

F Disciples 491

Chapter 491: Side Story: A Messy Eater

The Eastern Sanmu Metropolis was the center of human cultivation in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent but it was not known as a safe place. Because it was land rich in spiritual energy, cultivators were known to disappear for some reason or another. If one wasn't careful, they could fall victim to the schemes of rivals or jealous people. They could also run into powerful beasts or even demons that were known to pop up from time to time.

The four king sects of the metropolis maintained a broad sense of order but it was not their responsibility to make the whole metropolis completely safe. Such a thing was unfeasible and also unwanted. Danger was useful for creating cultivators. Cultivation without danger was almost not worth it at all.

But sometimes, the situation became peculiar and even Spirit Lords could face dangerous situations. The current Eastern Sanmu Metropolis was facing such a situation. At least two Spirit Lords had been confirmed to have disappeared in the past year. Even the four king sects couldn't figure out how. It was something that hadn't happened to the metropolis in at least a few hundred years.

"My sources tell me that there's a powerful beast roaming the metropolis at night." A beautiful young woman said in a low voice.

She was draped over a middle-aged man. Her head was resting on his chest but he seemed more interested in the cup of wine in his hand. They were alone in a dimly lit room with an open balcony that overlooked the city below. Both of them were barely dressed and the smell of sex lingered in the air.

"My Lord, do you know? They say that the beast has the ability to turn into an angel that can captivate the hearts of any man, even immortals. And it especially likes preying on immortals, stealing their hearts, tearing it out of their chest..." She paused to circle her index finger around the man's bare chest, "And then eat it while it is still beating, right in front of the victim's horrified face."

The man let out a deep laugh. He put down the cup of wine and turned to the woman. With a burst of strength, he was on top and she was pressed down into the cushions.

"My Lord Chu!" She gasped, "Oh wow, looks like your powers have returned. My lord is so mighty!"

She reached down and stroked the hardened length between his legs.

"Hahaha! I am Immortal Flare Osprey Chu Fengwei. I am a hero amongst men. My power cannot be rivaled by the usual customers around here. Fairy White Pear, such a story can't possibly ruin my mood. I spent so much money to win your first night, don't think it's over after only two times. I promised that I won't go easy on you."

"Hehe, Lord Chu, this one had no such intentions." The woman said coyly. "I was simply wondering if my lord was worried about the recent matters which have alarmed everyone in the metropolis down to the beggars in the streets. But I think my lord has other things on his mind..."

She wrapped her arms around his waist and hooked her legs around his, ensnaring him in her embrace. Chu Fengwei like it very much and rubbed his hard-on against her, eager to taste her again. Fairy White Pear was the most sought-after debutante of the River District. He had paid a small fortune to win the auction for her first night. He wasn't about to waste it.

"Silly girl. Those immortals who disappeared were useless people. They were bound to meet an unfortunate end sooner or later. How can they compare to me?" He boasted.

He then spread her legs apart and forcefully speared her core.

"My lord!" She cried out in ecstasy.

The pair lost themselves in each other. The lights dimmed as high-pitched cries and heavy pants mixed together in a duet of passion.

After this round was finished, they chatted and drank before tumbling together in bed once more. The cycle repeated over and over deep into the night.

Chu Fengwei eventually calmed down as the women beneath him had long since fallen unconscious from his torment. He was completely spent and collapsed weakly on top of her, fully satisfied. His whole body felt dull and lethargic. He felt as if he didn't have the strength to lift a single finger.

It took him way too long to figure out that something was wrong. His condition was way too abnormal. He couldn't summon even a single strand of spiritual energy. His body was completely numb as if he had been poisoned.

"What... who..." He struggled out.

"Hehehe..." A low laugh came from somewhere.

Chu Fengwei struggled to look around but couldn't find the strength. Suddenly, he was lifted into the air by a towering figure that seemed to be made of water. His eyes went wide and he made a squeak like a frightened mouse.

"Shui... shuimu..." His voice froze in his throat as he realized his fate.

It was indeed a shuimu, the most fearsome demon born of the water element. The demon stood over three meters tall and covered the entire room with its fearsome aura that was at the peak of the Spirit Lord Realm.

The demon ignored the human immortal for a moment and picked up the unconscious woman. With a twist of spiritual energy, it sucked out all the fluids from between her legs, leaving a gaping, bloody hole. The fluids were a mix of her arousal, her blood, and Chu Fengwei's semen.

The shuimu licked its lips and drank this concoction in one gulp, "Ahh, tasty! Very tasty!"

It cast aside the dead woman and stared at the frozen Chu Fengwei with a fearsome hunger.

"Since your spunk is rather high quality, I shall reward you with my name." It said happily, "I am Lord of the Calm Lake, Qin Shui'er. Immortal Flare Osprey Chu Fengwei, you shall have the honor of being eaten by me. Rejoice, your worthless human life will fuel my breakthrough!"

"No... no..." Chu Fengwei begged.

There was no use. There was nothing he could do, no hope for him anymore. He didn't even know how he had been poisoned. He didn't stand a chance against such a powerful demon.

Qin Shui'er's watery visage smiled mercilessly. She leaned down towards his exposed lower half. Her mouth opened impossibly wide around his limp cock and shriveled balls.

With a tremendous burst of spiritual energy, she clamped down.

"Ahhhh!" Chu Fengwei howled in pain and horror.

He collapsed in a puddle of blood, clutching uselessly at the gaping hole between his legs. He writhed on the floor like a pig being slaughtered.

"Shut up!" She snapped.

Two beams of water shot out, piercing his eyes and out the back of his skull, killing him instantly.

These bursts of spiritual energy were enough to raise the alarm. Already, human shouts were filling the building all around.

With the job done, Qin Shui'er didn't stick around to get caught. Her body turned into one long strand of water and disappeared down the drains of the nearby bathroom, leaving behind a shocking crime scene.

Before any other human barged into the room, merely a few seconds after the water demon had retreated, a shadowy figure dropped down from the ceiling. The shadow took the shape of a large fox and placed a paw on top of Chu Fengwei's head, sucking up the dying soul with the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art.

"Cheh, what a messy eater." Chen Wentain muttered, "I didn't know shuimu liked to do that... female demons are truly fearsome."

He had not expected to run into Qin Shui'er again so soon after their battle. It had been a matter of pure luck. Ever since Chu Fengwei had harassed Su Yue, Chen Wentian had always made sure to track the vile immortal's movements. He was hoping to find an opportunity to get revenge but to his great surprise, Qin Shui'er had done the deed for him.

He would have to thank her.

He shook his head wryly. The water demon was already showing glimmers of Spirit King Realm spiritual energy. She was definitely on the verge of a breakthrough. It was only a matter of time and the number of victims.

Perhaps, both of them would be Spirit Kings the next time they met.

Chapter 492: Side Story: His Initiation Ceremony

A young man stood silently in front of a small audience comprised solely of old people. These were all immortals, humans who had cast aside their mortal shackles and entered the wonderous and unfathomable immortal realms. Each one of them was the master of countless mortal lives. Each one of them ruled vast swaths of land. Each one of them was so old, it was almost frightening.

The room they were in was small and the audience sat in two vertical rows that left plenty of space in the middle. In place of a wall to one side, there was a balcony that overlooked a blue sky with fluffy white clouds. The ground and even the horizon weren't visible, a sign of just how tall the building was.

Today was a special ceremony. Otherwise, a dozen immortals would not have gathered in one place. Time was precious, even for people who could live for centuries.

The young man finally broke the silence. He presented his right palm where a ball of blazing blue spiritual energy blossomed into life. In a flash, the same flames, as blue as the endless sky, enveloped his body completely. His spiritual aura pulsed with profound power, a level of power that had already surpassed the limits of mortality.

He then spoke in a clear, mellow voice, "Respected members of the Immortal Association and senior immortals, my name is Chen Wentian and I have recently broken through to the Spirit Lord Realm."

