

F Disciples 501

Chapter 501: Something on Her Mind

After lunch, the disciples continued practicing. Chen Wentian went around each person, pointing certain things out but generally just observing. He didn't show blatant favoritism like he did with Wu Qianyu and maintained his poise as a respectable master and not a horny young man.

Lin Qingcheng was quite energetic in the afternoon. With her new bian in hand, she waved and pranced around like a wild child, not really following any sword style but simply doing whatever she wanted to get used to its cumbersome weight. She was strong but she wasn't someone who specialized in physical strength. She merely had great endurance due to the ability to replenish her strength using orgasmic energy. That combined with her cultivation which was now at the 8th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm, she was able to appear somewhat respectable in terms of raw destructive power with the bian. However, an experienced fighter would be able to avoid her attacks with ease so it devolved into a cat and mouse game.

On the other hand, he didn't have to worry about Zhou Ziyun as much. She was quite good with the Flying Dragon Saber Art, at least its basic form. She wouldn't be able to bring out its full might until she entered the lesser realms. She was also adept at various lower-quality sword arts. With her cultivation at the 7th Level of Spirit Initiate Realm, she probably wouldn't be able to blow away the competition at the Convocation of Swords but she wouldn't embarrass herself either. That was all he really asked of his disciples.

Chen Wentian left those two to spar together and moved on to Li Yuechan who was dueling Wu Qianyu. Li Yuechan had been diligent in her cultivation but she was still at the 9th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm, having stagnated for many months due to Chen Wentian being busy with other matters. Her cultivation was directly related to how much time he could spend dual cultivating with her. Her sisters were also the same and hadn't advanced either. Song Wushuang and Xu Lanyi were at the 9th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm while Su Xue and Su Yue were still at the 8th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm.

He signed to himself. Being a master came with so many responsibilities and he was disappointed in how he handled them. The demon incident had ended up being a real threat but he still felt that he had overreacted greatly and wasted too much time. The matter of the Virtuous Order and Long Yifei didn't help either.

When he had been a mortal, he had been keenly aware of the passage of time. Each year, each month, and each day was precious. That's why he cultivated his soul art like a maniac and didn't engage in any relationships until he finally broke through to the immortal realms.

He really, truly felt bad and wanted to make it up to them.

"Qianyu, let me spar with Yuechan." Chen Wentian said.

"Yes, master." Wu Qianyu bowed and stepped aside to find another sparring partner.

"Master." Li Yuechan faced him and reformed the ice sword in her hand.

It was a smooth white blade over one meter in length, a classical design with a one-hand handle and narrow guard. It gleamed in the sun, every bit as lethal as a sword made of steel or other metals. With the sword in hand, she emitted a profoundly icy aura that was much colder than he was used to.

"Hey, your ice has gotten much better." He commented.

She didn't answer but simply raised her sword. He frowned, wondering if she was displeased about something. She didn't give any more time to think about it and came at him.

He quickly pulled out a sword and parried her slash. As the two blades connected, her icy energy traveled down his sword, causing frost to appear on the smooth steel. Another attack followed, then another.

Li Yuechan utilized a mix of sword styles. The most prominent was the Ice Sword Prominence, the standard sword art of Glacier Palace. It was something that all disciples there learned from a young age. There were also some concepts from Dugu's Tenth Sword mixed in, providing her attacks much greater power.

"Good!" Chen Wentian said as he parried her attacks, "Faster, don't pause between strikes."

"I'm not!"

Despite the retort, her steps increased in pace and her sword became a blur. If he wasn't mistaken, she was definitely trying her hardest to cut him up now. He smirked and matched her blow for blow, not giving in one bit.

"Come on, focus!" Only his voice could be heard above the noise of their blades clashing, "Your sword is light and fast, use that to your advantage. Faster!"

Li Yuechan followed his pointers diligently, working on her sword craft even as she was engaged in a blood-pumping bout. Beads of frozen sweat collected on her brow more and more as they continued. Her breaths became heavier, producing puffs of white ice with each exhale.

Like Wu Qianyu, Li Yuechan chose to wear a white practice robe. Having just practiced with the other, this created an interesting contrast in Chen Wentian's mind. Wu Qianyu held the advantage in physique with a sexy, plump body but Li Yuechan was quite stunning in her own way. She was a classical beauty, with a tall but well-proportioned figure. Everything about her was pleasing to the eye. If he had to judge between his disciples, her overall attractiveness was only behind Jasmine and Long Yifei.

This simple thought made him even more regretful. Just like how he had missed Wu Qianyu in the months he had to spend away in the Martial Brilliance Continent, he also missed Li Yuechan. It just took a while for him to realize it, having been completely wrapped by Long Yifei's charm for those two months.

"Yuechan." Chen Wentian said while their fight continued, "Can we talk?"

"What?" Li Yuechan stumbled, not expecting him to ask something like that.

