

## F Disciples 321

### Chapter 321: 321

They tangled together several more times before Long Yifei ran out of strength. Chen Wentian let her rest, having more than satisfied her as well as himself. She slept in his arms, her ample breasts pressing into his chest, her legs tangled with his. He watched her quietly as he thought of the future.

Her cultivation path had been revealed. She would learn the ways of the Virtuous Order and how to utilize her virginity to the maximum. It was a fortuitous situation yet it still held great uncertainties, especially with how she would grow and evolve as a woman and as a cultivator. She was a Divine Daughter with unfathomable potential. Right now, she was still a mortal with limited experience. Given her level of talent, a quick breakthrough to the Spirit Lord was almost guaranteed. She might even be the first among his disciples to do so.

He didn't know what would happen after that.

The bond of master and disciple was one based on power but also a sense of eternal debt. When a disciple became an immortal because of a master's teachings, careful teachings, and tireless guidance, that bond became almost unbreakable. It was a debt of life and death; it was solid as the world.

This wouldn't be quite true if a disciple broke through largely without help from her master. That critical sense of debt and obligation would be weakened or perhaps be nonexistent. In that case, what maintained a master-disciple relationship was power. If the master remained much more powerful in terms of cultivation, the relationship could remain, sustained by the disciple's respect for her master's power. If the disciple grew stronger than her master, that respect for power would naturally disappear and so would the relationship.

Given Long Yifei's likely trajectory, he would have to quickly reach the Spirit King Realm and perhaps even the Spirit Emperor Realm. It was a similar situation as Jasmine, only less predictable. He had more confidence in his relationship with Jasmine than with Long Yifei. The fox was a handful but she was straightforward. On the other hand, he had to admit that the Snow Fairy was still an enigma to him.

Having so many disciples, some that dearly loved him with all their heart, he could tell that Long Yifei's feelings for her were still not firm. She spoke all the right words and did all the right things but she did

not have the depth of emotion of Wu Qianyu, the admiration and worship of Lin Qingcheng, or the unyielding loyalty of Zhou Ziyun. Simply put, she didn't love him, at least not yet.

He did not blame Long Yifei. He tried his best but he couldn't controller her thoughts or feelings. He couldn't control her heart or force her to think in a certain way. He wasn't naturally talented in the matters of courtship. With his other disciples, he gained their affection mostly by accident. He didn't have to put in a lot of thought and yet things seemed to work.

Long Yifei was different and a difficult challenge. He wasn't sure how was going to proceed but he wasn't going to give up. There was one thing that gave him hope. With the introduction of the Virtuous Order, if he could truly win her heart and her love, he would never lose her.

As a sect that cultivated womanly virtues, the order treated love as sacred. It was a famous and well-known fact. Sisters of the order were famous for their love and loyalty to their husbands. It wasn't ordinary love either but one that was simply unbreakable. It surpassed the bond between Dao companions and ordinary relationships of husbands and wives. It surpassed master and disciple and even blood relationships. This virtuous love tied the woman's life and entire being to her man. It was if the body, mind, and spirit of two people combined, a feat that touched upon the realm of the soul. It was a love bond that could only be broken in death.

Chen Wentian held Long Yifei and smiled to himself. He looked forward to the day where he could share such a bond with her.

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Deep in the night, a spiritual signal made Chen Wentian stir. He put on his clothes and left the room, leaving his protective arrays around Long Yifei. He only had to go a few doors down in the hallway where he met the two Spirit Lords of the Virtuous Order.

"Chen Wentian." Gui Li greeted him.

"Evening, noble ladies."

Zhu Yao'er studied him closely before speaking, "You spent quite a long time with her. Are you her master or her lover?"

"What?"

"I'm surprised she's still a virgin? Are you impotent?"

"..."

Zhu Yao'er crossed her arms and continued, "Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Background, unremarkable. Cultivation art, common blue flames. Appearance, average. Talent, ordinary. Personality, boring... Tell me, how did you manage to find so many beautiful women to be your disciples?"

"Tch... If you have a problem with me, we can resolve it right here." He said.

Zhu Yao'er looked like she wanted to say something but held her tongue.

Gui Li slapped her shoulder and then apologized to Chen Wentian, "We are thankful that Long Yifei is still a virgin and that she may learn our arts. You are her master and we make no judgments about your sect philosophy. Please excuse my sister. She is just worried about her master, Immortal Painter of Rivers Jian Ying."

"How are they, did they manage to catch Abbotess Liang?" He asked.

"They just sent a message and instructed us to pass it along to you. Abbotess Jian and Abbotess Li managed to wound Abbotess Liang further during the chase but were ultimately unable to kill her or catch her. She had a spatial treasure that allowed her to teleport away. Abbotess Jian and Abbotess Li have gone north in hopes of catching Abbotess Liang when she tries to flee back to the Martial Brilliance Continent." Gui Li answered.

“They really want to kill her that badly?” He asked.

Gui Li nodded seriously, “Making Abbess Liang disappear in a place she wasn’t supposed to be in the first place will be a great victory for us. Meanwhile, we sisters will remain here and provide any assistance you need.”

“Thanks... I guess. I don't need anything really except to keep an eye on the Lotus Tower and wait for Wu Qianyu.”

“Understood, rest assured. We won't let anything happen.” Gui Li said.

Chen Wentian pulled out a message talisman, “One other thing. This is my spiritual talisman. I have to leave to take care of an urgent matter. I will entrust Long Yifei to you while I am away. I will let you know if I will be delayed but I should be back within a week.”

The two female immortals looked at him strangely but agreed without further questions.

Chapter 322: 322

Chen Wentian appeared in the sky, high above an endless wild forest. There was nothing but deep green foliage as far as the eye could see. This land was not a part of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. It was not populated by humans. It didn't have a name and it wasn't even part of any province or continent. It was simply called the Northern Wasteland, a border region that separated the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent from the Martial Brilliance Continent.

The Northern Wasteland was simultaneously devoid of anything interesting and also filled with mysteries and dangers. It was a vast, uncharted land as big as a subcontinent and contained no teleportation arrays anywhere. The only method of travel was flying but few dared to do so. There were unknown horrors that were known to appear from time to time, beings that could threaten an immortal's life, even kill a Spirit King.

There were only a few safe routes through the border region between the subcontinent and the continent. Chen Wentian was not anywhere near these as his present location was smack dab in the middle of nowhere. He was taking a huge risk being here but he had to. He wouldn't get another chance

like this for a long time. He had to tie up a loose end that the Spirit Kings of the Virtuous Order had failed to take care of. They weren't able to do their job properly so he had to clean up after them.

Many kilometers below him, lying sprawled on the forest floor, was a heavily wounded woman. She was a Spirit King, a human, someone who should not have appeared in such a place and in such a condition. He was far too high up for her to sense him. He couldn't sense her either but he had other ways, notably the shadow anchors that had been placed onto her body during their prior bout as well as his shadow fox.

Chen Mo was on the ground and he lay in wait, right next to the woman. That was how he could gauge her state and it wasn't good. She was bleeding continuously out of multiple puncture wounds across her body. One leg was wrapped up in bandages and looked broken. She was breathing heavily and looked to be in great pain.

The woman used to be beautiful but there were few traces of that beauty left. Several angry slashes marred her face with dried scabs. Her hair was mostly gone, either ripped out or shaved to the scalp. Her red robes were torn in many places to accommodate bandages and soaked through with blood.

She looked like a vagabond, like someone that had survived a deadly battle.

This was exactly the case because this woman was his target... Abbotess Liang!