His words were met with mixed reviews. The granny immortals showed great interest and whispered amongst themselves. The grandpa immortals all didn't react at all. A particularly ancient grandpa sat closest to the front, wearing multiple layers of golden embroidery like a cocoon. His eyes were shut. His wrinkled and almost bald head was lolling to one side. This old fart was supposed to be in charge of the ceremony but he was clearly asleep.

Chen Wentian looked around helplessly and his eyes met those of a stunningly beautiful woman. Such a person wasn't there just a moment ago. She was tall and lithe, with cascading black hair, a perfect complexion, and rosy lips that could slay the heart of any man. Her outfit was also striking, a skin-tight design that wasn't quite appropriate for the setting. His eyes drifted down her slender neck to vast expanses of snow-white skin and a deep canyon between two glorious peaks hidden behind the thinnest layer of red silk.

His soul suddenly shook in alarm as well as recognition. This was followed by a surge of purging fire that freed his mind from the illusion before him. The beautiful woman disappeared, replaced with the grinning face of a woman centuries past her prime.

"Immortal Gentle Lotus." Chen Wentian said, bowing his head slightly as a sign of respect.

The old lady was the second most powerful person in the room. Known as Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun, she was a fearsome master of mind arts and illusions. He had run into her a few times in the past and knew how to defend against her.

"Naughty boy..." She said. There was a flash of disappointment which was quickly replaced with a smile, "Have you decided on a moniker?"

"Yes, I would like to be known as Immortal Blue Dragon."

Several old men in attendance snorted loudly, showing their disapproval.

"What blue dragon? Does this twit think his flames are anything close to the divine flames of a blue dragon?"

The grannies shot them dirty looks in response.

"Who cares, nobody actually believes that. But his flames are quite nice to look at. I don't see a problem."

"Look at him, He's so young and handsome like a young dragon. I could totally eat him up! Hehe!" Another old lady added unnecessarily.

Gong Liyun giggled as well, "You'll have to get in line, Xiao Chu. I called dibs first!"

"What the hell? When did you do that?"

A cough interrupted them. The wrinkled old man awoke and opened one eye to study Chen Wentian.

"Very well, Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, the Immortal Associations welcomes you as a brand-new immortal of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. Since Lotus likes you so much, she can take care of introductory matters."

"Thank you, Immortal Solemn Duke." Chen Wentian said with a deep bow.

As he spoke, there was a swirl of golden energy. By the time he looked up, Immortal Solemn Duke Huang Wuji had already disappeared from the room. Following this, the other old men in the room left just as quickly, leaving Chen Wentian at the mercy of the fearsome grannies.

One of the ancient witches leaped up from her seat and strutted towards him. With each step, her appearance turned younger and younger until she was a twenty-year-old bombshell by the time she was right in front of him. She cocked her hips to one side and crossed her arms across her chest, pushing up her sizable, plump chest for him to see.

"Hey handsome, you can call me Elder Sister Huhu. How old are you really? Your aura is amazingly fresh and vibrant!"

"Umm..." Chen Wentian spluttered, unsure how to handle the situation.

The woman in front of him was certainly nice to look at but it was purely due to some kind of physical modification secret art. There was nothing real about her except for her name. The most disturbing thing was that these old women were all sexually active and a fresh piece of ass like him was irresistible to them.

"Lan Hu, don't be such a slut." A voice came from behind him. "Come here, baby."

Chen Wentian felt a sharp pinch on his backend. He whirled around, only to be met by another beauty licking her lips, sizing him up like a juicy piece of meat. (f)ree

"Ohh," She moaned, "He's so fresh and tender. Baby, if you spend a few nights with Big Sister Wang, I'll give you whatever you want!"

He was quickly surrounded by the others. Some tugged at his arm while others pinched his ass some more. He tried to push them away but they were all quite strong as well as persistent.

"Come home with me!"

"No, me!"

"My pussy is the tightest!"

"Hey! Stop it! Stop pinching!" He shouted.

He had no interest in sleeping with these old ladies, no matter what. He couldn't lose his virginity like this!

After a few more rounds of pushing and shoving, a wave of pink spiritual energy fell upon Chen Wentian and the small crowd around him.

Gong Liyun's soft voice drifted over, almost like a dream. "The ceremony is over; you all may leave. Chen Wentian actually isn't so young. He's just very good at physical disguises."

"Oh..."

"Bummer..."

The other grannies, seemingly charmed by Gong Liyun's power, followed her words and left the room in disappointment. Only Gong Liyun was left, sporting a wide, playful grin.

"I saved you from several nights of torment in their clutches, how will you repay me?" She teased.

He said nothing.

"How about you spend three days and three nights in my Lotus Tower? I promise I'll treat you like a king." She added.

He rubbed his brow, feeling a headache coming on as he fought off her mind-altering Dao.

Gong Liyun finally laughed and withdrew her powers, "Aiya, my little dragon is always so stubborn. You are the only one who can throw off my powers so easily."

She twirled her fingers and withdrew a small booklet, "I'm happy you managed to reach the Spirit Lord Realm. I knew you would be able to do it but I didn't think you'd be able to so quickly. Twenty-five is really beyond astonishing. But being so brilliant isn't always a good thing, it's best if you don't advertise it unnecessarily."

"I understand." Chen Wentian said.

He had feeling she would know the truth. They had met before when he had been at the Spirit Initiate Realm. He had fought off her mental attack so she wouldn't have forgotten about him.

"Hehe. Your secret is safe with me, you're my special little man after all. I won't let anyone else get a piece of your ass before me." She laughed at his uncomfortable expression, "Alright, enough teasing. Here is the basic information about the Immortal Association."

She handed over the booklet and continued, "There are only two main matters. One, you will be assigned a province to govern. You may do whatever you wish but if you accidentally wipe it clean of human life or something, the association won't be happy about that. Second, all new immortals have to create their own immortal sect. This is non-negotiable. All the rules are explained in here."

"Alright." He said helplessly.

"Good, off you go then. I hope your sect will be just as interesting as yourself!"

With that, the Initiation Ceremony was over. It was the first official account of Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian in human history, a truly astonishing and heaven-defying figure that would eventually shake the whole world of cultivation.

Chapter 493: Side Story: A Messy Situation

A new day dawned on the Glittering Forest, the wild forest that was the home of the mantis queen. A row of human cultivators, bound and gagged, were carried along the mossy forest floor by a procession of blood-red ants the size of wolves. Several other species of insects flitted about, keeping a close eye on their precious haul.

The convoy eventually arrived before a massive, ancient tree. The entire forest gave way to a solitary behemoth, its branches covering the sky in all directions. The ants kept going until they had climbed up the trunk to a wide platform made of bark as wide as a city square.

A gray, metallic mass dropped down from the canopy above. With a flicker of its massive wings, the beast landed with barely a sound. Its bulbous head and shiny black eyes gleamed with power and sharpness.

The ants all quivered as if in the presence of their master and quickly unloaded their humans in neat rows. Once done, they all scurried down the tree, except for one ant which was twice as large as the rest.

"Red Skull One, only so little prey this time?" The gray beast spoke, its voice infused with harsh clacking sounds from its mandibles.

The ant shook its head and made a series of hisses and clicks.

"Bah!" The gray beast spat angrily, "I need more food! Mama needs more food! How do you expect mama to ever recover if you keep bringing back so little?"

The ant hissed and clicked with greater urgency as if trying to appease its master.

"Fine... I better see double the number of heads next time. You can leave now."

The ant leader nodded and scurried away.

The gray beast glanced down at the unconscious human prey. They were all male and at the lower levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm, naked and bound by sticky ant spit. The beast gnashed its mandibles in frustration. It wasn't enough, it was far from enough.

It stowed away its massive bladed claws and picked up two humans with its smaller, secondary appendages. It then flew into the air, past several branches, before landing next to a large hole in the trunk.

A small, translucent mantis about a meter tall sat at the entrance. Its exoskeleton was clear like glass and its innards were visible. The strange beast glanced at the new arrival and nodded.