He parried her sword to the side and stepped a few steps back, drawing their session to a close. "It seems that something is on your mind and I have something on my mind too. Walk with me?"

She nodded and withdrew her ice sword. Ignoring the looks of the other disciples, he deftly grabbed her hand before she could complain and pulled her towards the entranceway to another courtyard.

Chapter 502: Amazing and Beautiful (I)

A few steps later, Chen Wentian and Li Yuechan arrived at a secluded courtyard. The main sect building was designed in such a way that the various rooms and dormitories were separated by walled

courtyards that contained roofed pavilions, stone walkways, well-maintained gardens. This way, each section of the building had a sense of privacy and a touch nature.

He pulled her down to sit together on a particularly secluded bench. She sat awkwardly, with far more space between them than he was used to, almost as if she was reluctant. He studied her flustered face and sensed her heart which was beating energetically. He wondered what was going through her pretty head and why she was acting like a nervous little girl.

"Master..." She said, her voice soft and uncertain, "Did I do something wrong during our spar?"

He shook his head and leaned closer, "Yuechan, you were quite very enthusiastic when we were exchanging blows, why are you so nervous now?"

She looked away from him but was unable to hide the pink color on her cheek, "Master, are you teasing me? I was just concentrating on our swords. Nothing more."

"Oh? Nothing more?"

Chen Wentian leaned in a bit further until he could reach over her far shoulder. With a firm hand on her arm, he scooted over until not a breath of air separated their bodies. He held her close and touched his head softly against hers.

They sat like that for a while, each listening to the other's breath and steady heartbeats. They were master and disciple but also more, a budding relationship that didn't get many opportunities to grow. He was often preoccupied with other disciples while she had to care for her sisters and be the consummate leader. Thus, both of them enjoyed the impromptu time together.

"Yuechan..." He said softly.

"Hmm?"

"Did you miss me these last two months?"

She nodded and leaned into him. That simple action was far more affirmation than any words could produce.

"Yuechan..." He said again after some time.

"Hmm?"

"I want to apologize. I know that I've been a bad master to you and your sisters."

"No... master..." She tried to argue but he put a finger to her lips.

"I know that you are not the type to ask for anything from me. So it really is all my fault. Your cultivation hasn't improved in more than four months and it's all my fault. I should have found time for you and your sisters..."

This time, it was her turn to put a finger to his lips.

"Master, my dear master, none of it was your fault. My sisters and I aren't frustrated about our lack of progress. We don't blame you at all."

"Really?" He asked.

She shook her head, "No, of course not. We understood the situation completely. You were doing your best against a demon threat that proved to be real. You were struggling against powers beyond our comprehension in the Martial Brilliance Continent on behalf of Sister Long. How can we blame you for any of that?"

"Then..."

She let out a soft laugh and leaned into his chest, "I was just really happy that you picked me to spar with. I thought you would practice with Sister Lin or Sister Zhou before me."

As she said these words, he sensed a change in her demeanor. She was no longer nervous but filled with certainty and conviction. He realized that it was him pulling her aside that made her think that she had done something wrong. He was such an idiot.

"You were happy you could spar with me. Was that it? Or perhaps, was there anything else you were happy about?" He asked slyly.

She looked up at him quizzically which gave the exact opening he wanted. His head leaned down until their lips were almost touching.

"Was there anything else you were happy about?" He asked again, "Like seeing me again?"

She seemed to realize his meaning and smiled widely. Her eyes glistened with emotion and anticipation, their closeness sending thrills through her body.

"Yes..." She breathed, tilting her head toward him.

That was all he needed. He accepted her invitation and captured her tender red lips. She sighed into him, letting him know just how much she had wanted him to do that. His arms wrapped around her, roaming, exploring, while their kiss continued, neither looking to part from each other's sweet caresses.

Sitting together on that secluded bench, nobody bothered them, not even a wayward servant. Apart from a few buzzing bees, there was nobody to bear witness as Li Yuechan gripped the front of his robes desperately, unwilling to move her lips away from his. Amidst it all, Chen Wentian's hand had found its way beneath the layers of her practice robes until he was caressing her cool skin.

They eventually broke apart, both gasping for breath, staring at each other with eyes blurry with desire.

"Yuechan, I really missed you." He said finally.

Her smile at his words was stunningly beautiful, "Master, I missed you too."

With that, their lips crashed together once more.

They put all of their unsaid words behind their kiss. Months of separation and frustration were slowly washed away every moment her tongue was wrapped around his. There was no resentment, no annoyance, no bad feelings whatsoever left over. There was only the devotion between master and disciple as well as a tender, budding affection between a man and a woman.

Chen Wentian's hand, after some time, found its way past her waist sash and undergarments. While she was still almost fully clothed, his hand had arrived at the patch of hair that emerged from between her legs.

"Yuechan." He insisted as his fingers prodded downward.

