly unexpected event among the upper echelon, one that defied their collective common sense and caused massive consternation.

Ming He wasn't some scrub, he was a true talent and recognized by both his peers as well as his elders. He had a better chance than most of reaching the Spirit King Realm and taking over as clan head of the Eastern Light Clan. He wasn't a wastrel; he was someone who did everything with a purpose and his purpose was to obtain Long Yifei!

If that wasn't enough, a day later, something else shocked the capital. Young house master Tian Yunhao of the House of Armament had joined in on the festivities as well!

This Tian Yunhao was equal in talent and potential to Ming He. His reputation and fame did not lose out either. He was around the same age as Ming He and both had been life-long rivals. Nobody knew why he had entered the marriage-seeking event but there was plenty of speculation.

The simplest explanation was the sense of competition. Since Ming He openly declared that he wanted Long Yifei, Tian Yunhao could no longer sit still. He could not lose to Ming He in anything and he naturally could not lose out on the most beautiful maiden of the subcontinent. Tian Yunhao had to

interfere because if it was solely Ming He, the young master of the Eastern Light Clan would have easily out-shone the entire field and steamrolled the competition.

After two explosive pieces of news, a third soon followed. A third Spirit King faction, The Duchy of Gold Mountain, joined in the competition as well!

Huang Kaifeng, a direct descendant and personal disciple of Immortal Solemn Duke Huang Wuji, declared his intent to win Long Yifei's heart to the cultivation world. It was a direct challenge to Ming He and Tiang Yunhao as all three were peers and ardent rivals. These three sent the capital into a boil with their challenges to each other but other geniuses and talents refused to let them hog the limelight.

Within each major clan, other geniuses jumped up in defiance. If these three princes dared to compete, then so did they. The capital blazed with youth and passion. Within a short time, it seemed that almost every candidate of some fame and renown had signed up for the event.

The number of registered hopefuls exceeded a thousand the first week and five thousand by the second week. Things only got more chaotic. News traveled like wildfire across the provinces and brought in men from far and wide. The biggest group among these came from a certain beast-loving sect to the east...

He Xingping, Chen Wentian's spy among the Beast God Sanctum, emerged from the teleportation array to the familiar sight of Ember Cliffs and the Canyonland District. He had never visited this city or district in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis but he already knew everything.

In front and behind him were other members of the lion faction as well as the eagle faction. They were currently at peace and were nominally cooperating for the upcoming event. Almost everyone was below fifty years of age and was at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm. They numbered over two hundred and they were all candidates to the marriage-seeking event! They were all here for Long Yifei!

The craze of the marriage-seeking event was irresistible, even to the Beast God Sanctum. As a true Spirit King sect, they were direct competitors to the four Spirit Kings of the capital. They all knew of Long Yifei and could stand the scenario of seeing her marry a member of their rival sects. They believed that if she had to marry someone, it absolutely had to be a disciple of Beast God Sanctum.

Thus, over two hundred disciples answered the call and joined the event. Their registration fees were directly paid by the Lion Lord and the Eagle Lord. It was a large chunk of money but nothing unaffordable to a super sect.

Immortal Tempest Badger Qiu Chuyi at the front pulled a stack of registration papers and counted them quickly.

“Gu Lan, I will head to the Sky District to register us. There's still half a day remaining until the deadline so I will make it with plenty of time to spare.”

Immortal Sky Monkey Gu Lan snorted, “Some of your people sure took their sweet time getting ready. They still have two weeks to wait until the event, useless!”

Qiu Chuyi frowned, “Fine, fine, whatever you say. Just arrange for a flying boat and find lodging near the Lotus Spire.”

“I know.”

“Good.”

Qiu Chuyi flew off towards the west and Gu Lan rounded up the Beast God Sanctum disciples and headed down a street.

He Xingping didn't say anything and stayed towards the rear. He observed the procession around him with a slight smile. He was too old to participate in the event but he was here as an assistant to Qiu Chuyi. Emotions were high. They were filled with desire and hope. A small disagreement could easily erupt into a desperate brawl as men competed for dominance. As an executive elder, he was in charge of keeping the younger men in line so that conflicts did not arise between themselves.

This suited He Xingping just fine as it gave him the perfect opportunity to assist in the plan to rescue Long Yifei!

