

F Disciples 331

Chapter 331: 331

Chen Wentian was about to ask something else when he sensed an unexpected presence. He looked at the door and tensed. Another immortal had arrived, someone strong. He frowned when he realized who it was and looked at the two female immortals questioningly.

“Do not be alarmed. It was us who invited her. Orders from our abbotesses, you understand.” Gui Li said, “Come in, Immortal Gentle Lotus...”

It was indeed her. He didn't want to see her but he didn't have a choice in the matter.

Gong Liyun strode in and glanced around the room before settling her eyes on him. Her gaze did not have any hostility and was instead filled with a mix of unwillingness and regret.

Chen Wentian instinctively grabbed Long Yifei and held her behind him protectively.

Gong Liyun laughed wryly, “Don't be silly. I'm not here to fight you.”

“Indeed.” Gui Li said and her partner Zhu Yao'er nodded as well.

There was a brief awkward silence as Chen Wentian eyed all three female immortals. It seemed that they had been communicating with each other while he was gone. He didn't like it that they had done such things behind his back especially since Gong Liyun was partially responsible for the crisis in the first place.

“That's right.” Zhu Yao'er answered the question that he did not vocalize, “We negotiated with Immortal Gong and we have come to a beneficial agreement.”

“What kind of agreement?” He asked suspiciously.

"I will help you." Gong Liyun answered. She ignored his incredulous look. "I will use my influence and power in the subcontinent to sweep this matter away. News of Long Yifei joining the Virtuous Order will be completely suppressed. I will not spare any resources to make this happen. The common people will soon forget that such a thing never happened while those whose memory cannot be influenced, I will force into keeping quiet."

Chen Wentian scoffed, "What about the other Spirit Kings?"

Gong Liyun nodded, "As you know, two of them intended to help you originally so they won't be a problem. Little Ming Mu wasn't really on Abbotsess Liang's side either. He was just trying to cause trouble. The other kings and I will punish him and keep him in line. You don't have to worry."

"I appreciate the gesture but you're not exactly a person I would trust anytime soon." He said. He then looked at the Gui Li, "Your side is willing to trust her?"

Gui Li answered affirmatively, "We do. She managed to convince us adequately."

"But she used to be a member of the Sororal Order!"

"We know but she was expelled."

"And that's enough?" He asked incredulously.

Gui Li looked at Gong Liyun and then back at him, "She revealed to us the consequences of her expulsion and we were able to verify certain facts and events that occurred. She has much more to lose with the reds, I assure you."

Chen Wentian was still unconvinced and remained obstinate.

Seeing this, Gong Liyun twirled her fingers and a cloth sack appeared in her hand. The sack levitated to the nearby table and was emptied of its contents. A large number of spiritual crystals fell out, most of them were yellow, but a few were a brilliant green.

“...”

“The green spiritual crystals were what Abbotess Liang gave me in exchange for Long Yifei. The yellow spiritual crystals are from me. Compensation for my actions.” Gong Liyun said.

Chen Wentian would have rejected the spiritual crystals if he was a man of noble character. But he liked money so he accepted. The items disappeared into his spatial bag and a friendly, albeit fake, smile appeared on his face.

“Alright... I think we are in agreement!”

They all shared a laugh which was mostly disingenuous.

Gui Li clapped her hands in satisfaction, “In matters regarding Long Yifei, no one in the subcontinent will bother you. If anyone does, Immortal Gong and other kings will get rid of them. If it is something they cannot resolve, then the order will handle it.”

“Indeed.” Zhu Yao'er chimed in.

The two immortals of the order were satisfied with the arrangement and made to leave the room. Gong Liyun, on the other hand, remained behind.

Chen Wentian looked at her questioningly to which she held a finger to her lips. She waited until the other two female immortals had gone farther away and then spread her spiritual energy to create a barrier around them so that nobody outside the room would be able to eavesdrop.

When she was finally satisfied, she spoke to him in a hushed voice. “I wanted to give you a warning. Not about me or the Sororal Order but about the Virtuous Order, your new friends.”

“Oh?”

“Congratulations, you managed to keep your lovely disciple for now... But don't celebrate too soon and forget your place in the world. The Martial Brilliance Continent is a completely different league compared to the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. You will find that your talents aren't that impressive over there. You will find that things are not always what they seem... that your new friends may not remain friends for long.”

Chen Wentian remained expressionless so she continued.

“From what I know about the Virtuous Order, you'll be made her acolyte. That position seems honorable and mighty and it is. But for you, it is filled with dangers. If you aren't careful... you will not only lose your position, you will lose Long Yifei and you might lose your life as well. You will slowly understand just how prized daughters and sisters of both orders are in the cultivation world. People are capable of doing anything to obtain them. You better stay vigilant when you enter the continent. I would hate to see my little dragon suffer at the hands of others.”

Chen Wentian took her words in and didn't get offended or angry. He understood her intentions. He simply nodded and thanked her politely.

He was always a careful person so her words simply heightened his vigilance. He knew she wasn't trying to make him distrust his new allies. She was simply stating facts.

It was fortunate that Zhu Yao'er had spoken the truth, at least the outward truth to those who did not know of his secrets. He was someone of no background, common talent, and a person with no remarkable attributes. If she thought this way, others in the order would surely think the same. He would receive no support from them and they would be glad to see him disappear.

While Long Yifei's future path would be smooth and paved with gold and treasures, his path alongside her would surely be filled with unseen dangers. Every step of the way, he would be challenged, he would face resistance from all directions. It would be up to him and him alone to survive it.

This was the cost of seeking help from a superpower like the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen.

In some sense, Gong Liyun was a person who could be more helpful to him than anyone in the order. She was an outcast; someone not aligned with either order, whose loyalty was only to herself and those that could benefit her.

He remembered the spatial bag he had looted from Abbotess Liang's body. Although the number of items within was high, there were many that he was unable to use or simply didn't recognize. They were accessible only to those related to the Sororal Order and who knew their secrets.

He wondered if Gong Liyun would be able to help him unlock some of those secrets. He wondered if she could ever be trustworthy enough.

Chapter 332

Side Story: Master is Master

It was a morning like any other in Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Life after the conclusion of the Immortal Sect Competition and the Golden Feather Hunt returned to normal. Jasmine slept most of the day in her fox den. The ice sisters practiced their ice and fire dual-attribute and the Summer and Winter's Eternal Sutra. Lin Qingcheng and Bei Yingluo were practicing the Nineteen Demon Subduing Palms while Zhou Ziyun read a book near them, occasionally giving them pointers.

All the disciples were accounted for, except for Long Yifei and Wu Qianyu. Long Yifei had an excuse. She was getting some basic instruction from the two immortals of the Virtuous Order. Since they were not allowed into the sect, they resided in Dragon River Town and every day, Long Yifei made the trip to see them.

Wu Qianyu, on the other hand, was hardly seen since she returned from the capital. Nobody knew what kind of experiences she had within the dream array, nobody except Chen Wentian. Speaking of which, the womanizing master of the valley was also nowhere to be seen...

“Ha!”

“Again!”

“Got you!”

Two figures tumbled to the grass.

“Ow, ow, ow!” Lin Qingcheng cried out from below.

Her arm was twisted at a weird angle. Her whole body was sideways but she couldn't escape from the hold her opponent had on her.

Above her, Bei Yingluo laughed brightly before letting go. She then grabbed Lin Qingcheng's hand and pulled her up.

“Senior sister, the sixth palm, Demon Prison, I've understood it!”

Lin Qingcheng rubbed her wrist and pursed her lips. “I guess you have...”

She didn't want to admit defeat but there was only so much she could while she forcibly lowered her strength to the Body Refinement Realm. Even still, based on experience, she shouldn't have lost so easily. She didn't know why her own Demon Prison was so weak.

“Chengcheng...” A voice called out beside them.