"Master..." She mewed into his chest but obediently spread her legs just enough.

His hand slipped down and felt the moisture of her secret garden. He grinned triumphantly as he collected dew drops that had collected on her soft petals with his middle finger. She gasped and trembled at his touch, a sight which simply drove him wild.

"Is this how much you missed me?" Chen Wentian asked.

Li Yuechan didn't answer but spread her legs even wider.

He obliged and stroked her folds several more times until she was dripping wet. He then teased her most tender nub until she was moaning and shivering in his arms. He continued his ministrations, constantly watching and listening as she slowly unraveled around his fingers. It gave him a thrill that few things in the world could.

"Yuechan, look at me." He asked.

She looked up with a dazed grin. He took that chance to plunge two fingers into her depths. Her eyes widened and her mouth opened in response to the sudden invasion. Before she could cry out, he caught her lips again as he started rubbing her sensitive folds relentlessly.

"Mmm... Mmm... Mmm..."

Her muffled moans were absorbed by his kiss. Her eyes closed shut as she lost control of her body and surrendered the waves of pleasure rocking her core.

"Mmm... Mmm... Mmm..."

Her hips started to shake as his fingers continued their steady strokes. She was squirming in his arms but he didn't let her go. He wanted her to feel it, he wanted her to come on his fingers.

It didn't take long until she finally came undone. Her pussy tightened around him and shook with vigorous undulations.

"Ahhh!" She cried out helplessly.

Her body shook uncontrollably and her hips bucked wildly. His fingers were forced out and he could only hold her as she moaned over and over as she rode out the wild sensations.

Her orgasm was long and powerful. When it was finally over, it left her breathless and disoriented. She could do nothing except rest against him, safe and warm in his arms.

Chen Wentian was left grinning from ear to ear. He had enjoyed their little session greatly. Li Yuechan was an amazing and beautiful woman in her own right. He had almost forgotten how her body felt in his arms. That was unacceptable and promised himself to remedy that quickly.

"Yuechan? Hey?" He prodded her.

"Huh? What? Please master, no more. Let me rest." She lamented, punching his chest lightly.

He laughed, "Silly girl, what are you thinking about? We should get back to the main courtyard or else the others might get curious and start looking for us."

Li Yuechan jerked up and looked around in panic. Seeing nothing, she gave him a dirty look before standing up to fix her robes.

He laughed some more and slapped her ass, "Don't get too comfortable, I plan on making up on lost time tonight with you and your sisters. Tell them that they better be ready!"

She blushed and looked away but he knew she was looking forward to it.

Chapter 503: Amazing and Beautiful (II)

Chen Wentian and Li Yuechan's less-than-secret liaison in the garden didn't last too long. Unlike his previous outing with Wu Qianyu, this one did actually qualify as a quickie and they were back at the main courtyard before the other disciples could complain.

The afternoon practice session continued. As usual, Chen Wentian went around to each disciple, helping them with their martial arts and giving pointers. Lin Qingcheng was still clueless as usual. Zhou Ziyun was still thoughtful. Bei Yingluo was still earnest and diligent.

Li Yuechan still wore a smile as brilliant as the morning sun shining upon a snowy mountain peak. As a result, her sisters were also much more amiable than before. Song Wushuang had a smile equally as brilliant and would often press her body against his when they sparred, letting him feel the softness of her breasts pressed up against him. Xu Lanyi, on the other hand, was quite touchy and would let her hands linger on his chest or arms. Su Xue and Su Yue were a combination of two, showing all kinds of affection towards him like two overjoyed puppies.

Li Yuechan was truly the leader of her sisterhood. If she was happy, the rest would not be unhappy. If she was displeased, then they would all feel the same. If she went one way, the others would follow without question.

She was a good leader too. She was never the type to complain or ask for anything from him. He could guess that she had to deal with many complaints from her sisters over the past few months. She had to bear it all as the elder sister, never complaining, never letting any sign of discontent reach his ears.

Chen Wentian glanced over at Li Yuechan who was trading sword strikes with Wu Qianyu, struggling occasionally but still managing to hold her own. She was beautiful and amazing. She was reliable and selfless. She was everything he could ask for in a disciple, in a woman.

He chuckled to himself and strode over to them, "Qianyu, let me practice with Yuechan."

Wu Qianyu looked at him curiously as this was the second time he had said those words this afternoon.

Li Yuechan blushed and turned away from him quickly.

"Master, we shouldn't. We just did it... I'm still tired." She mumbled.

Wu Qianyu gave Chen Wentian a knowing look and smirk.

"You, shush." He said while walking past her and grabbing Li Yuechan's hand.

"It's just sword practice, what are you thinking about?" He asked shamelessly while tugging her to the center of the courtyard.

She hid her scarlet face behind her sleeve while letting him pull her along.

"Wooh hoo! Do your best, big sis!" Xu Lanyi cheered her on, causing the other disciples to burst into giggles.