"Little Gray, send them in." It said simply.

Little Gray, the gray mantis beast that was four times the size of its partner, obeyed and threw the two humans inside. It then sat down next to the smaller mantis and glanced around anxiously.

"White Deng, how is mama?" Little Gray asked.

Their mother, Queen Sundew, was inside the lair within the tree.

White Deng, the translucent mantis, shook its head, "She still hasn't awakened. Her instincts are still good and she will eat. But she will eat anything so I can't even get close enough to examine her wounds. It's been like this for months; I have no idea how long it will take."

Its human speech was much more fluent, showing its seniority as well as strength as an origin beast.

Little Gray clacked noisily, "What should we do? We are so weak. Spike Head and Green Giant won't come home either!"

The other mantis shook its wings in anger, "Are those two idiots still fighting?"

Little Gray nodded.

"Bah, useless!" White Deng spat, "You'd think that gaining the ability to speak would give them some common sense but no! How can they still fight at a time like this, and over something so trivial!"

"We should ask the fat toad and weird monkey for help." Little Gray said.

White Deng sighed like an old man, "It's useless. They won't help us. They are too busy trying to recover from their own losses. King Huo Tu lost three Spirit Lords even before the battle. I still don't know what happened there but the toad is surely furious about it. How can they help us when they still haven't been able to resolve that situation?"

"And as for the monkeys, they are in complete turmoil. Can you believe General Song actually betrayed King Wu? From what I heard; many monkeys lost their lives to their king's anger. The monkey mountain has been completely upended but King Wu still hasn't been able to find a satisfactory answer. They will be useless for a while longer."

Little Gray clacked its mandibles, "So many strange things. Could there be some trickery going on? Could it be the demons of the east?"

White Deng extended an arm and patted its compatriot, "Your intelligence has improved greatly. That is what I have thought of also. Too many strange things have happened one after another. There is certainly something going on, I'm sure of it. But I can't say if it is our enemies to the east or to the west."

"Has to be demons!" Little Gray said.

"Could be humans too. You have to consider all possibilities instead of going to your gut instinct. For example, that sword immortal we fought at the human city, the one who betrayed his own allies... he is much more vicious than any demon I have ever fought. He could certainly be the one behind all these incidents."

Little Gray went silent, pondering the issue. The two of them sat together, waiting for something to happen just like they had done every day for many months.

Suddenly, there was a surge of verdant spiritual energy which swept out of the hole in the tree. This was followed by two human screams which were quickly silenced.

"Mama!" Little Gray jumped up, shouting excitedly.

It tried rushing inside but was pulled back by White Deng, "Don't be stupid. She's just feeding in her sleep. If you go in, she will rip your head off."

"Oh..."

"Don't worry, mama will recover eventually. Her life force is the strongest amongst the Spirit Kings. She will get better. You just have to keep her fed. If the ants can't find enough food, you just have to go out yourself."

"Alright!" Little Gray said and flew away to grab more humans.

A long while later, after both immortal mantises had left the ancient tree, a small black bee popped into existence from its hiding place and flew away. It zig-zagged its way past the hordes of insects that guarded the mantis lair and arrived at a pre-determined location atop a common pine tree.

It crawled inside a small crevasse in the bark and entered its nest which was teeming with other black bees. The new arrival was among the largest and was quickly surrounded by the other bees. The big bee buzzed its wings and began a lengthy, intricate dance where it meandered around in circles.

Eventually, everything the void bee had seen and heard had been translated and observed by the shadow anchor that resided in the nest, giving Chen Wentian some interesting new information about the situation of the three beast kings, something he was always keeping an eye out on.

Jasmine would soon become a Spirit King and he was also making good progress. Her final revenge against the Beast God Sanctum was just around the corner. Thus, two of the immortal mantises fighting each other was great news. He loved chaos and conflict. For his enemies to be already fighting each other was the perfect messy situation.

It meant more souls to harvest, more soul power to advance his cultivation, one step closer to a breakthrough.

Chapter 494: Side Story: All About Bandits (I)

While Chen Wentian was busy taking care of Long Yifei and the Gift Giving Ceremony, two of his other disciples weren't having as much fun. Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun had been promised a trip to the Martial Brilliance Continent and Chen Wentian had indeed kept his end of the promise. However, it didn't mean they were happy.

"Master is so mean!" Lin Qingcheng groaned.

She was lying across a lush couch with embroidered pillows made of silk and stuffed with the fluffiest feathers. She huffed and threw a pillow across the room at her compatriot. Zhou Ziyun was busy reading a thick ledger filled with numbers and didn't react fast enough. The pillow hit her across the head, causing her to cry out.

"Chengcheng, stop it! I'm busy!" Zhou Ziyun said. She couldn't hide her own frustration which was not directed at Lin Qingcheng but at a certain black-haired man.

Lin Qingcheng continued, whining towards the gold-plated ceiling, "He hasn't come to see us in over a week. We've been stuck in this fancy tower for so long and we can't even leave. And he even took our immortal items, so unfair!" n ovel.com

Zhou Ziyun looked around and sighed. She was also quite annoyed by the situation. Chen Wentian had 'borrowed' their Golden Serpent Robe and Insightful Swallow Saber and didn't bother to tell them when he was returning them. As a result, they weren't allowed to roam out of their room, effectively imprisoning them for the duration.

They were in the middle of Blue Mountain City, a moderately sized city of over one million souls that was situated in the center of the Martial Brilliance Continent. It was home to several different immortal factions and was a bustling center for commerce and entertainment. There were so many exciting sights to see and many different circumstances to experience. Instead, they were denied it all, all for the sake of helping Long Yifei survive the upcoming Gift Giving Ceremony. Both of them were willing to help their fellow sister but they were still greatly annoyed by the situation.

But it wasn't all bad. Lin Qingcheng was bored out of her mind because she had no responsibilities except cultivating herself. Zhou Ziyun, on the other hand, was assigned a myriad of strange tasks to carry out, all of which were about to culminate in a peculiar event this evening.

Zhou Ziyun finally closed the bamboo ledger with a snap and turned to her sister, "Chengcheng, come here."

"What's up?" Lin Qingcheng replied, bouncing up.

Zhou Ziyun brought up a finger to her lips and then beckoned her over. Lin Qingcheng sensed something and scurried over with a conspiratorial smile.

"Sis, tell me!" She whispered.

Zhou Ziyun also smiled, "I was able to carry out master's tasks and as a result, there will be an interesting meeting tonight. Listen up, this is what we need to do."

As night fell upon Blue Mountain City, there was a distinct knock on the door to Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun's room.

"He's here!" Lin Qingcheng shouted.

Zhou Ziyun rolled her eyes but she was also somewhat excited. She unlocked the door and a strange man entered. The figure slipped through the door and locked it behind him, somehow knowing how to activate the same inscriptions as Zhou Ziyun. He then stood to attention before the two women.

The man was tall and well built, with a flat face and neat beard. He wore a dark-red set of combat robes with a bright red sun embroidered onto the breast of the tunic. It was the symbol of the Red Sun Gang, a quite infamous immortal gang in the Martial Brilliance Continent.

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun stared at the man, unsure of what to do. They knew who he was but it was still a little difficult to believe firsthand. It was their first time directly confronting this fearsome aspect of their master's power.

Finally, the man acted first and smiled a familiar smile. A warm halo of blue flames erupted around him, surrounding him in an aura that the two women could recognize anywhere. It was their master's flames, the man before them was their master, or more accurately a physical avatar of his soul.

"Newly promoted lord of the Red Sun Gang, Wang Landi, greets two beautiful ladies. Looks like you both need some male company tonight. Haha." Chen Wentian said, finishing with a graceful bow.

"Master!" Lin Qingcheng called out and bowed quickly.

His voice was strange but the way he spoke was instantly recognizable. She had heard it many times when her master teased her.

"Master." Zhou Ziyun also bowed to show her respect.

She wasn't as excitable as Lin Qingcheng but she also recognized the person before her as Chen Wentian. All of her tasks involved communicating in secret with Wang Landi and several other people in similar situations.

