

F Disciples 481

Chapter 481: Another Challenge (I)

"No!"

"Impossible!"

"What is going on?"

The grand banquet hall fell into utter chaos. It wasn't just the abbesses of the council that started shouting at each other. The remaining abbesses and prioresses observing from the sides joined in as well. Hundreds of immortals and acolytes also made their displeasures known loudly, creating a maelstrom of spiritual energy that sent Sacred Daughters scurrying under the protection of their acolytes.

Everyone present knew what Yang Gehu represented. He was a prominent young master of the Seven Potentates of Jiannan. He represented the entire faction and their combined might. There was no way he should have lost a Gift Duel to a nobody. It was impossible. It was inconceivable.

While the mayhem continued, Chen Wentian wasn't quite able to pay attention to it. Long Yifei had managed to slide into his arms in a very intimate hug. Her softness pressed against him; her head nestled against the crook of his neck. She had never hugged him like this in public before but it just felt right at that moment.

"Thank you." She whispered in his ear.

She nuzzled him, landing a few feathery kisses on his skin. She was overwhelmed with relief as the stress of the Gift Duel drifted away like a bad dream. She was aware of her actions and what they could do to him but she also wanted to show the whole Order that he was her acolyte. They could all watch and they could all complain in their hearts but there was nothing anyone could do. After all, the relationship between a Sacred Daughter and their acolyte was a blessed one, one where intimacy was to be expected.

Chen Wentian drew her even closer, feeling every curve of her body, savoring the victory. "Were you nervous? It got a little sketchy at the end."

"Yeah. I didn't expect Abbotess Wei's last counter. I can't believe I actually respected her... for her lectures I mean." She let out a sigh, "But it worked out. I'm glad."

"Mmm." Chen Wentian replied and glanced at the council.

They were still locked in a colorful shouting match. This whole affair revealed the underlying power struggles and drama within the Millennium Mountains Campus. Those that felt that the Seven Potentates had been gaining too much power and influence were using this opportunity to vent their frustrations.

But the most infuriating matter had to be the final vote by Abbotess Mao of the Frostfire Nation. She had destroyed Yang Gehu's future and in doing so, effectively betrayed the other Seven Potentates. What many couldn't figure out was whether this decision was hers alone or premeditated by a higher power, namely the leadership of the Frostfire Nation. Some couldn't help but wonder if the Seven Potentates, which had remained remarkably united for many thousands of years, were finally going to break up.

"Enough is enough!" Li Shishi shouted after much of the anger had dissipated, "You girls can settle your scores another day. This is still the Gift Giving Ceremony!"

There were a few more grumblings but some semblance of order returned after her scolding.

"The Gift Duel is over. Acolyte Chen Wentian has won so naturally, he will not suffer any punishment. He can remain an acolyte as long as he chooses."

She glanced at Chen Wentian with the slightest of smiles which made him shudder. She was still the most dangerous vixen, an unreadable witch. He didn't know if whatever she had learned from the Golden Emperor had changed her mind. She could still want him gone; she could just be waiting for another opportunity. His status as Long Yifei's acolyte was safe for the moment but not forever.

Li Shishi continued, "Since the challenger has lost, he has to suffer some justly earned punishment. I will submit a statement to my superiors tomorrow but regardless, Immortal Bamboo Wave Yang, you are now banished from the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen! For a hundred years!"

"Wait!" Yang Gehu shouted.

Li Shishi looked down at him with an arched eyebrow, "What? Still unsatisfied?"

"That's right! I am unsatisfied!" Yang Gehu replied, speaking quickly, "Chen Wentian may have prevailed in the Gift Duel but he did so by getting special assistance from the Golden Basin Auction House. Of course, I am unsatisfied. His win didn't prove his ability at all. He is just an inferior cultivator from the subcontinents. He has no chance of reaching the Spirit King Realm. He cannot meet this important covenant so he is still wholly unsuitable to be Long Yife's acolyte!"

"Oh? Your words are quite harsh. So you want to make another challenge?" Li Shishi asked.

"That's right!" Yang Gehu said defiantly.

She scoffed, "Too late. Banished people cannot make challenges. You're not even supposed to be here anymore."

"I will challenge him!" Someone in the crowd shouted, "I will challenge Chen Wentian in place of Brother Yang!"

The voice belonged to Immortal Cascading Serpent Zhu Zhi, a friend of Yang Gehu. His huge figure loomed over the nearby tables and occupants almost comically. His Sacred Daughter was trying to pull him down but he was too strong.

"You are an acolyte. You cannot challenge another acolyte." Li Shishi replied.

"Oh..." Zhu Zhi's face flushed and he quickly sat down.

"Anyways... Yang Gehu, why are you still here? Do I need to kick you out?" Li Shishi asked.

"No! Wait a second!" Abbotess Yang left her seat and stood between Li Shishi and Yang Gehu.

"What are you doing?" Li Shishi snapped.

"It's not over. The night isn't over yet." Abbotess Yang said, "As far as this council is concerned, Yang Gehu has not been banished yet so he can make another challenge!"

"You..." Li Shishi began to say but Abbotess Yang's deafening screech drowned her out.

"Members of the Millennium Mountains School, prioresses, and abbotesses; Abbotess Li is not the sole decision-maker of this school! Important matters have to go through the executive council, that is the rule, that is tradition! Abbotess Li cannot impose her will on us all arbitrarily!"

"I remind everyone once more that Long Yifei is a special Sacred Daughter. She will be a towering pillar for our school in the future. Her talent must not be wasted with a useless acolyte. Regardless of what has already happened, you all surely still have plenty of doubts about Chen Wentian's true ability. Thus, we must treat this accusation seriously!"

"Don't be ridiculous." Li Shishi said. "I am the head abbotess!"

Yang Mengshi ignored her, "Let's vote, right now. Should the council allow this challenge to go forward? Yes or no?"

Three votes for yes shot up from Yang Mengshi, Wei Jiarong, and another abbotess of their faction. Li Shishi and the two abbotesses on her side didn't even bother to vote. The only one that seemed conflicted was Mao Ling who had cast the swing vote just before.

The entire hall fell silent in an instant, waiting for her decision.

"Mao Ling... I swear to the heavens," Abbotess Yang hissed, "If you don't vote with us right now... I will make the Frostfire Nation pay for your actions!"

Abbotess Wei spoke up as well, with a much calmer tone, "Ignore Sister Yang, she's too emotional right now. But Sister Mao, think about what you are doing. Are you ready to abandon our alliance which has

stood the test of time, which has stood the test of countless challenges? Is this what the Frostfire Nation wants you to do? I understand that you may have had no choice in the previous vote. You had to uphold the honor of the Frostfire Battle Dance. This one is different. Vote with us on this challenge and we can still kick Chen Wentian out of the order and free Long Yifei from his control. Then the previous incident will be completely forgotten and our alliance will remain intact."

There was a long pause as Abbotess Wei glanced at everyone around her. She then slowly nodded and sent out a burst of crystal blue spiritual energy, signaling her accord.

Chapter 482: Another Challenge (II)

"What?"

"What!"

Chen Wentian and Long Yifei shouted at the same time. They had still been in the middle of a celebratory hug. The turnabout was so sudden and unexpected that they didn't know how to respond.

"Abbotess Li, what is the meaning of this?" Long Yifei asked frantically.

Li Shishi shook her head with an apologetic expression. "I'm sorry, sacred daughter. The council has voted. It is out of my control."

"But... but..." Long Yifei tried to search for an answer, one that didn't exist.

One glance around her told her the truth of the situation. Too many people were happy with the situation, Li Shishi included. They all secretly wanted Yang Gehu to get another chance. They wanted another chance to kick Chen Wentian out. In the eyes of the Seven Potentates of Jiannan and even those raised by the Order, abandoning honor and fairness to bend rules in their favor was completely justified.