Zhou Ziyun was sitting in a reclining bamboo chair. A large parasol above her gave her shade from the sun. A large tome of boring history or archaic concepts lay on her lap. Two servants stood beside her, fanning their mistress with colorful fans made of feathers.

“Chengcheng... what am I going to do with you.” Zhou Ziyun muttered, “Your footwork for Demon Prison is all wrong. Your center is too high, your stance is too narrow. When attacking, you're off-balance and leavening yourself for counterattack...”

She went on and on for a good while, causing Lin Qingcheng's eyes to glaze over.

“Sis, you’re so mean! Go pick on sister Yingluo!”

Lin Qingcheng stomped over to an empty chair nearby and sat down in a huff. She accepted the fruity drink that was offered by a servant and drank it fiercely. She gave Zhou Ziyun the stink eye all the while.

Bei Yingluo watched her senior sister, not knowing if she should laugh or cry. She had spent many months of hard work studying the demon palms. Who could have guessed that the first disciple of the immortal learned so slowly!

Zhou Ziyun laughed lightly and put away her heavy tome carefully, making sure not to damage the old bindings. She stretched and loosened her limbs before walking up to Bei Yingluo. Her strength lowered down to the 10th Level of the Body Refinement Realm.

“Yingluo, come,” She beckoned.

“Senior sister.” Bei Yingluo bowed and charged.

The pair exchanged several blows in quick succession. Bei Yingluo was fast and strong but Zhou Ziyun’s movements were faster and perfectly precise.

The junior disciple couldn’t find an opening and eventually found herself on the ground with her arms pinned behind her back. She didn’t even know how it had happened.

Zhou Ziyun let her go and patted her back, “Know what is happening behind you even if you can’t see. Expect what your opponent will do and use the appropriate move to guard yourself during your vulnerable period.”

She then turned to Lin Qingcheng and smiled, “Chengcheng, your turn. Come, do you think you can beat me after eighty-two consecutive defeats. If you can, I’ll treat you to dinner!”

“It’s eighty-one!” Lin Qingcheng shot back but didn’t move her butt from the chair, “And I don’t want to fight you right now. I’m tired. Where is master? I want to fight him!”

Zhou Ziyun snorted, "Whatever. He's still training with Qianyu. You just have to be patient."

"Wuuu... why!" Lin Qingcheng whined, "It's been four days. He hardly comes out to see us. We also can't leave the sect grounds or do anything fun. I'm bored!"

Zhou Ziyun and Bei Yingluo both ignored him and began sparring again. The first disciple was left to her own devices which made her even more bored. With the sun warming her feet and a gentle breeze gracing her face, she drifted off. Eyes closed, thoughts muddled, she failed to notice a shadowy form appear and drape over her body.

"Mmm..." She mumbled, feeling a familiar touch.

What seemed like a hand rubbed across her body and came to rest on her breast. The hand cupped her over her clothes and tweaked her nipple, eliciting a gasp. Another hand appeared and pressed down over her lower stomach before sliding downward and between her legs.

"Ohhh, master..." She squealed instinctively.

"Wait, what?" Zhou Ziyun heard the inappropriate noises and stopped her bout.

She whirled around to see a familiar figure was snuggled next to Lin Qingcheng, sharing her chair. His hands were all over her.

"Chen Mo!"

It was indeed Chen Mo, in his human form. More accurately, it was Chen Wentian within one of his primary incarnations. They were one and the same after all. This was the fundamental principle of the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art.

Lin Qingcheng awoke to this and her eyes connected with the perpetrator. Chen Wentian winked at her, not seeming even slightly embarrassed at being caught in the act.

“Naughty girl, why are you so lazy about training when I am not around?”

“Master!” She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into her bosom.

Zhou Ziyun frowned and walked over, “Chen Wentian, tell your fox to stop playing around.”

“No!” Lin Qingcheng cut in, “Master is master. He can do whatever he wants!”

Zhou Ziyun’s frown deepened, “It doesn’t bother you at all? That he is using his shadow fox soul? Isn’t it a little strange?”

Lin Qingcheng thought about it for a moment before shaking her head. She flashed a brilliant smile and hugged Chen Wentian tighter, “Master is master. It doesn’t what form he takes. I’ve already gotten used to it after wearing the Golden Serpent Robe for so long. Since it contains master’s soul, it’s like having him touch me all over, all the time, even when I am dreaming. He can be the Golden Serpent, he can be Chen Mo, he can be his original body, it doesn’t matter. His touch is the same. His words are the same. He is the same, the one and only master.”

“...”

Zhou Ziyun didn’t know how to respond. She didn’t know the full scope of Chen Wentian’s soul art so she wasn’t able to fully comprehend it. It wasn’t like reading a book or studying an intricate work of art. There was nothing to see, nothing to feel, nothing tangible. She didn’t think like Lin Qingcheng and thus she didn’t understand like her.

Lin Qingcheng didn’t use logic and reason. She used her feelings and instinct. She knew her master and she recognized him. She didn’t need to think about it, she just knew in her heart. That’s why she didn’t care which form he took as long as he was there with her.

Zhou Ziyun was still stumped so Bei Yingluo chimed in, "I have to agree with senior sister. I got to know his shadow fox form first so I felt closer to Chen Mo than his real form. At first, when I was with his real form, it bothered me, like I wasn't sure if I was dealing with one person or two different people. But after spending time with both of them, they meld together into one. They are physically a little different but they are still the same. It's hard to explain. You just have to approach it with an open mind!"

Chapter 333

333. Side Story: One and the Same

Zhou Ziyun still didn't understand but chose to drop the subject. She continued the training session with Chen Wentian watching and giving out occasional pointers. When the session ended near lunchtime, Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun went off together, having made up and became best friends once again. Left behind and forgotten were Chen Wentian and an awkward Bei Yingluo who stood to the side, not quite meeting his eye.

"Yingluo..." He called.

She jumped and bowed quickly, "Yes, Elder Mo!"

"Eh? I'm back to being Chen Mo? Didn't you say I was your master, that all my forms were one and the same?"

"M... master! I'm sorry!"

Chen Wentian laughed, "I take no offense. Relax, come here."

She obeyed and stood beside his chair. She had her head lowered, looking at her feet uncomfortably.

He studied her for a moment before reclining in the chair casually. "I was a little surprised by where the conversation went. Lin Qingcheng is rather special. She is my first disciple and in case you haven't noticed, she is a freak. I wasn't surprised by her open feelings but I was surprised when you agreed with

her. I remember you weren't comfortable with the idea and I respected that. What made you change your mind?"

Bei Yingluo calmed her nerves and answered slowly, "Master, may I speak honestly?"

He smiled kindly, "I expect nothing else. Don't worry, I am a fair person."

"Master... I greatly appreciate your life-saving grace and the resources that I've been given. I really do. But lately, there's been some dissatisfaction from my clan members which caused me to change my way of thinking."

"Who?" He asked.

"My mother..."

Bei Yingluo explained, as tactfully as possible, how her mother got steadily frustrated by her daughter's lack of cultivation progress as well as the lack of attention from Chen Wentian. Truthfully, he hadn't paid much attention to her after recruiting her to his sect. Resources such as spiritual crystals and cultivation manuals were fine they couldn't replace the teachings of a master. The problem was that he simply wasn't able to find much time for her.

She was the eleventh disciple and thus the last in the pecking order. In the past months, his attention was first focused on the ice sisters to get them into the top one hundred of the Monster Fighting Competition. Then it was the Golden Feather Hunt followed by the battle with Abbess Liang.

Her mother expected more attention for her daughter after the major events were over but was sorely disappointed. Chen Wentian had returned from the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis and immediately disappeared into secluded cultivation with Wu Qianyu.

"I sincerely apologize. Yingluo, I've let you down." Chen Wentian said, truly feeling bad for the situation.