"Master, about the matter tonight, are you sure about it?" Zhou Ziyun asked.

Chen Wentian slapped his chest, "Don't worry, with your letters, I've managed to handle everything properly. The guests have all arrived in Blue Mountain City and are making their way over to the meeting place. We should prepare. Are you two ready for a makeover?"

"Yes!" Lin Qingcheng squealed while Zhou Ziyun merely shrugged.

"Tsk, ts. Chengcheng is the first disciple after all. She is the most obedient." Chen Wentian said, "Alright, Chengcheng, come here, you are first."

"Yes, master!"

Chen Wentian put his vast knowledge of physical disguises and masterful makeup skills to use on his disciples for the first time. It was an ability developed over the years of practice along with the addition of several souls with vast experiences.

When he was done, two strange women stood in place of his two disciples.

Lin Qingcheng had been transformed into a matron with substantial plumpness. Her fake breasts were quite voluptuous. Her ass was round and soft.

But that wasn't all. Lin Qingcheng wore an outfit made of gold silk, accessories dripping with wealth, and glittering hair ornaments akin to a queen. She also had on a face veil that hid all of her features except for slender eyes darkened by mascara. She exuded the aura of a mature seductress, a queen of the night, a vixen of incomparable charm.

Zhou Ziyun's transformation was just as interesting but the polar opposite. She wore a simple set of gray-white robes, common cloth shoes, and wooden prayer beads around her wrist. Her ordinarily

luscious hair was hidden by a plain cap commonly seen on nuns. Indeed, just like a nun, she wore no makeup and her complexion was pale and extremely plain. Even her moderate assets were hidden behind heavy robes, making her look as plain as white rice.

"Hahaha! Excellent!" Chen Wentian laughed as he studied his handiwork. "Alright, you two, introduced yourselves."

Lin Qingcheng bowed elegantly, "Lord Wang, my name is Ren Jinjin, disciple of Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong."

Zhou Ziyun followed expressionlessly, "Amitabha. Lord Wang, this one's name is Yimin, disciple of Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong."

Chapter 495: Side Story: All About Bandits (II)

"Hahaha, good! My good disciples, you both look great!" Chen Wentian said, examining his handiwork.

"Wow, Sister Zhou looks so cool!" Lin Qingcheng gushed.

"You don't look too bad yourself." Zhou Ziyun said.

She was even audacious enough to reach forward and Lin Qingcheng's fake breasts a good squeeze. "Wow, these feel no different from real ones."

"Hey!" Lin Qingcheng cried out bashfully. "Meanie!"

Zhou Ziyun giggled, "Chengcheng finally can live out her dream as a buxom madam. But I have to be an ordinary nun. So unfair!"

"Alright, alright, you two can argue along the way. We should go."

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun looked at each other and nodded, their eyes glittering with excitement. This was the first time they had been involved in one of Chen Wentian's schemes. It showed that he trusted them enough with his most important secrets.

They left the room together, exited the hotel, and got in a non-descript horse carriage that had been prepared beforehand. The meeting place was at a secret location so they had to be cautious. They traveled along a pre-planned route, even changing horse carriages twice to maintain secrecy, and arrived inside a stone warehouse at the edge of Blue Mountain City.

They got out and were met with a squad of warriors bearing the familiar emblem of the Red Sun Gang. It was their old hideout within the city. Despite losing their two Spirit Lords, the gang still had enough strength to maintain their territory for the moment.

"Lord Wang!"

"Lord Wang!"

They all saluted smartly upon seeing Wang Landi, their captain, now their new leader.

Chen Wentian, as Wang Landi, waved to them, "These two behind me are our esteemed guests of the evening. Have the others arrived yet?"

A gang member saluted, "Yes, Lord Wang. The six gangs invited have all arrived and are waiting."

"Very well. Lady Ren, Lady Yimin, please. This way." Chen Wentian bowed to Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun, playing the part of the host.

Lin Qingcheng smiled and nodded, playing her part, "Lord Wang, please."

They walked down a corridor lined with more Red Sun Gang members and arrived at the meeting place which was nothing more than an empty space in the main warehouse. The center was dimly lit and several groups of people were visible, standing apart from each other as if each group was wary of the others.

All of them became silent as Chen Wentian walked in with two strange ladies in tow. One looked like the madam of a wealthy brothel while the other was an uptight and unremarkable nun. There were expressions of astonishment mixed in with ones of curiosity.

"Greetings, everyone. The guests of honor have arrived. Let us begin." Chen Wentian said, "As the new lord of the Red Sun Gang, I shall be the host of tonight's meeting. Old friends, welcome. Thank you all for coming on such short notice and giving me face."

There was no response as all parties eyed Wang Landi suspiciously.

Chen Wentian continued, "I shall introduce everyone. To my right, we have the Iron Lock Crew."

He gestured to a group of rough-looking men wearing sleeveless shirts that carried heavy chains around their wrists. Some were bald-headed while others sported various scars. They were a group of ruffians known for kidnapping and extortion. Although they were merely a mortal gang, their strength was at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm and quite influential in the local area.

"I am the Iron Lock Crew Chief, Old Seventh." The eldest man at the front of the pack said, cupping his hands together in a greeting to the others. "I hope tonight won't be a waste of our time."

Chen Wentian chuckled, "Of course, when has the Red Sun Gang ever led you guys astray?"

Old Seventh snorted noisily, "Little Wang, you were merely a useless captain a month ago. You've certainly grown a pair of balls since your two lords died. Since they were useless enough to get themselves killed, why should I trust you?"

Several Red Sun Gang members behind Chen Wentian stirred in anger but he silenced them with a raised hand.

"Old Seventh, was that really necessary? When my two lords were still alive, the Iron Lock Crew even wanted to join the Red Sun Gang. Besides rejecting you, we have not mistreated you. Now, the Red Sun Gang has fallen on hard times and we are seeking allies. I hope you can earnestly listen to my offer, as old friends."

"Fine, fine." Old Seventh huffed, "Pretend I didn't say anything."

Chen Wentian smiled, "Thank you. Moving along, next to the Iron Lock Crew is the Blood Hook Gang."

They were a mix of men and women with slender frames, each clad from head to toe in black robes that hid everything except for their eyes. They each carried wickedly curved blades that were excellent at decapitation. They were an infamous gang known for assassinations.

"I am Blood Hook Xiao Mei," A feminine voice at the front spoke softly, "The Blood Hook Gang has worked for the Red Sun Gang in the past. We are interested in hearing more about what you have to offer."

"Thank you, Lady Xiao Mei." Chen Wentian nodded in her direction and continued his introductions of the gathered gangs.

The other four consisted of the Diamond Triad, the Red Willow Tower, the Black River Company, and the Yellow Turban Gang. They were all gangs of ill repute across the central mountainous regions of the Martial Brilliance Continent that had some relationships with the Red Sun Gang in the past. While none of them had a leader at the Spirit Lord Realm, they each had the skills to survive against vicious competition and carve out their own niche.

"And finally," Chen Wentian turned to his disciples and bowed deeply, "The guests of honor of tonight's meeting, the ones who suggested this meeting and who first proposed the idea of an alliance to me. May I introduce these two representatives of a fearsome Spirit Lord bandit that has recently arrived in the Martial Brilliance Continent. If things go well, we will all soon be working together with them."

"Thank you, Lord Wang. Everyone, I am Ren Jinjin, first disciple of Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong. This is my martial sister." Lin Qingcheng said.

"Amitabha, this one is named Yimin, second disciple of Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong. It is not convenient for our master to show his face around this region as of yet but he has heard great things about everyone here tonight. He hopes that his offer will be adequate for everyone gathered here tonight."

Chapter 496: Side Story: All About Bandits (III)

Many pairs of eyes studied Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun, their slightest movement and even their steady breathing, silently judging them. The male gangsters were rather interested in the character of Ren Jinjin and her alluring physical traits while the female gangsters were curious about the appearance of a nun among such a rough crowd.