"Master, what should we do?" She asked softly so only Chen Wentian could hear.

They had expected their enemies to be shameless but not to this extent. They had not prepared in abundance for the Gift Duel but not for this.

"Stay calm." Chen Wentian replied even though he was nervous too, "It's only one more challenge. From what I remember, it shouldn't be a Gift Duel again."

At the same time, Abbotess Li and Abbotess Yang were negotiating the details of the second challenge. Just as he thought, a Gift Duel was not suitable for the second accusation which was against his cultivation potential. A Noble Acolyte Duel was proposed instead, where the challenger and the accused acolyte faced off in a duel of honor in front of the school and gathered guests.

Chen Wentian felt a bit of confidence return. He had no more gifts for another Gift Duel but he could handle a Noble Acolyte Duel. They all assumed that he would be an easy person to beat up but they underestimated him far too much. He had no doubt that Yang Gehu was strong and came prepared with plenty of spiritual weapons and armor. But he wasn't weak either, not after recently absorbing three powerful Spirit Lord souls.

"Fei'er, listen. This duel is unavoidable, they really want to beat me up. But don't worry, I can take him. We just can't give them that chance without making them pay a heavy price."

"Are you sure?"

The way she looked at him at that moment, he knew that she trusted his every word. It filled him with warmth. Their relationship had come so far; he wasn't about to let her down.

"I am. Now, what I need you to say to them is the following..."

Two sets of discussions wrapped up around the same time. Chen Wentian and Long Yifei faced their opponents with defiance, unwilling to bow down in the face of injustice. Yang Gehu eyed them with ferocity and vigor, eager to get his revenge. Abbotess Yang sat in her seat with a great aura of superiority, her arms crossed fruitlessly in front of her flat chest.

Abbotess Li gathered everyone's attention once again, "Sacred daughters, acolytes, honored guests of the Millennium Mountains Campus, this executive council has decided to accept this second and final challenge from Yang Gehu!"

She paused to bask in the clearly positive reaction.

"Acolyte Chen Wentian has been accused of failing to meet another important covenant, one specifically about his cultivation talent or lack thereof. For this second challenge, a Gift Duel is not appropriate. Instead, we will hold a Noble Acolyte Duel." (free

A buzz of excitement swept through the crowd, with many hoping that Chen Wentian would finally get put in his rightful place.

"That's right, a Noble Acolyte Duel. Yang Gehu is someone who is widely known to have tremendous talent. The Spirit Lord Realm is merely a stepping stone for him. If Chen Wentian cannot beat him, then Chen Wentian won't qualify to be Long Yifei's acolyte."

"The rules are as follows. It is a duel between Chen Wentian and Yang Gehu. Nobody else may assist them in any way. Any spiritual equipment and items they own may be used. This is a noble duel so killing is not allowed, nor is maiming the face or the severing of limbs. Otherwise, they may beat each other into submission using any method they can think of."

Abbotess Li glanced down at the two men before her, "Regarding the outcome of this duel, just like before, if Chen Wentian loses, he will lose his acolyte status and be banished for one hundred years. Yang Gehu's punishment from the prior Gift Duel will also be annulled since he succeeded in his challenge. If Chen Wentian instead wins, he will of course be safe whereas Yang Gehu will suffer double the original punishment and be banished for two hundred years. Do you two have any objections?"

"I do not!" Yang Gehu said, his back straight as a board, radiating confidence.

"I don't accept!" The one that spoke up wasn't Chen Wentian but Long Yifei. She stepped forward, putting her own spiritual power on full blast in a brave display of defiance in front of so many immortals. "One hundred years of banishment is already enough to destroy Yang Gehu's future. It is already enough to ensure that he will never break through to the Spirit King Realm. What is the point of adding another one hundred years on top of that? It is completely worthless!"

Her voice was agitated and sharp. It was filled with anger and raw emotion. And because of this, it made her even more alluring to everyone.

"From the beginning, you all have wanted to see my acolyte gone. Fine! I, Long Yifei, have never been afraid of a fight. However, I will never accept injustice! Either challenge my acolyte fairly, with fair stakes, or there won't be a challenge at all!"

Abbottess Yang scoffed loudly, "Little lass, are you threatening to quit again?"

"It's not a threat." Long Yifei replied.

With one swift motion, she pulled out her Order badge and held it in front of her. A cluster of ice formed around her hand and around the small white stone.

"Have you lost your mind?" Abbottess Yang snapped.

"It's not a threat." Long Yifei repeated, "It is a demand!"

Abbottess Yang glanced at Abbottess Li as if asking her for help. Li Shishi pretended not to see anything, making it clear that this situation was Yang Mengshi's to deal with. If Long Yifei actually withdrew from the Order, then it would be her fault and not Li Shishi's.

Abbottess Yang finally let out a soft curse and sigh, "Fine, what do you want?"

Long Yifei's face softened and she bowed gracefully, "Respected abbotess, if I may ask, what is Yang Gehu's future worth to you, a man who has the potential to be the next clan leader of the Yang Clan? Because even if I withdraw from the Order right now, he cannot avoid ruin. He still lost the Gift Duel so he must suffer his punishment. You want to wash away his failure but you can't without this second challenge. In other words, you need this duel far more than me."

"You..."

"How much is a man like him worth to the Yang Clan of Great Waves?" Long Yifei asked, her voice ringing throughout the grand banquet hall, reverberating against the backdrop of the Gift Giving Ceremony.

"You..." Abbotess Yang spluttered.

"Can't think of anything? I have a fair offer. My acolyte is willing to duel Yang Gehu for the price of five hundred kilograms of orange spiritual crystal!"

"What!?"

Chapter 483: Noble Acolyte Duel

Abbotess Yang glanced at Yang Gehu and then back to her allies on the council. Five hundred kilograms of orange spiritual crystal was not a small amount but it was also not exorbitant. It wasn't too difficult for a Spirit King of Yang Mengshi's stature but it was still a headache for a Spirit Lord like Yang Gehu. The young master of the Yang Clan had already expended most of his wealth for the Gift Duel and another wager on top would require assistance from others like the abbotess.

After a short bout of secret conversations, Abbotess Yang nodded to Long Yifei, "We'll do it. If Yang Gehu wins the Noble Acolyte Duel, he does not have to pay and he also won't have to be banished."

"And if my acolyte, Chen Wentian, wins, Yang Gehu will have to pay us five hundred kilograms of orange spiritual crystal and he will still be banished for a hundred years." Long Yifei said.

"Agreed." Abbotess Yang said stiffly.

"Agreed." Long Yifei replied.

"Good, good!" Li Shishi clapped her hands, almost genuinely happy, "This is what the Gift Giving Ceremony is about, gentle ladies and noble men putting their honor on the line for the sake of their convictions. Isn't that right, everyone? Let's give them some encouragement!"

Applause once again swept over the grand banquet hall. It was difficult not to be excited as the wager was large enough to make it interesting.

Long Yifei returned to Chen Wentian's side to give him an encouraging hug. She had done her part and now it was his turn once again. She silently wondered how many more times she would have to rely on him and when she could finally repay him.

Chen Wentian eyed his opponent out of the corner of his eye, gathering energy for the duel. He had chosen the wager amount carefully. It was right at the limit of what the Yang Clan could accept. Even for a clan with what seemed like limitless power and resources, it wasn't an inconsequential amount.

It wasn't just about saving Long Yifei, he also wanted the money. The amount was equivalent to five kilograms of yellow spiritual crystal or five billion taels of gold. It was more money than he had ever owned before. It would fully replenish his wallet which had been devastated by Long Yifei's gifts that cost over two kilograms of yellow spiritual crystal in total.