Abbotess Liang managed to escape the two abbotesses of the Virtuous Order by using a priceless spatial treasure. It allowed her to teleport without a teleportation array but the destination was difficult to control. She had drained most of her spiritual energy and yet she was unable to make it back to the Martial Brilliance Continent. She ended up in the middle of the Northern Wasteland and this was as far as she could go.

Aside from severe physical wounds, her spiritual energy levels were at rock bottom. The extended battle with two Spirit Kings had drained most of her strength. Activating the spatial escape portal had taken the rest. She was now as weak as a Spirit King could possibly get.

In her current condition, she couldn't risk traveling through the Northern Wasteland as any stray Spirit King, either human or monster, would be able to kill her without much effort. She couldn't send a

message back home either as that might attract stray immortals to her location. She managed to escape but she was still in a precarious situation. She had no choice but to hide in the middle of nowhere in hopes of recovering enough strength for the return trip.

She was alone and she would be alone for a long time. Chen Wentian already knew this and he had come prepared. Out here, there would be no one to bother them and no one to witness a battle to the death.

There was a flash and his ordinary robes were replaced with skin-tight armor made of golden scales, the Golden Serpent Robe! It was every bit as revealing as when Lin Qingcheng wore them though it didn't look as good on him. In order to defeat a Spirit King, he had to borrow it for defense but it wasn't all.

He had on a pair of leather gloves and a pair of leather boots. They were the Crashing Comet, borrowed from Jasmine. They would drastically increase his speed and agility.

In his right hand was the Insightful Swallow. Zhou Ziyun's silver saber gleamed under the sun, ready to taste blood.

In his left hand was the Cloudy Bronze Parasol. The bronze shield that was shattered had been remade. His spiritual items could not be permanently destroyed unless the soul it contained was destroyed as well. Abbess Liang did not have such ability so it was easy for him to place the soul of the Bronze Boned Armadillo in another vessel.

“Right, let's do this!”

Chen Wentian dropped down from the clear blue sky, charging at his enemy. The Insightful Swallow was held in front, ready to land a devastating strike.

Blue flames burst out behind him, giving him a continuous boost of speed. The Crashing Comet pulsed with invisible force, propelling him even faster, faster than the fastest Spirit Lord could possibly achieve.

He covered several kilometers in an instant and approached the range of Abbess Liang's spiritual sense. At the same time, Chen Mo burst into action on the ground.

Shadow Realm!

Desolate black fog billowed out, covering the forest floor and her prone body.

Her eyes snapped open and she leaped to her feet, "Who!"

Blackness covered her every sense. She couldn't see, she couldn't hear, she couldn't smell. Her spiritual sense was completely blocked off.

Infinite Black Rain!

Chen Mo immediately launched into an all-out attack.

Thousands of black spears exploded against Abbotess Liang's wounded body. It didn't cause that much damage but it still managed to draw fresh blood, reopening old wounds. It was nothing like their first battle and the female Spirit King struggled to fight back against the domain of a Spirit Lord.

"You again!" She howled furiously and finally reacted.

Purple-colored spiritual energy gathered around her body like a dress fluttering in the wind. The black spears no longer reached her body as they were all intercepted by her makeshift shield. As the endless attack continued impotently, it made a sound like a rainstorm against an umbrella.

A moment later, another burst of Spirit King power blew away the Shadow Realm completely. The rainstorm stopped; the clouds were dispersed. The ordinary world reappeared and the forest returned to its previous calm.

Abbotess Liang took a stumbling step, panting heavily. She searched for the culprit but found no one.

"Where are you! Come out!"

She suddenly sensed a terrible danger from above and looked up to see a familiar face, a flash of silver light that covered the sky, and the deafening roar of wind.

Flying Dragon Saber Art, Second Flight, Tempest of the Dragon Wing!

Chapter 323: 323

A silver storm covered the sky in all directions. Gusts of air turned into invisible saber blades that whistled and whined. All of it pressed down at once, flattening the forest, cutting, slicing, turning everything into dust.

Abbottess Liang barely reacted in time but she couldn't run. She raised her left arm along with a layer of purple energy, protecting her head.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Continuous saber strikes impacted against her hasty barrier, ripping away layers that were replenished as quickly as they were destroyed. She was pressed down but she was still standing. She couldn't be defeated by something like this.

"Enough!" She shouted.

The strength of a Spirit King erupted, washing away the saber attack with purple light. Chen Wentian's sneak attack dissipated, leaving a wide, empty clearing that was now devoid of trees.

Abbottess Liang locked onto the culprit who descended and landed near the edge of the trees. His body was tinged with blue flame as well as a mishmash of other spiritual auras, all at the Spirit Lord Realm.

She snorted, "Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian... you're brave and also stupid. Do you think you can hurt me with only this much? Do you think yourself a divine dragon? Too arrogant... too arrogant!"



She was a Spirit King. Chen Wentian was a Spirit Lord with a few Spirit Lord items but those didn't matter. What mattered was a whole realm of cultivation, experience, and spiritual power. She did not think for a moment that she could lose to this insignificant man, even in her present condition.

“Heh, I'll never know if I don't try.” He said lightly, “Your left arm doesn't look that good. Is it alright?”

It wasn't, not after his saber attack. It was covered in blood and stripped bare. There were more slashes and cuts that he could count. Some were superficial but a few did enough damage to be concerning.

Abbottess Liang didn't reply and merely stood there. She was the wounded one, the one on the backfoot. She was wary of any possible tricks so she was intent on defending for the moment.

Chen Wentian obliged and leaped up with a gust of wind. He whipped the Insightful Swallow around in an imperceptible pattern.

Flying Dragon Saber Art, Third Flight, Dragon Cry Decimates the Mountains!

An ear-shattering roar erupted. At the same time, a single slashing attack left the Insightful Swallow and cleaved apart the ground.

“Insolent!”

Abbottess Liang leaped up to intercept. Her entire body was now covered by transparent purple cloth like a set of armor, giving her a bulky appearance. She lifted a gigantic fist and slammed down against the incoming attack.

Bang!

Several layers of her phantasmal fist were split apart. The attack sliced through the fist and almost to the wrist before finally stopping.

A second purple fist shot out, extending far past ordinary range, stretching thin, heading towards Chen Wentian's head.

It was about to catch him when a circular bronze shield appeared.

Dong!

The purple fist attack was deflected. The impact sounded like a gong being struck and the force sent Chen Wentian tumbling away. He skidded to a halt some distance away, after having made a deep gouge in the ground.

He hopped back up and wiped a bit of blood from his mouth. He wasn't seriously injured but blocking a full-bodied strike from a Spirit King was still tough. If he did not have the Golden Serpent Robe on top of the Cloudy Bronze Parasol, the damage would have been considerable, to say the least.

Abbottess Liang still remained where she was, waiting for him to either attack again or run. He felt that she needed to taste his saber a few more times. He twirled his saber and charged again.

Flying Dragon Saber Art, First Flight, Dragon Snatching the Sea!

Three simultaneous saber strikes like a dragon claw landed on Abbottess Liang's purple armor, opening large gaps.

Second Flight!

A storm of blades held her in place, unable to recover.

Third Flight!

The powerful singular slash split apart her purple armor even further.

Fourth Flight!

A stabbing attack charged through the opening, reaching Abbotess Liang's chest and drawing blood.

Fifth Flight!

Sixth Flight!

The attack pattern of the Flying Dragon Saber Art subsided. It was a continuous stream of moves that encompassed everything from the first to the sixth flight. In terms of pure destructive power, the six saber flights together was enough to take the head off of any Spirit Lord, even one at the highest stage of spiritual strengthening.