"Shut up!" She shot back, which earned her more words of encouragement.

But against all of their expectations, Chen Wentian did nothing except behave like a perfect and proper master. He practiced sword arts with her for a long time until she was exhausted. After they were done, he moved on to Bei Yingluo, leaving a clearly frustrated and pouting Li Yuechan behind.

The day of productive sword training came to a close and that evening, Chen Wentian arrived at the top of Snow White Plum Peak as promised. He landed on the cultivation platform to see that the ice sisters were all gathered. Clad in thin white nightgowns, they were ready for a night of dual-cultivation, one they had not had in a while.

His breath caught in his throat as he laid eyes on them. Amidst the light snow flurries, they were all kneeled before him on the cold stone tiles; Li Yuechan, Song Wushuang, Xu Lanyi, Su Xue, and Su Yue, five sisters lovely and elegant like snow fairies from a mythical mountain.

Li Yuechan bowed and the rest followed, "Master, please instruct us!"

"Good. Very good." He nodded and walked up to them, "Yuechan, how are you feeling? You were quite eager during the afternoon but I had to save energy for tonight."

Li Yuechan rolled her eyes. Xu Lanyi failed to suppress a laugh while the other three all broke out into wide smiles.

"Alright, alright. Jokes aside, this is what I had in mind." He said as he paced around them, "The reason I practiced with Yuechan a lot more this afternoon was that I was testing her cultivation base. I found it quite encouraging and that's why I also want to focus on her tonight. She has been at the 9th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm the longest and she is quite close to a breakthrough, wouldn't you say so?"

"Yes, master. I tried to break through on my own a few times in the past month using spiritual crystals but it didn't work." She replied.

"Mmm, you did pretty well. You are right on the brink. You could have reached the breakthrough in a few more months with diligent practice but perhaps one good push could get you there much quicker. Therefore, I want to focus on you tonight. Everyone will get their turn, of course, but I want to see if we can get you to the 10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm before the start of the Convocation of Swords. What does everyone think about this?"

"I agree!"

"Let's go for it!"

"Big sister, you can do it!"

Everyone was in agreement.

"Alright! Yuechan are you ready?" He asked.

"Yes!" She replied, her eyes sparkling with anticipation.

Chen Wentian grinned and raised his hand which was filled with spiritual energy towards the center of the platform. With his immortal strength and spiritual control, he unlocked the array around the Frozen Netherworld Jade and formed a tunnel to guide its abyssal cold energy towards the still kneeling Li Yuechan.

She closed her eyes and let out a shuddering breath as the familiar but dangerous spiritual energy entered her. Her body shook as she tried to fight back and gain control over the destructive blizzard of yin energy wreaking havoc inside her.

Her own spiritual energy surged as she summoned Summer and Winter's Eternal Sutra to her aid. Her figure glowed white, then red, then white again as she brought out the icy powers of Winter's Snow Dance and the fiery might of Summer's Blazing Sun.

Chen Wentian knelt in front of her, still just observing. As long as she could withstand it, he didn't need to intervene prematurely. She was doing a lot better than he expected, a lot better than the last time they had done this. She had definitely worked hard in his absence and he was proud of her.

"Ohh!" Li Yuechan let a small cry as she was finally overwhelmed by the netherworld yin energy.

Her figure wobbled, about to fall over as she lost all strength.

Chen Wentian flicked his fingers and brought her into his arms. She collapsed against him, breathing heavily but unaware of anything. She was slipping in and out of consciousness as she continued to try and fight the vicious yin energy from entering her lower dantian.

"Yuechan." He whispered and embraced her.

With a pull of her waist sash, the front of her nightgown flowed open, revealing her beautiful body to the darkness of the night, peppered by a light snow flurry. As the other four looked on in fascination, he undid his own clothes in quick succession until they were both bared to the elements at the waist.

"Oh!" Su Yue gasped when his little dragon sprang into sight, angry and hot.

"Shh!" Su Xue quickly said, clasping a hand across her twin's mouth.

Even as she did so, she could not tear her eyes away from the heart-pumping scene.

Chen Wentian paid no attention as he brought Li Yuechan closer and spread her thighs wide. He wasted no time and lined himself up to her icy cold slit. She moaned into his shoulder, not quite understanding what was going on but still reacting based on instinct.

He palmed her perky butt cheeks and pulled her in with one swift motion. His cock found her tight canal and pushed through, spreading her insides forcefully. She gasped sharply and hugged him tightly. When he was fully sheathed within her, she let out a shuddering breath followed by a long moan.

The inside of her pussy was ice cold from the abyssal yin energy. It didn't bother him because his cock was encased in a bubble of immortal heat. He thrust a little with his hips, pushing against her depths, and let out a spurt of blue dragon flames.

She trembled in his arms and at the same time, her pussy quivered in response. The tightness was exquisite. The sensations were incomparable.