"Master..."

“The thing with Qianyu is very important. But I agree that it has taken up much more time than I expected. I really cannot leave her at the moment and it's unfair to the rest of you. The only thing I could do is use this form to make sure you all were doing alright. I should apologize to the others too.”

Things came at him one after another and there was no rest for a hard-working master. There was still Jasmine, Lin Qingcheng, Zhou Ziyun... his time was severely limited and he couldn't be everywhere at once. Any mother would have worried about her daughter's prospects. It was completely natural and he didn't blame her.

Bei Yingluo nodded and continued, “The final straw wasn't Senior Sister Wu but Senior Sister Long's situation. I didn't tell them the details but simply that you would have to travel to faraway lands for long periods to help train her. When my mother heard this, she became very agitated and finally suggested that I ask Elder Mo for help and perhaps develop a relationship with him...”

Chen Wentian choked on a cup of fruit juice, “Cough, cough... really? She said that to your face?”

“She did... I rejected her of course but her words nagged at me. I recalled how you described Elder Mo as your incarnation, that you were the same person behind the physical differences. I thought about it for a while and realized the truth behind your words although I had to ignore some inconceivable parts.”

Bei Yingluo paused and looked up at him. Their eyes connected and she blushed, “My mother also told me the story of the ancestral matriarch of the Bei clan. She was a powerful woman at the Spirit Initiate Realm. She made a name for herself in Drifting Sand City using her strength and beauty. What made her unique was that she had three husbands, three at the same time.”

“Really?” His perverted imagination awoke at the possibilities of such a situation. “Wait, so... three husbands at the same time. They were fine with it and she was fine with it?”

“As far as I know. Subsequent matriarchs weren't as talented and weren't able to find more than one husband. Men weren't willing to share after all. But I guess she was simply too talented and attractive.” She said.

“So, how did it work with three guys and a gal? Did they take turns or did they go at it at the same time?” He asked excitedly.

He recalled the habits of Mei Qiaofeng. He wasn't interested in them at the time because he found her repulsive. Hearing it from his disciple was completely different and put it in a whole new light. He wanted to know more!

"Master!" Bei Yingluo turned bright red, "How should I know? My ancestral matriarch's sexual habits aren't something passed down through oral tradition!"

"It was an honest question!" He teased, "It's educational!"

"..."

"She definitely did it with her mouth, I am guessing. So, two at once is feasible." He pondered.

"..."

"I haven't had time to teach you but you can also use your butt. Therefore, three at once is also possible. Your ancestral matriarch was a daring genius, a radical woman!"

"Master!" Bei Yingluo squealed and put both hands on her butt protectively.

"Hahaha, I'll tell you a little secret. You can't tell others, even your mother."

She stared at him and then nodded.

He smirked and lowered his voice, "Your senior sisters, several of them find the asshole quite pleasant and pleasurable experience. I do it with them quite often..."

Bei Yingluo didn't respond and instead looked petrified. She shook her head and backed away from him slightly. She suddenly wondered what she had gotten herself into.

Chen Wentian saw her expression and sobered. He waved his hand and some semblance of seriousness returned.

"I'm sorry. Let's get back to the main topic."

Bei Yingluo relaxed a little and looked at him hopefully.

"Your mother is a smart woman and understands human nature. Regardless of mortal or immortal, some things are still the same. I understand your mother's concerns completely and it has also been my concern. Based on the way the I run my sect and the uniqueness of each of my disciples, it puts a serious strain on my time. I have thought about the problem a lot and I have come to pretty much the same conclusion."

"I want to treat each and every one of you fairly and guide you all to the immortal realm as quickly as possible. That is my goal and I can't accomplish it if I have to abandon one of you for months at a time because other disciples need my undivided attention."

"I am a greedy person. I admit it. I have taken in so many special women yet I don't want to leave anyone behind. Yingluo, you're my eleventh but you are just as important as the rest. I won't leave you behind. There may be a twelfth, a thirteenth, a twentieth... if I accept them as my disciples, they are all important to me and I won't leave them behind either."

Bei Yingluo was left speechless but her heart fluttered. Any doubts she had before were gone. The person before her was her master, Chen Wentian. He was Chen Mo but he was first and foremost Chen Wentian. His heartfelt words proved it.

She would follow him. She wasn't sure what the future held but she was willing to tackle it together with him.

"Master," She bowed, "I obey your wishes, no matter what they may be."

"Good, good. Thank you and I won't let you down anymore."

Chapter 334

334. Side Story: Branch Sect, Bei Clan

Chen Wentian kept his word and spent the rest of the afternoon with Bei Yingluo. He guided her in the basics of the demon subduing palms, providing insights that even Zhou Ziyun with her infinite comprehension could not. He watched over her as she practiced the Bei Family Spear techniques, helping correct some minor flaws.

He also helped her with the exercises of the Twelve Meridians Body Tempering even though she didn't really need it anymore. Her body was already at the peak of the Body Refinement Realm and in as good a condition as any for a breakthrough. He simply wanted an excuse to touch her and Bei Yingluo did not resist. Still, he felt a little hesitancy from her body language and he didn't take it too far. He was fine with going slow since he wasn't someone that liked forcing his disciples.

"Yingluo," He said when they took a break, "The Mind Focusing Realm is about unlocking the brain and evolving it to a higher order. Even Zhou Ziyun had trouble breaking through because she had many things on her mind that were acting as roadblocks. It's ironic that the more carefree someone is, the easier it is for them because they think less and have fewer things to worry about. As for you, I know your mother and the others made you the clan head. It's understandable but it requires a lot of responsibility. How do you feel about it?"

"I feel... I don't know..." She said tentatively, "Some days, I am sad for the clansmen we lost. When I am with my family, I am happy for us that we're able to survive. But I still worry about their future..."

"Hmm, I should visit your family again. I haven't done so after I brought them here. Let's go there for dinner?"

Bei Yingluo bowed quickly, "Thank you, master. They will be very pleased. I shall inform them right away so they can prepare."

At her words, a servant bowed obediently and dashed off to send the message.

Chen Wentian took Bei Yingluo back to the sect. They washed and put on appropriate clothes for a visit to the family. Chen Wentian, in his shadow body, chose a sleek black robe that was both handsome and mysterious. He left his hair casually windswept and paired it with a billowing black cloak.

Bei Yingluo tried her best to dress up on short notice. She did an admirable job, much more than Chen Wentian expected. She was adorned with jewels and makeup that she was able to afford with her substantial allowance. She looked pretty, close to Lin Qingcheng in fact. Her multilayered dress of crimson and yellow even managed to give her an adequate figure. He still preferred her naked form but he had to admit that she looked nice.

“Let’s go.”

He took her around the waist and flew to the Bei Manor on the outskirts of Dragon River Town. He landed directly in the central courtyard where there were many people waiting for him. Her mother, Bei Rongyin, was at the front along with her sister, Bei Mingyu. Her ten clan members stood behind, followed by a gaggle of people he didn’t recognize.

“Welcome, Elder Mo!”

“Welcome, Elder Mo!”

The mother walked forward and gave an elegant bow, “Elder Mo, this one is filled with delight that you have decided to visit our humble home. We have prepared the best for a banquet that is fitting your immortal stature and status. Please, this way.”

Chen Wentian nodded and walked forward, keeping Bei Yingluo at his side, his hand around her waist.

Bei Rongyin’s sharp eyes caught onto the detail and she smiled brightly.

“And these people are?” He asked.

“Oh yes, Elder Mo. Two of our clan members have married recently. The husbands have been residing in the manor and so have their relatives. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course not. Well met, everyone. Relax and enjoy the dinner!”

“Thank you, Lord Immortal!”