After a moment of silence, Zhou Ziyun continued speaking, "Our master is known as Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong. You may not have heard of him but the continent will know of his name very soon. His power is boundless and his ambition is equally limitless. He is a man of no home but he has taken an interest in the Martial Brilliance Continent."

She looked around and continued, "My master knows that the Martial Brilliance Continent is a dangerous place filled with powerhouses and hidden experts. However, he believes he has the power and means to establish roots and grow here. The problem is that we are too few in number. My master never liked taking in too many disciples during our travels. In total, it is only our master and three disciples, us two and another sister who could not make it tonight. Thus, he has decided to seek an alliance with local gangs of great potential in order to quickly establish himself and move his plans forward."

"Little nun, just get to the point." A voice interrupted her. It came from Huang Tou, the leader of the Yellow Turban Gang, a cranky old fart with a white beard that almost reached the floor, "All of us have survived for many decades and are just fine by ourselves. Why should we join your alliance? Why should we do anything for your master?"

Zhou Ziyun remained unfazed. In response to the question, she merely flicked her hand and deposited a large pile of glittering orange crystals before her feet.

The crowd stirred in excitement.

"Orange spiritual crystal!"

"Oh, my heavens!"

A few couldn't help but blurt out due to their greed.

"That's right. Money." Zhou Ziyun said, "We'll provide substantial amounts of spiritual crystals if you choose to join the alliance. There is enough here that even if it is split seven ways, it will fund your gangs for decades at least. But aside from money, you all should know the situation of the Martial Brilliance Continent. The southern third of the continent is ruled by the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen and the Seven Potentates of Jiannan. It is difficult for people like us to make a living here. The same goes for the northern third which is controlled by the Sororal Order of Endless Love and their supporters, the Northern Oligarchs."

"These two sides are constantly fighting for supremacy and have long used the central region as a battleground. This has created a chaotic environment where gangs like you guys have been able to thrive. This chaos is also what drew my master here. His goal is to establish a base in the continent and eventually become a warlord of the central region."

Her last statement was met with many incredulous faces as well as noises of disbelief. Warlords were the most powerful bandit organizations in the central region. They rivaled whole kingdoms and entire provinces in power and were all led by Spirit Kings at least. A random sword bandit wanting to become a warlord was nothing more than a dream.

Lin Qingcheng chimed in to defend Zhou Ziyun, "All of you do not need to worry if our master can reach the Spirit King Realm or not. All we are asking for is an alliance and our money in exchange for your manpower to carry out certain tasks. We are not trying to take over your gangs. Master is very stingy about disciples and would never accept you guys anyway."

This drew more discontent but Chen Wentian spoke up loudly, "Think about it. Lady Ren and Lady Yimin are offering us not just an alliance but a future. Ever since the Red Sun Gang has fallen down, I've experienced the hardship that bottom-feeder gangs like us suffer. Every day is a struggle to survive, fighting against rivals, fighting against customers, fighting against everyone."

He turned to Huang Tou, "Old Turban, how old are you this year? Eighty-five?"

"Eighty-four!" Huang Tou shouted angrily.

"Exactly!" Chen Wentian said, "How much longer do you think you can hold up the Yellow Turban Gang? What will happen to your people when you finally bite the dust? If you join this alliance, their future will be assured."

He turned to another gang that consisted of only women, "Red Willow, do you think your Red Willow Tower can survive alone forever. Have you forgotten how much the Red Sun Gang has helped your little establishment in the past? Everyone, please open your minds. We are being offered the support of an immortal, a tremendous blessing. We should consider it carefully instead of just rejecting it without any thought!"

His impassioned speech was met with uncertain silence as the gangs whispered amongst themselves.

But eventually, Xiao Mei of the Blood Hook Gang stepped forward, "Old Wang speaks with reason. If we weren't interested in such a deal, we wouldn't have shown up tonight. The Blood Hook Gang is certainly interested but we also don't want to completely lose our independence."

"That's right, an alliance is possible but it has to be under the right conditions." Old Seventh, the Iron Lock Crew Leader, added.

"Don't worry. My master is a reasonable person. I am willing to hear your conditions in his place." Lin Qingcheng said.

"That's good!"

"Alright!"

With that promise, the atmosphere inside the warehouse suddenly shifted and the gangs began an earnest discussion about the proposed alliance, the benefits they could get, and what responsibilities would be expected.

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun left the meeting sometime later and climbed into their horse carriage to take them back to the hotel. Chen Wentian, as Wang Landi, did not join them as he had to return to the Red Sun Gang.

The meeting was successful and they had achieved all of their objectives. With so much money on the table, the gangs only had a few conditions to ensure their existing power structure and a sense of self-governance. This was fine as Chen Wentian didn't want to be bothered by the day-to-day management of gangs.

By the end of the night, a draft of the alliance covenant had been signed by all parties. A tentative name for the alliance was agreed upon, the Sword Bandit Syndicate, a name that they all hoped would one day shake up the Martial Brilliance Continent from top to bottom.

"Sis, it went surprisingly well tonight." Lin Qingcheng said as the carriage traveled through the pre-dawn city.

"Hmm? Yeah, I suppose." Zhou Ziyun said, still thinking about something.

"I thought these gang leaders were all cranky and difficult people to deal with. But it turns out, they all are quite nice." Lin Qingcheng said with a smile, "Some of them even complimented my outfit!"

"Wait, what?" Zhou Ziyun froze. Her eyes shifted rapidly as she comprehended Lin Qingcheng's words and what had taken place during the meeting.

After a few moments, she exhaled sharply and leaned back in her seat, as if in defeat.

"What's wrong?" Lin Qingcheng asked, oblivious.

"Don't you see?" Zhou Ziyun said bitterly, "We got played. Nun my ass!"

"Huh?"

"Chengcheng, you know master's soul art, right?"

"Mmhmm. It allows him to take over weaker souls at will."

"Right. So, how many of those bandit leaders do you think were actually here of their own will? Or were all of them his pawns already?"

Lin Qingcheng looked down at her alluring, mature physique that was totally fake and then at Zhou Ziyun's nun disguise which was utterly ridiculous. It took a while but she finally realized it.

"Master, you big bully!"

Chapter 497: Side Story: Similar and Different

The sun slowly set on Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Its orange glow set alight the snow-covered slopes of Snow White Plum Peak and filled the low-lying clouds with gentle warmth. In a grassy clearing near the main sect building, two women were leaping and twirling around each other as if in a dance.

A slender purple sword flickered in and out of sight. A long silver spear swished and slashed the air. Occasionally, these two weapons would clash together, creating brilliant flashes and bursts of spiritual energy that swept the grass away in all directions.

One was clad in a white battle dress. With long sleeves, long pants, and multiple layers made of a resilient material, it offered great protection as well as grace. It gave her the image of a noble warrior; imposing and dignified.

The other was clad in a dark red, almost brown, outfit that was simple but efficient. It was form-fitting and provided a great range of motion. It was augmented by black leather vambraces and shin guards for additional protection. She looked like an agile fighter and her movements reflected that.

After several more rounds, there was a blast of energy that sent the one wearing dark red sprawling onto the grass.

"Ow!" Bei Lingluo gasped, her head spinning, staring up at the blurry orange clouds above.

"Sister Bei, are you alright?" Wu Qianyu asked worriedly.

She hurried next to Bei Lingluo and knelt down, checking her condition.

Bei Lingluo exhaled and shook her head, "Heh, Sister Wu's sword art is really painful. My whole body aches. No more, please!"

Wu Qianyu looked down at the Purple Jade Sword in her left hand and quickly put it away. During their practice, she had been testing out her brand-new creation, the Sorrowful Sword Style.

"It was my fault; my sword style is still in its infancy. I couldn't control it properly. I guess it is still too early for me to use it in a spar." She said.

She reached a hand down and Bei Yingluo took it.