The long-awaited day finally arrived, the day Long Yifei was scheduled to awake from the dream array. Nobody knew when exactly it was supposed to happen, not even Chen Wentian. The only thing he knew for certain was that she was still in the dream array and that she would awake sometime today.

Just to make sure, Chen Mo was keeping a close eye on both Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun and Abbotess Liang and the two female Spirit Kings were still patiently waiting.

Chen Wentian's heart was fluttering with nerves but he did not show it as he hovered above the entrance to the Lotus Spire. He took in the scene below him which was one of barely contained energy and anticipation. It was an amazing scene unlike any other. Before the spire, covering every available length of ground for many kilometers was a jam-packed sea of people. They were all here for the marriage-seeking event, they were all here for Long Yifei!

It was a who's who of young talents and famous people of the capital and the whole subcontinent. There were princes and young masters from no fewer than five Spirit King families as well as countless Spirit Lords. Over ten thousand had registered in the end and they had all made it here this morning. Some had even camped out in front of the spire for many weeks to get the best position upfront. Others arrived the previous night or before sunrise, eager to make sure they weren't late or at the back of the line. In addition to those registered, there were perhaps three or four times that number in supporters and friends who packed into the surrounding streets to give their candidates support.

This was exactly what Chen Wentian had planned for. Such a massive show of force was his only hope of standing up to Abbotess Liang. He fully intended to use the masses to counteract the strength of a Spirit King. If that didn't work, he still had backup. Although Spirit Kings such as Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu and Immortal Solemn Duke Huang Wuji had not shown their faces, Chen Wentian knew that they were nearby and paying attention. They could not ignore it when their most prized descendants and disciples were taking part in this event against their rivals.

The sun slowly rose and cast a crimson light upon the sea of eager faces. Ten thousand hopeful young men stood shoulder to shoulder, their names registered, and money paid.

Chen Wentian floated above them, close to the entrance of Lotus Spire by himself. His disciples were conspicuously absent but it was by design. If and when the fighting started, he didn't want them anywhere near here.

“When is the event starting?”

“Where is Long Yifei!”

Several impatient and impertinent voices interrupted the morning serenity.

Chen Wentian did not react and merely smiled lightly. He did not reply as it was beneath his status to respond to such inane outbursts.

“Silence!” Another one admonished his peers, “We have all waited for this moment for weeks, what's a few more hours. If you don't even have this much patience, then shut up and go stand in the rear with the rest of the losers!”

An argument followed, then a minor scuffle. The miscreants were beaten up and dumped at the back of the crowd. The strongest and biggest factions were already showing their power by bullying the weak. With so many entrants to the event, they had to ensure that their candidate won and obtained Long Yifei. They would do anything to put down the riff-raff as well as their competitors.

Chen Wentian watched them silently and let it happen. Over the next hour, the crowd shifted and adjusted. In the end, the areas closest to him and the entrance were occupied by four distinct groups.

The one to his right was the Eastern Light Clan. Ming He stood in the front row along with several other men of equal stature and brilliance. Together, the contingent from the Eastern Light Clan consisted of over fifty. They were optimistically hoping that all fifty finalist places will be taken by their clan. The chance of this was close to none but it was still worth it to try. Even if they failed, they would at least push their competitors out of the final fifty.

The group next to them belonged to the House of Armament. Tian Yunhao stood at the front, in a similar position to Ming He comparatively. They had also brought fifty people, having decided on the same

strategy as their most hated rivals. The Eastern Light Clan and the House of Armament were unwilling to let the other obtain Long Yifei and the respect and honor that came with it. They were both determined to see themselves win and the other fail.

The third group was not as obnoxious as the first two but still strong. A contingent of thirty was led by Huang Kaifeng, representing the Duchy of Gold. There was an additional familiar face among that crowd, the sly Huang Wenshu who had harassed Li Yuechan weeks ago.

Chen Wentian's temper flared, realizing that this vile creature dared to covet two of his disciples. If he had his way today, people like Huang Wenshu would not be able to survive the day!