He groaned and fell back onto the stone floor, holding her as she fell on top of him. Lying down, he had a better angle and he could push even further, stretch her even more, and get closer to the concentration of netherworld yin energy.

With his hands on her thighs, he lifted her up ever so slightly only to drop her back down on his cock. With each thrust, he let out a small burst of divine flames. With each thrust, he eased her pain and helped her absorb a rich mix of icy and fiery spiritual energy directly into her core. With each thrust, he brought her closer and closer to a precious breath through.

Chapter 504: Everyone Together

"Wow..." Xu Lanyi muttered.

"Yeah..." Song Wushuang agreed.

The twins also mumbled indistinctly.

The four sisters watched intently as Chen Wentian cultivated with Li Yuechan. They watched his cock appear and then disappear in their elder sister's pussy. It was an immensely alluring sight. Even though they had all cultivated together for countless sessions, it still brought a thrill to their hearts and sharp pangs of desire.

They were all happy for their elder sister but at the same time, they silently wished that it was themselves in her place. Their turn would come but it wasn't soon enough. They all wanted him. They all wanted his cock.

Chen Wentian grinned widely as he felt their stares roam across his body. Bolstered by their encouraging expressions, he sped up his pace with Li Yuechan. She was still delirious in his arms, crying and moaning with each thrust. He sensed that most of the abyssal yin energy within her had been dissipated. She was also close to a final orgasm so his task was almost done.

With a burst of strength, he flipped them over with her beneath him, legs splayed out and pointing into the air. The cold stone tiles shocked her skin but she was already too far gone. She had no care for anything but his hard cock.

"Master!" She gasped joyfully when he plunged back inside her.

He put his entire weight into it, molding her insides to his shape, stretching her to the limit. She panted rapidly as he continued to fuck her. Even in her semi-conscious state, she understood her situation and there was nowhere else she would rather be.

Her arms came around him and so did her legs, wrapping around his waist. She clung to him for dear life as he sent the last few bursts of blue dragon flame into her core. When the final one came, a huge surge that sent heat all across her body from the top of her head to the tip of her toes, she could not hold on anymore and finally responded with her own explosion.

"Ahhhh!" Li Yuechan let out a long, soulful wail as she came.

Chen Wentian held her tight, feeling the waves of pleasure course through her body, thrilled at her state of pleasure that was his doing. He had no reason to deny himself any longer and with two more thrusts, he came as well and collapsed on top of her.

"Master, are you done?" Xu Lanyi's voice eventually drew him out of his reverie.

He chuckled and nodded. He pulled out of Li Yuechan with a wet plop. He retrieved a bed from his spatial bag and placed her on it. He then cast a longing look at her gaping pussy and the rivulet of white that stained it before turning to his other disciples.

Seeing their eager faces, he smiled even more, "I'm sorry for making you wait. Are you ready?"

"Yes, master!" They all replied.

"Alright, everyone together." He said and raised both hands.

Taking control of the protective array, he opened it fully, allowing great gusts of netherworld yin energy to take over the cultivation platform. He cast a protective bubble around Li Yuechan and then watched as Song Wushuang, Xu Lanyi, Su Xue, and Su Yue diligently absorbed it all into their bodies.

Their cultivations were all quite high compared to the facade. This combined with a dual-attribute physique and Summer and Winter's Eternal Sutra meant that they could now handle a lot more yin energy in one go. This also meant that his job was more challenging as he had to keep up with all of them for a longer period of time.

Chen Wentian rubbed his hands together in anticipation. He had dreamed about this exact situation for many days while in the Martial Brilliance Continent. After fantasizing about it for countless nights, he had come up with an ingenious solution that he couldn't wait to try out.

Soon, the four fell into a delirious state as they fought off the invading yin energy. He put his plan to the test and expanded his spiritual aura around all four. He lifted them into the air and let them float in a circle around him.

With a wave of his hand, Song Wushuang's limp body floated to him at waist height. She was lying on her back, horizontally, on a bed of his warm spiritual energy. Her eyes were tightly shut and she was unaware of her situation.

He reached forward, undid her waist sash, and let her nightgown fall away. Her naked figure appeared before him; snowy white skin smooth like alabaster. Her breasts heaved up and down hypnotically as she struggled with an internal battle he could not see. The only thing he saw was her beauty, illuminated by the starlight.

He spread her legs and pulled her closer. His cock was fully awake and ready for battle once more. He lined himself up with the pink slit of her pussy and pushed himself in. She felt amazing, not as tight as Li Yuechan but soft like silk. Her pussy wrapped around him like a ball of cotton, touching every surface with sublime tenderness.

He grunted in satisfaction and buried himself even deeper before going to work. He thrust in and out of her while assisting her with his blue dragon flames.

After about a minute, Song Wushuang was in a good state. Her breathing had evened out and even though she was still fighting the mass of abyssal yin energy within her, she would be able to hold on for a while.