They went into the main hall where Chen Wentian and Bei Yingluo sat at the head table. The banquet started as hordes of servants brought in fragrant and colorful dishes one after another. No expense was spared for him even though that money came from Chen Wentian himself.

Chen Wentian didn't speak much during dinner and mostly observed. He smiled when he was supposed to smile and drank when it was time to drink. Both of the newlywed husbands tried to strike up a conversation with him but he ignored them. They married into the Bei Clan for the benefits that Chen Wentian could bring them. Therefore, he wasn't interested in dealing with them. Bei Yingluo would be responsible since she was the clan head.

Bei Yingluo's situation with her family and clan was unique among his disciples. Many were orphans or had lost everyone close to them so they did not have such worries. Ones like Wu Qianyu and the ice sisters only had to worry about themselves. The closest comparison could be Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun but they still weren't quite the same.

Lin Qingcheng's family was small and they did not pressure her for anything. Her parents remained ecstatic at her good fortune. All it took were gifts and few trips home every now and then to keep them satisfied. Zhou Ziyun's clan on the other hand was a complex organization with both power and ambition. Her people had not suffered a devastating defeat or great losses. They were a large clan that still had their elders, various families, branches, and businesses. The clan would survive even if something unthinkable happened to Zhou Ziyun.

Bei Yingluo's clan was just a few people with no resources or roots anywhere. They were refugees and everything they had was given by Chen Wentian. Things that were easily given could also be easily taken away. Her people were living the good life but it was not without shadows of worry.

He saw this uncertainty every time her mother looked in their direction. He could almost guess what she was thinking. Since the mother had doubts, she would not doubt transfer them to Bei Yingluo.

Bei Yingluo's natural talent and aptitude were low. She wasn't able to deal with the added pressure and stress of the situation and she let it affect her cultivation. For her sake, he couldn't let this continue.

"Lady Bei Rongyin, Yingluo has told me a lot about your clan and your struggles. I apologize for not paying more attention to the matter after I brought you all here."

"No, no... how could we ask your immortal self to worry about our small matter!"

"Nevertheless, I want to help." He said and unfurled a scroll.

On it were written the House of Paradise and the Zhou Clan.

"Due to the sect master's preference, he only accepts a few female disciples that are the best of the best. However, he is still cognizant of the needs of many. Therefore, the sect has already established a branch sect system. I am willing to allow the Bei Clan to join the House of Paradise and the Zhou Clan as one of the branch sects."

"Really!" Bei Rongyin cried out.

This was more than she could have hoped for.

Chen Wentian smiled kindly, "Absolutely. The rules for branch sects are simple. They are allowed access to cultivation arts up to a certain level and will be given access to a share of the main sect's resources. They are free to organize among themselves except for a few limitations. The main disciple will be the branch sect master. This fact will never change. Also, the branch sect master may accept disciples but they must also be women. Disciples of the branch sect master have no such limitation and can accept men or women as they please."

His senses scanned the room as he explained. He felt waves of happiness from the mother, the sister, and the ten female clan members. He also felt strong displeasure from the two husbands but they didn't dare to speak out.

He smirked inwardly. If those two men wanted to get any benefits from Ten Thousand Flower Valley, they would have to become their wife's disciple. It was an ignominious situation but it was one of their own doing.

"I hope this arrangement is satisfactory." He said.

"Yes, yes! I accept... no, we accept!" Bei Rongyin fell to her knees and bowed to the ground.

The rest of the clan members all followed suit to show their gratitude. In one fell swoop, Chen Wentian raised up the Bei Clan from nothingness and gave them an unassailable status, branch sect of an immortal sect! It was a name worth its weight in gold and spiritual crystals!

"Thank you, master!" Bei Yingluo said, her voice tinged with emotion.

"Thank you, Lord Immortal!"

"Thank you, Elder Mo!"

"Mmm, good. I am glad." He took a swig of wine, "The night is not young. I'm sure everyone is tired as well. I think I shall spend the night here."

"Of course, master. I shall prepare the master suite."

Bei Yingluo then helped Chen Wentian up and they left the great hall together.

Bei Ronyin watched the fascinating exchange between the elder and her daughter. Her eyes widened as she realized something. The master suite was Bei Yingluo's room. Since she invited Elder Mo there without hesitation, it could only mean one thing.

"Good daughter, good daughter..." She muttered under her breath, finally completely satisfied with the turn of events.

Chapter 335: 335

Chen Wentian and Bei Yingluo entered the master suite on the top floor of the manor. The party continued downstairs but the master and his disciple had other matters on their minds. Bei Yingluo was more nervous than usual, no doubt because of the unfamiliarity of the situation. Chen Wentian was also careful, not showing his usual wanton lust and instead, keeping his touches mostly harmless.

“Umm... master? What are we doing now?” Bei Yingluo asked tentatively, seeing that nothing was happening.

Chen Wentian chuckled, “Nothing yet. The most important thing to me is your cultivation. It is the same for all of my disciples. Let's try to break through again.”

“Mmm, okay!”

He let her get prepared while he drew a cultivation circle on the floor. It was the standard design that would help someone at the Body Refinement Realm unlock their mind. He hoped that it would be enough but there was no guarantee. He wasn't a miracle maker and couldn't will his disciples into the next realm just because he wanted it. They had to reach it themselves!

Bei Yingluo emerged from the backroom a few minutes later, clad in nothing but a sheer nightgown. She was blushing furiously but a bit of nervousness was replaced with anticipation.

“Good, stand in the middle of the circle.” He commanded.

She did so, facing east where a wide balcony provided expansive views of the surrounding forest and valley.

“I know this is unknown territory so I want to focus on a few simple things. In a moment, I will seal away your sight. Don't use your eyes. I want you to focus on touch and sound. And I want you to simply experience everything with your mind.”

She nodded.

Chen Wentian waved his hand and a shadowy cloud covered her from head to toe. It was a simplified and less scary version of the shadow realm that only blocked out light.

“Can you hear me?”

She nodded. Robbed of her sight, she could only hear his voice. It was the voice of her master, so intimately familiar that she had already committed it to eternal memory.

“Take off your gown.”

She did so without hesitation. The thin fabric pooled at her feet and soon disappeared completely. She felt a gentle breeze on her naked body which made her excited. She felt him pace around her in a circle. She felt his gaze and his soft breath on her skin. She knew his movements well and her expectations grew.

“Minor Yin Heart Meridian...” His whispering voice drifted into her ear.

She instinctively reacted, moving her body into the right position for him. A familiar touch arrived moments later. His gentle fingers traced a fiery line across her skin, causing her mind to buzz and moisture to pool between her legs.

“Greater Yin Lung Meridian...”

His fingers traced across her chest, around and then atop her breasts. Her nipples hardened in response and his touch lingered there longer as a reward.

They progressed like this, a flawless duet. Chen Wentian ran through the entire exercise of twelve meridians once over, leaving her panting and barely able to stand by the end.

“Yingluo, your clan is now a branch sect of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. How do you feel?” He asked.

“Good!”

“Only good?”

“Amazing!”

“How amazing?”

“Mmmm, like I could never ever repay you for your favor. Like I am the luckiest girl in the world!”

He continued to move around her, his shadowy fingers tracing random lines on her body. “There is one simple way you can repay me... breakthrough. Can you do that, Yingluo? Breakthrough!”

Bei Yingluo furrowed her brow and tried. She collected spiritual energy into her brain, trying to form her mind sea. She strained and struggled but it didn't seem to be happening.

“Relax, don't think. Feel! Want! Don't doubt yourself, you can do it!”

She understood his words and but still wasn't quite able to do it.

Chen Wentian waved his hand again and the shadows lifted her off the ground. The spiritual isolation increased, cutting off her sense of hearing, smell, as well as the sensation of up or down. She was suspended in total darkness. She was no longer in her suite. She was no longer at the manor or at the valley even. She was simply with him, her master. Her everything was in his grasp and the only thing she could sense was his shadowy touch.

