

F Disciples 391

Chapter 391.: A Bloody Aura

A disorganized volley shot into the air. Blue balls of flame erupted in the sky, taking huge chunks out of the approaching swarm. Yet it wasn't enough. This new demonized locust swarm was simply too massive. It was a wiggling, buzzing mass of demonic energy and death that pierced the hearts of the human forces with chilling fear.

Bei Yingluo stood rooted to the spot and shivered uncontrollably. She didn't know what to do. She wasn't prepared for something like this. Her aunt was screaming out orders desperately. The soldiers were firing arrows as quickly as possible. But everyone, from the weakest soldier to the strongest expert cultivator, knew that they had no chance.

"Ying'er!" Bei Chen shouted, "What do we do? Where is your master?"

"I... I..." Bei Yingluo didn't know.

She didn't know where her master was. Chen Wentian didn't accompany her on this mission. He could be anywhere.

"The talisman! Fire it off!" Her aunt shouted.

"Oh, right!"

As Bei Yingluo fumbled to fire off the emergency message talisman, Bei Chen gave out new orders rapidly.

"Retreat! Link up with our right wing! Hurry!"

The army broke into a mad dash, circling around the blazing firestorm in the middle of the field for their allies on the other side. Second aunt Bei Hao had come to the same conclusion and they were also

rushing towards them. But even together, they were just a thousand souls, impossible odds against enemies that numbered in the millions.

“Here they come!”

“Run!”

The insects at the head of the pack dive-bombed the straggling soldiers, tackling them to the ground, ripping their armor and clothes into pieces. Screams of agony rang out as they were torn to shreds and eaten alive.

These locusts soon died to a wall of blue flame but it was only a minor victory as the main swarm soon arrived and surrounded the humans from all sides.

Arrows shot off in all directions and bright balls of flames kept most of the demonized locusts at bay. Yet through the openings, hundreds of insects would charge down and engage the humans on the ground in a deadly brawl.

“Hya! Ha!” Bei Yingluo shouted as she fought with all her strength.

Her kicks and palm strikes were highly effective but the enemy was endless. Her strength was rapidly being expended and she was starting to struggle. She didn't have great stamina and she was only holding on because of the impenetrable defenses of her battle robe.

Her forces also struggling and barely holding on. The battle was complete chaos. Screams of agony and terror rang out all around. People were dying left and right. It was just like the horrible memories of that time when her clan was almost exterminated during the monster invasion.

Her eyes reddened as tears overflowed. She felt helpless and useless. She thought she had managed to escape that nightmare. She didn't know why was this happening again.

“Fen Lang! Nooo! Get off him!” A furious shout rang out across the battlefield.

The familiar voice broke Bei Yingluo out of her stupor and she found second aunt Bei Hao nearby. Her husband, Fen Xuqi, was on the ground next to her. He was unmoving and the armor that protected his back was a bloody mess.

Bei Hao was quickly besieged by four powerful demonized locusts. Each one was twice as big as normal and at the Spirit Initiate Realm. She waved her spear around furiously, the prowess of the Bei Family Spear allowing her to hold the ground, at least temporarily.

“Second aunt...” Bei Yingluo cried as she watched.

She was simply too weak so there was nothing she could do. She could only hope but hope was dim.

Then, two more powerful locusts joined the fray and Bei Hao began to get overwhelmed. The insects first worked together to rip the spear out of her hands. Four of them proceeded to lock her limbs up while the other two started chomping down on her battle robe.

“Second aunt... second aunt!!” Bei Yingluo shouted but there was no response.

Abandoning common sense, she lunged at the pack of locusts. She slapped her palm against one of the enlarged insects and this earned her a harsh strike across her face, sending her tumbling away.

Ignoring the pain, Bei Yingluo got back up, her eyes flashing red, uncontrollable fury building up inside her. She was no longer thinking properly. Her body was acting purely on instinct.

“Get away from her!”

She attacked once more, forcefully ripping one of the locusts off of her aunt. She hammered its carapace and managed to break a fist-sized hole. She didn't know where her unbelievable strength was coming from and she didn't care.

Ignoring another demonized locust that was gnawing on her left arm, her right hand sank into the body of the first locust. She attacked its innards directly and ended its life in brutal fashion, shredding its organs until it went limp.

More locusts slammed into her body, sending her face-first into the ground that was now soaked in blood and guts of humans and demons. They pressed her down, biting and clawing against her battle robe, trying to find flesh and fresh blood. Buried under a wriggling, clattering pile of insects, she could no longer move or fight back.

Bei Yingluo went still. Memories and scenes flashed across her mind, Monkey beasts tormenting her clan and her family. Demonized locusts swarming around and killing her people. As these terrible thoughts threatened to consume her in eternal darkness, a flash of crimson red erupted deep within her dantian.

It was a familiar feeling. She had experienced this before...

The heat, the power, the anger...

She welcomed it.

Bei Yingluo let out an incoherent scream. A wave of crimson spiritual energy blasted away the insects swarming on top of her, severing their limbs, shattering their shells.

She then leaped to her feet, her eyes blazing red, her body radiating a bloody aura.

A particularly large and powerful locust dived for her head. She didn't dodge and slammed a fist directly into its face, crushing its head completely. Another locust tried to swipe her neck with its sharp wings. She caught it and simply tore it in half.

"Ying'er..." Bei Hao muttered in disbelief.

Bei Yingluo couldn't hear her aunt. She wasn't even in control of her own body and senses. She only wanted one thing, to kill!

“Yingluo!” Another voice called out her name.

This one was male and intimately familiar. It was filled with overwhelming power and comforting gentleness.

Blue flames then erupted all around her, protecting her, her family. It wiped away all the demonized locusts until not a single one was left.

Bei Yingluo's world melted away until there was nothing else except those flames, the flames of her master.

Chapter 392.: An Interesting Opponent

Chen Wentian shot down and pierced the black cloud of insects like a blazing meteor. Flames of the blue dragon covered the sky and set the land aflame. The humans on the ground only felt a sweltering heatwave while the demonized locusts were all subject to a hellish inferno. Some insects tried to flee but his immortal aura had already locked down the entire area. There was no escape. All the demons were turned to ash in a few moments.

The flames receded afterward and, with a final wave of his hand, were finally extinguished. Cheers and shouts of relief exploded amongst the survivors. The only one that could have saved them was a human immortal and he had arrived not a moment too soon.

He found Bei Yingluo's prone figure and floated towards her. His immortal aura remained, billowing about ferociously, forcing everyone else back. He was angry, truly angry. He hadn't been prepared and it almost cost the life of his disciple. He wouldn't shed a tear if a million human souls died. But if his disciple died... he couldn't imagine what he would do.

He placed a hand on her chest and examined her. She was drifting in and out of consciousness. Her body was in bad condition with torn muscles, fractured bones, and bleeding internal organs.

Her eyes fluttered, "Master... I'm sorry..."

Her words became muddled and she moaned softly from the pain wracking her body.

His anger dissipated and he rubbed her cheek.

"I'm here. Rest now." He replied softly.

