

## F Disciples 411

### Chapter 411.: Playtime is Over

The demoness was the next to act. Since Chen Wentian had shown off his sword art and attacked her first, it was her turn to return the favor. It was a kind of unspoken courtesy, respect between immortals even if they were irreconcilable foes.

Qin Shui'er obliged with a wave of her pale hand, her slender fingers grabbing at the space between them. A surge of ocean-blue spiritual energy flowed out of her and spread to all corners of the room. A soggy breeze swept by followed by a soft mist that blew in from the outside.

The air became heavy, saturated by minuscule droplets of water that would obey her every will.

She was a shuimu, an existence born from water. She was water incarnate. There was nothing with it she couldn't do.

Her fingers twitched ever so slightly, causing visible pearls of water to coalesce and shoot towards Chen Wentian like falling daggers.

Pang!

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Two circular shields made of the toughest steel appeared in his hands. He leaped from his seat and twirled around, swinging the shields to block incoming projectiles. His defense was swift and flawless. Not a drop of water landed on his skin, not even his loose-fitting clothes.

Qin Shui'er pursed her lips and started gesturing with both hands. The water in the air around them formed into a variety of weapons and attacked ferociously. Needles, daggers, axes, spear tips... it was a deadly rainstorm that pelted him from all sides.

"Ha!" Chen Wentian shouted as he became a metallic whirlwind.

He moved with agility and poise, contrary to his oversized body. He blocked everything with his twin shields. When one sustained too much damage, he replaced it with another one from the vast arsenal in his spatial bag. Each shield was at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm and combined with his immortal aura, was more than capable of deflecting the attacks.

He didn't bother pulling out a sword or use any sword art. He wasn't that great with swords to begin with and his current method was much easier.

His defensive maneuvers also didn't have any special martial art behind them. He wasn't a defensive specialist but he could still manage with just spiritual sense and reaction speed.

Qin Shui'er eventually lost interest in the exchange. By the time he switched to the fourth pair of shields, she gave up and retracted her rain of weapons as well as the misty aura.

"I hate you! Are you a swordsman or a turtle bastard? Why do you have so many shields?"

"Of course, I am a swordsman. I am only the best swordmaster in the whole subcontinent." Chen Wentian said, "I have mastered countless sword arts and I have defeated countless experts. Because of this, I became enlightened to a certain truth after a century of traveling the world."

"Oh yeah? What?" She asked.

"That shields are quite useful..."

Bang!

A wooden armrest of Qin Shui'er's chair exploded into a fine dust. She glared at him with fury in her eyes, to which he responded with a smug smile. The two immortals were once again at a stalemate.

Shuimu had natural resistance against physical attacks but their attacks were also limited. This one seemed dangerous at first but after suffering her incessant attacks, Chen Wentian could only say that she was average. A casual beam of moonlight from Jasmine contained much more destructive power.

The Dao of water was different from the Dao of ice. Winter's Snow Dance was powerful and contained devastating attacks. Water, on the other hand, was far more mellow. It was life-giving. It was supportive and had healing properties. Outside of a large body of water like a lake or river, those that practiced secret arts related to water were naturally at a disadvantage. Even a shuimu could not overcome this law of the natural world.

"Don't worry. You're still going to die, just not by my hands." Qin Shui'er finally said after calming down, "If you don't believe me, I invite you to try and leave this room."

Chen Wentian put on a worried face and glanced around the room, examining everything with his spiritual energy once again.

Qin Shui'er smirked, her haughty demeanor returning after a bout of frustration, "Don't bother. You won't find anything. My associate is very good at hiding from humans, just like me."

He had no reason to doubt her claim. It wasn't difficult to deduce that she had backup. She wouldn't be so confident otherwise. He also had backup but he didn't want to reveal that surprise just yet, at least not until he got some answers.

"Don't be so nervous. We all die sooner or later. If you answer this big sister's questions obediently, maybe it will be later for you." She said.

"Big sister? How old are you?" He asked.

"Ill-mannered. If you want to know, then answer my question first!"

"But you already asked me a question." He retorted.

"What?"

"Yeah, you already asked me a question, about my shields. And I gave you an honest answer. Now it's my turn."

"... Fine! I am three hundred and twenty years old." She spat out each word like they would make her physically sick.

This had the effect of making her chest heave up and down, creating a jiggling phenomenon that was more than a little distracting. He studied this fine motion like a diligent pupil seeking to understand the secrets of the world.

He wasn't usually into the act of ogling women but it was difficult not to with her outfit or lack thereof. He also didn't care if she got offended so it was a win-win.

"My turn. Where were you born?" She asked, seemingly oblivious.

"Not anywhere in this subcontinent. Are you a virgin?"

"..." She had a look on her face that told him she really wanted to kill him, "Yes, I am. Who was your master?"

"I have no master. I roamed the lands alone. I studied sword arts alone. And I broke the restraints of mortality alone. Do you have a Dao partner?"

"No... Do you have any disciples?"

"I have not as I have yet to find anyone worthy of my teachings. What do you like to eat?"

"Seafood. Why are you spreading the Six Meridians Demon Bane sword style to mortals for free."

"I wanted to help people of this subcontinent fight back against a demon uprising. Are you a morning lark or a night owl?"

"Morning, I guess. Where did the Six Meridians Demon Bane sword style come from?"

"I participated in a demon war in my youth. The sword style is the sum of my experiences and memories. Where are you from?"

"I can't answer that."

"Do you have any siblings?" He continued.

"Not answering that."

"Where do you see yourself ten years from now?"

"What?"

"Are you interested in marriage?"

"WHAT?"

"What's your ideal number for children?"

"Enough!" Qin Shui'er shouted, "I've had enough! I tried to give you a chance to explain yourself but every word out of your mouth has been a mockery of me. Do you think I'm dumb? Do you think that I'm that easy to play with? Well, playtime is over!"

A huge surge of spiritual energy blasted out of her body in all directions. Like a tsunami, it crashed through the ceiling and the walls, obliterating half the hotel.

Rising from the dusty ruins, she raised her hands into the air and summoned the rain.

#### Chapter 412.: Fight Until Dawn

Heavy rain began to fall. Fat droplets the size of coins pelted Su River City. The water that fell from the sky was not ordinary water. When it impacted roofs, clay and wooden tiles were shattered into pieces. When it hit the side of stone and brick walls, big chunks were ripped out like they were made of tofu.

Chen Wentian also felt pressure from this improved domain attack. He could still repel the rain with his spiritual aura but it required much more effort. As each drop evaporated against his dome of sword energy, it weighed him down greatly. It was more difficult to move around and the force of the domain was constantly pushing him towards the ground, preventing him from escaping.

This was the true strength of a Spirit Lord demon. She was no longer playing around. But he still wasn't interested in fighting her seriously. He held a brand-new shield above his head like an umbrella and gave a mocking gesture with the other hand.

Qin Shui'er let out a shriek in fury. Her eyes glowed blue and a surge of spiritual energy followed. Her skin changed color and her body expanded in size. Turning from pale white to a light blue, she transformed into a watery figure over three meters tall. This was the true form of the shuimu.

“Lin Huzhong! I'll kill you!” She bellowed.

She waved her hand in a circle, gathered a sphere of rainwater the size of a watermelon, and shot it at him.

He dodged deftly with a spurt of sword energy. The ball of water sailed past him in a flash of blue light and crashed in the hotel below, further demolishing it.

Several more destructive balls came for his head but he dodged each one. The power of this kind of attack was impressive but the drawback was that it was too slow. In theory, the heavy rain that was falling was supposed to slow him down enough for the other attack to land. In practice, both moves were a bit lacking.