Wasting no time, he pulled out of her. He waved his hand and the four floating bodies around him rotated. Xu Lanyi arrived before him and he quickly ripped her gown off. As her lean, muscular figure filled his vision, he spread her legs apart and thrust inside her.

Her pussy was different, deliciously tight and resistant, just like her personality. He had to really push to spread her insides to accommodate his size. But once he did, he was rewarded with a narrow tunnel of pleasure that could make him come in a blink if he wasn't careful.

He furrowed his brow and worked his cock in and out with careful strokes. He didn't want to lose it but it took all of his self-control. Gradually, he stabilized her condition until he was satisfied.

He pulled out and moved onto Su Xue. Her body was petite and adorable. Her pussy was tight and shallow. It provided him with another unique experience as he fucked her diligently.

Su Yue came after. Like her twin sister, she had a similar physique and even her pussy felt the same. It delighted him to no end trying to find the smallest difference but, in the end, he couldn't find a single thing.

Afterward, he returned to Song Wushuang and the process repeated over and over. He never spent too long with one disciple, going from one to the next in quick succession. He fucked them all in turn until he had memorized every detail of their bodies.

The contrasting sensations of each pussy were overwhelming. In the end, he came inside all of them more than once. He even had to take a Lion's Might pill to keep his stamina until the very end.

When his task was finally finished, four cherry-red and well-used pussies floated around him, overflowing and dripping with his spunk, a testament to his manhood!

Chapter 505: Everblade City

A flash of light illuminated the teleportation array in the middle of the platform. There was a gust of wind followed by a surge of blue flames. When the flames burned away, an eye-catching group of people appeared, a young man surrounded by vivacious beauties clad in an array of colors.

"Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, The Eastern Sword Alliance welcomes to Everblade City and the Convocation of Swords!" A group of people wearing turquoise robes greeted the new arrivals.

Everblade City was located in the far north of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, in an area that did not belong to any province or immortal. The city was managed by the alliance as a place where all sword cultivators could come and seek the way of the sword. As if to emphasize this point, the plaza where the

teleportation array was situated was surrounded by many rings of rough-hewn stone monoliths. They were taller than several stories and pointed straight into the sky like swords that had been embedded into the ground.

Chen Wentian nodded to them and looked around at the stone monoliths. He noticed that each one was filled with names, their allegiance, and a nonsensical number at the end. The alliance member who was the leader noticed his gaze and walked forward.

"Immortal, this one is named Du Cai of the Mount Tai Sect," The older man said, "These sword pillars are records of all of the Convocations of Swords that have ever taken place. Each name represents a sword practitioner that has managed to enter the fabled Forest of Swords and returned with a sword truth."

"Sword truth?" Chen Wentian asked, having never heard of the term.

Du Cai pointed to a set of verdant mountains outside of the city, "Everblade City was built here because of the Forest of Swords. It is a mysterious place that is a hallowed cultivation ground for swordsmen and swordswomen. Every five years or so, it will the trees in the forest will produce strange branches that contain profound concepts and truths about the way of the sword. We call these sword truths and one of the goals of the Convocation of Swords is for the participants to try to find these sword truths."

"Nobody knows when the Forest of Swords appeared but everyone thinks that it was a gift left behind by an all-powerful expert, a true master of the sword and all of its forms." Du Cai then pointed back to the pillars, "Finding these branches will greatly aid a person with their sword arts but it is a difficult task. Even finding one is a worthy achievement and thus they are recorded on these sword pillars."

"I see." Chen Wentian muttered and scanned the names again, this time paying attention to the number of markings at the end of each which signified the number of sword truths they obtained.

Most were one like Du Cai said but there were also many with two, three, or even five. The number of people that managed to obtain more fell sharply after that but there were still a number of outliers. He saw three names that had managed to obtain ten sword truths, two that had managed to obtain eleven, and one person that had somehow found twelve which was the record.

He lost interest after that as he didn't recognize any of the names. The one he had been looking for, Peng Yuefeng who was the sect master of the Tower of Swords, was nowhere to be found.

"Lord Immortal, you have brought a group of talented disciples. Will all of them be participating in the convocation?" Du Cai asked.

"Yes. All of them." Chen Wentian answered.

"Very well. Once again, on behalf of the Eastern Sword Alliance, welcome to Everbalde City." Du Cai bowed and the others followed.

"Indeed, myself and the disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley are glad to be here and guests of your wonderful city." Chen Wentian said.

"Lord Chen, the competition will begin three days from now at the main stadium. In the meantime, we have arranged the best quarters for you and your disciples in the city center. Please feel free to explore the city and everything it has to offer for sword cultivators." Du Cai said, handing over a sealed letter.

"We definitely will." Chen Wentian replied.