He emptied a bottle of healing elixir in her mouth and made her swallow. He then wrapped her in a protective bubble of spiritual energy to stabilize her body. He only looked back up after he made sure she had fallen into a deep sleep.

The members of the Bei Clan and the remaining survivors had all gathered around him at a safe distance. They all had their heads bowed to the ground, in appreciation but mostly in fear.

"Bei Hao, Bei Chen, stand up." He called.

"Yes, Lord Chen!" Both women obeyed, looking at each other nervously

"How are your people?" He asked.

Bei Hao answered first, "Lord Chen, it was all thanks to your timely rescue. All of our people survived, though with some injuries. As for the locals we recruited, losses were severe."

Chen Wentian nodded, "The rest of you can stand and go about your business. Take care of the wounded. Here are some basic healing pills, use it all and don't be stingy."

He threw several leather bags out.

“Thank you, Lord Chen!”

“Thank you, Lord Chen!”

The crowd quickly dispersed, almost fleeing for safety.

He turned back to the two Bei Clan members, “Tell me, how did this happen?”

Bei Hao and Bei Chen explained their demon hunting plan and left out no detail. They had scouted the surrounding region for three days and recruited the strongest forces from the local population. The original locust swarm was the only one in the vicinity and there was no indication that there was another much more powerful swarm nearby.

They both also apologized over and over again for their mistake, knowing he was angry.

“No, you couldn't have prepared for this. The second swarm flew a hundred kilometers, over the mountain range from the province to the south. I don't blame you for what happened.” Chen Wentian said. “Here, take these elixirs and heal your people.”

They let out weary sighs of relief and accepted the bottles.

“But then... This was a trap?” Bei Hao asked.

Chen Wentian's eyes narrowed, “Yes, it seems that way.”

He didn't say anymore and sent them away.

The truth was obvious and fearsome. This was a well-planned and insidious trap. The small swarm was the bait that attracted a thousand strong cultivators in a single place. It was a perfect meal for the larger

swarm that was lying in wait. Humans at the Spirit Initiate Realm and Mind Focusing Realm were much better food for demons than those Body Refinement Realm. It was more efficient than raiding a hundred villages and towns.

But locusts were incapable of such planning. They were simple creatures driven by natural instinct and swarming behavior. It was simply impossible for a swarm to come up with something so complicated. Even if they were corrupted by demonic energy, their intelligence was still the lowest of the low.

Therefore, the only possibility was that they were being directed by a higher intelligence, a much stronger demon!

Chen Wentian's spiritual energy flared as he leaped into the air. He expanded his spiritual sense to the limit and searched the surrounding area. He flew in ever widening circles, leaving no leaf undisturbed and no rock unturned. He swept out to fifty kilometers in all directions but found nothing. There wasn't a single powerful soul anywhere and no immortal spiritual energy residue either.

He wasn't able to find anything but he knew... that the unknown enemy was already here. Whatever kind of demon it was, it was sneaky. It liked to use traps. And it was testing him.

Perhaps it already suspected him. Perhaps it already had a hint about the possible existence of a demon slayer art. Perhaps it was simply biding its time and gathering information. Regardless of the possibilities, one thing was clear. This opponent was similar to himself. And this kind of opponent was the toughest of them all.

This trap of demonized locusts was surely only the beginning. The enemy clearly never expected it to result in anything, hence the fact that they weren't anywhere nearby. More traps were sure to come, ones that would start to test his bottom line.

He couldn't slip up. He couldn't show weakness. But most importantly, he couldn't reveal his most important secrets unless absolutely necessary. Otherwise, he would lose this invisible battle before he could even find out his enemy's true form.

Chen Wentian smiled grimly. "An interesting opponent... just you wait!"

He wasn't prepared before now he was. In the realm of being sneaky and underhanded, there was nobody better than him. He was going to show this mediocre demon the meaning of true power.

Chapter 393.: Willing Mind (I)

Chen Wentian carried his eleventh disciple and returned to the sect at top speed. Her relatives were left on the ground to clean up the mess. They also had to find their own way back through the province. He wasn't going to act as a flying carriage for ordinary people. Only his disciples had the privilege.

Bei Yingluo's injuries were severe on the outside but it wasn't terrible. Her organs, bones, tendons, and muscles could all heal properly. Her spiritual gates, spiritual veins, and spiritual seas were not damaged so her cultivation potential was not affected. He wasn't a doctor but he knew enough about the human body to treat her current condition. He didn't have to beg some random immortal healer, not unless she sustained an injury that could cripple her cultivation.

He undressed her unconscious body, carefully cleaned her wounds, and wrapped her up in the most expensive medicinal bandages he could afford. He fed her the most potent healing elixirs she could handle. He then let her rest while keeping a steady watch on her recovery.

When Bei Yingluo awoke the next day, Chen Wentian was still at her side, casually reading through some reports from the nearby provinces.

"Where..." She stirred and then groaned from the discomfort all over her body.

She tried to move her arms but they were tightly wrapped up and too stiff to move more than a few centimeters.

"Yingluo. Stay still." He said softly, casting a warm blanket of his spiritual energy on her to comfort her.

"Master." She let out a relieved sigh.

She leaned back into the pillow and closed her eyes. Her lips quivered as if she wanted to say something but she remained silent.

Chen Wentian cast aside his scrolls and sat down next to her on the bed. He examined her body closely and then patted her head.

“Don't worry. You'll be up and about tomorrow. Your secret ability didn't cause that much damage this time, perhaps because you only had to surpass one whole realm instead of two. That time, it almost cost you your life but it seems one realm isn't too bad.” He said.

“Oh...”

Seeing her contemplate, he continued, “This is good. The fact that you were able to tap into this power a second time means that it can be used again. Tell me, how did you feel when that power activated? What did you see, what did you experience? What thoughts were flowing through your mind in that moment?”

Bei Yingluo described everything as best she could. She explained how her aunt, Bei Chen, had been beset by especially powerful demonized locusts and was about to die. She didn't want to see one of the last remaining members of the clan perish like that, in front of her eyes, ripped apart limb from limb. She wanted to help, somehow. She had simply wanted to rip the insects off of her aunt and she was able to manifest that desire in her special power.

“Hmm...” Chen Wentian rubbed his chin, “In that case, it is highly similar to the first time. Your mother and sister were in danger then and you wanted to protect them or just kill the monkey beasts around them. Is that right?”

“Yes. But...” She let out a sigh, “Does it have to always be like that? Why can't I summon the power when I want to? We've tried so many times and master has spent so much time but why only this? What if I was facing a strong enemy alone? What if it was some other kind of situation?”

“Yingluo, be patient. Having the ability to cross realms, regardless of the conditions, is already heaven defying. You may feel that your ability is too restrictive but we don't know everything yet. It's only two examples and we have not eliminated other possibilities. Once you are well again, we can examine all the conditions for your ability in detail.”

“Thank you.” She said.

She fell into silence for a while and then laughed softly.

“Hmm?” He asked.

“You know, master, you are the best thing that has ever happened to me. You are too good to me. I think all the time about how I can thank you, how I can repay you. You are a great person, and I'm not just talking about being my master. You are a kind, caring, and reasonable. You are a great man and I admire you.”