Something was missing in her moves. It was as if this demoness had managed to reach the Spirit Lord Realm without truly mastering the Dao of water. It was unfortunate for her but suited him just fine.

“You can do better than that!” He shouted over the noise of battle.

“Shut your mouth!”

Water once again gathered in her hands. Instead of a long-range attack, it formed into two identical curved blades at least two meters in length. She then charged at him, whipping a giant water saber at his head.

Clang!

The sharp edge of her blade smashed against the sword that appeared in his hand. The force of her blow forced him back. She certainly had plenty of strength even if her attacks were unrefined.

She attacked again, forcing him to dodge and flee. Qin Shui'er chased him doggedly even though her attacks failed to do any damage. They chased each other, one a human Spirit Lord with a deep understanding of multiple martial arts, the other a demon Spirit Lord who clearly relied on her natural strength and elemental affinity over anything else.

Their battle was an example of why the human race rose to prominence in this world of spiritual energy and cultivation. Humans relied on intellect over physical strength. They were one of the weakest creatures but their understanding of various Daos and martial arts were superior to many beasts and demons.

This dynamic extended to the immortal realms to a certain degree. This was especially the case in the beginner realms where beasts and demons continued to rely on innate physiques and inherited

bloodlines. At the Spirit Lord Realm, immortals were merely at the beginning of truly understanding their Dao and how it connected to the natural laws of the world. A Spirit Lord Realm shuimu's ability to control water could hardly be compared to those at the higher realms whose destructive power could wipe out whole provinces.

“What's wrong, wifey, are you getting tired?” Chen Wentian taunted.

Qin Shui'er slashed her blade at his smug face, “Who's tired, I can still fight!”

“Good! Don't let me down. A good wife should be able to fight all night and until dawn!”

“Who's your wife? Go screw a sack of dirt!”

Their furious battle continued. They swept across Su River City, destroying buildings and walls with wayward water bombs and sword strikes. With each passing breath, hundreds of demonized human puppets that roamed the streets were obliterated.

Chen Wentian still remained on the defensive. He didn't even bother to show off the Six Meridians Demon Blight sword style to test its effectiveness against an immortal demon. It wouldn't do anything because they were once again playing a cat and mouse game. He wanted the demoness to call her backup. He wasn't going to fight seriously until then.

The pair fought for what seemed like forever. She was trying to wear down his spiritual energy stores while he was wearing down her patience. He understood her trick and played along. He pretended to get steadily weaker, letting his sword strikes and movements become sluggish. He became even more defensive and even pretended to try and flee.

“I give up, wifey. I'm leaving.” He said, wiping fake beads of sweat from his brow.

“You're not going anywhere!” Qin Shui'er shouted.



The heavy rain intensified, further weighing him down until he was forced to fly closer and closer to the ground.

An ordinary immortal in his position would have indeed been in a tough spot. Certain beasts and demons had naturally more powerful physiques than humans. Shuimu was one of these and the demoness' endurance was far better than an average human Spirit Lord. But if it really became a test of endurance, there was perhaps no immortal in the world who could match him. He had so many immortal souls to draw strength from, he really could fight until dawn and then some.

Chen Wentian landed on the soggy ground. Mud splattered on his shoes and pants. He looked up at the swirling figure of the water demon and pretended to grimace. The image he projected was one of a cornered swordmaster, weary from a long battle and with no way to escape from the rain domain. If she was going to call for backup, it would be now.

Qin Shui'er looked down at the sad sack of lard below and flashed a vicious smile. It was finally time. He dared to insult her pride. He dared to call her wifey. She was going to make him pay.

She sent off a discreet message with her spiritual energy, calling for her ally to spring the final trap.

Half a breath later, the ground beneath Chen Wentian exploded. A mountain of dirt and rocks rose into the air and obscured him as well as half the city from view.

Chapter 413.: You're Trapped Here With Me

Huge chunks of debris flew in every direction. The ground rippled as if it had been turned to liquid. The whole city shook as the first explosion was followed by a second and then a third. Huge dust clouds covered everything and it was impossible to see anything except for a hulking shadow that stood taller than anything that remained standing in the city.

"RaaaaahhhhHHHH!" A ferocious, demonic howl rent the air.

This was followed by a surge of immortal power that blasted away the blinding dust, revealing what was left of Su River City. Where solid stone and brick buildings used to stand, only rubble remained. What used to be a thriving center for humanity in the province was no more.

Where Chen Wentian had stood a few moments before was the epicenter of the devastation. He was nowhere in sight and in his place stood a massive, misshapen creature. It was over ten meters tall and about half as wide. Its leathery skin was slate gray with stone-like scales the size of dinner plates. It had three thick legs buried into the ground like tree trunks. It had a hunched torso, long arms that almost touch the ground, and a set of six vicious claws in each hand.

The most striking part of the creature was its head. It had a thick mane of red hair, a squashed face like a bulldog, and blood-red eyes that glowed like the flames of the netherworld. Its gaping mouth was drooling as a long flickering tongue licked the multitude of sharp fangs that stuck out in all directions.

"Where is he, did you kill him? I told you not to kill him!" Qin Shui'er said.

She pulled back her rainstorm and studied the now silent city.

"He's not dead." The creature grumbled as if disappointed.

As it said that, a pile of rubble some distance away broke apart and Chen Wentian climbed out. He was covered in dust and bleeding from a head wound but was otherwise fine. He had been prepared for that sneak attack and had managed to defend in time. If he had not borrowed Lin Qingcheng's Golden Serpent Robe, he would have been dragged into the depth of the earth.

"Holy crap, that's an ugly demon!" He exclaimed.

He recognized the creature from its features. It was a wangliang, a demon that lived underground and ate the brains and livers of human corpses. Mortal wangliang often resided in human cemeteries where they would have a steady supply of nourishment. Because of this, they were referred to by common people as graverobber demons.

Unlike Qin Shui'er who was an elemental creature, this one was a true evil demon, a creature born of malevolence and death. It had no other purpose in life except killing and eating humans. Its raw power was substantial and it also had a gift for hiding from humans by burrowing through the ground.

"Wifey, I'm so disappointed," He said to Qin Shui'er, "Out of all the things you could have done, you chose to cheat on me with this thing?"

"You..." Qin Shui'er began to shout but a deafening roar from the wangliang interrupted her.

"You dare insult her honor? You, a human? I am Lord of the Sanmu Mausoleum, White Claw. I will kill you!"

It dug its shovel-like claws into the ground and heaved, sending a chunk of earth the size of a city block flying towards Chen Wentian.

Chen Wentian dodged to the side and drew his sword. This demon was a more suitable opponent. It was big but it was made of flesh and bone. His sword would finally be able to taste blood.

Six Meridians Demon Blight, First Blight, Taiyin Sword!

His sword flashed, sending invisible blades of sword energy towards the oversized demon. His sword that had no effect on the watery shuimu smashed into the lumbering wangliang's thick body. The attack cracked many stony scales and a few were even sliced through completely.

It swiped at him, forcing him to parry. His sword left behind noticeable grooves in the demon's claws with enraged it further. It tried to stomp him to death but he was too fast. He skirted on the edge of ruin and raked its legs with countless attacks. He was like a nimble bee dancing around a fat pig.

Second Blight, Shaoyin Sword!

Third Blight, Jueyin Sword!

Enhanced by the sword aura of Dugu's Tenth Sword and a hint of the mysterious demon slayer attribute, his sword sank into demon flesh over and over. Blood spurted out and bathed the ground in a deep-red hue.