Once back on her feet, Bei Yingluo patted her butt and smiled, "You can always spar with me, senior sister. I would have nobody else to practice with, otherwise."

Wu Qianyu nodded agreeably. It was the truth after Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun went to the continent. It was just her and Bei Yingluo who stayed at the main sect building and it was a little lonely. The ice sisters had a cultivation method unique to them so they had to stay atop the mountain at the Plum Blossom Villa. They came down occasionally but it was far from reliable.

She was more than fine training by herself. She was already used to it. But Bei Yingluo had caught her and begged to train together. Being the most senior disciple present and the only other disciple there, she could hardly say no. It was her responsibility.

"Senior sister?" Bei Yingluo asked.

"Hmm?"

"Do you want to have dinner together?"

Wu Qianyu looked towards the setting sun. She usually ate simply in order to continue training during the evening. But it was also good to have company so she acquiesced.

"Sure, let's go."

The pair entered the sect building. They bathed and changed into casual evening gowns before meeting up at a small pavilion. A cadre of maids quickly served up a delicious and nourishing multi-course meal prepared by excellent chefs.

As they ate, the conversation was light, with Bei Yingluo being the more talkative one.

"Senior sister, these three dishes are in the southern style of my hometown, I had the chefs specially prepare them for you."

"Senior sister, where's your hometown? What kind of food do you like?"

"Senior sister, when did you start working on the Sorrowful Sword Style?"

Bei Yingluo also spoke a lot about her clan and how they were rapidly expanding with many marriages. One of her aunts was already pregnant so they were making great progress. She was thankful for all the support they got but she also voiced their desire to return to their home one day. She wanted to go back as the disciple of an immortal and re-establish their roots with honor and dignity.

"I'm sure master will support that." Wu Qianyu said, "Home and family are important and he understands that..."

She trailed off and stared at her bowl of rice, her thoughts suddenly becoming muddled. She was reminded of her past, her Green Leaf Sect, her family and friends. While she had already accepted this reality of pain, it didn't mean that she enjoyed the feeling. It didn't mean that she forgot the faces of her father, her mother, of her friends. In times of introspection, it still hurt her greatly, a pain that fueled her determination and chosen way of life.

Bei Yingluo studied her senior sister. She was always very preceptive and could guess what Wu Qianyu was thinking about. She knew the rough details of Wu Qianyu's past which was very similar to hers. They had both been attacked by monsters. Their people had suffered and died.

But Bei Yingluo had been lucky and she hadn't lost everyone. Only a few survived the slaughter but it made all the difference in the world. She understood how more painful it would have been if she had no one left, if her mother and her sister had died in front of her.

"Senior sister..." Bei Yingluo said softly.

"Hmm?"

Bei Yingluo clutched the front of her robes, above her heart, "Senior sister, you're so brave. Sometimes I wish I could have just a fraction of your brave spirit."

Wu Qianyu smiled, "Yingluo, you're doing very well. Your clan survived because of you. Your clan will rise to prominence because of you. I am different from you; we all have different paths in life."

"But... you can have a clan or branch sect too! You can remake the Green Leaf Sect, master will surely agree!" Bei Yingluo insisted.

Wu Qianyu's smile remained as she nodded slowly, "He would but it's not what I want. I am a peculiar person. My parents always complained about it, how I always liked to be alone, how I never had any interest in getting married and creating a family. I realized the truth after meeting master. He showed me the true path. He showed me what was possible."

She paused and looked towards the dimming sky, "In this life, I have no desire for anything except to be by his side and to walk along that path. There is only him and nobody else. He is all I need."

Bei Yingluo sat in stunned silence, unable to find any way to respond. When she had offered herself to Chen Wentian inside that monkey lair, she had done so out of desperation. When she had offered herself to him again after she became his disciple, she had done so to gain his trust and affection. Since all the other disciples were doing it, she didn't want to be left out.

But Wu Qianyu's words went far beyond ordinary respect and admiration of a disciple for her master. It was filled with devotion and passion. It was a declaration of her love, an utter and everlasting love.

Bei Yingluo couldn't match her. She hadn't even thought of the possibility of such emotions. They were similar in some ways but so different in others.

"Yingluo," Wu Qianyu looked back at Bei Yingluo.

"Yes, senior sister?"

"You're a good girl. I can tell. You are kind and clever. But you don't have to try and follow in my footsteps. Master has never asked me to love him. He won't ask that of you. All you have to do is work hard on your cultivation and never let him down. If you do that, he will be satisfied."

"I understand."

Wu Qianyu smiled, "Good, let's finish up with dinner. We can continue sparring this evening."

"Yes, senior sister!"

Chapter 498: Checking Everyone's Progress

A brilliant streak of blue flame from the northern horizon signaled the end of Chen Wentian's sojourn in the Martial Brilliance Continent. Ten Thousand Flower Valley rejoiced. His disciples rejoiced. Absence made hearts grow fonder. This was the case for everyone.

Chen Wentian descended to the main courtyard, Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun in tow. His other disciples stood to attention in a neat row. There was Wu Qianyu, her eyes clear and straight like a sword, never leaving him for an instant, simmering with quiet joy. He could feel every fiber of her sense on him. There was Li Yuechan, adorned with an uncontrollable, pure smile that rarely graced her normally stoic features. She wore her emotions on her sleeves and he could read her openly. There was Song Wushuang, Xu Lanyi, Su Xue, and Su Yue, all bubbling with joy as only a group of sisters could. And finally, there was Bei Yingluo, standing serenely at the end of the line, the last but definitely not the least.

"Everyone, I'm back." He declared.

"Welcome home, master!" They all said at the same time.

Their voices melded together in harmony; a beautiful song reserved only for him. He missed this, far more than he expected.

"Mmm, good! Has anything happened since Chengcheng and Ziyun left for the continent?" He asked.

Wu Qianyu stepped forward and bowed, "Reporting to master, things have been normal at the sect. Everyone has been diligently training for the upcoming Convocation of Swords and we are eagerly awaiting the start of that event."

"Good. We have a week or so to spare so let's not waste it. Since it's still early, you all can continue your usual training. I will go around and check everyone's progress. Qianyu, come with me, you're up first."

"Yes, master!"

The other dispersed around the large courtyard, pairing off to spar. Wu Qianyu walked up to Chen Wentian and waited for his instructions. But instead of saying anything, he wrapped his arms around her in a tight hug.

"Master!" She muttered into his shoulder. "Everyone can see!"

He didn't let her go and held her against him, in full of the others. He didn't really care and savored the feeling of her softness against his chest. She said something else inaudible in protest before finally letting out a contented sigh and melting into him. She missed him just as much as he missed her.

His hug caused quite the distraction amongst his other disciples and he eventually had to stop. Faced with more than a few whispers and giggles from the audience, he let her go. She remained standing before him, head down to hide her blazing blush of a smile.

He coughed loudly which forced the other disciples to look away, "Qianyu, you wish to compete in the Convocation of Swords?"

"Mm!" She nodded.

"Okay. When I left you, you were just starting to develop the Sorrowful Sword Style. Show me how far you have come along during this time."

"Yes, master."

She took ten steps back and drew her Purple Jade Sword. Chen Wentian matched her and drew a similar slender sword.

"No need to hold back, show me what you've got."

She twirled her sword and held it above her head, pointing toward the sky, "This is the first sword, I have yet to name it." free.c om

With that, she somersaulted in the air, her sword flashing and creating purple arcs of light. Surges of sword energy swept out with every movement, mixed together with her unique aura and attribute.

The first attack was a straightforward downward slash, aimed at his head. He raised his sword horizontally to block.

Pang!

The two blades knocked against each other, neither giving way. At the moment of impact, their sword energies collided and clashed in an invisible realm. In terms of sword-attribute spiritual energy, her attack wasn't too remarkable. The basis of her power was still Dugu's Tenth Sword and her own contribution couldn't be measured.

However, a split second later, Chen Wentian felt a sharp pain all along his arm. It was unexpected and caused him to freeze. At that moment, Wu Qianyu followed with a second attack as her sword swung around for a side slash onto his left side.