However, against a Spirit King, it was still lacking.

A gust of spiritual energy blew away the dust obscuring the battle. Abbotess Liang remained standing, purple energy covering a few more wounds on her body. The most serious seemed to be the hole in her upper chest caused by the fourth flight. However, she was a Spirit King. She had a Spirit King's tough physique. She had a Spirit King's endurance. She could not be felled by in one go the strongest attack at the Spirit Lord Realm.

Her spiritual energy levels had barely dipped from their starting point while Chen Wentian's condition was much worse after executing a prolonged attack. He was breathing heavily from the exertion and she could see it.

“Too arrogant! Simply too arrogant! I expected more of you.” She said, “So what if you have a few toys. You can't beat me, even if your wildest dreams. You're going to die and I'm going to enjoy killing you. Then, I will return with an army to wipe out those white bitches as well as that insolent slut lotus. You can rest in peace knowing that I will take good care of your disciple after I destroy this subcontinent!”

“I'm not dead yet. The victor has still yet to be decided.” He retorted.

“Hahaha... Fine!”

Abbotess Liang's expression changed from mirth to a steely glare in an instant. Her spiritual energy shot up and covered the sky.

“Domain of the Purple Gown!”

The sky turned an unnatural shade of light purple. Then, fluttering purple streams descended like bolts of cloth rolling down from the heavens. They came down from all directions, seeking to entomb everything within.

Chen Wentian rapidly retreated but the domain followed. Abbotess Liang also gave chase, trying but failing to hide the pain of her injuries, visible on her face.

Everything was purple. Large streams of falling cloth separated into smaller pieces and fluttered down all around him like snow. When each piece made contact with anything, there was an explosion that left behind nothing except a crater.

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

Continuous blasts rocked the desolate forest. Chen Wentian blocked most of the falling cloth with the Cloudy Bronze Parasol while parrying others with his saber.

Despite his best efforts, he was still knocked around like a ragdoll. A Spirit King's domain was simply too much to defend against entirely. Avoiding a direct hit was the most he could do.

If that wasn't enough, an oversized purple figure caught up with him faster than he expected.

“Don't run, little boy!”

A hand that was twice as tall as him closed off his path of retreat. He turned, only to see another hand in his way.

The Insightful Swallow struck out, seeking to open a way.

He could only get to the second flight before several giant fingers caught his weapon. The saber was forcibly wrenched from his grasp as the abbottess's other fist slammed his body into the ground.

Her fist enveloped the Spirit Lord weapon and squeezed. At first, nothing happened but she shouted in frustration and applied more force.

Ping!

The blade broke in half under sheer force. Then it broke again, and again... until it was finally crushed into pieces.

Chen Wentian did not have time to mourn the loss of the saber before a purple palm slammed down.

Gong!

The shield from the Cloudy Bronze Parasol saved him from being turned into meat paste but it could not hold for long.

Another palm slapped down, causing a web of cracks across the shield. He held up the umbrella and sent all available spiritual energy into it, strengthening his defense and healing the cracks.

Another attack landed, then another, and yet another.

The purple giant slapped the ground enthusiastically until the bronze barrier finally shattered.

Chapter 324: 324

The Cloudy Bronze Parasol in Chen Wentian's hand shattered to splinters of metal. Abbotess Liang's palm continued, pressing down in his body, flattening the ground around him.

“Die!” She cried, her eyes glinting with vicious satisfaction.

The ground beneath her phantasmal palm cracked and pancaked into a crater a hundred meters wide and fifty meters deep.

She lifted her palm, expecting to see a pool of blood and the leftover bits of an annoying gnat. Instead, she saw a small hole in the ground, wide enough for a person to escape through.

“You can't run from me!” She screamed and shot high into the sky.

Her spiritual expanded rapidly and covered the land in all directions. A few moments, she found her target and charged down.

Chen Wentian emerged from the ground a few hundred meters away. He had managed to escape inside the Giant Mole Worm. It, like Chen Mo, had arrived at the battlefield without being detected. It was too bad he couldn't use the worm forever. It was a living beast, not an apparition with a soul like the shadow fox. He could not replace it if it died. He could not keep on using the worm otherwise his opponent would catch on and eliminate it.

However, upon seeing Abbotess Liang's furious approach, he was forced to use it once more.

Boom!

The entire world shook as Abbotess Liang's gigantic purple fist slammed into where Chen Wentian once stood. A shockwave erupted from the impact point, sending waves of earth thirty meters tall that wiped away trees in all directions, sending broken trunks flying into the air.

The ground was liquified, pulverized. There was nothing left over bigger than a grain of sand. It was impossible for a Spirit Lord to survive such an attack.

Abbotess Liang landed and searched the debris. Once again, there was no blood or any sign of a dead body. Chen Wentian had escaped yet again.

She was about to fly into the air to search for him when a black cloud appeared out of nowhere and enveloped her.

It was the Shadow Realm!

Chen Mo, who had been destroyed, had been reformed within Chen Wentian's soul realm. The shadow fox was not alive so he could not be killed. He could come back again and again as long as Chen Wentian had soul power which he had in abundance.

Abbotess Liang screeched furiously, swiping at the absolute darkness around her.

“This trick again! Useless! Ha!”

Chen Mo struggled mightily to maintain the domain but he couldn't hold on. The black smoke was being destroyed with each passing moment. A Spirit King's power was too much. However, just like the first time, he didn't need to for long.

Dugu's 10th Sword, First Movement, Slash the World!

A crimson arc of blazing sword energy split apart the Shadow Realm. Time momentarily stood still. The sun and the clouds seemed to freeze. Supreme sword intent appeared in the world, splitting apart everything that stood in its way.

The perfect sword slash split apart Abbotess Liang's purple avatar rapidly until her true body was finally revealed. When the sword intent reached her unprotected skin, it erupted in a beautiful fountain of blood.

“Ayyeeee!” She stumbled backward, clutching at her chest.

A bloody diagonal cut lay across her entire upper body. But although she was bleeding profusely, it failed to cut through even her organs.

When she realized she was still okay, she burst out laughing, “Is this all you have? Not enough!”

Ephemeral purple clothes wrapped around her body again and she charged.

Chen Wentian brandished the Summer's Dance and launched his second attack. The orange sword stabbed out with supreme sword intent.

Dugu's 10th Sword, Second Movement, Pierce the Heavens!

A searing spear shot out, seeking to burn and pierce everything, even the heavens. It combined the sword intent within Dugu's 10th Sword with the flames of the Spirit Lord fire wolf into a perfect instrument of destruction.

“Too slow!”

Abbotess Liang moved with unnatural speed. Although she could not track the actual stab, she already saw Chen Wentian's hand movements. She instinctively shifted to the side, leaving the attack to pass harmlessly through her purple avatar instead of her true body.

With nothing else blocking her way, she closed the distance and launched a continuous stream of attacks. Her wounds were forgotten, her weariness no longer a concern. She didn't care about conserving energy. She didn't care about her journey back. She simply wanted to kill this annoying ant that kept pestering her!



“Die!”

A series of punches slammed down. Summer's Dance bore the brunt of the attacks and eventually broke.

“Die!”

A pattern of palm strikes and kicks followed. Chen Wentian took out the Winter's Sun to block. He barely managed to survive but sacrificed the ice-blue sword to do so.

“Hurry up and die!” Abbotess Liang screamed.

The Crashing Comet set crumbled next after having absorbed enough damage to slay a normal Spirit Lord.