"The Noble Acolyte Duel will soon commence. The arena has been prepared. Duelists, are you ready?" Li Shishi's voice rang out.

Chen Wentian glanced upward. The arched ceiling of the banquet hall now held a spherical spiritual array around a hundred meters in diameter. It was their stage, enclosed with a shield that prevented any attacks within from leaking out.

"I am ready." Yang Gehu declared, already brimming with energy.

"I am ready." Chen Wentian said.

Li Shishi nodded, "Let me repeat the rules. This is a noble duel. Killing, maiming the face, and severing limbs are all forbidden. You will automatically lose if you do so. Within the arena, no one may assist you but you may use whatever resources already at your disposal. Whoever surrenders or is knocked unconscious first is the loser. Understand?"

"Yes!"

"Yes!"

"Good, take your spots and enter the arena!"

Under the watchful eye of Sacred Daughters, acolytes, and senior members of the Virtuous Order, Chen Wentian and Yang Gehu flew to opposing sides of the sphere and entered small openings. Passing the shield was like passing through a thick bog. Nothing below the Spirit King Realm could possibly escape it. Only a bit of their immortal aura could leak out but not much else.

The two men faced each other silently at a distance of fifty meters and bowed slightly to each other. This wasn't a beastly brawl. This was a duel between noble men and thus there were certain etiquettes.

Yang Gehu acted first, remaining in place but letting his spiritual aura free until it quickly ramped up full power. Spiritual energy with the attribute of water rolled off his body in great waves. The color was clear with only a slight tinge of blue like the sky. Where it bunched together at the crest of waves, the color deepened into an ocean blue. True to his moniker, he was an excellent cultivator of waves and water.

Chen Wentian followed, unleashing his searing aura. His flames were the bluest of blue, deep and profound, not dark or light. His flames were calm yet filled with wild power. Even those that understood or practiced flame arts couldn't quite grasp the source of his flames, his true Dao.

The two immortal auras clashed together, forming a clear line of separation near the middle. But to the audience's surprise, Chen Wentian was slightly superior, pushing into Yang Gehu's side.

"7th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening!" Someone exclaimed.

It was indeed the difference between stages of spiritual strengthening, something that was difficult to gauge without actually exchanging blows. Yang Gehu was known to be at the 6th stage so Chen Wentian had to be slightly higher at the 7th stage.

The only ones that didn't seem surprised seemed to be Long Yifei and Li Shishi. It was natural for Long Yifei to know and since Li Shishi already knew so much, it didn't go against reason either.

Abbotess Yang shot Abbotess Li a furious glare, "How is this possible? How old is Chen Wentian?"

"Twenty-seven?" Li Shishi laughed and shrugged, "How am I supposed to know? Maybe he just has a naturally youthful face?"

The records of the Immortal Association within the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent clearly stated that Chen Wentian reached the Spirit Lord Realm at the age of twenty-five. However, the great irony was that few people present actually believed this number. Cultivators from the main continents looked down on everything in the subcontinents. They naturally doubted anything preposterous that went against their understanding of the natural order.

In the Martial Brilliance Continent, a cultivator with the utmost talent could reach the Spirit Lord Realm in their early forties. Yang Gehu had achieved at the age of forty-two which was considered very good. His cultivation at the 6th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening was also good for his current age which was approaching seventy.

They all simply couldn't believe that Chen Wentian was so young and just assumed that it was a hoax. Even as he displayed his powerful aura at the peak stage of spiritual strengthening, there was still no way they would actually believe that he was twenty-seven approaching twenty-eight.

"Heh, you're better than I expected." Chen Wentian said to Yang Gehu while increasing his flames even more, "How many sacred daughters did you already go through? Do you think you are worthy of my Fei'er?"

"Cheh!" Yang Gehu hissed through gritted teeth. He was struggling to not lose face in front of everyone but it was proving more and more difficult by the second, "It probably took you over a hundred years to even reach my stage. But I have to say, your physical masking abilities are quite good, you almost fooled me!"

"All I hear are excuses. Regardless, I am still stronger than you so why don't you give up?" Chen Wentian asked, piling on the pressure, forcing Yang Gehu to take a step backward.

Yang Gehu cursed, "I've had enough of your blind arrogance! Take this!"

There was a flash of energy. A towering glaive appeared in the air and dropped into Yang Gehu's outstretched hand. In an instant, his spiritual aura which had been previously suppressed surged to dominance like a great wave crashing against the shore.

Chapter 484: A Noble Duel

The state of the dueling arena shifted like the tides. Yang Gehu's waves gained the advantage with a weapon in hand. Just with spiritual aura alone, he was able to push Chen Wentian's flames back to the midpoint and beyond.

The glaive was certainly an impressive Spirit Lord Realm weapon. Crafted out of a blue-metallic metal, it stood well over two meters tall. Its blade was wide and curved like a heavy saber. The shaft was engraved with motifs of waves.

"Do you like it?" Yang Gehu taunted, "This is the Great Wave Glaive, a weapon exclusive to core members of the Yang Glan of Great Waves."

"Blah. Blah. Are you going to stand there and brag or actually do something?" Chen Wentian asked.

"Bastard! Take this!" Yang Gehu charged.

The glaive spun in his hand and came down like a crashing wave, bringing along with it a surge of watery spiritual energy.

"Great Wave Art! Rock Crushing Waves!"

Yang Gehu's attack swept over Chen Wentian's half of the arena. For a moment, he was no longer visible and even his blue flames were hidden.

But then, the waves dissipated, revealing a scaly golden phantom wrapped protectively around Chen Wentian's body. The layer of golden spiritual energy shifted, revealing to the audience that he was completely unharmed. Not even a strand of hair was wet from the impromptu shower.

"Do you like it?" Chen Wentian returned the previous taunt, "This is my Golden Serpent Robe."

It was indeed the Golden Serpent Robe. He had borrowed it from Lin Qingcheng as a precaution. Its defensive prowess was extreme, capable of protecting the user against all kinds of attacks.

Yang Gehu's face turned ugly. He didn't respond with words but with more attacks.

"Great Wave Art! Swift Breaking Wave!"

"Great Wave Art! Rippling Wave!"

Attack after attack crashed against the golden specter of a giant serpent. It was a tremendous show of offensive and defensive power and a display of two wondrous Spirit Lord Realm treasures.

"Golden Serpent Robe... did he get this from the Golden Basin Auction House?" Abbotess Wei of the Starry Wei Clan asked, "I've never heard of it before."

The abbotesses of the executive council were the closest to the action and could see the battle clearly above their heads.

Abbotess Yang scoffed, "Who knows, it won't be able to last much longer against my clan's Great Wave Art which specializes in long, continuous attacks!"

Wei Jiarong shook her head, "That golden aura hasn't weakened one bit after taking so many hits. I don't think it will break at all! Amazing!"

Many others soon realized this and so did Yang Gehu. He drew back his waves and retreated to his side. He had expended a great amount of spiritual energy in attacking so he had to be careful. Also, etiquette called for him to give his opponent a chance to attack.

Chen Wentian also understood and obliged. There was a pulse of light in his hand as a long, slender saber appeared. He twirled it with his wrist, filling the air with chirps and whistles. The blade flashed and danced, like an agile bird in flight. It was the Insightful Swallow Saber.

"You should probably take out some armor." He said.

"Shut up!" Yang Gehu spat, brandishing his glaive.

"Suit yourself."

Chen Wentian moved like the wind, like a soaring swallow, like a dragon within its domain in the blue sky. His body turned into a blur as he closed the distance between them.

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

The saber blade flashed three times in the form of three simultaneous slashes. He didn't bother announcing his move so everyone was left wondering what kind of attack this could be.