Chen Wentian smiled and there was a warm bubbling feeling in his stomach. Her words were sweet and endearing. He couldn't quite figure out what to say in reply but he was happy to hear these words from her. There was nobody in the world who disliked being praised, from the lowliest person to the highest immortal. He was no different.

It also wasn't something he heard often. He would rarely receive praise from his other disciples. He doted on them way too much and, to be honest, they were all spoiled. He showered favor upon them so they never had to seek his favor in return.

Bei Yingluo was different. She was the eleventh disciple and at the bottom of the pecking order. He often neglected her, not purposefully but simply because he didn't have the time. Therefore, she sought his attention and sought his favor whenever she could.

“Master?”

“Hmm?”

She looked at him with a sultry smile and alluring eyes, “Disciple is useless and cannot move her limbs right now. Otherwise, I would have pulled you to bed and showed you my sincere appreciation.”

Chen Wentian was a little stunned by her directness. He tried to keep the little dragon in his pants from waking up but it proved difficult. Her enticing words had sent a thrill through his body. She wasn't the most beautiful of his disciples but she somehow knew how to get a rise out of him with words alone.

"You don't have to." He replied lamely, unsure of what to do.

She giggled, "I don't have to, but I want to. My master... my lord..."

She rubbed his thigh, "The body is weak but the mind is willing. This servant knows of a way, would my lord like to try? I promise, you won't be disappointed."

Her question struck his curiosity. Her whole body was still injured and he wasn't about to rip off her bandages to have sex with her. What did she mean? What way did she have?

"Sure." He finally replied, deciding to see what she had in mind.

Chapter 394.: Willing Mind (II)

Chen Wentian laid down on the bed next to Bei Yingluo. His thoughts became slightly muddled as his desires awoke. A part of him felt guilty for neglecting her. Another part was eagerly awaiting whatever she had in mind. He didn't know if this was a good idea since she was still injured. But she had asked so nicely, it would be rude to say no.

"So, what's the plan?" He asked, his voice low and husky.

She let out a soft giggle and twirled her fingers, "My lord, I cannot undress you in my current condition. You will have to do it yourself."

"Oh? Okay!"

With a swirl of spiritual energy, his clothes in an instant. He then laid down on the bed once more.

Her eyes drifted down to his groin where an excited little dragon had already awoken. He seemed to have made some guesses and her hand was already close by. She only had to slide her right arm a few centimeters and she could reach him.

She gently wrapped her fingers around the bulbous tip.

“My lord master. You are so mean. I have been so lonely the past few weeks. I was thinking about you day and night.” She whispered as she caressed him. “I thought you had forgotten about me!”

Her fingertips grazed across his skin, eliciting a groan.

“Mmm. Things happened too quickly and I was busy... I promise, I'll make it up to you.”

“It's okay, I understand. I am simply glad that you are with me today. Thankful that you saved me. I am filled with joy to be able to serve you.” She said in a soft, breathy voice.

Her hand began to move a little more, going halfway down his shaft before returning to the tip. Stroking with a steady rhythm, her hands were soft like fluffy pillows of cotton. It was as if he was wrapped up in a warm cocoon.

“Do you remember?” She continued, “The promise I made to in that cave so many months ago. I am your servant. I will go where you go. I will do anything you tell me to. I will serve you forever. You only have to ask and I am yours.”

Chen Wentian felt the pleasure build in his groin. Her hands were doing things he didn't think were possible. It was only a simple touch and yet it was astonishingly effective. He was so aroused, by her hand but also by her words. Her sweet voice and even sweeter words caused thrilling waves of hot desire and pleasure to emanate from his member and spread throughout his body. Her actions seemed so trivial and yet it held deep meaning and passion.

All souls wanted to be loved, to be desired. What man would not want to hear the words Bei Yingluo was uttering right now? What man would not want to receive her admiration, adoration, her sincere desire to please him?

Out of all his disciples, she was the first one to want him so directly, so convincingly, without regard for anything else. Just like she said, she was the servant and he was her lord. This was an even deeper bond than a master and a disciple. And it was thrilling!

His cock twitched in her hand. To his surprise, he was already quite close to an explosive release. Her ministrations were irresistible and never-ending.

"I'm close." He breathed.

"Wonderful!" She crooned, her eyes glittering in anticipation as well as naughtiness. "My lord, will you allow this servant to receive your gift?"

He tilted his head in confusion, "Hmm? How?"

"Very easy. I won't have to move at all. Come up and straddle my face so that I may receive your precious sword and your priceless seed."

He let out a chuckle as he realized what she meant, "Alright, let's do it your way."

He clambered over and knelt on the bed. His knees brushed against her shoulder while her head lay between his thighs. His cock now laid across her face while his balls rested against the top of her head.

"Like this?" He asked.

"Mhmm. My lord's treasure is indeed magnificent, peerless amongst men and millions of souls!"

Her righteous words filled him with fire and desire. His cock twitched as if in agreement. Hearing such praise, it was impossible not to feel pleased. Feeling highly motivated, His hand automatically went for his shaft to finish the job.

"My lord, please wait." She said and he paused, "If you wish, you may do it this way."

She then opened her cute little mouth wide and stuck out her tongue, inviting him in. Since she asked so nicely, he didn't resist. He leaned forward, guiding with his hands until the tip touched her tongue.

Heat and pleasure exploded as she wrapped around him. Her lips sealed around his shaft and didn't let go.

There was nowhere else to go but forward. He leaned forward and thrust his cock into her mouth until it hit the back of her mouth.

"Mmmm..." Bei Yingluo let out a moan and tilted her head back.

He felt a pathway open and he sank even further, down her throat.

"Wow!" Chen Wentian gasped.

His cock was now trapped inside the hot and wet tunnel of her throat. It wasn't as tight as a pussy but it was more slippery. It was a different experience but it was nonetheless amazing.

His hips moved on their own, thrusting even deeper until he bottomed out. His balls were lying on her nose and her lips were around the base of his shaft.

"Mmm." Her moan was muffled.

He felt it more than heard it, with her throat vibrating around his length. Worried about her suffocating, he pulled back completely and left her mouth a wet pop.

Bei Yingluo gasped and took in a few big gulps of air.

"I apologize, this servant wasn't prepared," She said, panting, "But now I am, I'll be able to hold my breath for a much longer time. Try again, please."

She opened her mouth once again as an invitation.

"Good girl. I won't take long." Chen Wentian said and went in.

He reached the bottom in one fluid movement and began a steady rhythm of thrusting his hips up and down.

He fucked her mouth properly, with a steady and gentle motion. This was his first time ever doing so. He had read about it in many naughty tomes and heard about it from others. Now, he was able to experience this legendary feat, thanks to his talented disciple.

He moved carefully while monitoring her condition. She was indeed holding her breath and seemingly enjoying it. He had nothing to worry about and increased his pace as well as the force of his thrusts.

Her throat bulged out each time it was invaded. Down and up. Down and up. It was incredibly hot. It was an intoxicating sight.