He tried to move his sword to block but his hand felt numb and sluggish, the result of her unique spiritual energy within his body. If it was an ordinary cultivator at the Spirit Initiate Realm, they would have definitely found it difficult fighting against this strange spiritual energy. For an immortal at his level, it took nothing more than a mere thought for his vastly more powerful and plentiful spiritual energy to overwhelm hers.

Ka!

Their swords met again with a similar result, then again. After a few more exchanges, her attack pattern came to an end and she retreated diligently.

Wu Qianyu stowed her sword behind her back with a disappointed expression, "Master, I apologize. Disciple is incapable and hasn't developed the Sorrowful Sword Style properly."

Chen Wentian laughed, "Nonsense, your attack was quite surprising and powerful. I like it. It has a great surprise factor. But if your opponent expects it, then it has some downsides due to its simplicity. Let's work on that."

They continued sparring for a while. She showed off everything she had developed. He acted as the living practice dummy, letting her go all out to test the limits of her sword.

Wu Qianyu was an experienced swordswoman but she was far from being an expert. While Chen Wentian didn't specialize in swords, he knew enough from various high-level sword arts to guide her down the right path. He was far more qualified than even an average sword immortal as he had a deep spring of knowledge from the various souls he absorbed.

Pang! Pang!

Their swords met over and over. She hacked and slashed She twirled and pranced around him. He matched her movements, usually blocking but sometimes squeezing in a counterattack here or there.

Clad in a form-fitting white practice robe, she looked stunning as she gave him everything she had. His eyes were glued to her body, her swaying hips, her strong thighs, her heavy breasts that bounced up and

down hypnotically. His thoughts couldn't help but wander as he imagined all the things he wanted to do to her.

Sha!

"Ow!" Wu Qianyu cried out suddenly and fell on her butt.

Her sword had expectedly been overwhelmed. In a moment of poor concentration, she didn't dodge in time and suffered a slash on her arm. Her practice robes suffered most of the damage and she was left with only the tiniest of cuts on her skin which drew a single drop of blood.

Chen Wentian quickly knelt beside her and held her close, "Are you alright? Are you hurt?"

She looked up at him a little strangely. She knew she was okay and he should have too. Such small wounds would heal perfectly and were an expected part of sparring. But unbeknownst to her, he was thinking of other things already. The reason he had slipped up was also because of those thoughts.

"I should get that wound treated or else it could scar. Hang on." He said, lifting her into the air.

Against her soft complaints, he flew off with her towards her room, sent off by knowing smiles and giggles from the other disciples.

Chapter 499: Just a Quickie

Chen Wentian carried Wu Qianyu into her room and set her down on the bed. He sat down next to her and withdrew some medicine and bandages.

"I'm sorry about that. I didn't mean to hurt you." He said, "Here, let me treat it."

He could have cut her left sleeve off at the shoulder to get at the wound. Instead, he undid her waist sash so that he could loosen her practice robes until he could slide it down her shoulder.

Wu Qianyu blushed and quickly shifted her right arm up to hide her breasts from being exposed.

"Master... really... you didn't have to." She mumbled. "The others are still practicing outside and waiting for you."

He looked up at her with a grin and continued with his task. He cleaned the tiny cut, applied a dab of medicine, and then bandaged the area with white gauze. All the while, he tried to ignore the closeness of their bodies. He could sense her heart rate pick up and her temperature rise. She was feeling it too and it excited him even more.

As soon as he was done, he couldn't help himself anymore and pushed her down onto the bed.

"Master..."

Her complaint was silenced with a needy kiss.

Leaning above her, straddled across her waist, he savored her lips, lips that belonged only to him. She was so soft, so supple, so submissive to his touch. When their tongues finally found each other, she let out a sigh so sensual that it was akin to the sigh of a goddess of love. It drove him wild.

Her kisses contained something that Long Yifei lacked. After spending two months with only one woman, it only made the difference clearer. When he kissed Long Yifei, she diligently kissed him back because that was what was expected of her. When he kissed Wu Qianyu, it was totally different. She wasn't simply kissing him back but silently declaring her feelings for him with each passing moment. One was a product of lust and moments of passion. The other was a product of trust, devotion, and love.

"Qianyu..." Chen Wentian said after they finally separated, "I really missed you."

Wu Qianyu's face flushed. She hid her face but managed to admit, "Mmm. I missed you too, very much."

"Oh? How often did you think of me? Every other week? Every other day?"

She turned to him, her eyes glistening, "Every day and every night."

"My love..." He managed to utter before she pulled him down.

Their lips met once again and there was no more need for words.

His hands did away with the remainder of her clothes and began to roam. He missed this, her plump and alluring figure. She was so amazing.

He gave each of her tits a very wet kiss which elicited excited gasps from her cherry-red lips. He then rested his head deep in between her cleavage, listening to her pounding heart, her desire, her love.

He reached between her legs which spread open obediently at his insistence. He tested her arousal, finding to his great satisfaction a hot and humid swamp surrounding her pussy lips. Without much more preamble, he dipped his middle finger into her, feeling her quiver and tighten around him as she let out a breathy moan.

"Qianyu," He whispered, holding her against him.

His erection was pressed into her back. One hand was playing with her pussy while the other pawed at her breasts.

"Hmmm?" She moaned.

"Do you want it?"

"What?" She gasped as he sent a second finger into the heat of her sex.

"Tell me, do you want it?"

"Yessss!" She hissed as he tormented her sensitive spot.

"Really?"

"Yes, please, I want it!"

Victory! Chen Wentian's male ego soared to the heavens. He wasted no time and undressed himself fully in half a breath. He then pushed her down onto the bed and on her knees. Her dripping pink slit was fully on display, inviting him in.

He palmed her sex and flicked her clit, causing her to quiver with excitement and anticipation. She moaned into the sheets and thrust her hips into his hand, desperate for more. Her wide ass filled his vision. Her glistening pussy grabbed his attention and refused to let go. He couldn't tease her anymore because he couldn't hold back any longer.

He lined up his dick to the source of her heat and plunged. Heat instantly surrounded him; unbearable heat, exquisite tightness, and an unmistakable sense of familiarity. He pushed some more, seeking her depths even further.

"Qianyu!" He groaned.

He clutched her waist desperately, grinding himself into her. He stretched her, filled her, and prodded her deepest parts. It felt so good, it felt like a missing part of him was now complete.

"Wentian... Ahhh..." She gasped and panted, her hands gripping the sheets.

She quivered around his cock, the undulations of her folds inciting him to action. He pulled out halfway and thrust back in. She cried out with joy. He did it again and she howled in ecstasy.

"Ahhh..."

"Ahhh!"

"Ahhh!!!"

He plowed her pussy at a steady pace, with powerful thrusts that bottomed out each time. He watched lovingly, with a great sense of pride, as she slowly unraveled before him.

At some point or another, his tempo increased as he rocked his cock in and out with shallow thrusts. Her moans quickened to match his. So did the trembling contractions inside her pussy.

A few moments later, a powerful wave swept through her body as the first orgasm crested. It was as if his dick was being wrung dry by a thousand pairs of hands. It was utterly maddening but Chen Wentian managed to hang on by sheer force of will.

"Wentian... wait..."

Ignoring her pleas, he kept thrusting into her torrid cunt, causing her to gush over and over like a fountain. Her knees went weak and she fully collapsed into the bed. He didn't care and simply laid atop her, rocking his hips against her ass.

"Ahhh!"

"Ahhh!"

Wu Qianyu clung to a pillow for dear life while she suffered through the double pleasure of a waning orgasm and his renewed attack. All thoughts were gone, only the feeling of him inside her, only the overwhelming sensations and heart-pounding emotions.

Chen Wentian gave it to her with a fervor born from months of separation. He showed her how he felt with his actions. He proved it to her with each thrust. And she responded in kind with tightening pressure around his shaft.