“Die! Die! Die!”

A final almighty blow landed squarely on his body. The Golden Serpent Robe emerged, putting its golden scales in the way of a Spirit King's power. The scales crumbled a moment later, unable to hold.

Chen Wentian spat out a mouthful of blood as he was blown away. His body slammed through the trees, uprooting them and cracking the thick trunks in half.

He came to a stop a kilometer away, having leveled an entire forest to finally stop his momentum. He groaned and checked his wounds.

“Heh... shit...” He laughed wryly to himself.

He was still mostly fine except for some internal injuries. It was a minor miracle brought about by the sacrifice of so many Spirit Lord items. An ordinary Spirit Lord would have already died many times over but he was far from ordinary.

Abbottess Liang landed a short distance from him, breathing heavily and looking ragged from top to bottom. She could barely stand straight and was constantly grimacing from pain. Her red robes were disheveled and she was bleeding from what seemed like every centimeter of her body.

It wasn't all his doing. He had managed to land a few good hits, causing her prior injuries to open up. Her condition was much worse than his. It could even be described as dire. If she met another Spirit King right now, she would die without even the ability to fight back.

"I see why that slutty lotus liked you." She muttered, "You're a man of so many talents, a danger to all women. It's pity that I have to kill you but as a cultivator but I acknowledge your ability."

"Thanks, but I'd rather kill you instead." He replied.

"Hehehe! Brave until the end. I like it. Tell me, you should have named yourself Immortal Thousand Fortunes or something. Your blue flames are pitifully weak but your ability to gather Spirit Lord items is certainly beyond compare. Yet, you arrogantly named yourself after a divine dragon. It's truly laughable!"

Chen Wentian laughed lightly, "If I show you my blue flames, you'll die."

Abbottess Liang waved her hand dismissively, "You can say whatever you want. You'll be dead soon so it doesn't matter. In the end, you were too hasty, too arrogant for your own good. You underestimated the Spirit King Realm far too much! It's not something you can overcome with a few tricks and some Spirit Lord items. Let this be your final lesson before I send you into the cycle of death and rebirth. Each realm within the immortal realms is a fundamental improvement in body, mind, spirit. A Spirit King has the strength of ten Spirit Lords. A Spirit King has the stamina of a hundred Spirit Lords. A Spirit King has the resilience of a thousand Spirit Lords!! I cannot be defeated by your schemes. Come on! Show me what else you have! Where are your poisoned attacks? Where are your secret traps? Where is your backup? Nothing? Nothing left? Hahaha! This is the end of the road for you..."

Purple energy surrounded her body once again, "Now, let me send you on your way."

Chen Wentian smiled but did not respond. He stood and opened his mouth but instead of human words, it was frightful... wrathful... a roar akin to a divine beast.

It was the battle cry of a blue dragon!

Chapter 325: 325

Blue flames exploded in all directions. Chen Wentian's body disappeared within the flames which quickly grew into a towering inferno. The temperature was so hot and the spiritual pressure was so intense that Abbotess Liang had to take many steps back. She didn't know what was going on and she didn't expect him to have so much strength remaining.

The flames continued to rise and expand, turning everything in the surrounding into a molten pit of lava. It was not a normal immortal flame but one that contained incomprehensible and arcane attributes that touched upon the laws of the world. This Dao of flame far surpassed anything Abbotess Liang had experienced before.

It was unnatural. It didn't make sense. It wasn't possible for a Spirit Lord!

Within Chen Wentian's soul realm, a blue star glowed strongly, bathing the darkness of the soul space with brilliant flames. The stars that comprised the other souls dimmed in response, out of fear and respect.

At the same time, two foggy human shapes imprisoned in the middle of the soul realm howled and struggled within their prisons. They were the souls of Immortal Berserk Ox Ji Tiangu and Immortal Thousand Owl Zhou Tongpu, two human Spirit Lords killed by Chen Wentian during the attack on Beast God City several months ago. He didn't use them for his cultivation at that time, simply leaving the two Spirit Lord souls entombed within his soul space. Now, their souls would serve a great purpose.

The Anatta Soul Nirvana Art had a secret ability, one that could sacrifice souls for a temporary boost in power for the primary soul... Annihilating Soul Ignition!

The first one chosen was Ji Tiangu. Rays of multi-colored light pierced his soul from all directions. The ox man struggled mightily against his shackles but it was futile. He gave one last mournful cry before his

very existence was ignited and turned into pure energy. His soul was wiped out, forcibly removed from the cycle of samsara, a complete annihilation!

There was a blinding flash followed by a tremendous wave of spiritual energy, one that surged out of Chen Wentian's soul realm and overflowed into his real body. This was the strongest state he could achieve right now, one that could barely contend with a Spirit King. It allowed him to use the powers of the blue dragon to their full potential.

The sea of flames around him contracted, pulling in all of the spiritual energy into a condensed form. The phantasm around his body morphed into a distinct shape with a long sinewy body, a pair of massive wings, four clawed limbs, a long waving tail, and a spiky head. It was over ten meters long with his real body nestled around the chest area.

“What trick is this?” Abbotess Liang shouted.

The shimmering beast head turned to her and opened its mouth wide, “Rooaaarrrr!!”

The stream of blue flames shot out of the beast's mouth and straight at her!

“Tch...”

She brought her giant purple palms together to block, forming a wall several stories tall.

Shaaaa!!

Blue met against purple and there was an almighty clash of spiritual energies. On one side was a tired Spirit King, barely holding on after continuous battles. On the other was a Spirit Lord wielding the flames of a blue dragon, powered by the ignition of an immortal soul.

The intensity of the flames shocked her. Her purple palms were being burned rapidly, something that shouldn't be possible. She, a Spirit King, couldn't block the attack completely. She was being pushed back by a Spirit Lord. This simple fact defied common sense.

Blue flames burned the giant purple palms, taking away layer after layer. As each one was scorched to ash, another appeared behind it, forming a self-repairing shield made up of countless layers tough of fabric.

Chen Wentian roared again, sending more flames.

Abbotess Liang countered, desperately doubling her defenses even further and finally she managed to fully block the flames. Although she was forced to expend a great amount of spiritual energy which she could not afford, a straightforward flame attack such as this wasn't enough to defeat a Spirit King.

Chen Wentian realized this and recalled his flame breath. He then took to the air, taking his blue dragon avatar with him. High above the battlefield, he let out a long dragon cry followed by a great shockwave of spiritual power. This was not ordinary immortal power but one that came from the unique divine art of the blue dragon.

This was the secret art created by blue dragons, a unique Dao that only blue dragons could wield!

Flames of the Arcadian Sky, 1st Phase, World Scorching Cyclone!

Chen Wentian flew rapidly in a circle, leaving a trail of blue flames that formed into a giant circle above Abbotess Liang's head. He then descended, carrying the spinning flames down to the ground, creating a infernal cyclone that entombed her within.

“Close!” He shouted.

The cyclone shrank and burned Abbotess Liang from all directions. The spinning flames ripped away her spiritual aura until it was all gone. When the searing heat finally touched her bare skin, she let out a wretched scream.

“Ahhhhhh!”

Her long, wailing scream echoed within the firestorm. It was a cry of agony, unwillingness, and outrage. But it wasn't enough to protect her against divine flames...

The cyclone eventually ran out of energy and dissipated. What was left was Spirit King who looked like a burnt chicken. Her face and body were charred beyond recognition. Her burnt skin cracked and split with the slightest movement, causing fresh blood to pour out.

Her burnt mouth split open and she croaked out, "You... who are you?"

"Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian." He answered.

"You... impossible. You can't possibly have blue dragon flames! How can a human have a divine beast legacy? Don't lie to me! I'll rip the truth out of your dying mind!"

Chen Wentian ignored her and readied his next attack. His spiritual energy spread out to the left and right, forming countless swirls of flame in a battle formation. Once the whirlpools gathered enough power, beams of blue dragon flames shot down like divine spears.

Flames of the Arcadian Sky, 2nd Phase, Azure Sunray!

The first two beams blasted where Abbotess Liang stood but she was no longer there. In a flash, she was in the air, charging directly at Chen Wentian.

The Azure Sunray tried to stop her. The next two beams scored glancing hits, ripping away chunks of flesh and charring the wound. More beams of flame followed; some missing and some scoring direct hits. As she steadily approached, she more and more resembled a human-shaped lump of coal. Despite the damage, she kept coming, not even bothering to dodge when she was close enough.

Chen Wentian realized too late what she wanted to do. He tried to dodge but he was too slow. She slammed through the blue dragon phantasm and straight into his real body.

“Ahhhh!”

He spat out a mouthful of blood as he was knocked away like a leaf in the wind. He clutched at his chest which felt like it had been crushed by a mountain.

He whirled to face his enemy. She kept going after the strike for a little while before stopping. She changed direction and came around for a repeat of the same attack.

“Azure Sunray!”

A flurry of flame beams crisscrossed the sky.

Abbotess Liang once again charged through it all, disregarding her own body.

Bang!

Her black figure collided with Chen Wentian and this time, he was sent spinning towards the ground. Momentarily stunned and helpless, he smashed down with enough force to collapse a mountain.

Chapter 326: 326

The battle turned. Abbotess Liang's tactic was effective and Chen Wentian was now the one suffering more and more. Despite being powered up by the ignition of a Spirit Lord, he was being beaten up continuously. His blue dragon flames were still doing damage but he was suffering a disproportionate amount in return. He was losing and both of them knew it.

The difference between one whole realm was not something that could easily be surpassed, even with the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art and the Flames of the Arcadian Sky. A Spirit King's body was many times more resilient; it was like comparing a slab of steel to a block of wood. Blue dragon flames could incinerate a Spirit King's skin and scorch their muscles and tendons but that was the limit. It had difficult reaching further inside to harm her organs and her core. Even in her current wounded state, if she had access to plenty of medicine, she would be able to make a respectable recovery given enough time.

Chen Wentian had no such luxury. He could not keep sacrificing his own body. He was a Spirit Lord, one that did not really train his body. Already, his bones were starting to crack and his inner organs were bleeding heavily. He couldn't let the situation continue like this or else he could really die.

Boom!

He crashed into the ground for what seemed like the hundredth time. The crater he created overlapped against countless others that were also caused by him.

He groaned painfully and spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Shit... this crazy bitch...”

He looked up at Abbotess Liang zooming around for another attack. He had to admit that she wasn't dumb. Utilizing her purple cloth art expended too much spiritual energy and wasn't effective against his divine flames. Instead, using purely physical might conserved her paltry remaining energy and gave her the advantage.

However, he could also use her strategy against her.

“Alright, let's play.”

He folded his hands together and summoned the power of his secret art. Within his soul space, where there used to be two human immortal souls now resided one. The first soul, Immortal Berserk Ox Ji Tiangu, had already been expended fully. Now, it was the other one's turn.

Annihilating Soul Ignition!

Rays of light pierced Immortal Thousand Owl Zhou Tongpu and his soul was turned into pure spiritual energy.



The energy overflowed out of the soul realm and into Chen Wentian's tired body. His upper, middle, and lower dantians had been almost empty but they were now fully replenished. He was once again filled with an unreasonable amount of power that far surpassed an ordinary Spirit Lord.

A cocoon of blue flame surrounded him and his body began to quickly change. His clothes burned away, revealing a skin that was no longer human. It was now made up of tiny blue scales that glistened and shined. A row of white ridges erupted along his spine while out of his tail bone grew a thin, muscular tail. At the same time, his hands and feet expanded to twice their size and grew sharp white claws.

As for his face, it became noticeably dragon-like. His hair turned from black to a midnight blue, becoming a wild, flowing mane that extended down to his jaw. His upper lip which was usually clean-shaven now sported a long mustache, like a pair of whiskers that fluttered in the air around his face. And finally, two white horns sat atop his forehead, completing the partial beast transformation.

Abbotess Liang plunged toward him on a collision course. She didn't seem to have noticed his change or she didn't care.

Chen Wentian roared and blasted off the ground. He headed directly towards her in a direct challenge. Since she wanted to fight using raw physical power, he would do the same.

The two immortals careened towards each other. Neither had any intention to dodge. The distance closed in the blink of an eye and they smashed into each other.

Boom!

The collision caused a massive shockwave which flattened the surrounding area. In the aftermath, two figures floated in the midair, one noticeably farther away from the impact point.

The one who lost out in the exchange was Abbotess Liang and she couldn't believe it. "Impossible! What kind of beast transformation is this? There is no way any kind of lizard transformation is this powerful!"

"Since you know who I am, you already know the answer." Chen Wentian retorted.

Abbotess Liang screamed incoherently and charged at him. He responded in kind with dragon claws extended.

They flew by each other, both landing blows on each other's bodies. Chen Wentian suffered a kick across his scaled torso which blunted the damage. Abbotess Liang had so much defense and suffered a gruesome slash on her shoulder which flayed her flesh and sliced through bone.

"Ahhhhh! Vile reptile, I'll kill you!" She howled.

"Come at me!"

They continued to trade physical attacks and the battle quickly devolved into a bloody brawl. There was no fancy use of spiritual energy or secret arts. It was pure strength against pure strength, a wounded Spirit King against a blue dragon!

Chen Wentian was human but he was also a blue dragon. He had the soul of a blue dragon as well as its source of fire. This source of fire was the seed that gave him all the powers of a divine beast, it was its complete inheritance. In the whole world, he was perhaps the only person who could claim to have obtained the complete inheritance of a divine beast, from the complete blue dragon flame arts to the secrets of the blue dragon physique.

His dragon transformation wasn't any ordinary beast transformation art. He wasn't mimicking the aspects of a beast; he truly became the beast! He was now a divine beast, a blue dragon with unbreakable bones and tendons, muscles that could move mountains, and protective scales there were even stronger than treasure armors.

This transformation took a tremendous amount of spiritual energy so he couldn't use it normally. But powered by the Annihilating Soul Ignition, his current physique was a match for any Spirit King. Abbotess Liang, in her weakened condition, was far from a match!

Abbotess Liang saw defeat imminent. After being pummeled continuously, she gave up and tried to run. However, Chen Wentian wasn't going to let her escape. In his current state he was faster, he was stronger, he was tougher. He wasn't going to let her live.

“Ahhh!” She screamed in anger and frustration but it was no use. “No, stop! I'll kill you!!”

The last bit of purple energy surged forth, trying to form around her in a protective shield. A blast of divine flames engulfed her in response and quickly turned her final defense to ash.

That was the last bit of spiritual energy she had, she had nothing left. She continued to struggle but her physical strength also began to wane. When she could no longer properly defend, dragon claws skewered her flesh and dug into her organs. Powerful punches and kicks crushed her bones and snapped her tendons.

He first broke her legs so she could no longer run.

He then tore her arms out of their sockets so she could no longer fight back.

Finally, he punctured her chest and ripped out her heart.

Chapter 327: 327

A Spirit King died, just like that!