"One last thing, in these three days, the city is hosting a sword festival each evening at the grand sword plaza. We invite you to participate in the festivities with exhibits and performances from sword cultivators from all over the subcontinent."

Chen Wentian nodded, "Sounds interesting. We'll take a look."

"Excellent. That's all. Please enjoy your stay."

"Alright. Disciples, let's go." Chen Wentian said.

Leaving Du Cai and his people behind, Chen Wentian led his disciples away from the teleportation array and came to a busy intersection. Pedestrians and horse carriages squeezed past each other on the paved roadway while others went in and out of the various shops that lined the streets on both sides.

"Master, can we go to the festival?" Lin Qingcheng asked.

He shrugged, "Sure, I have nothing planned for the rest of day. We can explore the city and then see what this festival is about tonight."

"Alright! I want to go there!" She jumped up and down and pointed at a nearby clothes store that sold outfits for swordswomen.

The others also seemed interested so he acquiesced. "Alright, let's go."

He was quickly pulled into the store by several pairs of hands. He stood there and watched with amusement as Lin Qingcheng led the rest to ransack the store from top to bottom looking for the best and cutest outfits. Gold flowed out of their pockets like a river but it really was inconsequential compared to the eye-watering amounts he had spent in the Martial Brilliance Continent.

After some time, he noticed Li Yuechan standing off to the side so he walked up to her.

"Not buying a dashing swordswoman outfit like the rest?" He asked.

She smiled, "I've already bought mine."

"Oh? Which one?"

"It's a secret. You'll just have to wait." She nudged him and giggled.

He laughed, "Alright fine... Say, how are you feeling? Any pain still?"

Li Yuechan had finally broken through to the 10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm two days ago after continuous sessions of dual cultivation. He didn't want to push her so hard but she had insisted. After five straight nights, it was no surprise that the backlash of such ruthless determination still lingered across her body.

She let out a small sigh and rubbed her arm, "Yeah, the pain I can manage but the chills... it comes and goes and I have to spend a lot of energy to suppress them."

She looked up at him with a pitiful expression, eyes fluttering with emotion, biting her lower lip softly.

His heart melted as heat pooled in his groin. She was probably trying to seduce him and he welcomed it wholeheartedly.

He leaned over and whispered, "Don't worry, sweetheart. Come to my room tonight, I've got your cure and plenty of it!"

"Master! You're so mean!" She pushed his face away and ran to her sisters, smiling all the way.

Chapter 506: A New Soul

The group of ten from Ten Thousand Flower Valley eventually left the clothes shop and continued to explore the city. They strolled along the bustling streets, occasionally stopping at jewelry stores, herb shops, and others. Chen Wentian followed behind them with a smile on his face. His disciples had all trained hard for the convocation so he didn't mind giving them a few days to relax.

"Master, let's go here!" Lin Qingcheng's voice came from the front of the pack.

They stopped and she pointed to an average-looking sword shop with a forgettable name.

Chen Wentian scanned the interior with his spiritual sense, only to find mediocre goods. The swords varied from the most basic ones at the Body Refinement Realm to the average ones at the Mind Focusing Realm. Only a few choices were at the Spirit Initiate Realm.

Such a sword shop catered to mortal cultivators and disciples of mortal sects. For the target audience, the quality of these swords could be considered quite good. But for an immortal, it was a little too shabby and pointless.

He was about to say no when his spiritual sense picked up something he didn't expect. It was a feeling he hadn't had in some time, the pull of a strong and unique soul. There was something good hidden inside this store and he wanted to find out what it was.

"Okay, go in." Chen Wentian said.

Lin Qingcheng led the way with the twins in tow. The others followed as well. The inside was spacious but dimly lit. Swords lined the walls. Swords were arrayed on tables and shelves. There were all shapes and sizes. After greeting the shopkeeper, his disciples spread out in all directions.

Zhou Ziyun stood near the entrance and clicked her tongue in annoyance, "Why did you want to come in here, master? I'm sure there are much better sword shops elsewhere in the city."

"These swords are pretty good, much better than the ones we can get at home. I want to buy some for my relatives!" Lin Qingcheng said from across the store.

"That's right!" Su Xue chimed in, "We can buy some swords as prizes for the junior sisters at Glacier Palace."

"Great idea!" Su Yue added.

Chen Wentian looked at Zhou Ziyun, shrugged, and walked off towards the back of the store, following the pull on his soul realm. He arrived in front of a messy shelf that displayed various materials that could be used to craft swords. It mostly consisted of various metal ores and a few things from beasts such as horns and scales.

He scanned all the items and finally found it. It was a deep-blue horn around thirty centimeters in length. It was straight, had some ridges along its length, and tapered to a sharp point. It didn't seem that remarkable and the store also seemed to think so. The placard described the horn as that of a frosthorn mountain goat, a common breed across the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. They could be found on icy mountains and thrived in extremely icy conditions, which turned their horns a distinct deep-blue color.