His groans mixed with hers. Their movements melded into one. The rest of the world lost all sense of meaning and so did time itself. To him, there was only Wu Qianyu. To her, there was him. Together in a room, atop a bed, that was all that mattered.

He sensed her second climax before he felt it. The thrill of making her come undone caused his own demise. He surrendered to his own body with a shout and one last push before he filled her depths with his seed.

After both of them came down after soaring to the heavens, they shared a laugh and tender cuddle.

Chen Wentian was the first to speak after some time.

"Qianyu, I love you." He whispered in her ear.

She sighed contentedly in his arms, "I love you too."

They rarely said that to each other but it was always special. She was the only disciple that had said those words to him so far. She would forever be his first. He was her one and only, the single most important person in her life.

They stayed like that for a while longer before she stirred, "We should head back. What will the others think of us?"

He laughed and let her go, "They can think whatever they want."

She pouted in his direction as she put on a new set of practice robes, "I shouldn't have taken up so much of your time so soon after you came back. I should set a better example. It was improper of me."

"Oh? So, you're saying I should have been faster?" He teased.

She blushed and refused to look at him but she replied in a small voice, "Maybe."

They finished dressing and prepared to head back out. Chen Wentian looked down at her rosy cheeks and flushed skin of her exposed neck, unmistakable signs of a lady that had been freshly sexed up.

He laughed and held her close, "Next time, I promise it will just be a quickie."

Chapter 500: Is Everything a Sword?

Chen Wentian and Wu Qianyu had indeed taken quite a while to do their business. By the time they returned to the main courtyard, it was almost lunchtime and the disciples were resting after their morning practice. They all sat in a loose circle beneath a shaded pavilion, nursing cups of cool jasmine tea and sampling plates of small snacks. By any measure, they were all quite spoiled but there was nobody to tell them that.

Their conversations stopped as he arrived and they all looked at him with accusatory and wronged expressions. It was as if they had all decided to give him as much silent admonishment as a group of women could produce.

"What?" He asked indignantly.

It wasn't like he had done anything wrong! f reeweb .com

"Master," Zhou Ziyun said with a flat, expressionless face, "How is Sister Qianyu's wound? Does she need any more bedrest to fully recover?"

Wu Qianyu flushed bright red.

A giggle came from one of the twins, Chen Wentian couldn't tell which.

"Hey!" He complained loudly but he couldn't quite find the right words to retort. After a while, he huffed and flicked a peanut at Zhou Ziyun, "Noisy, Wu Qianyu is the best swordswoman and I have to rely on her to beat up everyone at the Convocation of Swords. Of course, I had to carefully treat her wound."

This earned him many eye rolls and head shakes. The twins were giggling uncontrollably amongst themselves and Lin Qingcheng was having difficulty holding it in.

Song Wushuang leaned over the table and pulled up her sleeve, revealing a tiny bruise that was barely red, "Master, look. I got injured too. Can you treat me? I promise it will be quick!"

"You..."

The table dissolved into laughter. Even Wu Qianyu cracked a smile as Lin Qingcheng whispered conspiratorially in her ear.

"Alright, alright." He said as they quieted down, "I'm sorry for running off with Qianyu. I missed you all very much during my long trip. I promise. I'll prove it to each and every one of you! Tonight!"

"Master, you can't say that! You're so bad!" Lin Qingcheng complained.

This caused another round of laughter amongst the disciples. They all made him the target of their teasing, letting Wu Qianyu off the hook. Her relief was evident even as she joined in the merriment.

Eventually, the conversation shifted back to training and preparations for the Convocation of Swords. It was one thing on everyone's minds and to his surprise, they all wanted to attend.

"You understand that this is called the Convocation of Swords?" He asked, "As in, everyone uses swords."

"Reporting to master," Li Yuechan said, "The first stage of the Winter's Snow Dance is the Ice Sword. It is the first ice ability we learned after reaching the Spirit Initiate Realm. To prepare for it, we used real swords in the lower realms. As such, we five sisters are all quite proficient with the sword."

"But... will you be able to use your ice swords at the convocation?" He asked.

"Yes, master. The final rules of the convocation have arrived." She presented a folded letter to him, "It states that all types of swords are allowed, including ones containing elemental attributes or other energies. We won't be allowed to use any other stages of the Winter's Snow Dance as they are either purely ice-based abilities or not related to swords. But Ice Sword will be allowed."

"Huh... I didn't know. I've never been to one of these sword meets." He muttered. "So, you five all want to go?"

"Yes!" The other four answered together.

"So... Qianyu, Yuechan, Wushuang, Lanyi, Xue'er, Yue'er. Six participants for the convocation, sounds like a party."

"Master..." Someone chimed in from his other side.

He turned to Zhou Ziyun, "What?"

"I would like to attend as well." She said.

"But you use a saber though?"

"So what? It counts as a sword."

"No, it doesn't."

"What is a sword really? It's just a pointy and sharp piece of metal. My Insightful Swallow Saber is also a pointy and sharp piece of metal. Why can't it be a sword too?" She argued.

"What the heck? A sword is a sword. A saber is a saber. They are different!" He insisted.

"How are they different?"

"Yeah! One is straight and double-bladed. One is curved and single-bladed."

"Actually, master..." Someone interrupted their argument.

Chen Wentian swiveled around to see Li Yuechan pointing to a section of the letter.

She smiled and said, "According to the convocation rules, swords come in all shapes and sizes. Sword designs are as varied as the stars in the sky. Sabers are allowed as they are considered a type of sword."

Chen Wentian exhaled and refused to look at Zhou Ziyun's triumphant expression. He took a sip of tea to distract himself from the defeat. How embarrassing. What was a sword? If a saber was a sword, then was everything a sword?

"Umm... master?" Lin Qingcheng's voice took him out of his musings.

"Chengcheng?" He asked.

She looked around uncertainly before continuing, "I know that I haven't really practiced sword arts but... can I join the convocation too?"

"Cough. Cough." He spluttered on a mouthful of tea, "Wait a second. You don't know a single sword art, how are you going to compete?"

She blushed, "Well, I know that. But I talked about the issue with Sister Ziyun and... Anyways, this is my sword!"

A dull gold weapon appeared in her hand. It had the length of an average sword and a similar handle. But the main body was a thick metal rod with jagged ridges that ran all along its length. It wasn't so much a sword as a metal stick.

"That thing... is a sword?" He asked, incredulous.

Zhou Ziyun answered before Lin Qingcheng could, "Technically, this design is known as the bian or more commonly, the sword breaker. It is a weapon specifically designed for defeating other swords. It is heavy enough to deliver powerful blows but light and agile enough to be compatible with many sword techniques. Chengcheng is quite strong. She has good reaction speed and amazing endurance. Against any sword cultivator, I figure she can simply swing it around and see what happens."

"Swing it around and see what happens?" He repeated.

His mind spun dizzily as he tried to imagine what might happen. Either Lin Qingcheng would utterly humiliate herself and him by proxy or she might just lay waste to an entire path of cultivation for countless people, making him the enemy of the subcontinent.

He looked toward Li Yuechan for help but received none.

"Master, it says here that the bian is an accepted form of the sword. Looks like Chengcheng can compete without a problem!" She said brightly.

"Yay!" Lin Qingcheng jumped up and down, clapping with excitement.

Chen Wentian face-palmed, muttering darkly. "That's a sword too? Is everything a sword... I suppose you all have already found a loophole for Yingluo to complete even though she uses a spear?"

"Yes, master!" Bei Yingluo nodded eagerly, "There is a sword design called the pudao. It is a normal sword with an elongated handle which usually extends anywhere from the length of the blade to about twice as long. This effectively makes it a short spear. It is compatible with my Bei Family Spear as well as many sword arts."

He shook his head and finally laughed. Since all of his disciples insisted on going, he couldn't find a reason to refuse. In front of so many pretty smiles, he couldn't say no even if he wanted to.

"Hahaha! Then it's decided. Everyone can go and take part in the Convocation of Swords!"

"Thank you, master!"