The heat in his groin that had already been brought about by her hands soon started to boil over. Her mouth pussy was amazing. It was something new and yet similar to a real pussy. Altogether, the experience was simply overwhelming.

Jagged blades of pleasure shot through his body as he tried to resist but the inevitable could not be denied.

A wave of spiritual energy burst out as his passion ignited.

A firestorm of pleasure blasted out, taking over his body. He finally gave out and collapsed atop of her and thrust fully into her mouth in one last desperate struggle.

And as the floodgates burst open and everything poured down her throat, he let out a groan of defeat and utmost satisfaction.

Chapter 395.: Wild Past

Each one of Chen Wentian's disciples was special in her own way. Although there were some similarities between them, everyone was unique and had their own charming qualities. It was difficult to say who was the best though Lin Qingcheng would probably always be his favorite since she was his first.

If he was forced to rank them in terms of beauty, Bei Yingluo would rank last without much consideration, below the twins and Lin Qingcheng. It wasn't an insult to her but that his other disciples were simply too beautiful.

She couldn't compare to them in terms of looks but they also couldn't compare to her. Being last didn't mean anything because she was undeniably attractive herself. He could hold devastating beauties and even a divine beast in his arms if he wanted to but none of them made him feel the same way she did.

She treated him like her man, her lover, her lord, and her entire world. She had the inexplicable ability to make him feel wanted, needed. It was just words and actions; he could feel it in her eyes and her body language. Everything reflected her devotion to him.

While some of the others might feel a similar way about him, they didn't know how to express it so clearly and constantly. Not like her. She was a natural. She was a rare gift.

“Master, do you think I'll ever be able to control my power?”

At Bei Yingluo's voice, Chen Wentian turned to her. He was laying beside her on her bed. He was already dressed and the evidence of their prior activities had been cleaned away. He was monitoring the state of her body and waiting for her to fall asleep. But it seemed that certain things were still on her mind.

“Silly girl, of course you will.” He said.

“Mmm, I hope so. I will work twice as hard from now on. I hope my power can be useful to master in the future, that I'll be able to fight alongside you someday.”

“You will, I promise.” He said firmly, “I was going to tell you after you've fully healed but I guess I'll tell you now. After the battle, I was able to discern some specific traits of your power that will help us track down the truth eventually. Firstly...”

He explained that her power seemingly came from her unique spiritual veins as well as a special source of spiritual energy that was still unknown. When her power activated, her spiritual veins rapidly expanded in size and capacity and allowed a massive surge of spiritual energy to wash over her body, giving her a profound boost in power. After the ordeal, her spiritual veins showed signs of exhaustion but no deal damage. If they were ordinary spiritual veins, they would have been ruined and irreparable.

Compared to her unique spiritual veins, her physical body was ordinary and it also wasn't trained enough. She wasn't able to properly accept that burst of spiritual energy during battle and that's why she was left in a sorry state afterward. He wasn't completely certain but if she went on to practice physical strengthening cultivation arts, she probably would be able to lessen the physical drawback of her ability by a great deal. His hope was that she would only suffer minor injuries if she trained her body to be resilient enough.

The condition for activating her power was also not that big of a deal now that it had occurred twice under similar conditions. Since the general pattern was now known, it was simply a matter of training her mind. Even if she could only activate her power during that specific condition of desperation while trying to protect her family, there were ways to train her mind to reach that state at will. It wouldn't be easy but it was doable.

And as for the unknown source of the unbelievable amount of spiritual energy... that was the tricky part.

He had no idea.

There was nothing he could find by examining her body. He wasn't a medical expert and he couldn't just ask for help from others. The power to cross an entire realm was unheard of and people who were much stronger than him would love to snatch away such an amazing disciple. Even searching for such subjects in the Immortal Association libraries would no doubt draw unwanted attention.

The only option left was to investigate Bei Yingluo's background and lineage. It was something he had been meaning to for a long time but not found the time for.

"Yingluo, tell me again, are you sure you don't know who your father is?" He asked for the tenth or twentieth time.

"I'm sorry. I don't." She replied, "I've asked my mother to try and recall but it was too long ago. She shared a bed with too many men during the time I was conceived. She doesn't remember those days clearly. As she told me, after thirty or forty, all the faces start to blend together and it's impossible to keep count."

Chen Wentian let out a cough to cover his discomfort. Although he had heard the story before, the mere thought of her mother sleeping with so many different men was honestly a little frightening.

"Master, she couldn't help it. It was impossible for her to find a husband, not with the reputation the clan had during that period." Bei Yingluo chided said, "It's always been an accepted custom of our clan to have unwed mothers and children with no fathers. Mother was a little too excessive but the same result is possible even with just one partner."

"Ah..." He rubbed his nose sheepishly, "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have been judgemental. You're right."

"An ordinary person wouldn't have been able to say what you just said to me. I find myself admiring you even more than I thought possible. You are honorable and gentle and kind. You are the best master I could have ever hoped for." She said.

Chen Wentian was more than a little embarrassed by her words but he was also pleased. He rewarded her with a kiss on the forehead and snuggled closer to her.

Bei Yingluo continued speaking, going into another one of her stories about the old days before the monster invasion.

The Bei Clan during that time was a moderately sized clan with several hundred members that didn't exceed a thousand. Within Drifting Sand City of the Great Desert Province, they were only a minor actor relegated to insignificant roles. Because of their tradition of having a matriarchal family and clan structure, they were shunned by the other powers in the city as well as the general population.

It was not unusual for the Bei Clan's female members to not have husbands at all. Very few men wanted to live under a woman's rule. Unwanted Bei Clan women had to get pregnant by any means possible and Bei Yingluo's mother, Bei Rongyin, was one such example. She slept with anyone that was willing and with no strings attached. All it took was mutual attraction and an abundance of spiritual wine to seal the deal. Those hookups often lasted only one night and she usually never saw her partners ever again.

It would be almost impossible to find Bei Yingluo's father because of Bei Rongyin's wild past. But Chen Wentian was still determined to try. It was the only option. It was the only clue to her power that he could safely uncover.

He gave her a peck on the lips and got up from the bed, "Sleep now. After all of this demon stuff is over, Yingluo, I promise, I'll take you to Drifting Sand City and we'll begin the search. And I'll also help the Bei Clan reestablish roots there. If there are any survivors, they can all join the branch sect."

"Thank you..." She answered softly.

It was only two simple words but he could feel her sincerity and excitement radiating like the bright sun.

Chapter 396.: Another Ambush

Chen Wentian had wanted to stay with Bei Yingluo for several days or at least until she was fully healed. Instead, he was forced to leave in a hurry the next day on another emergency.

Li Yuechan, Song Wushuang, and Xu Lanyi were in Divine Blazing Province and managed to run straight into a messy situation with demons that wasn't all that different from how Bei Yingluo's group was ambushed.

They had been in the middle of a demon hunt. Members of Divine Blazing Mountain had found a brand-new volcanic eruption in the Ember Mountains, a dangerous region that covered a third of the landmass

of the province. A fresh volcano was a great resource for cultivators of the flame element as it spewed forth spiritual energy containing pure flame attributes as well as rare minerals and materials.