The demon who self-proclaimed as White Claw howled in pain and fury. It slammed the ground with its entire body, creating a shockwave that forced Chen Wentian to abandon any more attacks.

"How can he wound me?" Red Claw bellowed.

"I told you to be careful! He's using his demon slayer sword style!" Qin Shui'er retorted.

"Bah!" White Claw spat, "What demon slayer? Nonsense! He just caught me off guard. He's far stronger than you said. He's already at the seventh stage of spiritual strengthening."

"That's impossible! That can't be right! Unless..." She turned to Chen Wentian, "You! You've been playing me this whole time!"

Chen Wentian grinned and wagged his eyebrows, "Your words, not mine!"

"..."

His confidence and energy were too much for her to ignore. He made her feel as if she was missing something important but that was inconceivable.

She had been sent to this insignificant human territory to investigate the origin of the garbled message that her master had received. She had done her due diligence, treaded each step carefully, and pulled off what should have been a flawless ambush. Not a single immortal in all the provinces had detected her, not even the Spirit Kings. White Claw was also a master of concealment and had resided in this subcontinent's capital for hundreds of years without detection. They had done nothing wrong.

So how could this Lin Huzhong have known about the ambush? It didn't make sense. Was he bluffing?

Qin Shui'er shivered. A primal fear tore through her. It was caused not by reason or deduction but by instinct. The situation was too strange, too dangerous. And in these situations, she always erred on the side of caution.

"White Claw, we're leaving!" She shouted to her ally.

"What, why?" The wangliang argued, "Don't worry about me. We have him trapped. He can't run from both of us!"

"Just listen to me!"

"No! He knows of our existence, he can't be allowed to live!"

"Both of you don't seem to understand." Chen Wentian said, interrupting their spat, "I'm not trapped here with you, you're trapped here with me!"

Chapter 414.: Flee Now

The two demons whirled towards Chen Wentian.

"What?" Qin Shui'er snapped.

"What did you say?" White Claw roared.

He simply smiled mockingly at them, which drew exactly the response he wanted. The wangliang charged at him, wading through solid ground with its three massive legs like it was running through mud. Qin Shui'er stayed behind but powered up multiple water bombs to support her ally, prior thoughts of leaving seemingly abandoned.

An instant later, before the oversized graverobber demon could make it to Chen Wentian, a flash of white light lit up the gloomy battlefield. A blinding ray of lunar might descended from the cloudy sky like a divine lance of destruction.

Sha!

The moonbeam sliced through Qin Shui'er's watery body with barely a sound, leaving behind a gaping hole that took out over half of her upper torso. The attack then blasted into the ground without an explosion, creating a smooth black hole that stretched to unknown depths.

Qin Shui'er stumbled forward, stunned from the attack. The watery surface of her body rippled angrily as she tried in vain to pull herself back together. She couldn't fathom how she was wounded to this extent. Her spiritual sea became a mess as a foreign and profound spiritual energy spread from the point of contact and wreaked havoc through her.

“Shui'er!” The wangliang shouted in alarm.

She jerked her head up in time to see another ray of white-hot spiritual energy descend from the heavens. She dodged to the side but it was still too late to escape. One of her legs was blasted off at the thigh.

“Ahh!” She let out a cry and crumbled to the ground.

She clutched the stump of the missing leg which refused to reform. The water around her refused to obey her will. Her spiritual sea was in turmoil and it was as if she couldn't summon a single strand of spiritual energy.

Then a third beam of destruction appeared and she was overwhelmed by a feeling of complete helplessness. She stared blankly up at the cloudy sky that was illuminated by a flash of light that sought to end her life.

Just as she closed her eyes to accept her fate, a massive shadow covered her.

“Earth!” White Claw bellowed, covering her with his body.

Pa!

Moonlight struck the wangliang. It bored through harden scales, tough hide, and thick muscles before eventually dissipating. What was leftover was a bloody crater on its misshapen back.

The demon momentarily howled in pain before gnashing its teeth in defiance. It summoned tons of dirt and rocks to cover its body as additional protection, turning itself into a small hill.

After the third moonbeam disappeared, Jasmine descended from the sky. She had been hiding in the dark sky, aided by Chen Mo's shadow powers, waiting for the right time to strike. She was in her fox form for obvious reasons. They couldn't let the demons see her human appearance or else Ten Thousand Flower Valley would be implicated. Revealing her existence as a divine beast was a risk but it was an acceptable one as long as Lin Huzhong had no relation to Chen Wentian.

Jasmine quickly arrived by his side, her three fluffy white tails waving about playfully. Although she didn't manage to kill the shuimu outright, she was pleased about wounding both demons severely.

"Your power improved." Chen Wentian commented. "Though... your aim is a bit lacking."

Receiving criticism instead of praise for her hard work annoyed her greatly.

"Noisy! Do you want to experience just how good my aim can be?" Jasmine snapped.

He bit back a retort.

He obviously didn't want to experience her moonbeams. After steadily cultivating the Legacy of Moonlight for many months, her power had shot up to fearsome new heights. She was now at the 7th stage of spiritual strengthening, the same as him. If they fought again for real, it was uncertain if he could beat her. Perhaps he would have to kowtow and recognize her as the grand sect master!

The shuimu being so useless in a real fight could also be because of a similar reason. Powerful demon races, like divine beasts, had unique Daos developed over countless generations to be perfectly suitable for their natural physique or elemental affinity. If the demoness was lacking her particular legacy, then it would explain her flimsy performance.

“Alright, let's finish the job.” Chen Wentian said and brandished his sword. He had no time to ponder about the misfortunes of his enemy.

“We can't let them get away.”

“Way ahead of you!”

Jasmine flew above the diminishing pile of dirt that was the wangliang. It was trying to flee underground but its body was too big for it to make a quick escape.

She opened her mouth and launched another beam of lunar energy. Three orbs of moonlight also collected at the tip of each tail and added to her destructive power.

Chen Wentian began his own attack, shooting beams of sword energy into the demon. Dugu's Tenth Sword mixed together with the Six Meridians Demon Blight sword style as he peppered its massive body with fresh holes.

The wangliang had peerless physical strength and tremendous defense. It was also at the upper stages of spiritual strengthening. Despite this, it could not hope to survive this combined assault, not when it was protecting someone.

Its digging speed slowed to a halt as the wounds piled up. The attacks continued to rain down, slicing through many meters of earth. The only thing it could do was focus everything on defense in hopes of buying a little bit more time before the inevitable.

“How can it be a nine-tailed moonlight fox... in this subcontinent...” It mumbled, “How can a human befriend a divine beast? Who in the nine springs of hells is this Lin Huzhong?”

“Senior Brother...” Qin Shui'er stirred.

Her strength had somewhat returned and she was able to reform her body. She supported herself against one of his legs and sensed the carnage taking place on the other side.



"I'm sorry. This was all my fault. I dragged you into this. I'm sorry..." She said, her voice trembling.

"Kah!" The wangliang spat out a mouthful of blood.

It was past the point of no return. It knew that it couldn't on much longer.

"Shui'er, you must flee now. Tell master... Aah! Tell master, I couldn't protect you and complete the mission. I deserve death." It gritted through the pain.

"Senior Brother White Claw..."

"Go now!"

The wangliang lifted a single leg, revealing a small tunnel that it had been digging with its spiritual energy all this time.

"I won't forget you." Qin Shui'er said in a harsh whisper, "I will avenge you. I will hunt Lin Huzhong and this nine-tailed fox to the ends of the world if that's what it takes! Senior brother, I promise!"