A firm finger traced a path down her stomach and between her legs. She spread herself apart by instinct and the finger entered her garden that had long been dripping with honey.

She let out a cry but there was no sound. She could feel nothing at all except the finger inside her, fighting against her tight canal.

Another finger soon joined the first, spreading her farther apart and putting pressure on so many points of pleasure. Her body shuddered in response and her hips bucked uncontrollably.

The two fingers thrust in and out, dragging against her folds, causing her thoughts and worries to disappear. She cried out her master's name but her voice was lost. Her pussy was now a gushing spring, with sweet nectar dripping all over her thighs.

Those same two fingers soon formed a hook and pressed up against the roof of her pussy, hitting that special spot that drove women wild. They rubbed vigorously, causing unbearable pleasure.

She screamed out in the void.

She was losing it. She felt her mind melt away. Her crescendo rose and so did her spiritual energy levels. She didn't even know what was happening and it didn't matter. She let it happen because she had nowhere else she'd rather be.

In and out. Up and down. Her master's fingers fucked her senseless. Her special spot was tortured over and over. She was brought to the brink and she willingly went over the edge.

She finally couldn't take it anymore and let go, surrendering to the climax.

As the waves of pleasure peaked and crashed down, she let out an unthinking scream, putting her entire being into it. And at that moment, something happened. A spark lit up in her mind. All the excess spiritual energy gathered in her body rushed up, pooled together, and formed her mind sea, her upper dantian.

Boom!

1st Level of the Mind Focusing Realm!

Chapter 336: 336

Thousand Flower City was a newly established city. Everything about it was brand new, from the stone-paved boulevards to the houses and mansions. Even the trees, bushes, and flower patches had been planted within the last year. The whole city appeared out of thin air within the countryside and was now the unofficial capital of the Dragon Flower Province.

The city held the only teleportation array within the province and it was the closest city to the only immortal sect in the province, being half a day of travel away at full gallop of the fastest steed. It started as few mud huts beside the confluence of two large rivers, one of which flowed all the way from the sect. The population grew steadily from a few families to hundreds and then from thousands to hundreds of thousands.

As the city grew, it implemented Zhou Ziyun's designs, expanding according to a prepared plan and maintaining a sense of beauty and ascetic. Her ideas were inspired by ancient texts found in the immortal libraries and she fully intended the city to grow into an immortal city in the future. As such, it had to have a certain level of captivating charm and grandeur.

As a result, Thousand Flower City was now the jewel of the province, supplanting Moonlight City. Although its size was still minuscule compared to the latter, its status was immovable like a mountain. The name of Ten Thousand Flower Valley shook the hearts of the common population, eliciting awe and worship. Countless mortals, in search of opportunities and riches, uprooted themselves and migrated to the brand-new city.

Everyone of any worth or status wanted to live in the city. It was simply the place to be!

The day was bright and clear. The afternoon sun was just starting to dip down towards the west. Thousand Flower City was abuzz with activity, with residents and visitors going about their business.

At the eastern outskirts of the city, a gaggle of wide-eyed people arrived in several carriages. They numbered over a dozen, men and women, young and old. Their clothes were high quality but there was a noticeable lack of style or coherence like the outfits and accessories were chosen at a whim. In particular, there was a distinctive excessiveness of jewelry in the women, with multiple necklaces and bracelets as well as oversized rings and earrings. It was as if they had robbed several jewelry stores clean.

"We're here!" An older gentleman at the front declared.

Those behind him peered in all directions, gawking at the city within view. Rows of uniform buildings were within view, each four or five stories tall, with flat facades of marble and stone. More were being constructed at the outskirts where they currently were. The city had no walls as it still rapidly expanded.

"Wow... it's all made of stone!" A tall youth shouted.

He was wearing a silk robe but the intricate buttons weren't quite lined up correctly.

"Don't scream in my ear, idiot!" A shorter man beside him shouted back.

This one's clothes were correct but too small for his size.

"Yuanmu, Yuantang! Stop fighting, don't embarrass your cousin!" A middle-aged woman slapped them, her gold chains jingling way too loudly.

"Welcome to Thousand Flower City! State your name and business!" A strong voice stopped their family argument before it could begin.

A line of guards blocked their way.

"Make way, make way." The old gentleman pushed his relatives aside and took a seal out of his sleeves.

The guard commander saw the symbol engraved upon it, a water lily, and also sensed the distinctive spiritual energy it contained. He threw his weapon to the ground and kneeled.

“Greetings, Lin Family!”

The other guards followed suit immediately.

“Greetings, Lin Family!”

“Greetings, Lin Family!”

This caught the attention of those passing by. Anybody that knew anything of Thousand Flower City knew what the Lin Family meant. They were the relatives of the first disciple of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, Lin Qingcheng!

A small crowd gathered, causing the guards to form a protective perimeter. People strained their heads over others to try to get a view. Those that managed to see the Lin Family were left disappointed and filled with ridicule. This was the Lin Family? They were so shabby, like peasants that had come across an accidental fortune and didn't know how to spend it all.

As a matter of fact, they were exactly that. Lin Qingcheng constantly gave them so much money and gifts that they were overwhelmed. Finally, she had suggested that they visit somewhere where they had the opportunity to spend lots of money.

The guards eventually parted the crowds, allowing an oversized, glittering carriage drawn by a team of six horses to pull up beside them. The door opened and Lin Qingcheng jumped down, clad in a set of sunny yellow robes.

“Father! Mother!” She shouted and dashed up.

“Good daughter!”

“Chengcheng!”

She gave her parents a huge hug. She missed them dearly and it was a treat for them to visit her. She was so happy they could come.

“Father, you've gotten fatter!”

“You!” Her father spluttered.

“Mother, you've gotten younger!”

“Chengcheng!” Her mother hugged her again and laughed, “The cosmetic medicine you gave me is amazing! Ignore your father, I told him to stop eating so much rich meals but he won't listen!”

“I do not!”

Lin Qingcheng rolled her eyes and then turned to her other family members. She greeted everyone warmly and dropped a red packet in their hands. In all, there was her father Lin Qinghong, her mother Mu Yurou, three uncles, two aunts, as well as four male cousins and three female cousins. Those too young or too old could not make the trip, meaning those here were at least of age or still in good health, all capable of fully enjoying what the city had to offer.

“Thank you, sister!”

“Thank you!”

“Alright, come on, everyone.” Lin Qingcheng waved at them to follow, “There's plenty to see and plenty to do before the banquet tonight. I want to show you around this amazing city first!”

“Come on, let's go!” Lin Qinghong said.

Ignoring the noisy crowd around them, they all got into the horse carriage and set off towards the city center.

Chapter 337: 337

Lin Qingcheng sat in the middle of the carriage and beamed at her family. The Lin Family was not large. They consisted of only a few dozen due to some tragic famines of the recent past. It was luck that her father managed to aid a starving scholar and be taught to read as repayment. It was great luck that he managed to pass the lowest of the civil exams and become a village mayor. It was heavenly luck that this gave her the opportunity to meet her master and change her and her family's fortunes forever.

She adored her family and she was eager to show them just a tiny bit of her new life.

“Look!” She said, pointing out of the carriage towards the buildings passing by, “Sister Zhou planned everything in the city. The city is separated into uniform blocks, each with buildings that must be shaped like an octagon with a courtyard in the middle. This allows the streets to point in not just the four cardinal directions but diagonally as well. The buildings in each city block can have a certain level of uniqueness but they must all follow a few simple rules. They can't be more than six floors and they cannot exceed a maximum height. Also, they must all use a standard color scheme and choose out of approved building materials. With this uniformity, if you were to fly above the city and look down, it would look like thousands of flowers in full bloom!”

“Wow!”

“Amazing!”