Divine Blazing Mountain was no longer the same place as before. With strict new rules as well as the prospect of having a Glacier Palace disciple as their Dao partner, the remaining disciples of Divine Blazing Mountain completely reformed and were reborn as real men. All of them plunged at the chance to cultivate the immortal flame art, Summer's Blazing Sun.

A new volcanic eruption was an irresistible draw and several groups of disciples headed out to explore it. However, nobody in the sect had heard from them for days. Two search parties that had been sent out also disappeared. In total, over fifty disciples went missing over the span of a week.

Li Yuechan, Song Wushuang, and Xu Lanyi were forced to act. A few low-level disciples didn't concern them but among those lost in the search parties included talented ones that had already married Glacier Palace members. Because of this, even if they had to deliver the worst news, they had to find out the truth of what happened.

And what they found was far beyond any of their expectations.

Just like Bei Yingluo, they ran straight into a demon ambush.

Chen Wentian found them in the middle of a lava field, surrounded by flame infants. These were demonic fiends consisting of pure flame energy the size of a human baby. Around a hundred of them surrounded his disciples from all sides, laughing and crying in their shrill voices, bombarding his disciples with a barrage of flames.

His disciples were holding on but losing ground. Their Summer and Winter's Eternal Sutra provided a degree of protection from foes weaker than them but there were simply too many. Li Yuechan carried the Giant Mole Worm with her and they also had the flame sword Summer's Dance with them.

But given the current situation with the unknown enemy, they weren't facing truly a life or death situation yet and didn't have to employ his secrets. He also had a sneaking suspicion that he shouldn't reveal any of his secrets at the moment.

Woosh!

Chen Wentian landed in front of disciples within a pillar of blue dragon flames. All of the flame infants were consumed by his divine flames and wiped from existence. It barely took him any effort. It had taken him way more energy just flying to this remote location within the mountains.

“Master!”

The trio let out sighs of relief and gathered around him. They had a few singed bits on their clothes and soot on their faces but no other injuries.

“Master, I apologize. I should have been more attentive to the situation.” Li Yuechan bowed stiffly, “I put my sisters in danger. But I promise I will learn from this experience and do better in the future!”

“Hey now.” He pulled her up and gave her a comforting hug. “Come here, you two!”

He gave the other two hugs as well and a good slap on Xu Lanyi's butt.

“Hey!”

“So, who wants to tell me what happened?” He asked, ignoring her glare.

“Master, it was like this...”

Song Wushuang explained that they had followed the trail the male disciples of Divine Blazing Mountain had followed and found the brand-new volcano. There were no signs of them anywhere but there were plenty of lava pearls everywhere. These were a type of gem that contained pure flame energy and were useful for all kinds of crafting and cultivation purposes.

The three of them, enticed by the lava pearls, followed the trail of the gems until they reached an area with particularly high concentration and quality. It was when they reached this place that all the flame infants emerged from their holes in the ground to ambush them from all sides.

“I suspect that the demons used the same tactic on the previous groups and this is where they died.” Song Wushuang said in conclusion.

“Hmm...” Chen Wentian extended his spiritual energy into the surrounding ground.

The blackened ground consisting of hardened lava was split apart by his power and he soon confirmed the truth. The ground they were standing on was indeed the demon's killing field and pulled out a total of fifty-four human remains and broken pieces of their sect badges and belongings.

He also gathered all the lava pearls in the vicinity, enough to fill a washbasin with the marble-sized gems. They were good stuff for mortal cultivators and he was never one to skip out on such things.

“You were right. They died ugly deaths.” He muttered.

“Master, I will handle their affairs.” Li Yuechan said as she stored everything in her spatial bag.

“Okay.” He said looked around the surroundings.

He was sure that this ambush wasn't some coincidence, not after Bei Yingluo had been ambushed right before. There was nothing and nobody around as far as his senses could discern but he felt a slight prickling in his soul, as if something was out there as if he was being watched.

Divine Blazing Province was not far from Dragon Flower Province. Geographically, it was to the north and there was one province separating them. Divine Blazing Province was also closer to Cloudy Mountain Province and the eastern border with only two provinces in between.

It was hard to imagine that his unknown foe could manipulate forces across multiple provinces. A Spirit King could do it perhaps but it was incredibly difficult for a Spirit Lord. Chen Wentian could do it because of a heaven-defying soul art. How was his enemy doing it? Was it a Spirit King?

“Master? What are you thinking about?” Song Wushuang asked.

“Nothing. If we are done here, let's return to the sect.” He said.

He didn't want to stay here any longer. Something was afoot and he needed to regroup. He needed to have a chat with Zhou Ziyun.

“Yes, master!”

Chapter 397.: Power of Intelligence (I)

These two attacks by demonized locusts and flame infant demons were only the beginning. Over the next few days, more and more demon attacks took place across many provinces at an ever-increasing pace. It wasn't just Chen Wentian's territories but many others and included those provinces that didn't even have immortal overlords.

Ice fiends, swamp demons, goblins, trolls, reanimated skeletons, vampires...

The demon attacks were endless. It seemed as if all of the demon infestations hiding amongst the human population were springing up at the same time. It was as if they were all coordinating with each other or under the orders of some greater power.

Some of the attacks came from places where humans rarely set foot, deep within ancient forests or forbidden deserts. They gathered into large hordes before sweeping across human lands in a devastating tidal wave. Others popped out of their hiding places in the middle of cities and immediately caused mass panic.

Human losses quickly mounted. Large swaths of land were wiped clean of human life. Villages, towns, and even some cities fell. Many mortal sects were brought to the brink of destruction by the sheer volume and intensity of these attacks that came out of nowhere.

Those provinces that had immortal overlords fared better but only barely. Some immortals and their sects answered the desperate calls of the common mortals and fought back, sending out disciples to all corners of their provinces and beyond. Others simply ignored the pleas of their people and closed their doors. There were also immortal sects that simply didn't have the manpower to deal with all the attacks that were coming from all directions.

This issue of manpower hit Ten Thousand Flower Valley especially hard. Chen Wentian had to take care of Dragon Flower Province as well as several others on top. With the addition of Cloudy Mountain Province, Red Bamboo Province, Divine Blazing Province, and Glacier Province, it meant that he was forced to do the work of five immortals.

Aside from a few disciples in the frontlines, he had to handle most of the attacks all by himself. This led to him flying all across the land and teleporting across provinces, sometimes multiple times per day. And even then, there were many attacks he didn't time to handle and could only let the local mortal population handle it on their own.

He could have dealt with every demon attack if he sent out Jasmine, Chen Mo, and a few other immortal souls. But he didn't want to and he also couldn't. He still didn't know who and where the true enemy was. The last thing he could do in his current situation was to reveal his true strength.

Chen Wentian flew through the air, skimming the top of a vast forest of red bamboo as tall as three-story buildings. As the wind gusted around him, the bamboo groves dipped and waved like an ocean of blood. The red eventually gave way to white as red bamboo was replaced by rigid, thick growths of crystal bamboo.