"Good, go now!"

"Senior brother..." She forced back a sob as tears flowed uncontrollably.

"Go..."

She cast one last look at her senior brother before she flew into the escape tunnel which then collapsed behind her.

She swore silently. She would never forget tonight. She would never forget the failure, pain, and humiliation. She would never forget her senior brother's sacrifice.

The tunnel took her to the Su River that was next to the ruined city. Her body melted into water and the current carried her away to safety.

“Lin Huzhong, I'll kill you. Wash your fat neck and wait!”

Chapter 415.: Flee North

“It finally died,” Jasmine muttered.

The massive body of the wangliang no longer stirred or offered any resistance. It remained half-submerged in the ground, still protecting the other demon even in death.

“Did that other one escape?” She looked around and then tried to lift the dead body.

It was way too heavy. She could barely make it budge half a step.

“Hey, watch it!” Chen Wentian complained as he dug out the demon's head.

He summoned the power of the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art to collect the dying soul. He briefly considered taking the risk to meld the soul with his own. The benefit was that he would be able to learn all of its secrets, including its relationship to Qin Shui'er.

But success wasn't guaranteed so he gave up on the idea. It was an unnecessary risk, one that he wasn't dumb enough to take. His blue dragon soul could suppress beast souls but not demon souls or human souls. It would be up to his primary soul to battle the demon soul until a winner emerged.

Melding the soul also wouldn't improve his cultivation by much. He needed to get stronger as quickly as possible. Jasmine's performance during the battle gave him a great sense of pressure. She did at least

two-thirds of the damage to that wangliang. She was already at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm. She would soon become a Spirit King and he had to keep up.

“Are you done?” Jasmine asked impatiently even though his Dao only took a few seconds.

“I’m done.” Chen Wentian replied.

“That water demon probably escaped.” She pointed her snout at the river, “Should we try to find it?”

“No point. This turtle withstood our attacks for way too long. She’s long gone.”

“Well, if you had actually tried harder!”

She slashed at the demon's rocky hide and peppered a few more holes into it to vent her frustration. She had wanted to kill both demons. Now there was still one loose end that could come back to bite them.

“Can we sell the corpse? It’s probably worth something to someone?” She asked.

“I don't have a spatial bag big enough. If you are determined to take it with you, I'm not going to help.”

“Stingy!”

“Whatever, we should leave now, before unwanted guests show up.”

Jasmine nodded and together, they flew away toward the north.

They didn't expect any immortals to arrive for several days but they still had to make a run for it. Jasmine had used too much of her moonlight powers. There would be enough residual spiritual energy for a casual immortal to deduce that this was the result of a rare beast.

Perhaps they would be able to tell that it was a nine-tailed moonlight fox. Perhaps they wouldn't. But people would definitely come to look for her as a rare beast was irresistible to human immortals for many reasons. It might even attract Spirit Kings.

This was why they were retreating north, into the Northern Wasteland. The wasteland was a vast, dangerous region. It was almost as big as the subcontinent and it would take an average Spirit Lord a month to fly to the Martial Brilliance Continent on the other side.

They weren't planning on going that far, only far enough to cover their trail. It was relatively safe for immortals in areas that bordered the subcontinent but anything could happen if they strayed too deep. There could be hidden immortal beasts, slumbering demons, Spirit Kings, perhaps even a Spirit Emperor, or better yet, a divine beast...

Chen Wentian and Jasmine flew directly north through the morning. Around noon, they turned around and traced the same path backward. They stopped above a dense, primordial forest and descended to the ground to travel by foot. This way, they wouldn't leave behind a trail of spiritual energy in the air.

He carried her in his arms so as to not leave behind any paw prints and ran eastward as best as his fat figure could manage. She mostly slept but woke up occasionally to provide unhelpful commentary.

“Are we there yet?”

“I'm hungry. Can we stop for food?”

“I have to go pee!”

If she wasn't so cute and lovable, he would have tied her mouth shut...

At some point, she gave up on her fox form and returned to human form. He didn't have the heart to make her walk and continued to carry her.

“Hey, is there anything interesting around here?” Jasmine asked randomly.

“What do you mean?”

“I don't know. Don't you have pretty good luck? Maybe there is a hidden oasis with a long-lost treasure. What about a tomb? Oh! Maybe a dragon! How cool would that be?”

He shook his head, “Interesting things are rare and this place is called a wasteland for a reason. I'm not that lucky. I don't run into random shenanigans every time I go through a brand-new region.”

She snorted, “Boring. By the way, when you were first fighting the water demon, why were you calling her wifey this and wifey that. Are you developing strange tastes in women? Am I not enough for you anymore? Are demons on the menu now?”

She stared up at him with an accusing expression.

“What? No! I was just playing the character of the disguise!”

“Uh-huh...” She replied, not believing him.

“Really!” He protested, “Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong is a lawless bandit that never cares about rules or propriety. He does whatever he wants, whenever he wants. This includes harassing beautiful women and when the opportunity arises, sexy demons.”

“So that means you did it with those five sluts in your room?”

“You know I didn't. You knew exactly what was happening at every moment.”

“Uh-huh... maybe you had Momo lie to me.”

“I won't. I'm not a scoundrel.”

“Yes, you are!”

Chen Wentian stared down at her smug little face and a devious idea popped to the forefront. Since she insisted that he was a scoundrel, he might as well act the part.

She was still in his arms, her small body pressed against him. He was holding her torso up with one arm while the other was carrying her legs. She was only wearing a thin gown with no underwear and this gave him an opportunity.

He subtly drew out a bit of spiritual energy to support her legs. With his right hand now free, he burrowed past the hem of her dress and rubbed her thigh. His mischievous hand slid across her smooth skin and landed on her perky butt. He gave her a squeeze, then another. She felt amazing in his palm, bouncy and soft.

Her mouth turned into a frown but she didn't say anything. Her eyes were closed and it seemed like she was trying to sleep.

Seeing no resistance, he went for the prize.

His hand moved in between her thighs and his fingers grazed the tender folds of her hairless pussy. But before he could tease her clit or explore her moist depths, her eyes snapped open.

“Asshole!” Jasmine yelped and slapped his chest. “What are you doing?”

“Nothing I haven't done before.”

“Yeah, but not when you look like that!” She waved her hand in front of his face for emphasis.

“Little lass,” Chen Wentian replied with a smirk, “You're the one who willingly jumped in my arms. Now you are complaining? Or maybe you are a little nervous? Don't worry, I won't mistreat you. I, Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong, never mistreat any of my women.”

“...” She gaped at him.

“Surprised? Don't be, although my reputation may not be the most rosy, they are all lies spread by my enemies. I am the utmost gentleman. Beauty, I promise, you are the queen of my heart, the fire of my loins. My love for you will stay keen forever like the edge of my sword!”

“Stop! Stop! I can't take it anymore!” She cried out and tried to escape his clutches, “Let go of me! You're not allowed to touch me in this disgusting disguise ever again!”

Chapter 416.: To be a Spirit King

Chen Wentian and Jasmine ran for three days and three nights before stopping to rest. They crossed through whole forests, several mountain ranges, and countless rivers. He could have kept going but she finally revolted.

“I'm done! I'm about to starve to death!” She exclaimed, refusing to take another step up the latest mountain pass, “You promised me a feast and I want it now!”

The sun was setting and the incessant wind gusts at this elevation were like razor-sharp needles. Even for a pair of Spirit Lords, it was a difficult hike.