Slain by a Spirit Lord no less.

Abbotess Liang's dying expression was one of hatred and disbelief. Nobody could be more shocked than her at that moment. Nobody could have imagined such a result.

Chen Wentian possessed too many treasures and too many secrets. He was simply too unfathomable. In the wide world of cultivation, few could pull off such a feat. The scions of the most powerful entities in existence could perhaps do it. Those of the most powerful divine beast clans might be able to do it. Out

of all the no-name cultivators that had no background, he was the only one who could cross realms and slay a Spirit King.

Various emotions filled him, from satisfaction to pride to relief. It had been a difficult battle, a dangerous one that could have easily cost his life if he wasn't careful. He had to take this risk because she had to die. She was too dangerous so he had to expend everything to kill her.

She was the type of person to hold grudges and seek revenge regardless of the cost or propriety. If she managed to escape, he would no longer be safe in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent and his lovely disciples wouldn't be either. They would have to go into hiding, constantly fearing for their lives every day. It wasn't a life he wanted for them. They deserved a safe and steady home where they could grow.

Chen Wentian returned to his human form and grabbed her skull with both hands. He activated the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art to trap her dying soul and temporarily prevent her from dissipating into the cycle of samsara. Her soul was his reward for winning the battle so he wasn't going to let it escape.

Her soul was useful to him but he had no intention of trying to absorb the soul into his collection or imprison it for future use. A Spirit King soul was too strong-willed, too dangerous to keep around.

Instead, he used his soul power and forcibly split her soul apart into manageable fragments and absorbed them one by one. The process was akin to torturing the soul until it shattered. It was cruel and painful and left nothing of the original person behind. It was what she deserved so he felt no remorse.

The first fragment entered his soul realm and was absorbed. It was the perfect fuel for his soul art and his cultivation rapidly advanced as a result.

Boom!

4th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening!

Another fragment was absorbed and soon he broke through again.

5th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening!

6th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening!

7th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening!

He managed to reach the peak stage of the Spirit Lord Realm in one go!

Chen Wentian's stagnating cultivation had finally taken a huge leap forward but he wasn't done yet. There was still plenty of Abbotess Liang's soul left.

He paused to consider what to do. The remaining Spirit King soul fragments weren't enough to let himself reach the Spirit King Realm. The amount of power required to break through to the next realm was far beyond what a single Spirit King could provide. If he continued furthering his own cultivation, there wouldn't be any immediate benefits.

Instead, he decided to power up a few mortal souls to the immortal realm. The more Spirit Lord souls he had, the easier a future battle with a Spirit King would be. He was confident that in his current state, he would be able to go against a Spirit King in peak condition and not lose. If he had more Spirit Lord souls to help him, he might even be able to beat them in a fair fight.

The first one he chose for an upgrade was the void bee queen. Its power was directly tied to how much money he could earn through space-attribute spiritual crystals. It was a great investment for the future prosperity of the sect. He was also interested in its stealthy abilities and how it could potentially complement Chen Mo with spying activities.

He quickly absorbed another fragment of Abbotess Liang's soul and allowed the black star of the void bee queen to absorb it all. The process went smoothly and after two pieces, the expected happened.

Breakthrough!

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Far away, in Ten Thousand Flower Valley, the sky opened and heavenly energy from the vast beyond descended upon a beehive within the ancient forest. The light disappeared as quickly as it came and the void bee queen reemerged, reborn. It was now several times bigger than before, around as long as a person's palm. Its body was pure black with glittering black eyes and translucent wings.

The queen bee fluttered its wings excitedly and all the bees around it responded with excited buzzes. It then let out its brand-new immortal aura and disappeared from the nest. One void shift was all it took to exit the forest and reappear above the fields of flowers and herbs. Space-attribute spiritual energy flared again and it headed out for a joyous first flight as an immortal.

It dashed around the perimeter of the sect and the surrounding wilderness. Its speed was far beyond an ordinary Spirit Lord. As an insect, its natural flying ability only improved with cultivation. At the same time, its space-warping abilities improved its agility beyond comprehension. It was so fast and nimble that even a Spirit King that specialized in flight might find it difficult to capture it.

The void bee was a rare and powerful insect beast species. It was only natural for the Spirit Lord form to be special.

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Chen Wentian ignored the happy bee and continued his cultivation. Time was limited as Abbotess Liang's soul was fast dissipating into nothingness despite his best efforts.

He settled on another mortal beast soul for the next upgrade, a jade tusk elephant that he had been with him for a long time. His eleventh disciple still needed an immortal item and he felt that the loyal elephant soul was a good choice. The beast's specialty was the ability to amplify power using its mass and resilience. It had the potential of meshing well with Bei Yingluo's mysterious ability to cross realms. The two of them together would be able to produce a spectacular display of unfathomable power far surpassing her cultivation level.

The last soul fragments were absorbed and another breakthrough happened. This time, since the elephant did not have a physical body, the heavenly light pierced through the soul realm and bathed a green star with its heavenly light.

A triumphant trumpeting cry echoed around the soul realm. The green star pulsed with energy and then transformed into a massive green elephant phantom. It made a mad dash around endless space, knocking into other souls playfully and causing a ruckus.

Chapter 328: 328

Chen Wentian finished his cultivation upgrades without any issues. The battle was tough but the rewards were worth it. He managed to surpass Jasmine once again, giving himself some breathing room before her rapid progress. He also obtained two breakthroughs of mortal souls to immortal ones. They gave him equally good benefits and were sure to be useful in future battles.

With nothing else to do, he cleaned up the battlefield and left the Northern Wasteland. He returned to the provinces of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent in disguise and eventually returned to Dragon Flower Province and Ten Thousand Flower Valley.

“Lord Blue Dragon!”

“Welcome back, Lord Blue Dragon!”

Chen Wentian stepped out of the teleportation array to a chorus of strong voices. He looked around to see well-equipped, well-trained guards of the Zhou Clan bowing to him. They seemed to have improved a lot from the last time he remembered. All of them were at the lower levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm, men and women in the youthful side of their adulthood.

Their talents were rather impressive and could have passed for average disciples of an immortal sect. He didn't recall the Zhou Clan having such people in the past so it was probably Zhou Ziyun recruiting people into her clan and her faction. He thought about it for a brief moment before deciding that he didn't care. She was his second disciple so such minor matters were fully within her right and responsibility.

“Master! Master!”

“Welcome back, master!”

Two familiar cries parted the guards. Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun had been waiting for him.

Lin Qingcheng dashed up and launched herself directly into his arms.

“Oof... Chengcheng!”

“Master! Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?” She blurted.

He chuckled as she fretting over him, making sure all of his limbs were intact. She was eventually pacified but still clutched his arm tightly as if afraid he would disappear.

“I was so worried. The sisters were all so worried. But I was the most worried.” She said.

“I'm sorry for that. But I'm back and in one piece so everything is okay.”

“I am glad.” Zhou Ziyun said softly with a wide smile.

He found her for a one-armed hug. She returned it eagerly. He then lifted them both into the air and flew back to the sect.

“Master has returned!”

“Hurry!”

“Wait for me!”

The ice sisters gathered in the great hall just in time for his arrival. He gave each of them a hug. When Bei Yingluo rushed in last, he gave her a reassuring hug as well.



“Where's Jasmine?” He asked.

His disciples looked at each other, some with worried looks, others with sly smirks. He frowned, not knowing what to think or expect. He didn't know what he could have done to annoy the nine-tailed fox.