They all craned their necks out of the carriage to look around like starry-eyed tourists.

Lin Qingcheng took them on a whirlwind tour with the first stop being the river bank. Here, the river was being widened by sheer manpower, creating a slow-moving body of water that was perfect for leisure boats as well as a future system of canals and floating islands. The disciples had all experienced the

luxury of the River District in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis and were eager to recreate something like that here.

The next stop was four city blocks interconnected by pedestrian bridges that crossed the streets below. It was an entire shopping complex where all the most luxurious shops and stores sold their goods. There were jewelry shops, clothes shops, weapons shops, medicine shops, and even fancy pet shops. Many of these shops weren't new but well-known organizations across the subcontinent. Having heard of the fame of the Immortal Blue Dragon, they were willing to open up shop in his glittering new city. The wares were no less impressive than anywhere else. It was a place where even Lin Qingcheng's substantial allowance wasn't guaranteed to be enough!

This was followed by another special district with four city blocks where the roads were blocked off and only pedestrian traffic was allowed. Here, all the buildings were teeming with restaurants of all types and sizes. They catered to every kind of culinary taste and for every cultivation level. There was even a brave restaurant that sold immortal fare as they were trying to attract Chen Wentian's deep pockets. It was a risky gamble but one that could be immensely profitable if he liked them.

"Cousin... these places sound so expensive. I don't think we can afford them!" One of them exclaimed.

"Yeah! Are there any budget places around? We can all share a room and save money to go shopping later." Her mother fretted.

Lin Qingcheng giggled, "Don't be silly, if you want to go somewhere or buy something, I'll give you the money! But don't worry, the most important place I wanted you all to visit is just up ahead. It's where you all will be staying!"

As she said this, the carriage arrived at the central square that held the teleportation array. Here, the traffic was packed but somehow, they managed to get through at a steady pace. Everybody recognized her carriage and made way out of respect.

They finally stopped in front of a glittering white building that was only one block away from the city center.

"We're here!" She cried and led them out.

They gathered in a group, staring agape at the golden letters that blazoned above the wide, arching doorway.

House of Paradise!

This was her branch sect, the most exclusive location of the House of Paradise in the whole Subcontinent. This was the headquarters, replacing the one in Moonlight City. It meant that she no longer had to travel long distances between the sect and her branch sect.

“Come, come!” Lin Qingcheng said and led them forward.

The doors parted, revealing a row of glowing, vivacious women on both sides. Hundreds had gathered. They were all stunningly beautiful, with flawless outfits that accentuated each one's assets. They came in all shapes and sizes to suit even the wildest tastes.

The women all bowed in unison and their voices filled the air in harmony.

“Welcome to the House of Paradise! Sect Master Lin! Esteemed Lin Family!”

Lin Qingcheng stood proudly, studying her disciples. They were all her disciples even though she didn't actually teach them anything. They were all members of the House of Paradise and thus, they were hers. The mere thought of this brought a tremendous thrill. It was great!

Her parents and relatives followed behind, in complete awe. They had heard about her feats by letter and by stories but it was another thing witnessing it first hand. The males especially were completely dumbfounded. A few of them even started drooling.

She led them through the entrance hall and into the courtyard. A single round table had been set up in the center which was surrounded by raised platforms on all sides. Her disciples followed and filled the courtyard while she and her party took their seats at the table.

“Begin!”

The lanterns were covered, bringing darkness to the courtyard. With the starry night above, music started to play, an intricate and stirring tune, produced by an ensemble of at least a hundred. Although ordinary music was difficult to appreciate for the uninitiated, this tune was simply too captivating.

Then, a row of disciples marched forward, carrying candles in one hand and plates of delicious food or bottles of exquisite wine in the other. They surrounded the table and served their master and guests. The Lin family dug in heartily and were amazed by the strange yet pleasing tastes.

At the same time, another group of disciples dressed in revealing red outfits bounded onto the stages and began to dance. These were the most beautiful and most talented, each one capable of stirring the hearts of any mortal man or even woman.

It was a banquet, a concert, and a show. It was all the best that her House of Paradise offered. Lin Qingcheng was proud to show off to her family, to let them see how far she had come.

She noticed her two favorite cousins abandon their meal and drink to simply stare at the dancers in desperation. She laughed and drew their attention.

“Brother Yuanmu! Brother Yuantang! You all know what business the House of Paradise conducts so don't be shy. Any girl that catches your eye, tell me and I will have them will come to your room tonight!”

“What!”

“Really!”

“Of course, you don't even have to pay!” She replied.

“Awesome!”

"Amazing!"

"Good daughter, can you recommend a few girls for your father?" Her father asked, almost begging.

"Qinghong!" Her mother screeched.

Chapter 338: 338

The Sawtooth Mountains were never anything special. Located deep within the Indigo Jungle Province, it had long been an annoyance that people had to navigate when heading for places they actually wanted to go. The expansive mountain range had numerous sharp, triangular peaks, in the form of sawtooths, thus the name. There was nothing interesting here, not even herbs or beasts that could be sold for money. It was a worthless collection of rocks and jungle-covered valleys.

That all changed in the last four months. All of a sudden, cultivators and adventurers were returning from the Sawtooth Mountains with all kinds of good stuff. Spiritual herbs, spiritual beasts, spiritual crystals... things that people couldn't even imagine were here. It was simply a gold mine.

Word spread like wildfire and attracted local sects, loose cultivators, and treasure seekers. And among them was a young man named Chen Wentian.

Chen Wentian arrived at the foothills of the mountains after a difficult journey. He was poor and weak and couldn't even afford a horse. Even worse, he found that he was not alone. There were hundreds of cultivators gathered in a clearing, all eager to head into the mountains to seek lucky opportunities.

It was an informal rest stop for those heading further to seek treasure. Aside from the peasants selling food and water, there were many disciples of the local sects, judging from the distinctive clothes. There were also loose cultivators in groups of at least three or four. Lonely ones like him were rare.

Chen Wentian found an inconspicuous rock to sit down, not wanting to attract any attention. He was a talentless loose cultivator. He was twenty years old and at the 1st Level of the Mind Focusing Realm. This was actually really good, enough to be a top disciple at an average cultivation sect in the region. However, if he hadn't run into a great fortune a year ago, he would have still been struggling at the

beginning levels of the Body Refinement Realm with no prospect of improvement. His talent and background were indeed that bad.

As he took a drink from his gourd, a hand reached out and slapped it away.

“Move, idiot!” A rough voice sounded.

He looked up to see a group of five men. They wore similar robes of green, with the middle one's being noticeably more expensive and high-class. The one that had slapped him was a burly and stupid-looking one that seemed like the bodyguard. That guy was strong, at least several levels above him in the Mind Focusing Realm. The others were even stronger, with the leader at the peak.

Chen Wentian didn't complain or make any disrespectful reactions. He was long used to these kinds of situations and hurriedly retreated without a word.

As he stooped to pick up his gourd, another voice stopped him.

“Hey, I know you. Stop, turn around!”

He stood up straight and turned around. The man in the middle was pointing at him and he had to suppress a grimace. He recognized that man as well.

“Yeah... I know you! What was your name again, surnamed Chen something?”

Chen Wentian bowed, “Chen Wentian, Young Master Zheng...”

The man in the middle was Zheng Hao, scion of the Zheng Clan, a powerful cultivation family that operated out of Lavender Tower County. That unremarkable county was only a month of travel away Sawtooth Mountain and was also the birthplace of Chen Wentian.

Despite being from the same region, Zheng Hao's intentions were far from friendly.

“Ah, that's right. I knew it!” Zheng Hao laughed harshly, “Little Qing, you remember him?”

A skinny bootlicker beside him shook his head dumbly.

“Idiot! That surnamed Chen was one the contestants of the marriage seeking tournament for the Princess of Lavender.”