Yang Gehu spun his glaive around, forming a wall of water but this defense was far too optimistic. Chen Wentian's three saber strikes combined, turning into a giant dragon claw. They tore apart the water shield and directly clashed against the metal shaft of the glaive.

Clang!

"Puu!" Yang Gehu spat out blood as he was forced back many steps.

The shaft of his glaive now sported three fresh scratches. The front of his robes had also been shredded, revealing the pale white skin of his chest.

"I told you." Chen Wentian said.

He didn't press the attack. He could have finished off his opponent if it was an ordinary fight. But this was still an honor duel so he had to allow them to properly defend themselves.

Yang Gehu shot him a silent glare before putting his glaive to the side. He withdrew a complicated set of armor from his spatial bag and quickly put everything on. Once clad in blue and white plates of metal across his torso, arms, and legs, he grabbed his glaive once more.

"And what is this shiny costume called?" Chen Wentian asked.

"Wave Emperor's Armor."

"Good!"

Chen Wentian twirled the Insight Swallow and attacked once more. His body blurred as flashes of silver covered the enclosed arena. Accompanied by the roar of the wind, a sharp storm of invisible blades attempted to turn his opponent into mincemeat.

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

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Yang Gehu was blown about but his defense held. Bolstered by the additional armor, he was able to block everything that came his way.

Chen Wentian didn't stop this time around and continued with a rapid, relentless attack pattern.

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

A roar followed by a mighty slash shook the duel arena, threatening to split the entire hall in half if it were not for the protective array.

Flying Dragon Saber Art, Fourth Flight, A Dragon's Lament Rends the Sky!

A long melancholy cry rang out along with flashes of silver light, leaving long gashes across the upper half of the protective sphere.

Flying Dragon Saber Art, Fifth Flight, Divine Fury of a Thousand Days!

The two men within were swept away by a fearsome storm. Nobody could tell what was going on, only hear the sounds of continuous clashes.

Flying Dragon Saber Art, Sixth Flight, Soaring Arrogantly to the Heavens!

A massive explosion shook the sphere. It was so powerful that the air outside shook in protest. A figure flew out of the silvery storm in the middle and crashed against the boundary. From their glittering attire, now streaked with blood, and the giant glaive in their hand, everyone could see that the one on the losing end was Yang Gehu.

"What!" Abbotess Yang shouted, leaping to her feet.

Her sentiment was felt by many others. It was difficult to believe that Yang Gehu was still inferior while wielding the Great Wave Glaive and the Wave Emperor Armor. His items all complemented each other and benefitted the Great Wave Art. This setup should have been able to overcome one stage of spiritual strengthening and two mismatched immortal items.

The storm dissipated and Chen Wentian emerged, floating where he had been when the duel started. The Golden Serpent Robe shined merrily through several rips in his outer clothes. The Insightful Swallow was held loosely in one hand while his other hand was behind his hip in a relaxed stance.

"How was it? Do you want to give up? It will be easier for you if you do." Chen Wentian said casually.

"Pei! Not a chance!" Yang Gehu spat as his spiritual energy surged in defiance.

He picked himself up and rose back into the air. Although he was bleeding from many small wounds, his condition overall was still good. The Wave Emperor Armor didn't provide a perfect defense like the Golden Serpent Robes but it still drastically increased the wearer's durability.

"I told you over and over again," Yang Gehu said while pulling out a large gourd as big as his torso that was inscribed with a myriad of tiny blue inscriptions and symbols, "You're a nobody, you have no right to be arrogant in front of me! Now I will make you regret entering this dueling arena with me!"

Chapter 485: Going All Out

The gourd in Yang Gehu's hand was a special kind of spatial bag. It was crafted to hold one thing and one thing only, lots and lots of water!

Sha!

A great spout of water erupted like a fountain from the top of the gourd, spraying both combatants. The rest fell to the bottom of the spherical arena and started to pool. While water continued to pour endlessly, Yang Gehu slung the gourd behind his back and brandished his glaive once more.

"It's over for you." Yang Gehu shouted over the noise of rushing water.

Chen Wentian simply beckoned him with a finger.

The two clashed once more, this time trading attacks in rapid succession. Yang Gehu used his Great Wave Art which was strengthened by two highly compatible immortal items. Chen Wentian countered with the Flying Dragon Saber Art while occasionally defending with his flames or the Golden Serpent Robe. All the while, the arena was quickly filling up with clear, fresh water.

For those in the audience that expected a quick Yang Gehu victory, the current state of the duel was a stirring surprise. They never expected a common immortal from the subcontinents to have such great combat ability or such high-quality equipment. They couldn't deny they were impressed but it didn't mean they were worried. Everyone still believed that Yang Gehu would win and since he had already revealed the gourd, a victory was all but assured.

"Hahaha, that idiot still hasn't realized it yet." Abbotess Yang chortled, "Even if he tries to attack the Water-Carrying Gourd now, it's too late!"

The Water-Carrying Gourd was a special creation of the Yang Clan of Great Waves. All members of the clan carried gourds of various sizes that contained a little or a lot of water. It allowed them to instantly

transform an environment without water into one that benefitted their Dao. An ordinary spatial bag could not carry so much water but the gourd was designed to only carry water so it could carry much more of it. The one in Yang Gehu's possession was of moderate size while the largest could fill an entire lake!

"Still, this Chen Wentian gives me a strange feeling. I thought he was supposed to be a flame cultivator. Why is he using saber arts and why are they so strong?" Wei Jiarong said, still with a frown on her face.

"Who cares? He knows that water naturally counters flames so can only use some random saber art. Using flames would merely hasten his defeat." Yang Mengshi said.

"I don't know... Sister Mao, what do you think? How are his flame arts?" Wei Jiarong asked.

Mao Ling, seemingly back in the good graces of her allies, shrugged, "His flames are far inferior compared to my frostfire. I have to agree with Sister Yang. Only higher-order flame arts can contend with the Great Wave Art and his are far from them."

The other abbotesses also agreed with the assessment.

As they finished their impromptu discussion, the duel above also arrived at a lull. Both men had expended a great deal of spiritual energy in both attack and defense so it was natural to pause and gauge the situation.

Chen Wentian floated near the top of the sphere, looking down serenely on Yang Gehu who was panting heavily, half his body submerged in the water. They seemed to be evenly matched although Yang Gehu had suffered more external wounds, causing blood to drip steadily into the water around him.

Speak of which, the Water-Carry Gourd was still pouring water at an alarming pace. Half of the sphere had filled already and the water level was rising rapidly. Soon, there would be nowhere for Chen Wentian to go.

"That is gourd is a little unfair, don't you think?" Chen Wentian asked, "What are you trying to do? Drown me?"

Yang Gehu managed a short laugh, "If you have the ability, then come fight me underwater!"

With that, he submerged and began launching attacks once more.

Chen Wentian clicked his tongue, greatly annoyed by the situation. He had noticed the actual intent of the gourd too late. Now that his opponent was underwater, it was even more impossible to get rid of it. With the water rising fast, his two choices were either to get rid of it by force or try to fight underwater.

He recalled that demon he had fought, Lord of the Calm Lake Qin Shui'er. If he had fought her within her natural environment, such as a lake or river, he wouldn't have stood a chance. Luckily, she had been so intent on killing him that she had abandoned her natural advantage.

Yang Gehu made no such error and came prepared. He had thought of changing the environment of the small enclosure while Chen Wentian had not. Now, he was on the verge of a victory.

There was no way Chen Wentian could fight underwater. He couldn't charge in without his flames. But if the water filled the arena completely, he would have no choice but to surrender.

Boom! Boom!

Chen Wentian blocked a few more wave-based attacks while keenly watching the water continuing to rise. The only way left was to get rid of the water. He estimated the flow from the gourd and the amount that had already been pumped out. It was already a tremendous amount. He couldn't wait any longer.