The fourth and last group were not residents of the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis but they were still feared and respected. They were the Beast God Sanctum and numbered around thirty. Two familiar faces stood at the front; Qu Jing, fourth-place finisher in the Monster Fighting Competition, and Yang Cang, fifth-place finisher in the same competition. They had already emerged from the dream array and naturally would not miss the marriage-seeking event. They were men and Long Yifei was a divine daughter, irresistible to all men under the heavens.

Chen Wentian nodded at the crowd, finally satisfied with the situation.

“Noble talents of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent!” His enhanced voice boomed out, catching everyone's attention.

“I, Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, Master of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, Lord of Dragon Flower Province, welcome you all to this grand marriage-seeking event!”

A deafening cheer erupted. Every single person in the crowd was excited. Their hearts were ablaze with passion and hope and could not be extinguished by anything!

Chen Wentian waved his hands and the noise subsided. “The event will soon commence. Once Long Yifei awakes from her long dream, it shall begin immediately with the preliminary elimination event. I will explain all the rules and tests once that time arrives so please be patient. For now, remain vigilant for we can start at any moment!”

Another cheer followed, rousing their excitement even further.

Chen Wentian gave a bow and smile that was not a true smile. He was eagerly and nervously waiting for Long Yifei to wake up but he had absolutely no intention of submitting her to a humiliating marriage-seeking event. How could he do so when she belonged to him already? He wasn't dumb enough to wear a green hat himself!

No!

He hadn't prepared at all for a preliminary elimination event. It didn't exist. There was no main event for the fifty finalists either. None of it existed and none of it was needed.

All he had to do was wait for Long Yifei to wake up and for Abbotess Liang to cause chaos and upend the entire capital!

Chapter 307: 307

Outside of the Lotus Spire was a scene of excitement and anticipation. This was a stark contrast to the inside which was one of simmering anger and hatred. And all of this came from one woman.

Bang!

A smooth, well-manicured hand slammed against a table. If the table had not been made out of the highest quality elder wood, it would have shattered into dust.

Abbotess Liang's lips quivered as she took in the scene below from the safety of her private room next to the dream array. As a Spirit King, she didn't need to look, merely extend her spiritual senses to get a grasp of everything.

The arrival of so many people was shocking, even to a Spirit King. Even ants were annoying in great numbers. When she found out about the exact nature of the gathering, she was enraged.

“How dare he! This insignificant slag of a man!” She hissed. “He dares to try and sell Long Yifei like that? Such a talented woman truly should not belong to him! What is he even thinking?”

She whirled and glared at her companion as if this was all her fault.

Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun merely shrugged and popped a grape into her mouth casually.

“Aren't we doing the same? You're stealing her and I guess I'm helping...”

“Not the same! You should understand, of all people!” Abbotess Liang retorted, “The Sororal Order is the best place for her! She will learn what it truly means to be a woman and use her gifts to their full potential! Under such a worthless man, she would never achieve endless happiness!”

“Fine, whatever.” Gong Liyun said, uninterested.

She was growing tired of Abbotess Liang. Although she agreed to this deal in exchange for cultivation resources, she was still a Spirit King and had every bit of arrogance and dignity that came with it. Being treated like a servant girl wasn't something she liked to do for long.

Abbotess Liang prodded her, “You're not going to do anything about that boy?”

“Nope.”

The two stared at each other. Gong Liyun didn't back down.

Abbotess Liang sighed and leaned back, “Fine. You're right. you're right. It doesn't matter anyway. Whatever game that little boy is playing, it won't matter one bit in the end. All you need to do is give me five minutes and I'll be long gone with Long Yifei before anybody realizes what had happened.”

Gong Liyun munched on some more fruits, "Mmm... that's right. They won't know that she has left the dream array until she physically awakens but that's not actually the case. In order to have a safe exit from the dream array, it's designed so that she will leave the final dream and then fall into normal sleep which can last anywhere from an hour to several. She will be safe to move once that happens. You have plenty of time."

"And you have made arrangements for the aftermath?" The abbottess asked.

It was the same question she had asked countless times in the past few weeks.

"Yes, yes. Stop worrying! We don't have much longer to wait now. The energy of her array is close to being drained. We should only be a little while longer."

"Good!"

Long Yifei was running. She was floating. Her small, immature body was being carried by a pair of strong, arms as a battle raged all around her. There were sounds of swords, metal clashing against metal. There were cries of anguish from men and women as their lives were extinguished.