Li Yuechan was the one who spoke up when nobody else wanted to say anything. “Master, Jasmine seemed happy when you sent news back of your victory. However, soon after, she developed a melancholy, and since that time, she has been hiding out in the Moonlit Sanctum.”

Chen Wentian shook his head, “Fine, I'll go find her afterward. Now...”

He took a seat at the head of the great hall and recounted the events of the past few days including his battle with Abbotess Liang. He left out some details about the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art but otherwise told them everything.

“... and with her dead, her sect won't come back to bother us. I'm sorry I had to sacrifice all your immortal items to do it.”

“Master,” Zhou Ziyun said, “Your gifts to us are still yours to use and do as you please. Just like us, we are all at your command. What are a few immortal items in exchange for your safety and return?”

“Thanks. But, don't fret. The souls within those weapons will recover quickly and I can reforge the items that were destroyed.” He said.

“Really? that's great!” Lin Qingcheng exclaimed.

The others also showed their relief and happiness.

“Alright, back to the main issue.” Chen Wentian said, “Wu Qianyu should be coming out of her dream in a few days so I will head back soon. I'll pick her up and settle the matters with Long Yifei and the Virtuous Order. Things are still uncertain at the capital so you all will have to stay home.”

“Yes, master.” They all answered.

“Yuechan, I know this situation is unfair to you and your sisters. But without your immortal items, continuing with the Golden Feather Hunt is too risky. There's too many eyes on our sect at the moment so it's better to stay away.”

Li Yuechan bowed, “We obey your decisions.”

“Good. Meeting adjourned. I am going to find Jasmine.”

“Yes, master!”

Chen Wentian left the main sect building and flew directly to the Moonlit Sanctum. He sensed she was inside the main chamber. He didn't expect her to come out and greet him but she didn't even acknowledge his arrival.

Already annoyed, he went in through the only entrance that would fit a normal human. He didn't get very far before he found a fox blocking his way. It was Huoling, the female cinnabar fox that Jasmine kept as a pet. Her ears were pressed back and her body was tense.

“Shoo.” He said, waving her off.

Huoling opened her mouth and snapped at him. She yelped a few times as if telling him to go away.

Chen Wentian frowned, now even more annoyed. He tried a few more times but the stubborn fox refused to move. He finally shoved the disobedient beast aside with his spiritual energy and continued.

He didn't make it very far before two more foxes blocked his way. This time it was Fengsha, the desert wind fox, and Snowy, the blizzard fox. Both were less aggressive than the first one but they also refused to let him pass.

“Seriously?” He muttered, mostly to himself.

The two foxes also admonished him in their language. He could not understand their yelps and barks but the gist was pretty obvious. He was not welcome for some reason or another. Jasmine was once again being stubborn and he didn't know why.

“Move!” He said and bluntly forced them aside.

He continued forward, with the three foxes following behind him. He ignored them and entered the main chamber. The foxes stopped at the entrance as if a silent command had told them they could not come in.

Jasmine was lying in bed in the middle. She had her head buried under the covers and was ignoring him. He sat down on the bed and shook her.

“Hey...”

“Go away!”

Chapter 329: 329

Chen Wentian tried his best to pull away the covers but Jasmine fought against him. They went back and forth for a while before he finally gave up. She was definitely pissed about something and fighting with her wasn't going to fix anything.

He signed tiredly. Jasmine was different from his other disciples. Out of all of them, she was the only one who could speak to him as pretty much an equal. His other women tended to care more about his thoughts and feelings than their own. Jasmine was the complete opposite. He had to cater to her and it had always been this way.

“Why are you angry with me?” He asked, his tone now soft. “Whatever I did, I'm sorry.”

Jasmine's bundle shook slightly but didn't answer.

He laid down on the bed and stared up at the sparkling ceiling.

After a while, he spoke again, "Let me guess, you're mad because I spent so much effort to save Long Yifei?"

There was nothing but silence.

"Fine," He tried again after wracking his brain, "You're mad because I wasn't strong enough to fight a Spirit King directly without seeking help? I promise I'll reach Spirit King soon!"

A derisive snort came from under the covers but nothing else. It was a good sign, a sign that he was making progress.

"Did the other girls annoy you when you had to watch over them?"

Silence.

"Were you bored?"

There was some shuffling as if she was nodding.

"But I couldn't leave Chen Mo behind. He was really important to the battle, you know that!"

"Idiot!" Jasmine shouted.

She finally couldn't take it anymore. Her beautiful face popped up and glared at him. Her pink lips were pursed in disapproval and her furry ears wagged angrily. She pounced on top of him and sat across his stomach.

"Why are you so clueless?" She said, prodding his chest, "Why can't you understand?"

He wanted to retort but held his tongue. She was in a particular mood and he simply let her keep talking.

She propped herself up on his chest and looked into his eyes.

"I was worried..." She finally said, so quietly he barely caught it.

"Jasmine..."

Before he could say anything else, her lips descended onto his.

She kissed him hard. Her tongue was needy and desperate. Every caress was her telling him that she was worried for him. Every suckle was her explaining that she feared for his safety.

He finally understood her feelings and accepted them. He kissed her back, apologizing over and over and reassuring her that he was here, he was fine.

Jasmine's momentary passion eventually ran out of steam. They broke apart and she buried her face into his neck.

"Next time you want to charge into a life-or-death battle..." She said, "I'm going with you no matter what."

"Jasmine..."

“Don't try to stop me.” She said hotly, “You are my mate, my chosen man. Even though you are a human, you should at least understand what it means for divine beasts.”

He understood. It was a bond of life and death. Just like marriage for humans, a mate was forever, two equals bonded together. He didn't want her to risk her life but it wasn't his decision to make. If she wanted to go risk her life for something, he would choose to brave the same dangers with her. She only wanted the opportunity to do the same and he couldn't deny her that.

“Next time, I won't stop you if you want to come with me.” He said.

Jasmine smiled brilliantly.

“Although...” His voice trailed off and he smirked, “If you can't beat me even once, I have to question how useful you will be.”

“You... Hmph!”

She tried to escape back under the sheets but he caught her. He pressed her down on her stomach, preventing her from escaping. Her legs kicked out at him so he forced them apart, pushing up her one-piece dress, and revealing her bare pussy. It was already starting to glisten with arousal as if expecting what was to come.

“Jasmine...” He murmured into her ear as he freed his clothes.

She groaned in protest and tried to buck him off.

However, his large body covered her and she couldn't move. He pressed his erection at her entrance and prodded her.

She moaned into the bed, almost inviting him in.

“Naughty fox. You haven't been treating your husband very well. What do you have to say about that?”

“I don't know what you're talking about!” She complained but wiggled her hips against him.

He thrust his hips, spreading her pink lips apart. His cock found her tiny hole and pushed inside, into her warmth.

“Ohhhhh!!!”

Jasmine let out a long moan as the thick shaft entered into her pussy and pressed forward. She tightened, resisting further intrusion.

Chen Wentian groaned in agonizing pleasure. She was so small and tight; it was as if his dick was being crushed by a mountain from all sides. The pressure was simply too intense.

His blue dragon flames flared as he resisted her efforts to push him out and thrust again.

Her narrow cave was forcibly expanded, sending tremors of pleasure all over her body.

“OOHHHHH!!!!”

She let out a soulful cry and activated her moonlight powers instinctively. Chen Wentian responded in kind and his flames increased in intensity by several levels.

The two immortals fought with their immortal powers while at the same time, their hips joined together in a separate fight altogether. Flames clashed against moonlight while a hard dragon rod plowed into a wet and fertile fox den.