“Alright, alright, fine! But we're already above the tree line. We'll have to go back down and find somewhere secluded.” He said.

“Don't be dumb. Watch this!”

She transformed into her fox form and began to dig into the side of the mountain. Her natural-born talent for digging was equally as fearsome as her combat power. Her paws, clad in moonlight energy,

annihilated soil and stone at a mere touch. In a few short breaths, she managed to create a sizable hole that was large enough to fit him.

“Are you part groundhog or maybe mole? You're pretty good at this.” He asked as he followed behind her.

She kicked a pile of dirt in his face, “Shut up, all foxes dig fox dens and this is a fox den.”

He laughed. The Legacy of Moonlight was quite handy at digging holes, perhaps rivaling that of his Giant Mole Worm. He didn't say it out loud but perhaps this was what her divine Dao had been originally developed for!

After the bedchamber of the fox den was finished, Jasmine produced a fluffy bed from her spatial bag and curled up to take a nap. Chen Wentian was in charge of making dinner which he gladly obliged.

As he started a fire and prepared the ingredients, he wondered if something was bothering her. She shouldn't have been so tired since he had been carrying her most of the day. She also usually didn't sleep during mealtime as she liked to watch him cook and smell the aromas. Even the spicy and sweet fragrances of roasting meat couldn't make her stir.

On the menu was a Jade Boar, a beast at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm. Its meat was tender and succulent, with color like mutton fat jade. She loved to eat beast meat and he had bought it especially for her from the Beast God Sanctum. His spy, He Xingping, was still the Executive Elder in charge of hunting wild beasts. This allowed him to buy the best quality meat whenever they showed up on the open market.

Chen Wentian woke Jasmine with a tap on the shoulder when the roast was done.

“Mmm...” She groaned and opened one eye.

She caught sight of the glazed roast pig and squealed. She licked his face joyfully and transformed back into her human form.



“Waaa! So huge! It smells amazing!” She gushed.

She circled the mountain of meat that was as tall as her. She chose the rib section and dug in. She ripped meat from the bone and inhaled entire mouthfuls. Her hands moved at alarming speed to shovel more into her mouth whenever there was space. Whole sections of the Jade Boar disappeared into her tiny stomach as if it was a bottomless pit.

He wisely chose not to compete with her. He nibbled on the bits and pieces she ignored while watching her eat. Her joy was contagious and he couldn't stop smiling. Her messy table manners didn't matter to him. She was adorable even if her face was covered in grease and her mouth was stuffed full.

“Hey, Jasmine.”

“Hmm?”

“I noticed that you've been sleeping a lot the last few days, far more than normal. Are you feeling alright?”

She pulled her face out of a section of rump meat and pondered the issue, “I don't know. Maybe that battle took a lot more out of me than I realized. I feel fine but I'll ask mother about it when we get back.”

She shrugged and returned to her meal.

Chen Wentian accepted her answer and let her be. He didn't understand divine beasts. He didn't even fully understand the blue dragon soul within him as its memory was still spotty. Divine beasts were legendary existences. Finding her was one of the luckiest things that could have ever happened. He had no other desire than to see her happy. He was her mate and she was his. He would do anything, including helping her get revenge.

Their battle against the Beast God Sanctum was inevitable. She would be a Spirit King then and he had to reach that realm as well. Jasmine's mother assured them that Jasmine would be able to reach the Spirit King Realm in a year. He didn't truly believe it then but now he didn't know what to think. Jasmine had indeed gone from the first stage of spiritual strengthening to the seventh stage in less than six months. All she did was eat and sleep while he had to utilize all of his power to slay a Spirit King.

He had to keep up. He had to stay by her side. He had to reach the Spirit King Realm as quickly as possible. The soul of the Spirit Lord wangliang demon would help him along but he needed much more. He didn't know the exact number. Going from the Spirit Lord Realm to Spirit King Realm was more akin to going from the Body Refinement Realm to the Mind Focusing Realm than crossing the gap between the mortal and immortal realms.

With the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art, it had taken him ten or so souls at the peak of the Body Refinement Realm to reach the Mind Focusing Realm. For the Spirit Initiate Realm, he needed a similar number of souls at the peak of the Mind Focusing Realm. As for the immortal barrier, it had taken a bloodbath, over a thousand souls at various levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm as well as a few dead Spirit Lord souls that he melded with his own soul.

Chen Wentian shook his head and put down his plate of food. As the memories of the past came back, whatever appetite he had disappeared. Those were dark days with battles one after another and endless deaths.

He didn't seek to kill but he had no other choice. This was his cultivation path, his Dao.

For all of the souls except a select few, he did not meld them with himself. He simply dissolved their souls to improve his own cultivation. He wiped those souls from existence, ripped them out of the cycle of Samara. The number was over a thousand at the moment but it would only grow as he continued down this path. He would keep taking souls, destroying them, and going against the laws of the heavens.

His Dao was one that defied reality and he didn't know what its limit was. He only hoped that he didn't have to kill a thousand Spirit Lords to reach the Spirit King Realm. Because if that was the case, he wouldn't be able to catch Jasmine even if he wiped out every Spirit Lord in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent.

Chapter 417.: Tasty

“Chen Wentian, what's wrong with you? You didn't eat anything,” Jasmine said.

She finished her battle with the roasted Jade Boar and sat down beside him. There were only a few scraps left and a pile of bones that had been scraped clean. She let out a sigh of satisfaction and laid her head down on his lap.

“I ate plenty. Did you like it?” He asked.

“Mmhm. It was excellent. Beast meat simply tastes different when it's roasted with blue dragon flames!”

“I'm surprised you ate it all, I thought you would be full by halfway.”

“Me too! But it seems that my stomach has grown bigger!”

Chen Wentian didn't think that was possible but he checked to make sure. He reached down and rubbed her stomach through the thin, silky fabric of her dress. There was indeed a small bump there as a result of her gluttony but its size was incomparable to the amount she had actually eaten.

“Huh, where did it all go? Don't tell me your stomach is a spatial void?”

“Hehehe, stop! If you keep rubbing, I'm going to throw up!”

“Then where am I supposed to rub?”

She stuck out her tongue.

He responded by dragging his hand upward. She shivered as his fingers grazed her tender bud. He cupped her breast, or where it should have been if she had any. Although her cultivation was improving, this aspect of hers was seriously lagging.

He pinched a nipple gently which elicited a moan. He pinched the other which drew a louder moan. He wondered if they would grow if he paid more attention to them.

“Pervert. I knew you had wicked motives... Oh... for making such a delicious meal.”

She voiced her complaints loudly but her actions spoke the truth. She didn't flee and instead burrowed herself deeper in his embrace.

“Don't you know?” Chen Wentian whispered, nuzzling his nose against her soft fluffy ears, “When a man makes dinner for his woman, he always expects favors in return.”

“What? Is that some kind of rule?”

“Yup, in fact, it's a fundamental law of the heavens.”

Her ears perked up and she giggled. There was a surge of spiritual energy from her which carried them to the bed. He fell first and she landed on top of him, her hips straddling his.

“Well then, hubby... what kind of favor did you have in mind?”

Her attempt at a sexy voice didn't quite hit the mark but it didn't matter. His desires were surging like great waves. His little dragon was ready for an arduous battle.

Jasmine usually wasn't very cooperative in bed but tonight felt different. She was mellow and gentle, behaving like a loving wife should to her husband. Perhaps it was the full stomach and satiated appetite.

So, he decided to push his luck.

He cleared his throat and grinned widely, “Fair wife, since you offered... Could you use your mouth?”