An arched stone ceiling whizzed by. It was the only thing she could see clearly apart from the fearful, sweat-stained face of the man carrying her.

"General Uncle! Where is mama? Where is papa!" She cried out, her voice small and childish.

She didn't know what was going on, at least not at that moment.

"Don't worry, princess. Don't worry!" He tried to comfort her but the situation did not allow him much time.

There was a crash and he turned behind him, "What's was that!"

“General Su, they've broken through the last shield array!” A frantic voice shouted, “They're coming!”

The general's face aged several decades in an instant. He knew what it meant and he knew what he had to do. It was his only duty.

“Form the squad behind me! We're going to the crypts. The princess must escape! She has to make it out.”

“But King Long! We need to get him too!”

“This is his direct order! We've lost. The princess has to escape. Understand? Will you all perform this final duty for a fallen kingdom?” The general said gravely, “Or I can do it myself!”

“General!” Many voices shouted in response, “We will fight to the death!”

“Good, come!”

The party went into a narrow passageway and ran steadily downward. Long Yifei eye's strained to see where they were going but it was too dark. Her vision was blurry but she didn't know if she was crying or not.

The steady padding of footsteps stopped as they arrived in a small chamber. It was a dead-end and there was nowhere else to run.

Long Yifei was let down and deposited in the middle of a circular pedestal. A ring of runic inscriptions, far too complicated for her to understand surrounded her and the dimly lit room.

She looked up and extending her hand, missing the warmth and comfort that went away suddenly. The old general moved away and gave her a look filled with regret and profound sadness.

“Princess, you must live on. When you have grown up, you must come back and avenge us. You are our last hope!”

“General Uncle... General Uncle...” Long Yifei babbled, not understanding his words completely.

Faint cries and yells echoed down the entranceway. Soldiers shouted as they struggled to the death against unseen enemies.

“They are coming!”

“We can't hold them!”

The general threw one last glance back at her and rushed out of the room. The stone doorway closed behind him and instantly, there was a thrum of spiritual energy.

The torches extinguished, casting the room in darkness. This was followed by a silvery glow that intensified with every passing moment. The room shook and rumbled, obscuring the sound of battle outside. Her body was lifted into the air by sheer power as a ball of light gathered around her.

Ping!

In an instant, the light disappeared, taking a reluctant Long Yifei along.

The cloudy visage dissipated slowly as Long Yifei was drawn out of her long dream. She felt herself for the first time in a long while. She had visited many memories of her past, some good, some bad, and some enlightening beyond her expectations.

The memories she thought lost had finally returned. She remembered who she was, her birthright. She was Princess Long Yifei, the last survivor of the Kingdom of Silver Cascades. It was a small mortal

kingdom in the Great Falls Province. It was not a part of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent but the main continent that bordered it.

The teleportation array had deposited her in a random location, far away from her home in hopes that she would survive. She landed in the middle of a snowy mountain range but she didn't freeze to death. Luckily, the perturbances in spiritual energy caused by the teleportation alerted an immortal who lived nearby. She was picked up by Immortal Forst Diamond Murong Aiyin and taken back to Glacier Palace.

By the time she woke up again, the shock of the prior event and the forceful teleportation had dislodged her memories. She could no longer remember her childhood no matter how hard she tried. She only carried with her a sense of urgency and a supreme dedication to cultivation and obtaining power. As she grew up in the sect, she always questioned her motivations but could never find an answer.

Now she finally had them. The dream array was a catalyst for recovering her lost memories. It was one of the mysterious benefits of a cultivation art that dealt with the mind.

She was glad. For the first time in a long time, she felt a sense of clarity. Her rapid thoughts calmed down and her mind relaxed into a comfortable cloud of nothingness. Great tiredness overtook her and she drifted into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 308: 308

Chen Wentian looked up sharply. The crowd was still clamoring endlessly below but he no longer paid them any attention. It was time. He had finally received the signal. His prized disciple was finally out of her dream.

“Long Yifei is emerging from the dream array!” He announced and floated upward.

He headed towards the small side door that was situated halfway up Lotus Tower. Several Spirit Lords that had come to take part in the festivities followed him curiously but stayed a good distance away. The mob, meanwhile, erupted into cheers and deafening shouts that shook the ground.