He put away the Insightful Swallow saber and drew out a glowing white pill the size of a cherry. It gave off a profound and fiery aura before it quickly disappeared into his mouth.

This caused Li Shishi to chuckle, "A power-boosting pill, really..."

Long Yifei's heart jumped at these words. Chen Wentian had received a specially crafted power-boosting pill from the Golden Basin Auction House, only one. It was very expensive and precious. It was supposed

to be a life-saving treasure. To use it now meant that he had no other choice. He was really going all out just to remain her acolyte.

"Wentian..." She whispered, "You didn't have to..."

"I had to." His voice came from the earrings she wore.

Her stomach did a few flips, "Then, you have to win."

"I will!"

Blue flames roared to life, proud and defiant.

Chen Wentian's figure turned into a blur as searing flames filled up the remaining third of the dueling arena. He was the Immortal Blue Dragon. There was no chance he would surrender to a turtle hiding under the water!

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Chapter 486: Turtle Soup or Roasted Turtle

The entire dueling arena that was suspended in midair shook as if it was about to collapse. Billowing blue flames and extreme heat overtook the top third of the sphere, preventing the water below from rising any further. Great clouds of steam erupted due to the astonishing temperature which was so intense that it could even be felt outside of the protective array.

Chen Wentian's spiritual aura rose precipitously after taking the power-boosting pill, far more than an ordinary power-boosting pill should have. The standard was about ten percent while he had ramped up his flames by over fifty percent. And with such an increase in power, he was able to fully suppress the capability of the Water-Carrying Gourd.

"You should surrender now." Chen Wentian said over the roar of flames, "Before I boil you alive like a turtle in soup!"

"Don't spout nonsense!" Yang Gehu shouted and attacked.

With a swing of his glaive, he launched a great wave of water into the flames above. A second later, his attack had been completely evaporated by the intense heat. Chen Wentian didn't need to do anything except let his flame domain do the work.

Yang Gehu tried a few more times but met the same result. Afterward, he retreated to the bottom to contemplate his options. He dared not face the flames himself so he could only stay underwater.

Chen Wentian responded by increasing his blue dragon flames even further. The temperature of the pool of water rose rapidly. Despite Yang Gehu's efforts, it was already close to boiling.

"This... is a power-boosting pill?" Abbotess Wei asked, "When did such a pill become this ridiculous?"

"This Chen bastard is clearly cheating!" Abbotess Yang said.

"Don't be ridiculous." Abbotess Wei admonished and looked at Abbotess Mao, "Sister Mao, what do you think of his flames now?"

Mao Ling looked as if she had swallowed something bitter, "His flames... suddenly increased in power and profoundness. It is difficult for me to judge its true quality but it is definitely special."

Wei Jiarong shook her head, "I thought he was simply a lucky person, to be at the 7th Stage of Spiritual Strengthening. Yang Gehu should have been able to handle him but he has surprised us at every turn. Also, I can't say for certain but his spiritual energy seems to already contain a trace of a Spirit King's aura."

"What?" Abbotess Yang shouted, "You can't be serious?"

Wei Jiarong's expression was totally serious, "I sensed it a few times when he first took the pill. Perhaps it was due to that abnormal power-boost pill or perhaps it was something else. Regardless, I'm afraid... that we underestimated this person far too much."

"What..." Abbotess Yang spluttered.

"Yang Mengshi, I'm sorry about Yang Gehu. I will ask the other members of the Seven Potentates to give the Yang Clan of Great Waves a proper compensation for the loss."

Wei Jiarong's vision was frighteningly accurate and far superior to most of the immortals in the audience. Chen Wentian's usage of the power-boost pill had indeed been a feint to distract the audience from his true strength. After absorbing three late-stage Spirit Lord Realm souls, he had finally taken a tangible step toward the Spirit King Realm. He would need a lot more souls but he was now confident he would be able to match Jasmine's progress.

He didn't need to use the pill to beat Yang Gehu but it made for a great excuse. He didn't want to reveal his true strength, even to beat a detestable person like Yang Gehu. Extreme reactions to such pills were rare but not unheard of. Even if some people suspected the truth, the pill would still leave a doubt in their minds.

By now, the duel was over in many people's eyes. Chen Wentian's increase in power was overwhelming. There was nothing Yang Gehu could do while the pool of water around him rapidly boiled away. What had started out with exciting clashes and flashy displays of weapon and elemental arts now devolved into a waiting game. Even if Yang Gehu could resist being boiled to death, once all the water was gone, he would be turned into a roasted turtle instead of turtle soup.

"Well, that just about wraps it up. It wasn't very exciting in the end." Abbotess Li muttered with a sigh. She glanced over at Long Yifei who was still watching the duel intently. "Long Yifei, I hope you won't blame me for tonight."

Long Yifei turned to her sharply. There was a flash of anger in her eyes which disappeared as quickly as it came. "Abbotess Li, how can I blame anyone. The Order was looking out for my best interests per the customs of the Gift Giving Ceremony."

The words were clearly sarcastic but her tone was even and unreadable.

Li Shishi covered her mouth and chuckled, "Good, good. I had doubts about your master when I first met you and honestly, I still do. However, since he has proven his devotion to you and his commitment to

supporting you, I am satisfied for the time being. I look forward to seeing how you will progress during the rest of the school year."

Long Yifei bowed her head slight, "I will not disappoint my master's grace."

She was about to say something else but a panicked shout interrupted her.

In the dueling sphere above, Yang Gehu had finally run out of options. All of the water was gone except for a small puddle that barely covered his knees. The Water-Carry Gourd could not output enough to offset the fearsome flame domain. Yang Gehu's advantage in the environment had completely gone away and he was left facing a sea of blue flames with just his innate spiritual energy and the Wave Emperor Armor set.

Every attack he launched was turned into clouds of steam. Everywhere he turned, he met with walls of unbearable flames. The only possibility seemed to be surrender but those words had yet to leave his mouth.

He was the young master of the Yang Clan of Great Waves. He was ordained by the heavens with peerless talent and dashing good looks. Everything he had wanted; he had been able to easily obtain. The thought of defeat had never graced his mind from the day he was born until now.

Facing an azure inferno, he couldn't understand how everything had been ruined in one night. He was supposed to win Long Yifei's heart. He was supposed to fight for the clan leader's position. He wasn't supposed to meet such an end.

"Ahhhhh!" He let out another miserable cry, a lamentation to everything he was about to lose.

He expended the last of his spiritual energy until there was nothing left. He then collapsed to his knees at the bottom of the arena, finally surrendering to the flames.

Chapter 487: End of the Ceremony

With a great whoosh, the sea of blue flames receded as Yang Gehu fell unconscious, saving him from actually turning into a roasted turtle. His previous impeccable hair was half-burned away. His clothes were charred and in complete disarray. The only thing that saved him from certain death was the rule that prohibited killing in a Noble Acolyte Duel.

Chen Wentian watched his fallen foe with waning interest. Yang Gehu was far too inexperienced and too sheltered. Even the twin bandit immortals of the Red Sun Gang had put up a better fight. He couldn't quite grasp why but perhaps the Yang Clan or the Seven Potentates, in general, were too dependent on Sacred Daughters to improve their cultivation. In the progress, they had grown complacent and stagnant. Or maybe Yang Gehu was just an idiot.

"Yang Gehu has fallen unconscious and can no longer battle. Acolyte Chen Wentian is the winner!" Li Shishi's voice rang out.

There was a moment of stunned silence before a scattering of polite applause. But most chose not to make a sound, uncertain how the members of the Seven Potentates would react.