Jasmine's happy face turned into a frown. She pursed her lips and eyed him with suspicion.

They had never done that before. She knew the concept since she often overheard the other disciples talk about it. It didn't seem something she would be interested in. What if she did it wrong?

"Are you backing down from your promise?" He asked.

"I'm not..."

"Please? It's not going to harm you. I've licked you down there before, it's the same thing. Don't worry, it's easy!"

"Alright, fine."

At her assent, Chen Wentian undressed as fast as a Spirit Lord possibly could. He then laid down before her, leg's spread wide to give her easy access. His little dragon roared to life, proudly displaying itself before her, twitching energetically and producing a single clear dewdrop that glistened under the firelight.

Jasmine studied him for a moment before leaning down for a closer look. She sniffed his balls and then his quivering shaft. She went as close as possible without touching him. Her breath caused him to twitch unconsciously, expelling another pearl of fiery arousal.

A sweet aroma hit Jasmine's nose. She had never smelled anything like that before. Her eyes focused on the pearly droplets gliding slowly down his shaft. Driven by pure instinct, her tiny tongue darted out and tasted him. Amazing.

She was entranced.

Seeing the second pearl at the tip of his cock, she moved up to wrap her lips around him. Her tongue swirled around and then prodded the tiny hole at the tip, desperate for more.

“Ohh... yesss...” Chen Wentian groaned.

Her mouth was hot, small, inexperienced, curious. It was bliss. It was worth everything he had done for her and much more.

His cock twitched again. A third drop of honey touched her lips.

She sucked greedily, reveling in the strange yet addicting flavor. She wanted more and yet there was none. Greedily, she gripped his length with both hands, trying to squeeze another drop out. This eventually turned into a steady rhythm as she stroked up and down, coaxing his cock to produce more nectar. At the same time, she kept her lips firmly planted on the tip like it was a lollipop, licking, kissing, sucking...

Chen Wentian had no idea what she was thinking about and he didn't care. She was a natural and he was quickly being overwhelmed. The scene of her small frame draped over him was exhilarating. Her mouth, her hands, the stimulation was simply too much.

“Ahhh...”

She didn't have the forceful determination of Zhou Ziyun. She didn't have a playful shyness like Su Xue or Su Yue. The way she treated his cock was reverent, nothing short of worship.

“Fuck...”

All the sensations raging through his body mixed together in a fiery pit of pleasure. An eternity passed in an instant. An instant lasted for a lifetime. The inferno within him begged for release. He couldn't last any longer, not with her.

He wanted to come. He wanted to come in her mouth, to give her his most precious seed!

And that mere thought was enough.

“I'm coming... Ughh...” He groaned.

The pool of molten desire with him exploded, showering every nerve with blinding pleasure. His balls squeezed together. All of his muscles constricted at the same time. His hips trembled as he spurted into her mouth, one hot strand after another.

The first gush took Jasmine by surprise. It splashed across her tongue and overwhelmed her with its heat and power. And the flavor, the flavor was something else entirely. It was what she had been desperately seeking from the sweet dew drops, only it was amplified by a hundred times, a thousand times.

If a drop was alluring, a mouthful was intoxicating.

A second spurt filled her mouth completely. Not wanting to lose a drop, she swallowed quickly, only for her small mouth to be filled again. Her stomach began to heat up like a furnace. Her knees went weak and her pussy dripped with desire. She couldn't get enough so she swallowed again and again.

Her mouth remained on his cock until she had wrung him dry. At the final mouthful, she pulled back and savored it for a long time, memorizing every detail from the taste and texture to the smell. To her, it was a divine essence, straight from the source, her blue dragon, her mate. It was the most delicious thing in the world!

Ears wagging joyfully, with an expression of pure satisfaction, she finally swallowed.

“Mmmmm. Tasty!”

Chapter 418.: A New Adventure

Jasmine was a fox possessed that night. Having tasted something splendid, she wanted more and wouldn't take no for an answer. Chen Wentian was at her whim, willingly or unwillingly. She didn't stop until she wrung him dry. It was an amazing, pleasure-filled night but a woeful defeat as well.

When she told him about the special flavor of his 'stuff', he had no idea what to make of it. The other disciples certainly had never noticed anything out of ordinary. Perhaps she could taste things they couldn't. Perhaps it had to do with his source of fire and how it granted him all the aspects of a blue dragon.

The source of fire he absorbed wasn't something he completely understood. It transformed his body into something that was no longer totally human. He wasn't a blue dragon either but a combination of the two. The blue dragon soul knew nothing about it. Research into the subject in human libraries produced nothing useful. All he could tell was that it had no particular drawbacks.

Jasmine had no interest in his academic musings. All she wanted was him. She forced him to give it to her every night until he was spent. She was so demanding that it slowed their progress by half and they barely managed to traverse the Northern Wasteland and return to the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent in time.

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"You're late." Zhou Ziyun's stern voice greeted Chen Wentian as he returned to Ten Thousand Flower Valley. "Any later and they would have left without you."

He was indeed very late. It was already time for Long Yifei to head to the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen. He barely had time to clean himself and gather his belongings for the trip.

"I've prepared everything. It's all in here." She said and she swapped the contents of her spatial bag with his.

"Thanks, let's go!"

He grabbed her and flew to Dragon River Town just outside of the sect's borders. The town was the same as before except for a new construction in the middle of the town square. It sported a circular platform and six rune-covered pillars arranged in a hexagon formation. It was a brand-new teleportation array.



It wasn't a permanent installation but a temporary one set up by the order. It was a more complicated design that was exclusive to superpowers of the Martial Brilliance Continent. It could be moved at will and it was capable of much longer distances than common arrays. Its advantages were obvious and it made him envious.

He descended towards the array and the crowd that was gathered around it. They were separated into two distinct groups, one wearing an assortment of colorful dresses and the other in pure white.

“Master!”

“Master!”

All of his disciples were gathered for the sendoff. This was only fitting as they were sending off a sister to an unknown land. Even Wu Qianyu was back from her solo journey.

Lin Qingcheng was in front, wearing her customary summer yellow. By her side was Long Yifei, clad in the stunning white uniform of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen. Behind them were Wu Qianyu, the ice sisters, and Bei Yingluo.

He let go of Zhou Ziyun who quickly took her place among his disciples. He then turned to the guests from afar.

Leading the pack was a blindingly beautiful woman whose age was indeterminable. She looked twenty and forty at the same time. She could have also been fifty, who knew. She exuded a mix of youthful energy and mature wisdom. If he had to give her a score, it would be on par with Jasmine or Long Yifei, perhaps even a little bit higher. It was really inconceivable.

Chen Wentian walked up a few steps and bowed slightly to show his respects, “Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian greets Abbotess of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen, Immortal Dawn Euphony Li Shishi. I apologize for my tardiness and offer you a belated welcome to Ten Thousand Flower Valley.”

Behind her was a gaggle of Spirit Lords, of which the only one he recognized.

“Greetings, Immortal Glass Melody Gui Li. Greetings prioresses.” He finished lamely.

Li Shishi observed him lightly before nodding with a slight smile, “Good to see you again, young man. I enjoyed your tricks at the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. I hope you will continue to impress on a much greater stage.”

She was one of the two Spirit Kings that had come to chase away Abbess Liang of the Sororal Order of Endless Love. Her impression of him had always been good unlike some of her peers.

“I will certainly try my best to support Long Yifei.” He replied.

“Mmm. By the way, Xiao Li told me about an Immortal Royal Moon that is a member of your sect.” She said, “Is she coming today?”