He ignored everything and concentrated on his upcoming task. He only had one shot at this. He could not fail. He should have been nervous but he was confident that he would succeed.

Within the secret observation room next to the dream array, a pair of Spirit Kings stood up at that same moment. One face was impassive while the other broke out into a wide smile, overcome with excitement.

“Is it time? Well?” Abbotess Liang asked, her voice quivering.

“It is.” Gong Liyun nodded, “Long Yifei has exited the dream array's influence and is now in normal sleep. It went smoothly, there are no issues.”

“Hehehe, good, good! Let's not delay. I will take her away at once!”

Gong Liyun nodded and led the way out of the room. They entered the hallway and turned to the sealed door that led into the dream room. The inscriptions that protected the door were powerful enough to resist any attempts to force through them by several Spirit Kings. They could only be opened in a short period of time by the person who created them.

Gong Liyun summoned her spiritual energy and, through a short but complicated effort, unlocked the door.

Abbotess Liang didn't give her companion time to move before she pushed her way into the circular array room. She appeared in an instant beside Long Yifei's bed and peered down with a loving, almost manic expression.

“Wow...” She muttered, “She's even more beautiful up close. I knew it, she's perfect. If I wasn't a woman, I would take her myself!”

“There's nothing wrong with that. Are you sure you don't want to meet sister Qian Lan?” Gong Liyun quipped.

The abbotess snorted, “You're lucky I am in a good mood. I'll forgive you for that disgusting comment.”

Gong Liyun rolled her eyes and also peered at the sleeping figure of Long Yifei. She felt an uncomfortable pang and tinge of annoyance, emotions that she should not have had as a venerable immortal. However, she was still a woman. Feeling jealous and threatened by a more beautiful specimen of her gender was simply human nature. She couldn't control it and there was probably no woman in the world who could.

"Can I move her like this?" Abbotess Liang asked.

"Yes."

As soon as she uttered those words, their world turned pitch black!

"Who? What is going on?" Abbotess Liang was the first to scream out.

She could no longer see. She could no longer hear, smell, or sense anything either. It was as if she had been plunged into a black abyss, cut off from the surrounding by endless nothingness. It was a fearful feeling that she had never experienced before.

Gong Liyun was under the same spell and felt the same. The two Spirit Kings were only a meter away from each other and yet they couldn't even sense or hear each other. Even if they tried to walk over and touch each other, it would have been impossible as they wouldn't have been able to sense it!

These were the fearsome effects of the most powerful Shadow Realm that Chen Mo had ever cast. The expenditure of spiritual energy from him with each passing fraction of a second was truly fearsome. It far exceeded what a single Spirit Lord could ever hope to generate. If he was still alive, he would have already expended all of his life energy and fallen over dead. He was only able to sustain this domain that was able to hoodwink two Spirit Kings by drawing from every soul in the soul domain.

Even with his best efforts, he knew that he could not hope to contain these opponents for long. After just one second, the two Spirit Kings had already figured roughly what was happening. Their considerable spiritual energy was already being brought to bear and his domain would not last for much longer.

But he didn't need to last long.

Infinite Black Rain!

The most powerful attack within his most powerful domain was launched. It struck down from all directions, seeking to shred the two women into nothingness.

“Insolent!” Abbotess Liang shouted as her spiritual aura exploded.

“Cheh!” Gong Liyun scoffed as she too waved her hands, dominating spiritual energy shooting out to intercept the attacks.

The array room shook as the forces collided. There was a brief stalemate but it did not last. The two Spirit Kings weren't even using their full strength. They were holding back so as to not kill Long Yifei and the others in the dream room by accident. Once they figured out the limits, the sheer difference in power rapidly ate away at the black domain until it was no more. The Infinite Black Rain disappeared as well, doing absolutely nothing like a gentle sprinkle that fell against a steel umbrella.

There was nothing more Chen Mo could do. He could not stop the abbottess from taking Long Yifei. This was reality and Chen Wentian knew it. But he had never intended Chen Mo to stop either Abbotess Liang or Gong Liyun. He only needed to delay them by a few critical seconds!