“Oh, that's totally not allowed! Should I beat him up for you?” The big one asked.

“No need. No need. This Chen joined the marriage seeking tournament but he is simply insignificant. Do you know what his result was?” Zheng Hao asked.

His groupies shook their heads.

“Nine hundred and ninety-eighth... out of one thousand!”

They all burst into laughter.

“What an idiot!”

“He sucks!”

Chen Wentian said nothing and did nothing, keeping his eyes on the ground. The Princess of Lavender was the daughter of the governor of Lavender Tower County. She was gentle and beautiful, desired by all young men of the county. He had joined the marriage seeking tournament on a whim. There was never any real hope of winning the whole thing and becoming her husband. He knew how weak he had been back then.

Zheng Hao finished laughing and sat down on the rock that Chen Wentian had vacated.

“Oh, and in case you are thinking about the princess, don't bother.” The arrogant young man said, “She has been warming my bed for the last six months. What do you think about that? The Princess of Lavender, pressed down by me, her legs spread by me, her sweet fruit plucked by me every night. Do you know, when her sweet voice screams out my name, it is bliss! You should see her writhing beneath me, begging me to stop, begging me for more, hahaha!”

“Young Master Zheng is powerful!”

“A true man amongst men!”

“There is no woman he can't conquer!”

His lackeys praised him endlessly.

Chen Wentian knew what they were trying to do but he didn't take the bait. He didn't care about their taunts; he didn't care about some princess. Perhaps if he was the same person as in the past, he would have been enraged and done something stupid. But now, he didn't care about such idle things. He had far greater dreams. His ambition was to fly into the sky and overlook these lowly mortals from high above!

“Congratulations to Young Master Zheng!” Chen Wentian finally said, “Truly, a man such as yourself is the only one deserving of the Princess of Lavender. I apologize for not knowing about the wonderful news of your marriage.”

He then pulled out every tael of gold and silver he had and offered it, “Please, accept this as a belated gift...”

One of the subordinates grabbed the bag and handed it to Zheng Hao, who peeked inside and nodded in satisfaction.

“Young Master Zheng accepts your gift. You may leave!”

“Thank you.” Chen Wentian said.

He backed away from the group carefully and then headed up the path leading into the Sawtooth Mountains. Such an amount of money was nothing to him as long as he got out of the situation unscathed. It didn't matter since he would earn it back soon...

Chapter 339: 339

Chen Wentian's exploration of the Sawtooth Mountains was not random and clueless like the other treasure hunters. His steps were purposeful and they took him steadily closer towards something that nobody else could sense.

Ever since he had set eyes on the mountains from afar, he had already sensed it... the unmistakable signal of a powerful soul. His Anatta Soul Nirvana Art was capable of sensing powerful and unique souls within the vicinity. This was the first time that this ability had been proven true and he was excited to find out what was causing it.

It took him two weeks to find the cave, nestled in the middle of one of the tallest peaks of the mountains. It had been difficult, hacking through the dense jungle, avoiding beasts that were more powerful and aggressive than usual as well as other cultivators. It had taken all of his wits and skill but he managed to do it.

He entered the pitch-black cave and lit a lamp. The interior was quiet and abandoned. The cave cut through solid rock and yet the cave walls were smooth as if they were created by intent and not nature.

There were many side tunnels and dead ends but he avoided them all. His soul sense kept him on track. He traveled another two days down the tunnels and finally reached the end.

“Wow...” Chen Wentian gasped.

In the middle of a large chamber was a glowing blue orb, as large as his head. Inside it was a fluttering ember of blue flame that cast dancing shadows on the walls and ceiling. There was a soft warmth in the

air, like residual heat from a dying fire. Surrounding the orb was what seemed like piles of dust that were arranged in an unnatural shape, like a large, elongated lizard.

The weak soul signature he had felt was much stronger now but there was something wrong with it. He could tell that whatever it was, it was no longer alive. And if it was no longer alive, it was perfect for him.

He walked up to the orb, lying atop a pile of dust, and reached for it. At the same time, he activated the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art.

Within the black void of the soul realm, a blue-colored soul appeared. It had no discernable shape and merely floated around in a blob. This happened when a soul was dead for too long. Only a fragment of the original soul was left, often due to strong emotions like heavy regret or unfulfilled desire.

Chen Wentian appeared in the soul realm and stood before the blue-colored soul.

“Hello, can you hear me?” He asked.

There was a long pause before blue fog stirred but it didn't speak.

“What's your name?” He asked patiently.

“... I...” The blue soul said slowly, “I... I don't know...”

Chen Wentian was encouraged. Memory loss was normal for a fragment of a dead soul. But even having the ability to speak meant that the soul could be salvaged and that its original form had been powerful beyond measure.

“Do you remember anything?” He asked.

“...” There was an interminable pause before the soul spoke again, “I... my... Arcadia... it's all gone...”

“What is Arcadia? What happened do you?”

“Everyone... is dead... the clan is gone... Nooo!”

The soul cried like a small child.

Chen Wentian let it be for a while before trying again, “Do you want to fight? Do you want to avenge your clan?”

“I... I don't know...”

“I can help you!” He said and reached a hand forward. He wanted this soul. He could tell it was special. “If you take my hand and join me. I will help you.”

“You... will?”

“I promise! Join your soul with mine, together, we will rise and save Arcadia, together!”

There was silence for what seemed like an eternity.

And then it responded, “Okay.”

The blue soul reached out and touched his outstretched finger.

Their souls joined as one...

Chen Wentian was able to help stitch more memories together. It still wasn't a complete story but it was enough.

The blue soul was the remnant will of a blue dragon, a divine beast of legends. The dragon was already dead but a fragment of soul managed to remain in its source of fire, the source of all its powers. A divine beast didn't normally leave behind a complete inheritance of its powers for others. The blue dragon was very young, only a small child by human standards. It had been driven by desperation, inexperience, and fear of death to do so by instinct in its last moments.

The blue dragon whose name still remained unknown had escaped from Arcadia, the ancestral home of the Blue Dragon Clan. There had been some kind of devastating war between various dragon clans. Although the details were unclear, the blue dragons had lost. This baby blue dragon managed to escape somehow and land in the Sawtooth Mountains.

Despite successfully fleeing, it was heavily wounded and dying. With no hope and no way to recover, it eventually succumbed four months ago. Its death and the subsequent release of divine spiritual energy were what prompted the transformation of the region, causing countless plants and beasts to advance rapidly and become treasures.

Yet all of those were a distraction. The blue dragon soul and its source of fire were the most priceless things left behind and both now belonged to Chen Wentian!

Chen Wentian opened his eyes after three days of cultivating the secrets of the dragon flames. He sensed that he was no longer alone in the underground chamber.

“He's here!”

“We found him!”

Five figures emerged from the tunnel. The torches they carried illuminated familiar faces.

“Well, well, well. If it isn't that useless surnamed Chen.” Zheng Hao said and laughed, “You certainly led this daddy on a long and difficult chase. Now... whatever treasure you've found, hand it over if you don't want to die!”

Chen Wentian raised his arms out disarmingly, "Young Master Zheng, I haven't found anything. All my money, I've already given it to you!"

Zheng Hao shook his head mockingly, "Don't try to be clever. I've already seen through you. You left so quickly like a rat the other day that I didn't remember but now I do. During that marriage seeking tournament, you were only at the 2nd Level of the Body Refinement Realm. Now, not even two years later, you are at the 1st Level of the Mind Focusing Realm. Something like that is simply impossible unless you had some lucky encounters."

He paused and looked around the cavern, "And after following you and seeing this place, it seems that it wasn't quite due to luck after all."

Chen Wentian backed away a few steps, still putting on an act, "I really don't have anything. Please, let me go."