A city soon came into view, rising above even the tallest bamboo. Its massive walls were not made of stone blocks but narrow strips of crystal bamboo that had been stacked on top of each other. The buildings that peeked over the walls were also made of the same material. Together, they turned the city a brilliant white that glittering in the sunlight.

This was Crystal Bamboo City, capital of Red Bamboo Province.

“Welcome, Lord Immortal!”

“Welcome, Lord Immortal!”

The guards atop the walls shouted greetings at him but he didn't slow down. He zoomed past and headed straight for the palace that sat in one corner of the city. It was a relic of the past when the city still had a royal family. The ruling dynasty that created it had long been defeated many generations ago. It was now occupied by the Zhou Clan and served as the headquarters of the Ten Thousand Flower Valley in this province.

“Master, welcome back.” Zhou Ziyun walked up to him as he landed in the courtyard.

She wore a multilayered gown of deep blue that was adorned with gold and gems. Her hair was pinned up in an elaborate bun that was weighed down by more splendid jewels. Her eyes were filled with intelligence and her aura exuded confidence and maturity. She looked more like the queen of a country than the disciple of an immortal.

Chen Wentian cocked his head as he studied her, “What's with the outfit?”

“I had a meeting with the local noble clans today about recent demon attacks.” She replied, staring up at him with twinkling eyes.

“And?”

She didn't elaborate and instead wrapped her arms around his waist, “Master, do you not like my outfit? Is it ill-fitting?”

“Heh, no. It actually fits you a little too well. But you let a horde of other people see it before me, especially men. Tell me, isn't that a little improper?”

“Not at all. This is merely my public outfit, while this...”

With a wave of her hand, several buttons became undone. The outermost layer of her gown fell to the ground. In its stead was an inner gown of sapphire blue that was much more revealing, so much so that he would not have allowed her to wear it outside where other men could cast their dirty eyes on it.

Her inner dress was skin-tight, proudly displaying every contour and curve of her fit body. For so much fabric, it managed to cover not much skin at all. Her shoulders were bare and so were her legs, with long slits that went up her thigh all the way to her hips. On top of it all, there was a plunging neckline that proudly displayed deep cleavage and barely covered twin peaks that threatened to pop out of hiding at the slightest movement.

“You like it?” Zhou Ziyun asked playfully, seeing the way he was still ogling her breasts.

“Yeah, I’ll like it better when I take it off you.”

“Master...”

He caught her lips before she could protest. He kissed her hard. A part of him missed her and another part was wanted to let out the frustrations from the past days.

She accepted him eagerly, willingly, letting him vent everything on her tender lips, at least until his hands started to roam beneath her dress.

“Master, not now! We are in the middle of the courtyard!” She admonished, pushing him away.

“So?”

“Scoundrel.” She straightened her dress and then pulled him towards the great hall, “Come, you can tell me about the latest attack and then I will tell you about what I have discovered.”

“Hey! When did I become a scoundrel? I think you've been hanging around Jasmine too much.”

“Are you saying she is a bad influence?” She asked.

“Well, if the sock fits!”

“I'm going to tell her you said that.”

Chen Wentian was left dumbfounded as Zhou Ziyun disappeared inside. He looked around and saw several female servants hiding behind corners and doorways, trying not to laugh. He coughed lightly in embarrassment and straightened his demeanor before chasing after his disciple.

Chapter 398.: Power of Intelligence (II)

The great hall was nothing special. It was adorned with the usual splendor expected of the wealth that the Zhou Clan now held. Marble floors, carved stone columns, expensive vases filled with spiritual flowers, wooden furniture crafted by the best of the best, Chen Wentian's eyes glossed over them before settling on a massive map on the ground. It stretched from one side to the hall to the other and covered almost all of the empty floor space available.

“Nice, so this is what you've been working on!” He said and walked over it, examining the details.

The map was impressive. It depicted the northeast quadrant of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, over fifty provinces in total, as well as wide swaths of the Eastern Wilderness. There was Cloudy Mountain and Red Bamboo on one side. There was Dragon Flower Province around the middle. There was even Beast God Province to the south and a bit of the Northern Wasteland as well.

The map also went beyond simple border lines. It included major geographic areas such as mountains, rivers, lakes, and plains. It included major cities, notable local sects, and the estimated area of influence for all immortal sects in the area. His provinces were colored an eye-catching shade of light blue and were spread out over the entire map from east to west.

He paused beside a small red flag that had been planted beside a town, one of many that dotted the entire map.

“What's this?” He asked.

“This is Tranquil Town in the Great Basin Province. They were attacked by several jiangshi and wiped out five days ago.” Zhou Ziyun said from beside him, having followed him onto the map.

“Several? The same type that Qingcheng ran into?”

“Yes.”

“Sneaky bastards. What happened to them after?”

“I don't know.” She replied, “Some of my information is delayed by several days and I only have a few people in each province. The best information is first hand.”

He nodded and moved on to other parts of the map. He stopped at the northern border of Glacier Province.

“I just came from here.” He said, pointing a series of mountains, “Three ice fiends decided to pop out of their ice caves and cause trouble. They were barely at the upper levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm so it was a bit of a joke.”

Zhou Ziyun produced a red flag and placed it where he indicated.

“Any human losses?” She asked.

“A few small villages, nothing really important. Here, here, and here. Probably less than a thousand deaths.” He said.

Zhou Ziyun wrote down the information in a booklet before putting it away.

“Come, master.” She tugged his arm.

She led him to the center of the map and turned him around in a circle.

“What do you see?” She asked.

“Huh?”

She pulled him around in a full circle once again, “Look closer, what do you see?”

Chen Wentian looked around the map more closely but didn't find anything unusual. It was just a map with a bunch of red flags everywhere, a lot of red flags.

“Am I supposed to see something?” He asked, still confused.

Zhou Ziyun smiled smugly, “It's something I have discovered by creating this map, something that wouldn't have been possible otherwise that reveals a very important bit of information about our unknown enemy.”

“Really?”

“Mmhmm.”

“What is it?” He asked.

“You really don't see anything?”

He let out a sigh, “Ziyun, I am not as smart as you, please tell me.”

She let out a laugh and hugged his arm, “It was you who said that, not me. Remember that in the future!”

She pulled him along once again and they crisscrossed the map once more. She pointed out each of the attacks one by one, describing when it happened and the aftermath.

The attacks themselves were spread far and wide, with no pattern or reason behind any single attack. All the provinces on the map were suffering equally under this mysterious onslaught of demons. It seemed that, at least for the moment, whoever was causing all this trouble didn't know the exact location of the origin of the message talisman that had summoned it here. Otherwise, Cloudy Mountain Province should have been the only one attacked and not all the provinces in a whole region.

“I agree with that but that's not the discovery I made.” Zhou Ziyun said and pulled him beside a peculiar province. “Tell me, what's unique about this one.”

It was named Gold Sand Province and consisted of mostly desert and sand dunes. It was the only place that had no red flags while all the surrounding provinces had multiple red flags.

“Why did this place not have any demon attacks? That doesn't make sense.” Chen Wentian said, “There's quite a large human population there and even an immortal sect.”