A moment later, the protective array of the dueling arena was undone. Yang Gehu's limp body was pulled down by Abbess Yang and held in a protective bubble of spiritual energy. Chen Wentian also descended and landed next to Long Yifei, receiving a warm hug from her for his troubles.

"Looks like Yang Gehu isn't going to awaken anytime soon. How should we settle the outstanding debt?" Li Shishi asked.

Abbess Yang shot her a vicious glare, "Yang Gehu is going to be banished. Isn't that already enough punishment? Where is he supposed to find five hundred kilograms of orange spiritual crystal?"

"Hehe, don't try to worm your way out of this. If he can't pay, then his clan should. Or should I take the amount out of your allowance?" Li Shishi retorted.

"Fine!" Abbess Yang snapped back, "You'll have the money by tomorrow."

"Good, it's better not to make a fool of yourself and the Yang Clan anymore."

"Hmph!"

With a swirl of spiritual energy, Abbotess Yang carried Yang Gehu away and left the grand banquet hall to seek medical treatment.

Li Shishi turned to address the audience, "What an exciting series of events. We rarely get to see a Noble Acolyte Duel during a Gift Giving Ceremony. Tonight will certainly go down in the historical records. I'm sure many of us did not expect acolyte Chen Wentian to survive the night. He not only defended against two challenges, but he also showed us that he is indeed a suitable acolyte for Sacred Daughter Long Yifei. Truly impressive! Acolyte Chen, do you have any thoughts after the struggles of tonight?"

Chen Wentian replied in a clear but even tone, "Abbotess Li, I am simply glad that it is over. Long Yifei and I came to the Martial Brilliance Continent to seek the wonders of the Virtuous Order. We did not come here seeking a fight with anyone. If provoked, I have to defend myself but I have no intentions of making enemies with anyone. I hope that the Yang Clan of Great Waves can understand the situation and that I will harbor no ill feelings towards them after tonight."

His words were reasonable. It was the right thing to say given the stage he was on. There was probably nobody who actually believed that he was sincere. But the intent was to make peace, at least temporarily. The Yang Clan would look for payback but they would have to wait until they found another valid reason to mess with him or Long Yifei.

He glanced at Long Yifei who was still glued to his side. He gave her waist a squeeze which earned him a brilliant smile, proving to him that all of this had been worth it in the end.

"Very well." Abbotess Li said, "Let us bring a close to this challenge. Sacred Daughter Long Yifei and acolyte Chen Wentian, you both may return to your seats."

"Thank you, abbotess."

"Thank you, Abbotess Li."

The pair returned to their table and the evening's festivities continued. There were two more challenges after theirs but they both didn't have the heart to pay attention.

Her joy was contagious and very distracting. Her dazzling smile which refused to wane occupied every empty space in his mind. She fed him small morsels of food while ignoring everything around her. She proudly showed any remaining doubters that her relationship with her acolyte was stronger than ever.

Their chairs had, at some point, scooted side by side. She was draped over him, leaning against his shoulder, her breasts pressed against his arm. Every time she shifted to deliver another bit of food to his mouth, he could feel her softness and the perky tip of her nipple. It was intoxicating and entirely inappropriate for the public setting they were in!

"Cough... Fei'er..." Chen Wentian mumbled through a mouthful of an unknown but fragrant delicacy, "You should stop."

"Stop what?" She whispered.

"Umm..."

"Stop what?" She said again, her breath tickling his ear.

"Fei'er, you're driving me crazy."

She let a small laugh and leaned even closer. With a free hand, she even started to rub his thigh. She was truly daring!

His little dragon reacted vigorously. Before he could produce a prominent tent in his pants, he had to forcibly suppress it with his spiritual energy, drawing great protest from his raging instincts. He also forced her hands away to her great disappointment.

"No fun." She said with a pout.

"Shh!"

Chen Wentian tried to ignore Long Yifei but she had other things on her mind. As soon as he lowered his guard, her hands would be all over him once again. He would then pretend to be annoyed and push her away which caused her to pounce with even more enthusiasm the next time around.

Their little game turned the rest of the Gift Giving Ceremony into a pleasant blur. Abbess Li finished a long, rambling closing speech which both of them failed to care about and the ceremony was finally over.

Chen Wentian and Long Yifei were among the first to stand up. She hugged him tightly and he flew them out of the grand banquet hall in the blink of an eye. They both wanted the same thing and he knew where to go. Wordlessly, he zoomed through the empty hallways, arriving in front of her dorm room in a few short breaths.

She unlocked the door and he shut it behind them with a loud bang. Her lips were on his in an instant, searing hot with overflowing desire. He accepted her fully, letting her body melt into his as he cradled her waist.

Chapter 488: She was a Natural

Chen Wentian was pushed against a wall, slightly dazed by Long Yifei's needy kisses. She pressed herself desperately against him, clinging to his neck for dear life as she sucked on his tongue wildly. Her emotions were overflowing and he could feel every bit of it. It wasn't often that any one of his disciples attacked him like this and it was the first time for her. Every moment of it stroked his male ego to no end.

Long Yifei herself wasn't quite thinking clearly. The combined pressure of the past few weeks and the suspense of two consecutive challenges were finally too much for her to bear. She was still a mortal after all. Facing so many immortals and abbesses strained her mind to the limit and left her exhausted. Now, her logical thoughts were swept away by overwhelming relief and immeasurable affection for the man in front of her.

He had done so much for her. She owed him so much. She wanted to repay him and she knew there was one thing he would definitely like.

She had teased him terribly down in the grand banquet hall. She felt bad for him, she didn't expect the ceremony to take so long. She almost wanted to help solve his little problem under the table but thought better of it. She wasn't that daring and she would have been found out.

But now they were in her room and nobody was going to interrupt them here!

"Master." She whispered after finally breaking their kiss.

"Hmmm?" He mumbled.

"Stay still." She commanded.

Chen Wentian never expected those two words to sound so sexy but the way she said them filled him with excitement and anticipation.

Seeing that he was obeying, Long Yifei dragged her soft hands down the front of his robes, feeling his chest, his stomach, and finally the belt around his waist. With a soft clink and tug, it came undone and disappeared into a corner of the room.

She reached down and rubbed his erection from atop his pants, "Master, don't move."

"Fei'er..." He hissed, barely managing to do what she asked.

A small part of his brain understood what she was doing and welcomed it. Another part simply wanted to bend her over the nearby table. He decided against the latter and let her do whatever she wanted. It felt good to be on the receiving end. Long Yifei used to be a very passive lover and this change in her demeanor was a delight. As a man, the feeling of being desired by a woman like her was simply incomparable. fr(e)e

Long Yifei, in the meantime, knelt before him and managed to drop his pants to his ankles. He was still wearing the Golden Serpent Robe but that soon disappeared, leaving her face to face with his instrument of love, his little dragon that was engorged and throbbing.

Her face was mere centimeters from the tip. It quivered and twitched in front of her eyes. It seemed much bigger up close, she lamented the fact that such a beastly rod would regularly invade her asshole, tormenting her endlessly.

Now, it was payback. She smirked and leaned her head forward.

Chen Wentian watched in silent fascination as Long Yifei studied his dick. Her eyes drove him wild as they captured every surface, every vein, and wrinkle until she was satisfied. She then did what he didn't expect and directly popped his cockhead in her mouth.

"Oh, wow!" He exclaimed dumbly.

Her mouth was hot as an oven. It was wet, soft, wiggly. It felt amazing.

Her tongue explored his cockhead, licking, prodding, and tasting. He twitched hard and a squirt of precum landed on her tongue. It was goeey and tasteless and she liked it.

She began flicking her tongue along the sensitive underside of his member, trying to tease more of those pearly fluids. Her persistence was rewarded a few more times but she really had to work for each drop. He was so stingy!