Chen Wentain suppressed a frown. Thankfully, he had stashed Jasmine somewhere safe. These women from the order were truly relentless.

“Immortal Royal Moon Jasmine has not returned yet. She is away on an important mission.” He replied.

“Oh well,” Li Shishi said and turned to one of the Spirit Lords behind her, “We should head off. We have already made our introductions to Long Yifei and she has already said her goodbyes to her fellow disciples. Are you ready, young man?”

He highly disliked the way she called him that as if he wasn't a grown man or something. He turned away from her to hide his displeasure and walked over to Long Yifei.

“Fei'er, it's time to go.” He extended a hand and she took it, “You're smiling, are you excited?”

Long Yifei nodded, her sweet smile becoming even wider. She had apprehensions about the Virtuous Order at first but none now. She had already begun her studies of their secret arts. Learning was so smooth and effortless, the opposite of the effort required with the Eternal Winter Sutra of Glacier Palace. It felt like everything was tailor-made for her. It felt right.

She couldn't wait to formally start her studies. She couldn't wait to dive in headfirst. For someone who desired power and felt helpless without it, she couldn't wait to seek the immortal Dao of the Virtuous Order.

She thanked Chen Wentian in her heart for giving her this opportunity but a part of her was also proud of herself. She always knew she was different, that she was special. Now, the path was laid before her. She wanted to show the world just how special she was!

“Sisters, fellow sisters, I'm leaving now.” She addressed the others, “I will miss each one of you but our parting will not be forever. Rest assured, Ten Thousand Flower Valley will be my home, and master will be my one and only. Wait for me to return. I'll show you all my progress!”

“Sister Long! Work hard!” Lin Qingcheng shouted.

“Sister Long, we'll miss you!” The twins cried together.

“Sister Long, stay strong!”

“Master, take care of her!”

“If anyone bullies you, tell master to beat them up!”

As their farewells ended, the teleportation array activated. Spiritual energy surged, followed by flashes of blinding light as a stable portal formed.

The Spirit Lords of the order went first. They filed in silently until only Gui Li was left. The subcontinent was her home and her position so she would remain.

She stepped to the side and Li Shishi went next.

“Come.” The abbottess said as she disappeared.

Chen Wentian led Long Yifei and walked into the bubble of void energy. With one last wave, they went in and were transported across countless provinces, whole wastelands, towards a new continent and a new adventure.

#### Chapter 419.: Side Story: Jade Tusk Spear

Chen Wentian and Long Yifei left for the Martial Brilliance Continent. It only took a few days for a gloomy fog to fall upon Ten Thousand Flower Valley and all the remaining disciples. There was no immediate danger. It was merely the fact that their master would not be back for some time.

Exactly how long he had to stay with Long Yifei was unclear but it would be at least two months out of the eight-month school year. He couldn't stay the whole time, unlike many other acolytes. It was a problem that didn't have a good solution as he couldn't just abandon Ten Thousand Flower Valley for one disciple.

This difficult situation was not lost on the other disciples. They felt bad for Long Yifei but at the same time, they were unwilling to lose their master to her alone.

Bei Yingluo was particularly affected by this melancholy atmosphere that took over the sect. Her status was the lowest. Her cultivation was the lowest. And she usually ended as the odd one out.

The first three disciples were a tight-knit bunch, with many shared experiences and history together. Although Wu Qianyu didn't mind being alone, Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun pulled her into their training sessions, unwilling to fall too far behind.

The ice sisters were an even more impervious group. They were true sisters in everything except blood. They ate together, trained together, bathed together, and even slept together. Trying to befriend them was an even more awkward affair for Bei Yingluo.

This left Jasmine but she was completely unapproachable. She was an immortal and did her own thing. She had a pack of giant dire wolves and a skulk of foxes to keep her company. Since Chen Wentian left, she had also not shown her face anywhere. The only clue to her presence was the constant flow of food to her burrow, the Moonlit Sanctum.

Bei Yingluo sighed and sat down on the bench beneath the shade. The heat of the midday sun was unbearable after many hours of morning practice. She was the only one at the training field, except for a few servants. A pile of dull spears lay next to several shattered combat dummies. The main sect building peeped over a small hill while a small grove of ancient trees hid from her view the vast tracts of farmland where hundreds of female workers tended to the sect's cash crops.

She leaned back in her chair after taking a swig of iced tea. One servant immediately started fanning her while another offered a chilled towel. The benefits provided to her as a disciple of the immortal were certainly immense. Even though she felt a little lonely, she didn't forget to appreciate her fortunate position.

“Sis! Sis!” A sweet voice interrupted her musings and she sat up.

Her younger sister, Bei Mingyu popped out from behind a nearby building and rushed over. She was a fast-growing girl of thirteen. The dusty-brown uniform of the Bei Clan hung loosely from her undeveloped frame. With an improved diet and steady training in martial arts, she was already quite tall, barely half a head shorter than Bei Yingluo.

“What are you doing here? Did you sneak in?”

Bei Mingyu usually wasn't allowed within the inner sect area where Bei Yingluo was. Branch sect members had a much lower status. Only direct disciples and servants were allowed here.

“Don't worry, nobody saw me! Mingyu is not a little girl anymore!” Bei Mingyu said while swiping a cup of iced tea.

“Did you do your morning exercises?” Bei Yingluo asked sternly.

Her sister waved her hand dismissively, “Yeah... but it was sooooo boring!”

Bei Yingluo shook her head and launched into a lecture. Although her sister was too young to begin cultivating, developing a good foundation through martial arts and physical exercise was important. When she hit puberty, she would be able to begin cultivation and her progress in the Body Refinement Realm would be much faster than someone with a weak physique who had never broken a sweat in their entire life.

“I know, I know! Sis, please!” Bei Mingyu whined, “I was practicing but I couldn't stand it in the manor anymore. You know how it's been lately, so many strange men coming and going. I swear I don't know what the aunties are thinking. And mother, she...”

She trailed off and looked away with a disgusted expression.

“What did mother do?” Bei Yingluo asked.

“She... she went and brought a man into her room.”

Bei Yingluo sucked in a sharp breath. This wasn't something she had expected, at least not so soon.

Their aunts had all been collecting suitors left and right in order to expand the clan's numbers. There were marriages scheduled almost every week. They were trying to wash away the horrors they had suffered with a flood of offspring.

And now, their mother had finally jumped into the fray.

“She...” She began and trailed off, not knowing what to say.

The two sisters fell into silence and ruminated on the situation over cold drinks. It was not difficult to see why their mother would change her mind and follow their aunts. Bei Rongyin was still young enough to have children. She had physically recovered from the ordeal with the monkey beasts and had even managed to improve her cultivation by a level.

There was no reason for a woman in good health to not seek another husband and have more children. And since the Bei Clan was always matriarchal, the clan placed no emphasis on the men they married

acting as father figures. In fact, Bei Yingluo and Bei Mingyu were half-sisters with different fathers, men they had never met and would probably never ever meet.

Bei Yingluo sighed in defeat, "I suppose there's nothing bad about having a little brother or sister."

"I guess not." Bei Mingyu said.

"So, when are you going to start bringing boys into your room? Am I going to be an aunt soon?" Bei Yingluo teased.

"No way! I don't want them!" Her sister protested, "I've already decided, I'm going to be the Lord Immortal's disciple!"

Bei Yingluo spat out a mouthful of tea.

"I'm serious! Why would I want to marry a bunch of useless men when he is right here in front of me?"

"Sure, sure. Then you can't slack off on your martial arts. Master is extremely picky!"

"I won't!"