“Not greeting your mate when he came home from battle.” He growled.

He gave a great push and finally reached her deepest parts, knocking against her womb. This elicited deliciously desperate cries of pleasure from the fox girl beneath him.

“Using your pets to block your husband's way...” He continued.

He pressed her into the bed and put his full weight behind his thrusts, stretching her out even further.

“Ahhh... Nooooo!” She cried out.

He increased his pace. In and out, in and out. He pushed into her tight pussy more and more until his full length was finally inside her completely.

She panted and squirmed beneath him, trying to adjust to the great object lodged within her that was causing her unbearable pleasure.

He didn't give her any reprieve. He fucked her with long, hard strokes. He made sure she would forever remember the shape of his cock.

“Pervert... ahhhh...”

Jasmine slowly unraveled beneath him. She arched her hips to meet him. She panted and cried and moaned. She wanted more. She wanted everything. There was nowhere else she'd rather be than lying beneath her mate.

“Jasmine...”

“Asshole...”

“Jasmine...”

“Hubby...”



Chen Wentian called out her name over and over. Jasmine answered back with equal passion. The pair of souls joined together, reaffirming their bond as they both reached the inevitable peak at the same time.

Chapter 330: 330

Chen Wentian had to soothe Jasmine's worries many more times before she was satisfied. Eventually, he was able to extricate himself from the Moonlit Sanctum, leaving a nine-tailed moonlight fox behind in a coma and her three pet foxes in various states of distress and horror.

For this trip back to the sect, he didn't just stay with Jasmine. He made sure his other disciples were taken care of as well. He was a diligent and hardworking master after all. He didn't show favoritism and spent time equally. Lin Qingcheng, Zhou Ziyun, the ice sisters, Bei Yingluo... He left each and every one of them limp and satisfied.

There was something about the blue dragon transformation that brought out within him a mighty virility. He managed to remain enthusiastic and energetic even after going at it for so long, surprising even himself. If any of his disciples still wanted to go for another round or even ten, he would have gladly obliged them.

However, they all begged surrender, leaving him smug about the situation. He was the master after all. All of his disciples put together couldn't defeat him if he really put in the effort and utilized the yang energy of the blue dragon!

Chen Wentian still had a smile on his face as he returned to the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. He arrived at the Small Wind Pagoda and finally reunited with Long Yifei.

"Master, you've returned." She said with a bow.

"Mmm... eh? Is that a new dress?"

She raised herself and nodded. She twirled around to give him a better view and he couldn't take his eyes off her. She was stunning, even more so than usual.

She was clad in a pure white robe with complicated layers and embroideries. There were lines of silver that formed intricate patterns as well as fancy knots and glittering jewels. Although the dress was a similar color to her old ones from Glacier Palace, this one was far better by several grades. The design was conservative and yet managed to bring out every bit of her feminine charm and magnify them to the maximum.

“This is the standard uniform for recruits. The immortals of the Virtuous Order had it especially made while you were away.”

“Nice, it looks great on you!” He praised.

“Thank you...”

Chen Wentian pulled her in and hugged her. She didn't resist and pressed herself into him. In the meantime, his hands roamed her backside, trying to find a way to undress her.

After struggling a while, he realized that he couldn't figure it out. Her new clothes were simply too complicated, he didn't know how to take them off without damaging them!

Long Yifei giggled softly, “Master, our uniform has some special features. The immortals told me that if one does not know the secret arts of the order, the uniform cannot be undone. If one tries by force, it will raise all sorts of alarms.”

“What... that's unfair!”

“Don't worry. You'll be able to learn along with me since you are my acolyte. This feature is only for protecting sisters and daughters of the order from harm and men with evil intentions.”

“Ah...”

Chen Wentian's momentary desire to pressed her down dissipated and their conversation turned to other matters. They discussed the sect, the other disciples, the matter of the Golden Feather Hunt, and the uncertain future.

He was about to ask her about her experiences in the dream array when there was a knock at the door. He sensed who it was and sighed. There was no chance of avoiding this interruption.

“Come in.”

The door opened and in came Immortal Glass Melody Gui Li and Immortal Adoring Poet Zhu Yao'er. They looked every bit as prim and proper as before. Their white robes were similar to Long Yifei's albeit more intricate and probably more expensive.

“Is anything the matter?” Chen Wentian asked them after brief pleasantries.

Zhu Yao'er pursed her lips, “We didn't know how long we'd have to wait to speak to you. I didn't want to have to wait until tomorrow. I apologize for the intrusion.”

She didn't look apologetic at all.

“Yao'er!” Gui Li flushed and admonished her partner.

“What?” She said, crossing her arms, “They can take as long as they want to do whatever they want... after we finish discussing some matters.”

“Sure.” Chen Wentian said, maintaining a straight face.

Zhu Yao'er nodded and started, “Our abbotesses have sent word. Their mission to hunt down and kill Abbess Liang has hit a delay. They tracked her to the border region of the Northern Wasteland but that's where the trail disappeared. They believe that she is hiding somewhere, trying to heal herself.”

“They still want to kill her?” He asked.

“Yes, they will keep at it for two more weeks at least. Because of this delay, we won't be able to convene at Ten Thousand Flower Valley. They have instructed us to begin Long Yifei's initiation and we can have a formal ceremony at a later date.”

“That's fine.” He agreed. He didn't want them visiting his sect in the first place. He would have to hide Jasmine and it would be a hassle.

Zhu Yao'er fished out a small spatial bag and handed it to Long Yifei, “This contains the introductory instructions for our order. It includes rules, customs, basic history, and other information. It also includes things that an acolyte may learn...”

She smirked, “Including how to properly take off our attire.”

Chen Wentian snorted indignantly but he had to admit that he was interested.

“Does everyone get a spatial bag? Your order is quite prosperous.” He asked.

Gui Li spoke up, “Not quite. Long Yifei is special Those at the lower levels are not given such treatment.”

“About her divine daughter status...”

“Your concerns are the same as ours and we have well prepared for it.” Gui Li said, “The statuses of holy daughter and divine daughter are too special and the truth of their talent evaluation is only known to a select few. Long Yifei will enter the order with a nominal status as a sacred daughter and so will other holy daughters. Those with higher talents will eventually reveal themselves but having everyone enter the order as sacred daughters provides a sense of unity in the beginning.”

“The sacred daughters are taught by the order in a school system. They all attend a school together for nine months out of the year. The other three months, they are allowed to travel the lands to gain experience and complete various tasks. As for their acolytes, there are no requirements for their

attendance but they are responsible for helping the daughters learn and improve. A good acolyte can greatly increase a daughter's progress while a bad acolyte will only hinder her.”

Both immortals shot pointed looks toward Chen Wentian, as if daring him to slack off in his task of being Long Yifei's acolyte. He felt a bit insulted but chose not to say anything.

“Anyway,” Zhu Yao'er said, “The new school year for the School of Brilliance in the Martial Brilliance Continent just happens to start in a month and a half. We will arrange for Long Yifei and you to travel there for the opening ceremony and for her to be officially inducted into the order. In the meantime, we will remain here to provide any assistance she may need.”

“...”

Chen Wentian didn't know what to say. Since he had chosen this path, there was not much he could do except nod his head and accept the arrangements.

The good thing was that their system of teaching sounded reasonable. He couldn't find any fault with it. A school system gave him plenty of freedom and Long Yifei wouldn't be alone by herself forever. She would still have plenty of opportunities to reunite with her fellow disciples. Her bond with Ten Thousand Flower Valley would not be cut off and that was enough for him.