Chen Wentian had no idea what she was thinking about. He was thinking much of anything himself. Her blowjob was clearly inexperienced but still amazing. Her timid and uncertain tongue was driving him wild. Her soft lips clinging hesitantly against his shaft was unbearable.

He was panting heavily. His eyes were dark with lust. He desperately wanted her to go further but didn't want to push her learning process. His patience paid off as she eventually started to experiment taking him deeper into her mouth.

Long Yifei knew the theory behind a blowjob. She just never bothered to put it into practice before tonight. She had never felt the desire to perform such an act before and he had never forced it on her. But now, she wanted to, she simply wanted to give him a world of pleasure.

She leaned her head further forward, taking him deeper in her mouth. She relaxed her tongue, sliding him in centimeter by centimeter until he touched the back of her mouth. There was a sudden burst of discomfort and she pulled back in alarm.

"Are you alright?" Chen Wentian asked with concern.

Her heart fluttered at his words. She gave him a smile and nodded, "I'm alright, just not used to it."

"Take it slow. Pretend your swallowing something big."

She chortled and slapped his thigh lightly. Still, she followed his advice and tried again.

His cock was enveloped in velvety warmth once more. He slid into her mouth until he became lodged in the back of her throat. She tried several times to swallow more but she was too tense and failed to make progress. He didn't complain though since it felt amazing either way.

Finally, after some trial and error, Long Yifei managed to relax enough for him to smoothly slide down her throat entirely. He bottomed out completely to immense pleasure all along his shaft. Her nose was buried into the cleanshaven skin of his pubis while his balls gently bounced against her chin. The sight of her like this shook his soul. It was like a divine revelation from the heavens. It was so beautiful and provocative that he wished he had the talents of a painter to capture the moment for all eternity.

"Fei'er..." Chen Wentain groaned.

Long Yifei responded by pulling back completely with a wet plop and giving him a messy smile, "How was that?"

She was bubbling with pride and he was proud of her!

"Amazing! Please, do more of that!" He said quickly.

"Okay."

She deep-throated him once more, taking him to the hilt in one go. She was a natural; her instincts were amazing. He shuddered from the sensations; of warmth, pressure, wetness, and intimacy. He felt closer to her than ever before. It was so impossibly hot and he didn't know how much longer he could last.

She pulled back around halfway and shoved his cock down her throat once more. He groaned loudly, his legs quivering, almost giving out. She grinned and repeated the same movement over and over again. She slobbered all over his shaft, each time leaving a kiss around the base of his cock and not pulling back until she had made sure to feel his heavy balls against her chin a few times.

She greatly enjoyed giving him pleasure. Seeing him coming undone due to her mouth filled her heart to the brim with fuzzy warmth. She wanted to see him come, she wanted him to come!

"Fei'er... Oh... yeah..." Chen Wentian mumbled incoherently.

His orgasm had already built up to the brim. Her mouth was too divine. He had tried to hold back the inevitable but he was finally losing the battle.

His cock slid down her throat once more and that was it. His balls boiled over with heat and almost painful pleasure. Every nerve in his body ignited with joy as his hips shook uncontrollably.

In a flash of pure bliss, he sprayed her throat with his seed. The force of his release caused her to pull back, creating more space which was quickly filled up. His cock pulsed and twitched over and over, leaving behind a mouthful for her to savor. When he was finally spent and limp, she bid his cock goodbye with one last kiss on the tip.

Chapter 489: Each Other

When Chen Wentian found his bearings again after the mind-blowing orgasm, Long Yifei had already swallowed everything and was wiping her lips with a silk handkerchief. Her dainty movements and innocent demeanor contrasted with her indecent actions just moments before. It was partly due to her innate nature but also a result of the training provided by the Order. It was immensely attractive.

He lifted her and pecked her lips, "That was amazing, where did you learn to do that?"

She hugged him and rested her head on his shoulder, "I'm glad you enjoyed it, master. I overheard Sister Lin and others talking about it in great detail more than once. I've always wanted to try it. Did I do it correctly?"

He laughed, "Perfectly. You are a natural. But wait, how much detail?"

"All the details."

"Impudent! They deserve punishment!" He said, pretending to be offended.

She snorted and lightly slapped his chest, "Don't bother. That's what all women do in their spare time, talk about their man. You won't be able to stop them."

"Ah, well..." He looked around the small room, "It's getting late, do you want to clean up and go to bed?"

"Sure."

She hooked an arm around his and dragged him into the small bathroom. Everything was small in the Order dormitory for first-years. There was no hot tub like back at the sect, there was only a bare stone chamber with a contraption that showered water from above.

Their clothes came off in a hurry, each helping the other. His hands lingered on her breasts as he weighed them in his palms. Hers glided across his chest and stomach, up and down his back, and across his toned ass.

Fully naked, they fell under a heavy drizzle of hot water. As cultivators, they could clean themselves using spiritual energy but it was always better to use water and fragrant soaps. They lathered each other's bodies. He paid special attention between her legs, stroking her pussy lips and her puckered asshole. She reciprocated by tugging and stroking his semi-hard cock, also finding time to massage his balls like a pair of treasure orbs.

At some point or another, their lips crashed together as they forgot about anything else except each other. Their tongues fought desperately as they tried to suck and swallow each other. His erection pressed deliciously against her flat stomach, driving her wild. Her ample breasts were squished into his chest, letting him feel her hard nipples almost scrape against his skin. As the hot shower continued to fall over their heads, they became lost in passion like never before.

"Hands on the wall." Chen Wentian growled.

Long Yifei obeyed silently, panting slightly in anticipation.

He circled behind her and hugged her, letting his body lay flush against her back. His cock sneaked in between her legs, teasing her moist pussy lips and her clit here or there. He grabbed both her breasts and pinched her nipples.

"Fei'er." He whispered heavily.

"Yes, master." Her voice quivered.

"I want to... fuck you in the ass."

His declaration sent unbearable thrills all across her body. Her legs almost gave way, her head spun, and her pussy gushed.

"Yes." She moaned, "Fuck me!"

Hearing her so eager and ready, he didn't delay one moment. Swiping a handful of natural lubrication in her arousal, he lathered the tip of his cock and lined it up with her asshole. He forced her open with a bit of spiritual energy and then plunged into her tight depths.

"Ohhhh!" She howled, her voice echoing around the small stone chamber.

He filled her up with tinges of pain and waves of pleasure. They had done this many times but she was never ready. Every time, it took her breath away, leaving her panting and wanting more.

He bottomed out inside her ass and wiggled his hips, causing her to moan loudly. He leaned over her, kissing her neck.

"You better hold onto the wall because I'm going to fuck you hard." He growled.

"Yesss." She hissed, "Fuck me hard!"

He let go of her breasts and grabbed her hips for leverage. He pulled almost completely out of her ass and then shoved himself back in, putting his entire weight behind the thrust.

She let out a scream and then a long sensual moan.

He pulled back and speared her ass once again.

She screamed even louder.

He controlled her hips as he built up a steady pace, sawing his cock in and out as her cries melded together into a divine concerto.

"You like that?" He asked, "You like that?"

"Yes!"

"Ahhh!"

"Yesss!"

He pounded her ass hard and fast, exactly as he promised. He pushed her against the wall as she pushed back for dear life against his cock, the rhythmic movements causing her breasts to swing wildly, his hips slapping against her asscheeks.

One of his hands eventually snaked around and found her clit. His fingers, instantly drenched by her arousal, glided and danced across her sensitive nub.

"Ahhh! Master, ahhhh!" She cried out.

They were both nearing the end. His fingers were driving her crazy. His hard cock was a fiery rod of pleasure igniting her insides with each thrust. For him, her ass was so tight and hot that he couldn't last much longer.