The two sisters continued arguing and teasing each other. When lunch was served, they shared it together. And afterward, they sparred with each other in the training field. Since Chen Wentian, Jasmine, and Chen Mo were all nowhere to be found, there was nobody around to care about some small rules being broken.

They were undisturbed until mid-afternoon when a loud woof made them jump. A giant dire wolf padded into view with a wronged expression on its black-furred face. Each step was heavy and it was panting loudly from exertion.

The culprit seemed to be a large spear that was tied to its back. It was slightly longer than two meters and made of shiny white metal. The shaft was covered in intricate carvings. The blade was leaf-shaped and started with a broad base that tapered to a deadly tip.

It seemed heavy. It looked powerful. An immeasurable aura radiated from the weapon as if they were in the presence of a massive being the size of a mountain.

“Da Hei!” Bei Yingluo said as she walked up carefully.

The giant dire wolf, which stood as tall as her, nodded as if in understanding. It then reached around with its snout and undid the ropes keeping the spear in place.

“For me?”

The wolf nodded.

Bei Yingluo reached up and grabbed the spear shaft. It felt impossible heavy but then there was a pulse of energy. After it passed, the spear weighed no more than an ordinary one and she was able to wield it easily.

There was also a short note attached which she read aloud, “Yingluo, Master won't be back for a while. There are also too many pairs of eyes observing the sect at the moment so I cannot be by your side using other means. Take this spear as recompense. I had Jasmine pick it up before she returned. I've always promised an immortal item for you and I finally managed to make one for you. It is called the Jade Tusk Spear.

“It is made from jadeite steel which contains the power of the earth. It contains the immortal soul of a Jade Tusk Elephant which can protect you in times of need. These aspects allow the spear to change its weight according to your will. This means that it will remain a suitable weapon even when your unique power triggers. I hope to see your Bei Family Spear reach new heights!”

Bei Yingluo put away the note and held the spear with trembling hands. Tears welling in her eyes but she fought them back. She was overcome with happiness.



“Sis, what's wrong?”

“Nothing, nothing is wrong at all!” She replied, laughing, “Master is the most amazing man in the world. Mingyu, if you want to be his disciple, I will support you but you better work hard!”

#### Chapter 420.: Side Story: Difficulties of a Woman (IV)

Peng Lingxi finished climbing several sets of stairs and arrived at a familiar doorway. Of all the places in the Tower of Swords, this was the most familiar as it was her childhood home. She had her own cultivation courtyard that she stayed in most of the time. She seldom got a chance to visit as her master put a great deal of hope in her cultivation but having recently broken through to the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth provided an adequate excuse.

She arrived and stood in front of the door for a short moment. Her heart fluttered and she felt a pang of nostalgia. This was the only place that she didn't have to pretend to be a man, to be Peng Xiling. She was used to it now but human nature was difficult to hide forever.

She let out a sigh and knocked, “Mother, mother. It's me, Lingxi.”

There was some shuffling from the inside. A figure illuminated by lamplight shifted across the side window. The door opened and a wrinkled, thin face peeked out. It belonged to her mother, Peng Suixi.

They were about the same height. Peng Suixi was much older than Peng Lingxi but the similarity between mother and daughter was still discernable. It was clear to anyone that Peng Suixi was a great beauty in her youth.

“Oh... it's Lingxi.” Peng Suixi said, not quite as excited as Peng Lingxi had hoped, “I wasn't expecting you, come in. Come in. I'll make dinner.”

The door opened wider and Peng Lingxi stepped inside. As the door closed behind her, she handed her mother a package wrapped in paper.

“What's this?”

"I got you several spiritual chickens with my contribution points and also some ginseng and other medicines you like." Peng Lingxi answered.

Her mother nodded, took the package, and headed for the kitchen. She followed, asking how her mother was these days.

Peng Suixi gave vague answers but Peng Lingxi could see and discern with her spiritual sense that her mother's health had continued to worsen with age. It was an uncomfortable truth but an inevitability.

They worked together to make a simple dinner. There were some awkward conversations before the inevitable question came.

"Lingxi," Peng Suixi said, "You came back alone again. When are you going to bring home a man?"

"Mother..."

Her mother continued, "Look at you, you are already thirty-two. You aren't getting any younger. If you don't want a husband, you can just come back home with a big stomach. I won't mind."

"Mother, you know I can't do that."

Her mother clicked her tongue and shook her head. Expressions of disappointment and long-held frustrations flashed across her face. It wasn't that she was disappointed with her daughter's cultivation talent but of her complete disregard for her duties as a woman.

"Unfilial daughter! You still know to visit your mother but if you just want to anger me to death, then you might as well don't come!"

Peng Lingxi was stunned by her mother's outburst and couldn't find the words to respond. This was an old argument between them. There was nothing to be gained and her mother's opinion couldn't be changed.

They eventually sat down to eat. It was a small affair with a medicinal spiritual chicken soup, two plates of green vegetables, tofu, and bowls of rice. They ate mostly in silence, with Peng Lingxi making sure that her mother had most of the chicken. This much was adequate for the mother and daughter pair, two women who did not prefer large amounts of meats or wine.

“Lingxi, you are my only child. You are the only one left that can carry on this family.” Her mother said between bites.

Peng Lingxi nodded along silently, acting as the obedient daughter. She didn't know how many more opportunities she would have to do so.

“Your father died when you were young. Maybe you blame me for not remarrying. I was worried for your sake as a step-father won't ever be the same as your real father. Seeing your current state, it fills me with regret...”

“Mother,” Peng Lingxi interrupted, “I don't know if you've heard. I broke through to the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth last week. Master said that this is a good sign and that my time in the Immortal Gentle Lotus' Dream Array is finally coming into effect. I should be able to reach another lesser realm in a year or two.”

Peng Suixi eyed her daughter for a while and let out another disappointed sigh, “What lesser realm, can it give you a child? You say a year or two. In the blink of an eye, it becomes five years, and then ten years. What happens then?”

Peng Lingxi was finally annoyed. She had hung on to the tiny hope that her mother would be happy for her but that hope had been shattered.

“Having a child has nothing to do with the Dao of the sword!” She snapped back.

“You! You...” Her mother's voice quivered, “Unreasonable daughter! Do you want me to die of danger? Do you want me to die without a descendant?”

“...”

“Do you intend for our family line to end like this? How will I be able to answer your father after I pass? How will I face our ancestors? Aiya!”

It was the same old argument again and Peng Lingxi didn't respond. There was nothing she could say that would change anything. Her master's command was absolute and no disciple dared to disobey. Even her fellow core disciples could only admire her from afar. Finding a husband was impossible, having a child was even more impossible.

Dinner finished and Peng Lingxi bid her goodbyes. She gave her mother all the spare gold taels she could. She only hoped that her mother could live a comfortable life as she could not take care of her or be by her side.

Peng Lingxi leaped away, heading back towards the main sword tower under the starlight. The night was cold and silent and a cloud of loneliness consumed her. The path of the sword was truly lonely. For a woman, it was the loneliest of them all. She could only disappoint her mother and cast away her duties as a woman in order to pursue her own selfish desires.

In the past, such arguments would make her depressed for many days and even make her cry. Now, they no longer stirred her heart. She was the Lonely Hero, studying the path of the Lonely Sword Wanderer. The path to the immortal realms was still ahead of her. It was uncertain if she could reach it or if she would fall along the way but her sword heart wouldn't waver. She wouldn't give up on her desire to become an immortal and wander the world with her sword.

“I'm sorry, mother.” She said to the heavens.