This was because, at the same time that Chen Mo erupted with his shadow domain, another soul had also leaped into action!

The snow monkey emerged from the Flawless Snowfrost earrings as an avatar of spiritual energy. It picked up Long Yifei's sleeping body and made a mad dash for the exit. Its way was clear through the Shadow Domain that rooted the two Spirit Kings in place. Although the snow monkey did not specialize in speed, it was still a Spirit Lord soul and it flew like the wind.

By the time the Shadow Domain dissipated, by the time Abbotess Liang and Gong Liyun emerged back into the real world, Long Yifei was already gone from her bed. They turned around and watched in pure

shock as her body flew out of the adjacent corridor, blasted apart the exterior door, and launched into the open sky!

They had been delayed a mere two seconds but it was enough!

“Shit!” Abbotess Liang shouted and gave chase.

Gong Liyun seemed to realize something and did not follow. She remained in the array room but the abbottess no longer paid her any heed.

Long Yifei, still blissfully asleep, exited Lotus Tower in a beautiful arc and landed directly in Chen Wentian's arms. There was no way he could miss, not when the snow monkey delivered her straight to him. All of his souls were in perfect synchrony and carried out the rescue perfectly.

Knowing what was coming, he rapidly descended, drawing as much distance as he could from the ensuing raging ball of estrogen.

Abbotess Liang soon blasted her way out of the tower and caught sight of Chen Wentian. Her eyes bulged when she caught sight of his arms, inappropriately tight around her prey.

“Thief! Give her to me!” She bellowed and shot down after him.

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Chen Wentian retreated to the ground, a still asleep Long Yifei wrapped tightly in his arms. She wasn't a small woman by any means and he couldn't hide her completely from the view of the crowd below. They were eager to get a glimpse but they were disappointed as her face was buried into his robes. They could only settle for her perfect curves and large, round butt.

Upon seeing her for themselves, the mob roared with approval that that tinged with just a little too much energy. Instead of being afraid of a descending immortal, they actually surged forward and ended up surrounding Chen Wentian and his disciple. This should have normally been a great insult but he actually wanted this. Going to the ground was usually a bad move against another immortal, especially

one that was a whole realm higher than him. Being among a thick throng of innocents gave him some protection, especially when they were scions of major powers and young masters of the strongest factions of the subcontinent.

Abbottess Liang paused in the sky and peered at the scene with suspicion. Gong Liyun was nowhere in sight, choosing not to associate herself with this strange Spirit King that popped out Lotus Tower. Abbottess Liang apparently judged what she saw as nothing more than futile and smiled mockingly.

“She's mine, give her to me unless you want to die.” She said, her spiritual voice traveling into his ear only.

Chen Wentian laughed loudly, making sure his voice was heard by everyone, “I am Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, Long Yifei is my disciple. Why should I give her to you? Why do you want her? Give me a good reason.”

Abbottess Liang didn't respond. She had no good reason. She also did not want to resort to force as she didn't want to hurt her prize accidentally. Instead, she descended slowly, her spiritual aura rising with each passing moment. While it was directed at Chen Wentian, it also blasted over the crowded plaza, washing over the thousands gathered and silencing them.

The noise around the area subsided, suppressed by an unseen power. The men that stood shoulder to shoulder all looked up, staring at the figure that floated downward. Her crimson robes fluttered in the wind, the loose fabric causing a visible outline of her womanly figure. As she approached, the exact features of her perfectly sculpted face came into view. She was beautiful, probably more beautiful than almost every woman in the subcontinent.

There was a collective gasp around Chen Wentian which emanated outward like a wave. He almost rolled his eyes at their reactions. Sure, this slut was good looking but he had seen better. He was almost tempted to lift Long Yifei into the air and show the idiots what true beauty was. Even when asleep, she would be able to suppress the abbottess easily!

Abbottess Liang stopped just a few stories above Chen Wentian and studied him.

"I have heard of you." She said, "You disappoint me. You're nothing like I expected. A man like you doesn't deserve a woman like Long Yifei!"

Chen Wentian did roll his eyes this time. Her words were an overt jab at his average appearance. Given her status, she had probably met plenty of beautiful-looking men; effeminate, weak-boned pretty boys who were even more interested in taking care of their appearance than women. Chen Wentian hated those men the most!