“Think about it. What do all the other provinces have that Gold Sand Province does not have?”

“Well... it's a desert so there's not a lot of water. Wait... are you saying that this is somehow related to water?” He asked.

“That's right. This is my discovery and my conclusion after analyzing the recent attacks on this map. Your unknown demon enemy is most likely something that is attuned to the element of water and has the ability to hide in water. I thought about why none of our detection nets caught any immortal

approaching from east. It seemed impossible as our nets can catch even the smallest birds and insects. The only conceivable way was if it had a powerful innate ability to sneak around, similar to Chen Mo who utilizes shadow and darkness." She explained.

"Are you sure? A water demon?" He rubbed his brow as he felt a headache developing, "Maybe it was just coincidence. Maybe the demon forgot about that province."

"Unlikely. It has attacked over fifty provinces without regard. There is nothing else special about this desert province. Plus, you would still have to account for how it can travel across so many provinces without being detected by us or any other immortal." She argued.

Chen Wentian thought about it some more but he could find no fault in her reasoning. The fact that he had not been able to locate or even get a whiff of the unseen enemy had been annoying him for many days. It being a water demon made sense but this only lessened his worry by a tiny amount.

As someone who utilized Chen Mo to the fullest to sneak around and cause chaos while unseen, he knew how fearsome it was to be on the receiving end. A water demon sounded like a tricky opponent, one that could launch an attack from anywhere at any time.

He had to thank Zhou Ziyun for her contribution. Out of all his disciples, she was the only one that could have made this discovery. This was the power of her intelligence.

"Alright, alright, you convinced me. Thank you, Ziyun, this helps a lot! Now, I can tell from the look on your face that you want a reward. What do you want, I'll give you anything!"

"Master, I want a massage!"

Chapter 399.: Wrong Assumption

"Just a massage?" Chen Wentian asked.

"A massage and perhaps you could stay the night?" Zhou Ziyun asked softly.

“Mmm.” He nodded.

“Excellent, come. The bath is ready.” She grabbed his hand and pulled him towards a side door.

“Hey! Why so eager?” He asked, laughing.

She responded with a smile and continued tugging him along.

Zhou Ziyun could have asked for many things from her master. She could have asked for more money or power. She could have asked for anything within his ability to provide yet all she wanted was a massage.

The most important thing to her was time and the chance to spend a day in private with her master. As the number of disciples increased, her time alone with him diminished evermore. It wasn't the level of suffering that Bei Yingluo suffered but Zhou Ziyun still had to strive for every extra second she could her master. Such moments were more precious than gold.

After several corridors and dizzying turns, they arrived at the bath. The water was hot and ready, filling half of the room with a comfortable fog. And besides the steaming marble pool, there was a massage table already set up and at the perfect height.

The door closed behind them with a whisper and Zhou Ziyun went for the ribbons holding her dress together. With a few flicks of her hand, the silky fabric pooled at her feet. She stepped forward, as naked as the day she was born.

Chen Wentian managed to get a good glimpse of her before she laid down on the cushioned massage table.

“Master, you'll find everything you need has already been prepared.” She said facedown, her head poking out of a small hole in the table.

All he could see now was her white butt sticking up in the air. He resisted the urge to give it a good slap and began his massage.

He took a glass bottle and dumped its contents into his palm. A sweet and spicy fragrance filled the air, cutting through the foggy heat like a knife. He rubbed his hands together to spread out the oily balm and summoned the power of Benevolent Hands.

Chen Wentian's index finger landed on her spine in the small of her back. This elicited a shiver of anticipation. He then dragged the finger up her spine to her neck which drew a happy sigh. Smiling to himself, he started with her shoulder and neck area, squeezing with his fingers, kneading with his palm.

“Ahhh...”

“Mmmm...”

Zhou Ziyun let her contentment be known as he worked his magic. His hand glided across her bare skin; touching, pressing, working all the stress out of her body and replacing it with healing spiritual energy.

She continued to make a lot of noise, ones all too similar to those that she made in throes of passion. It was all he could do to hold back his urges and diligently perform his task. He had promised to reward her and this was her reward.

“Your shoulders are quite stiff, any bothers weighing you down?” He teased.

“Mmm... you. You're the one giving me so many tasks. I deserve a massage every week with the amount of work I do for you. No, every three days... Oooh, that's the spot.”

Chen Wentian laughed and moved his hands to her middle and lower back. He didn't mind giving her a massage. She more than deserved it.

He put pressure around her waist and spine drew more moans until she gave up on speaking coherent words.

“Naughty girl, I thought you enjoyed that stuff, bossing people around and managing all the money. You're a natural at it.” He said as he continued to work her back.

Zhou Ziyun let out a long sigh, "Those are my duties. They are my responsibilities to the sect and to you. I do it all to the best of my ability but that doesn't mean I have to enjoy them. I do them out of necessity and if I didn't have to, I would lose myself in a mountain of books and not leave it for a month!"

"..." Chen Wentian had to admit to himself that he hadn't thought about it this way.

He had indeed dumped a ton of responsibilities on her head as soon as he recruited her. She was responsible for the construction of the sect and its expansions, managing the province and all its finances, recruiting servants and guards, as well as overseeing a steadily growing Zhou Clan whose primary purpose was to support the sect in any and all possible ways. It was a lot for a single person. He certainly wouldn't have wanted to do any of it. Yet she took on the challenge without complaint, utilizing her intellect to the fullest in ways that surpassed his expectations.

He had always assumed that rewarding her with endless money and near limitless authority was an adequate reward.

It seemed... that he was wrong in this aspect.

"Ziyun..."

He renewed his efforts, rubbing and kneading her legs all the way down to her feet and then back up again. He paid extra attention to every minute detail of her body. Zhou Ziyun was always diligent in everything she did including cultivation and training. This left her with a lot of bruises and minor injuries. He made sure to send plenty of benevolent energy and medicinal aura to places that needed it.

"Ziyun, thank you for everything. I will never take you for granted. I will give you unlimited massages until the end of time." He slapped her butt and said playfully, "Personal massages by Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, think about how priceless that is, how many women would give up half their cultivation to feel these benevolent hands of a peerless genius."

Zhou Ziyun snorted with laughter and turned around. "Master, I will remember your words today forever so don't you forget them!"

She laid back down and closed her eyes, putting herself on full display and making it clear what she wanted. He obliged, putting more medicinal oil on his hands, and continued the massage starting with her hips and stomach area.

"You know..." She said after a while, "There are probably some rumors floating around about me, that I am addicted to wealth and power, that I am greedy and domineering. I don't really care what random people think but you should always know my true desire. If I can abandon it all to simply follow you all over the world, I would mind it one bit. I will be content no matter what as long as I follow you."

In the past few months, things were happening one after another. It was all too fast and out of her control. There was a distinct feeling that a certain distance had developed between her and Chen Wentian. This was unacceptable and struck a deep fear in her heart.

Here, just the two of them alone in a warm bath, she wanted him to know her feelings, her true feelings that she hid beneath a stern demeanor. She was aware of the rising rumblings of dissatisfaction from various factions, whether it was her Zhou Clan or others.