His fingers furiously circled her clit, over and over and until she finally broke. She let out a long, joyful wail as she lost all strength, collapsing against the smooth stone wall, its cool surface feeling amazing against her skin which was on fire. Feeling her go, his own arousal peaked. He pressed her into the wall of the shower. He thrust three more times and came powerfully, filling her ass with his hot seed over and over until he was fully spent.

For a while, there was only the sound of two lovers panting from exhaustion and euphoria mixed with the sound of a gentle shower of hot water. Eventually, he pulled out of her and they shared a soothing kiss.

"Did you like that?" He asked huskily.

"Mmm, you were amazing."

He was so happy that he hugged her tightly. "Thanks."

They finished cleaning each other and tumbled onto the bed, their naked bodies intertwining.

Long Yifei seemed insatiable tonight and Chen Wentian felt the same. They were both celebrating a successful Gift Giving Ceremony where they had defended their relationship against all odds. Their emotions were still running high and all they wanted was each other.

In his eyes, she was so beautiful, so unbelievably stunning, he could never get enough of her. For her, he was her rock, her foundation. She didn't know what the future held but it would begin with him.

For tonight, they only had each other and they spent it in the throes of passion. They got to know every detail and feature of each other's bodies until they were finally sated.

Chapter 490: Return to the Subcontinent

A few days later, Chen Wentian received his payment of five hundred kilograms of orange spiritual crystal as promised from the Yang Clan. There was no point in cheating him out of money when the wager and duel had taken place during the Gift Giving Ceremony with half the continent as witnesses. With money in hand, there was nothing else to do and he prepared to leave.

He found Long Yifei between classes and together, they strolled towards the teleportation array. She would have to stay at the school for another six months out of the eight-month school year. She would be plenty busy, what with classes and practicing with the gifts he gave her as well as the ones obtained from the Gift Duel. He was afraid she would be lonely but she assured him she would be okay.

"Really?" He asked again as they walked side-by-side through the forest path, "Do you want me to visit before the end-of-year examinations?"

Long Yifei shook her head, "Go, I'm sure my fellow sisters are more than anxious for your return. I can't occupy your time forever."

"Mmm. But I'll really miss you." He then lowered his voice, "And our nights together."

She blushed and shoved him with her elbow, "I will miss you, master."

"Good!" He laughed.

All too soon, they arrived at the circular hall made of white marble that held the teleportation array. Several dozen sacred daughters and various immortals were coming and going.

Chen Wentian and Long Yifei both stopped to look at each other. The past two months had passed by in a blur. So much had happened and they had found each other anew, reestablishing their relationship with a far more intimate foundation.

He was hesitant to leave her, worried that any progress they had made would regress during their time apart. She was hopeful, looking forward to treading closer to the immortal realm and unlocking the secrets of her past.

"Master, I will train hard. I won't let you down." She said.

"I know you won't."

"About that other matter..."

He interrupted her with a hug, whispering in her ear, "Shh, focus on your studies for now. I will let you know if I find something."

"Thank you."

"Good, if anything happens, call me and I'll come. Though... try not to get into any crazy shenanigans in the next two months if you can help it. The Convocation of Swords is starting next month."

"I am sure Sister Wu will bring glory to Ten Thousand Flower Valley in your name."

"Qianyu? Yeah, probably. I'm more worried about the others that also want to compete. None of them are true sword cultivators but knowing them, they all want to join in on the fun. Even Chengcheng wants me to teach her some simple sword art, can you believe that?"

Long Yifei covered her mouth and giggled, "I believe it. I only wish I could be there to cheer everyone on."

"Yeah, me too."

The two fell silent, peering into each other's eyes.

"I should go." He said lamely.

"Master." She said softly.

She really was too beautiful. He couldn't bear to leave her but he had to. He could have easily stayed and lost himself in her arms every night but he knew that neither of them wanted that.

"I'll see you again very soon so I won't say goodbye and you shouldn't say it either." He declared.

She cracked a smile and nodded. She then bowed deeply, a sign of reverence and respect for the most important man in her life. By the time she lifted her head, he had already disappeared through the teleportation array.

The first place Chen Wentian visited upon returning to the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent was not his home province but the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. He arrived unannounced at Lotus Tower but Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun didn't mind it and greeted him far more warmly than he ever wanted.

This time, she ambushed him with a one-piece silk dress that was completely sheer. A few embroidered lotus flowers in strategic places maintained some semblance of modesty but it was still difficult to avoid looking at her disguised figure which was an epitome of perfection.

"Brother Wentian, do you like it?" She said coyly, sticking her butt out so that it was more prominent, "I had this outfit made especially for you. I always knew you would come to visit me!"

Chen Wentian's eyes drifted over her naughty bits for only a brief second before he blocked out her illusory allure.

He coughed awkwardly and looked away, "I'm not here for a booty call. I just came back from the Martial Brilliance Continent. I thought you'd be curious and I also had some questions about some things I saw there."

"Oh! A story, how exciting!" She exclaimed.

She jumped onto the sofa next to him and snapped her fingers. The lanterns dimmed and a cup of wine appeared in her hand. She took a sip and leaned towards him, fluttering her eyelids, waiting for him to speak.

Chen Wentian ignored her seduction and told an abridged tale of the last two months including trouble with various abbesses, the Seven Potentates of Jiannan, and the Gift Giving Ceremony.

Gong Liyun happily listened until he finished and spoke up, "Sounds like you had a lot of fun. Are you worried about those slut abbesses? Did any of them ask you to be their lover?"

"What? No!" Chen Wentian replied.

"How's that possible? You're so young and tasty!"

"Ah, that... They don't actually believe that I'm that young as there isn't any hard evidence or any clear record of my family background."

Gong Liyun laughed, "Perhaps. But I think that Abbess Li Shishi you described might know the truth. Who knows, she might want to jump on your cock like me. Be careful, I'd hate for you to be eaten up by her."

Chen Wentian snorted, "I can handle myself around women."

"Wrong. You can handle yourself around virgins and inexperienced girls. You've never had a full-grown woman; you've never been with someone with centuries of experience with countless men. Trust me, it's a whole another world. I can prove it to you."

"Whatever. And aren't they supposed to be virgins? How can they have lovers?" He asked.

"Silly boy, being a virgin doesn't mean that they don't have sex. I'm sure you've figured that out already with that pretty Long girl."

"..." Chen Wentian spluttered but he couldn't argue with that.

"My offer is always there. I promise I'll go easy on you. If you ever need to seduce one of those old sluts or something, I can help you." Gong Liyun said.

Chen Wentian didn't reply but he considered her words with some seriousness for the first time in his life. He felt a strange sense of coincidence with her offer and the visit to the Frostfire Nation that lay some time in the near future. Perhaps...

"Anyways, if we're not going to fuck, I have other things to do, other boys to do, you know me." She said, emptying her cup of wine.

"Wait, I wanted to ask one thing." He said quickly, "I pissed off the Yang Clan of Great Waves pretty good this time around. Do you think they will directly attack my sect or my disciples to punish me?"

Gong Liyun considered the question before answering, "Do I think they are capable of despicable actions like that? Sure. But it is difficult to move a Spirit King if that's what you're worried about. More likely, they might send a few Spirit Lords over to test your defenses."

Chen Wentian scowled. Her estimate was in line with his own. The Yang Clan wasn't going to let him go that easily. He would have to be very careful, at least until Jasmine woke up from her hibernation.

Gong Liyun continued, "I won't be able to help you but I trust you should be able to handle such rabble?"

"I can handle it." He said darkly.

She giggled, "Good, my little Wentian is the best. I have faith in your manly prowess!"

Chen Wentian stood and bowed to her, "Thank you for the counsel. I appreciate it. I should return to my sect."

"Bye, honey! You can come see me any time!"