He snorted and responded unkindly, "You flatter me but you're not my type. First of all, you're too old."

He shook his head and laughed, "You may have managed to preserve your face with medicine and makeup but you can't hide from my discerning eyes. Your breasts are getting a little too droopy from my taste. Your ass is too skinny, flatter than a pancake. Yet, that belly pooch is seriously getting out of control."

A collective gasp erupted from all around him, disbelief and shock at his brazen words. His points of criticism were exaggerated but somewhat true. Despite this, it was still taboo to criticize an immortal woman's flaws, especially one that was a Spirit King.

Just like how Chen Wentian was treated with much more interest by women because of his immortal status, an immortal female was much more attractive to all men because of the same factor. This was the allure of power and it was universal. If someone like Long Yifei entered the immortal realms, her power would only enhance her devastating beauty to world-shaking levels. She was already equivalent to Jasmine now, how would she be after breaking through? Chen Wentian wasn't sure if he would still be able to resist her charm when that time came.

Abbotess Liang scowled at Chen Wentian's words, "Little brat, you'll regret your disrespect. I am going to take Long Yifei and then deal with you later."

"Hahah! You're going to take my disciple?" He taunted, "By what right can you take her? I am her master. I am the one that will lead her in the ways of the Dao. I am closer to her than anyone in the world. She is mine, now and forever! Who the hell are you?"

"Blah, blah, blah. It doesn't matter what you say. I am her new master." The abbotess said, floating down a little closer.

Chen Wentian retreated deeper into the crowd, "Oh, do you have any proof? Where is her sect badge? Did I give you approval?"

The abbottess didn't answer but finally landed on the ground. Only a short distance separated them now. The crowd shifted and surround them both, leaving a narrow empty path between the two immortals.

"Enough of this. I will give you one last chance to hand her over without bloodshed." She then raised her head up proudly and declared to all those gathered, "I am Sacred Daughter of the Sororal Order of Endless Love, Abbottess of the Order for the Martial Brilliance Continent, Immortal Fluttering Gown Liang Chuxian! Now, make your choice!"

Most of the crowd reacted with awkward silence. Only a few knew about the sororal order enough to understand the implications. Those that did rapidly retreated, pushing themselves out of the throng toward safety. They didn't care about the marriage-seeking event anymore.

Yet, almost everyone else stayed put, unaware of the impending violence. Long Yifei was still here and here they would remain.

Chen Wentian also stood still but he silently preparing. He had delayed long enough and he could sense that the abbottess did not want to talk much longer. Her spiritual energy levels were getting dangerously high.

Abbottess Liang peered at him as if she was looking at a bug, "Surnamed Chen, the Sororal Order of Endless Love gives me the authority to recruit talented females at will from across the land. I will guide Long Yifei in the ways of being a true woman, something you will never be able to do."

"So, there it is. What horseshit order, what absurd authority? You just want to steal my disciple." He shot back.

The woman smiled, not a true smile but one filled with malice, "That's right. I intend to steal her; can you stop me?"

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Abbotess Liang advanced, her spiritual energy parting the sea of men. Nobody dared to step in, cowed by the suppressive aura of a Spirit King. Nobody was brave enough to go up against certain death.

She took barely three steps before she paused. She cocked her head and then smiled in a sickeningly sweet way that was clearly insincere.

Chen Wentian knew why. Long Yifei woke up!

His beautiful disciple stirred in his arms and opened her eyes. She caught the chaotic situation around her and looked at him with a questioning expression.

“Fei'er...” His spiritual voice reached only her, “Don't panic but we're in a troublesome situation.”

He turned her around so she could see the abbotess in red, “That crazy hag wants to kidnap you and make you her disciple. She's a Spirit King so she's a little tough to deal with. She wanted to take you directly out of the dream array. I managed to stop that but she won't give up, hence the current situation.”

“Long Yifei!” Abbotess Liang called out, “I am Immortal Fluttering Gown Liang Chuxian, Abbotess of the Sororal Order of Endless Love. I want you to be my legacy disciple! Follow me and you shall reach the Spirit Lord Realm in twenty years. You will reach the Spirit King Realm in another fifty years. I promise it. Supreme power is at your fingertips. All you need to do is come here!”