As expected, the five advanced, moving further into the cave. They were fully confident. Five high-level Mind Focusing Realm cultivators against one at the first level, there was no way they could lose.

"This is your last chance... Or else you will wish for death when I am done with you!" Zheng Hao snarled.

Chen Wentian didn't say anything and retreated until his back was against the wall.

Zheng Hao spat angrily, "Still stubborn? Fine, get him!"

The four underlings charged together, with the big one in the lead.

Chen Wentian's demeanor finally changed. He grinned and raised a fist. A strange energy emerged from his body and covered the surface of his skin with brilliant blue flames, divine flames of the blue dragon!

Bang!

“Ahhhhh!” The big guy crumpled to the ground, clutching his arm which had been melted down to a bloody stump at the wrist.

The others stared in horror and confusion. Their momentary lack of attention was their undoing.

Chen Wentian flashed past them; his feet covered in flames as well. A kick seared a gaping hole in the next person's chest. A second punch cleaved off the third one's entire shoulder and another fiery kick severed both legs of the fourth.

Divine flames were simply unstoppable. These blue dragon flames were feared by even immortals and simply had no equal in the Mind Focusing Realm.

“Impossible! Impossible!” Zheng Hao screamed.

To him, what Chen Wentian had done was impossible. A Mind Focusing Realm cultivator could not produce spiritual energy, and thus they could not produce flames! It was simply impossible to produce and control spiritual energy unless they were at the Spirit Initiate Realm.

But Chen Wentian wasn't at the Spirit Initiate Realm and he wasn't using spiritual energy. He was using divine flames that came from his source of fire.

And with this source of fire, he was no longer just a human. He was also a budding blue dragon!

Chen Wentian rushed at Zheng Hao. The terrified man tried to flee but his mind was in complete disarray. His feet seemed sluggish and his judgment was nonexistent. Chen Wentian caught up behind Zheng Hao and stabbed his flame-covered hand through the man's back.

“Ahhhhh!”

Zheng Hao fell to the ground. He managed to land on his back and clutched the gaping hole in the middle of his chest.

“No... don't kill me.” He gurgled, blood pouring out of his mouth, “I will give you anything... don't...”

Chen Wentian leaned down and touched a finger to the man's head. “Shhh... you don't have to worry about death because soon, you won't exist at all!”

Chapter 340: 340

Bang!

The doors opened and a disheveled man stumbled into the room. His long, flowing black hair was dirty and messy. His noble garb was ripped and his white skin, caked with blood, could be seen.

“Master Ming!”

“Quick, get medicine and hot water!”

Two beautiful women wearing thin gowns rushed to his aid while a few servants dashed off into nearby rooms. The women held his arms and helped him into a steaming bath where hot water was quickly prepared. They undressed their master and tenderly cared for his wounds, which were countless small cuts and bruises all over his body.

“Who did this?”

“What happened?”

Chen Wentian groaned, ignoring the pain all over, and studied his surroundings. He had taken over the soul of Ming He, a top disciple of the Eastern Light Clan. This was one of the few times he felt like controlling this soul's body personally.

He had just come back from a brutal training session with his father, Immortal Light Warder Ming Hai. As punishment for his failures and embarrassing actions during the marriage-seeking event, he was

subjected to non-stop training that would have crushed the spirit of a lesser man. Perhaps it would have even crushed the original Ming He. But now that Chen Wentian owned this body, he couldn't let such a valuable piece go to waste.

He looked around the bath. He was lying naked on a heated bed as two pairs of soft hands massaged his body. Occasionally, they would alternate between pouring hot water and applying the medicine.

To his left was an exotic-looking beauty with red hair. Her face was oval and angled, with sharp, symmetrical features. She was very attractive, he had to admit that she could contend with the ice sisters.

“Xiao San...” He muttered.

She paused and stared with watery eyes.

He looked down at his feet which were being massaged gently. It was another beauty, with more classical features and black hair, with a sizable chest to match. She reminded him of Wu Qianyu.

“Wan'er...” He said softly.

Wan'er smiled bashfully and continued her ministrations.

He pulled the towel covering his groin off. His little man sprang to life energetically. He was quite smug about the fact that this body's manhood was a little smaller than his original body.

“Xiao San.” He said, “Serve me.”

Xiao San stopped what she was doing and bowed, “Yes, master.”

She scooted over to his erection and began to rub it with her hands.

He was Xiao San and Wan'er's master but they were not his disciples. They were his concubines, he owned them. Different sects and families had different habits and this was common in the subcontinent. In the Eastern Light Clan, concubines were only slightly better than servants and slaves. They were far from a formal wife, whose status was quite high.

These two had been awarded to him by his father for past accomplishments, to use as sexual relief before he was formally married. Thus, it was natural for them to take care of his needs.

"Suck it." He commanded.

Xiao San did so without a word, her hot lips wrapping around his member.

Chen Wentian's thoughts drifted as a pleasurable buzz spread across his tired body.

He had a very specific interest in Ming He and the Eastern Light Clan. He didn't know about it at first but now he was highly intrigued by their secret art, the First Light of Zhulong. It was a powerful art that manipulated light to attack and defend. It was formidable up to the Spirit King Realm where it mysteriously hit an unsurmountable bottleneck.

The reason this art interested him was because of some new fragments of memory from the blue dragon. The blue dragon soul's memory came back in bits and pieces every time it advanced in cultivation. With the recent boon from killing Abbotess Liang, the blue dragon soul was now at the seventh stage of spiritual strengthening of the Spirit Lord Realm.

With this progress, he managed to recall a few friends he had in the past, allied dragon clans and other divine beast factions. One of these was the shining dragons of the Shining Dragon Clan. They were a species of light dragons and their divine beast art was called the First Light of Zhulong!

It was indeed the same First Light of Zhulong!

Chen Wentian couldn't believe it at first but after practicing the art through Ming He there was no doubt about it. The blue dragon within him recognized the distinct divine beast aura behind the light attribute spiritual energy that was generated and he could also feel a familiarity that was only possible between dragons.

The Shining Dragon Clan were friends with the Blue Dragon Clan. The blue dragon had known a few shining dragons when he was growing up. But something happened and the memory became fuzzy. The Shining Dragon Clan disappeared and wasn't heard from again. He had no idea what had happened but perhaps the appearance of the First Light of Zhulong in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent could lead him to some clues.

He would have to search the library and secret archives. He would have to cultivate the secret art to higher stages. He needed to find how the ancestor of the Eastern Light Clan came across this secret art that belonged to a divine dragon clan...

“Oh!” He grunted as he was brought out of his musings.

Xiao San had taken the initiative and straddled his waist. His dick was now nestled deep within her velvet tunnel. She stroked a hand through her fiery hair and began to ride him, wiggling her hips rapidly. Her movements were amateurish and more forward and backward than vertical.

“Stop...” He frowned and placed both hands on her hips. “Move up and down, thrust my cock in and out.”

She followed his commands, now doing it properly. It was more difficult for her and required more concentration but for him, it felt ten times better.

He admonished Ming Mu within his mind for not even knowing how to have sex properly. Xiao San's weak blowjob was also wrong. Her actions were stale and lifeless, lacking the passion and tenderness that someone like Zhou Ziyun exuded. He was going to have to teach these two concubines.

“Ahh...”

“Ahh...”

Xiao San began to moan as she thrust her pussy repeated down on his cock.

Now feeling the correct amount of pleasure, Chen Wentian abandoned his idle thoughts and focused on the task at hand. He fucked Xiao San hard, driving his hips up to meet her, reaching newfound depths inside her pussy. When she was brought to an unexpected orgasm, he switched to Wan'er and fucked her standing up, against a wall.

He showed both of them countless positions, enough to make a seasoned prostitute blush. He was the willing teacher; they were the helpless students. He drove them to heights of pleasure they had never experienced before until they finally surrendered.