These were still small and almost insignificant but perhaps they wouldn't stay that way for long. Nothing was forever in this world, even her master's love and care. The last thing she wanted was to lose her master's trust to some unforeseen scheme or scandal. She wanted to be his disciple for a very, very long time. And she was going to make sure of it.

"Ziyun, your words today, I will remember them forever so don't you worry." Chen Wentian replied.

Zhou Ziyun looked up at him with a smile that could melt the coldest ice, "Master, thank you. I happened to have another request but it is a little more difficult."

"What is it?"

"For Sister Long Yifei's school year that starts next month, I was wondering if you can take me along with you when you go to the Martial Brilliance Continent?"

Chen Wentian frowned, "I will consider it... but we still have a little demon problem. We have just over two weeks until Yifei has to go but if I can't take care of this sneaky bastard, she will have to go by herself since I promised the Order."

Zhou Ziyun's eyes flashed with mischief, "Master, rest assured, I have already thought of a way to lure that water demon out of hiding and into your palm."

"Oh? Clever girl! Tell me, if it works, I promise I will take you to the Martial Brilliance Continent!"

Chapter 400.: Six Meridians Demon Blight (I)

"How do I look?" Chen Wentian asked.

He adjusted the collar that was uncomfortably tight around his wide neck and glanced in the mirror.

"Wonderfully unattractive, a face only a mother could love." Zhou Ziyun replied, struggling not to laugh.

He wanted to retort but found it impossible. Even he was slightly repulsed by the image reflecting back at him, one of the Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong.

Her plan required him to once again don the disguise of his alter ego. She knew about it but this was the first he had shown it off to her. The only other disciple who had seen in person was Wu Qianyu.

He ran his fingers through a wild mane of gray hair that stuck up in every direction. A scrubby beard covered half his face but he would have been unrecognizable even without it. His head was much bigger than usual, with fat cheeks, a wide nose, and little black eyes in deep sockets. Even his neck was twice as thick as normal. Every piece of makeup, including the fake skin, felt real to the touch and nobody would be able to tell, not even an immortal. At least, that was the intention.

Zhou Ziyun patted his bulging stomach and adjusted the buttons and belts on his outfit. She was skeptical of it at first but now she was confident. Her master's ability of disguise surprised even her. She

had been prepared to lend a hand after studying the subject but her assistance in this area wasn't needed.

“You have all the copies I've made for you?” She asked.

“Yup, five thousand copies of the Six Meridians Demon Blight sword style. I'm still surprised you managed to come up with this.” He said.

The Six Meridians Demon Blight sword style was something that Zhou Ziyun had developed after careful study of the Nineteen Demon Subduing Palms, Dugu's Tenth Sword, and many other mortal secret arts in Chen Wentian's possession. With her genius comprehension, she was able to extract a tiny bit of the essence of demon slaying from the Nineteen Demon Subduing Palms and combine it with other sword arts into a brand new one.

The Six Meridians Demon Blight sword style was only at the middle level of the Spirit Initiate Realm. In terms of depth and complexity of the Dao of the sword, it was below average. Its sole advantage was that it contained a just hint of demon slaying ability.

The Dao of demon slaying was incredibly complex. For her to obtain even the tiniest amount of comprehension was already a tremendous accomplishment. Chen Wentian himself probably could not have accomplished the same unless he committed at least a year or two to the subject. He was never that good at Dao comprehension and none of his souls were either.

Right now, this mediocre sword art with a small amount of demon slaying power was exactly what he needed, what her plan called for.

“Alright, I'm off. Look forward to good news soon. I'll catch this demon.” He said.

“Mmm.” Zhou Ziyun nodded and stepped away from him.

“What, no goodbye kiss? Not even a hug?”

She scoffed and backed away further, “Not in a million years when you looked like that!”

“Stingy...” He muttered and flew away.

Chen Wentian left Crystal Bamboo City zoomed high into the sky. He remained clad in a heavy cloak of blue flame until he passed the border of Red Bamboo Province and entered the Eastern Wilderness. There, hidden within the clouds, a black shadow emerged and flew alongside him.

Chen Mo morphed into human form. He was clad in Chen Wentian's usual attire and looked exactly like him. Even his darker skin tone was gone, a product of not some new ability but physical makeup that had been prepared beforehand.

Chen Wentian withdrew his blue dragon flames and at the exact same time, Chen Mo surrounded himself with the same blue flames.

“See ya!” Chen Mo said and continued onward.

Chen Wentian then cast the power of shadow around himself and headed in another direction.

The first place Chen Wentian visited was a small mortal sect in the mountains several provinces away. It was currently under attack from an army of jueyuan, the same monkey-like demons that had destroyed Wu Qianyu's Green Leaf Sect. But unlike that time, he wasn't too late to help and he also wanted to help.

This insignificant province did not have an immortal lord. Thus, the whole province was suffering greatly under the recent attacks by crazed demon hordes at the command of the hidden water demon immortal. Every mortal cultivation sect was dealing with the demon problem and nobody had time to help each other. If he didn't come today, then perhaps this sect would have suffered the same terrible fate as Green Leaf Sect.

He quickly descended towards the action, a treasure sword in hand. “Foul demons! Die!”

A vast array of phantasmal swords appeared all around him. With a thought, they shot away in many directions, slicing apart demons at the slightest touch. Like a sword god, he swept over the scene, separating the two sides and bringing a momentary silence to the chaos.

Demons and humans alike were stunned as he instantly brought the battle to an end. For mortals, the power of even a Spirit Lord was unstoppable. In just a few breaths of time, all the souls within his reach were subjugated.

The rear elements of the jueyuan army tried to flee by another array of swords descended from the sky and blocked their escape path.

“Where do you think you're going?” Chen Wentian bellowed, his voice slicing through the air and making all the demons clutch their ears in agony, “Stay still or I will kill you immediately!”

Trapped, the demons had nowhere to go. They snarled and him and howled at the remaining humans but there was nothing else they could do.

Ignoring them, he turned to the frightened human cultivators, “Who among you is the sect master?”

An elderly man in black and white clothing pushed his way through and then fell to his knees, “Lord immortal! I do not know your name but this servant thanks you from the bottom of my heart. I am Liu Jia and this is the Pine Mountain Sect. Thank you for saving us. Thank you for your immortal grace!”

“Thank you, immortal, for your lifesaving grace!”

“Thank you, immortal, for your lifesaving grace!”

All the disciples fell down and bowed over and over.

“Alright, alright, get up. I don't have a lot of time, Liu Jia, come here.” Chen Wentian commanded.

“Yes, my lord,” The old sect master limped over, “May I ask, what is your great name?”

“I am Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong! My reputation in some places isn't good but they are all lies. I have seen how the common people are suffering and yet the Immortal Association does nothing! This is something that I, Lin Huzhong, cannot stomach any longer. I have set out to help all mortals under the heavens from this demon menace and your sect is merely the first one!” Chen Wentian declared.

He was full of righteous energy that stunned his audience into confused silence.