A legacy disciple was the final disciple that an immortal would take for the rest of their life. A legacy disciple was more important than all other disciples. They were closer to their master than blood relatives, even more precious than direct offspring. It was a truly outrageous declaration.

Chen Wentian silently spoke to Long Yifei again, “See, she's insanely desperate and won't take no for answer. You must be confused and wondering what we can do. Don't worry, your master has taken care of our exit strategy. All I need you to do is talk back to her a little and get the crowd on our side. I've

already planted agents within them. All they need is a little nudge and they will speak up for you. Do you understand?”

Long Yifei understood. She pinched his side in assent as well as annoyance. Despite the dangerous situation, she remained calm and collected. She was no use to herself or her master otherwise.

His request was easy. She knew how to captivate the hearts and minds of ordinary men. It was a mere side-effect of her existing in this world, it was instinctive and hardly needed any effort.

She left his arms and stood proud and straight. Her glossy black hair dazzled under the morning sun. Her piercing blue flashed with intelligence and determination as she looked around the crowded plaza before focusing on the woman in front. She flicked her wrists, letting her dress flutter in the wind, and showed just a bit of her snow-white skin.

There was a collective sigh as thousands of eyeballs followed her every movement. She barely did anything but it was the most sensual, captivating dance. Already, many of the weak-minded had lost their composure and started drooling.

She cupped her hands together and bowed slightly. It was not a sign of subservience but merely a cursory amount of respect shown to a Spirit King. Her waist barely bent and it was over quickly.

Yet, this simple act sent countless men into an uncontrollable fervor. It had to be said that this half-bow was unimaginably perfect. Her form-fitting dress hugged her ample breasts, flat stomach, narrow hips, and round buttocks. Her thick, supple ass jutted backward in a way that surpassed the wildest imaginations. Her voluminous twin peaks jiggled like the most sensual dream. The deep valley that was her cleavage, the barely noticeable bumps that hinted of nipples underneath, the gravity-defying magic they possessed, it was all a revelation.

When she cast her gaze over the crowd, it was as if she was bathing them in divine light. Every direction she turned, thousands of faces blossomed with joy and reverence. Her visage, despite being mostly hidden by a veil, was enough to topple their dignity and trample on their will.

The scene was too powerful. To the young masters and scions around to her, it was a devastating blow that shook their beliefs. The very definition of beauty was challenged. Her body was sculpted by the

heavens, her face the reflection of a goddess. She was perfect in every way, the most perfect woman in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent and perhaps the world.

When she finally opened her mouth to speak, they all let go in sweet surrender.

“Respected Abbotess Liang...”

A hush swept over the plaza. Nobody dared to move or breathe. Her voice was like a divine melody and they dared not miss a single note. She was their empress. She was their everything. She was delivering a holy sermon. They would trust and obey everything she said.

“My master is Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian. I am a disciple of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. I have no desire to renege on my oaths. Please consider the laws laid down by the Immortal Association. Do not forcibly take me away from my master. Do not covet other's disciples. Please let us go and perhaps we may establish a partnership between our sects in the future.”

Abbotess Liang blinked, unsure of how to respond. She felt a strange compulsion from Long Yifei's voice. It seemed impossible that a mere mortal could affect a Spirit King but it was indeed real. She was not prepared for this incomprehensible situation and fell into momentary silence.

While she hesitated, those transformed by Long Yifei's beauty did not.

A youthful man stepped forward and faced the abbotess. He was tall and elegantly dressed. His handsome face was framed by a noble hair knot and golden ornaments. He exuded class, arrogance, and strength.

“Abbotess Liang!” He called out loudly.

His tone was challenging, confident, courageous. He was going to defend Long Yifei as her first champion. He was going to show everyone that he was most suited to win the marriage-seeking competition.

“My name is Ming He, aged thirty-six, at the lesser realm of Spiritual Awakening. I am a member of the Eastern Light Clan, son of Immortal Light Warder Ming Hai, descendant of Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu. Abbotess Liang, I strongly protest your actions. Snow Fairy Long has clearly displayed her refusal. Do not force her or her master any longer. We are all human cultivators, righteous and dignified. In front of so many gathered heroes, please give us face and do the right thing. Please leave!”