There was the remnant of a dead soul within the horn. It was cold, defiant, and gave off the hint of great potential. However, a frosthorn mountain goat could never develop a soul powerful enough to draw him to it. It was a common spiritual beast that rarely reached the Spirit Initiate Realm. Whatever it was, there was only one way to find out.

Chen Wentian activated his soul art and touched the horn. He closed his eyes and when he opened them, he was once again in the endless realm of his soul. His ethereal body was illuminated by colorful stars from all directions. A pure blue one burned the brightest, radiating fiery spiritual energy of the divine blue dragon.

He summoned all of his power and then pulled the foreign soul into his soul realm. A white fog appeared before him. It didn't move and it didn't speak. It was the dead soul and it was very weak. It had been dead for a long time.

He raised his palm towards it and sent it a large amount of soul energy. The soul was only in the Mind Focusing Realm so there was no danger in doing this.

After injecting enough energy, the dead soul finally stirred. It shifted in place and a foggy protrusion that looked like a head turned to Chen Wentian.

"Human... who..." It spoke in the small voice of a child.

Chen Wentian was surprised and delighted. A wisdom beast that could speak at the Mind Focusing Realm was certainly special enough.

"Where am I?" The white fog said as if found more strength.

"My name is Chen Wentian and you are within the realm of souls where I am the master, the creator and the destroyer." He replied.

It let out a sound that was obviously a derisive snort.

Chen Wentian didn't respond but eagerly sent it more soul energy. This soul was one of the most exciting ones he had encountered in the past few years and he was eager to find out what it really was.

The white fog shifted again, this time against his expectations. Instead of turning into a beast, it took the form of a small child. Chen Wentian's heart shook as he stared at the avatar the soul had chosen, trying to wrap his thoughts around the only possibility.

"Origin beast?" He said softly. It had to be, a beast that could take human form, a powerful being that could shake the immortal world. "What are you?"

"Are you going to kill me?" The soul asked.

"No, of course not." He replied.

"Lies, humans can't be trusted. Your kind killed all of us." It said, its voice filled with a deep bitterness that was almost unimaginable for a small child.

"I promise, I am not like other humans." He replied.

In the next moment, a massive blue shadow descended behind him. The soul of the blue dragon uncoiled and unleashed a torrent of divine flame into the void.

"Blue dragon... how?" The other soul muttered in shock.

Chen Wentian's own soul body melded into the blue dragon's and spoke through it, "I am Chen Wentian. I am a human. I am a blue dragon. In this realm of the soul, I am everything. I am divine."

"What?"

The soul was still weak and it was still a child. It could not understand.

Chen Wentian lowed his voice and said gently, "I can help you. All of your anger and resentment, I will take it all. Those humans that killed you and your kind, I will make them pay a hundredfold. You have my word."

The soul shifted again. This time, it turned from its human form into that of a four-legged beast. It resembled a goat but with a fluffy white tail, a curly-haired body, and a blue mane like that of a lion. On top of its head was a singular horn, straight and short and very similar to a frosthorn mountain goat.

Only, this wasn't an ordinary goat. This was an origin beast known as the Ageless Ice Unicorn. It was quite famous within various human records. It was highly prized and its body had all kinds of uses for human cultivators. There was also a rumor that its bloodline could be traced back to xiezhi, a divine beast with similar physiology.

Chen Mo was also an origin beast but it couldn't quite compare to Ageless Ice Unicorns. That plucky shadow fox had managed to reach its current state through hard work and a lot of luck. On the other hand, this soul had been born as an origin beast. It was already that powerful, even as a child, simply because of its species and its innate ability. The difference was quite substantial.

The two souls continued to converse. Chen Wentian, in dragon form, described the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art in a way it could understand. In return, the origin beast retold the story of its life and its death.

It had been so unwilling to die that it ended up tearing apart its soul, leaving a chunk of itself behind for many millennia. In the process, it had used up all of the spiritual energy within its horn, leaving it useless and almost identical to the horn of an ordinary goat. The horn was then thrown aside by human cultivators and forgotten for many more thousands of years before it was sold to this sword shop.

The soul of the Ageless Ice Unicorn understood its situation and what was being offered. It didn't take long for it to be convinced by his blue dragon and accept its fate.

With a burst of soul energy, Chen Wentian melded it with his own soul, adding a new soul avatar to his collection, one with vast potential.

Chapter 507: A Strange Encounter

The soul of the Ageless Ice Unicorn became one with Chen Wentian. All of its memories from many thousands of years ago were now a part of him. Its original home was in a blessed realm known to the unicorns only as the Eternal Mountain Range. It was home to many different herds of unicorns and a paradise untouched by humans or demons. As origin beasts with human form and human-like intelligence, they even developed towns and cities, a self-enclosed civilization that thrived for eons.

All of that ended when the human cultivators arrived. The first group to discover the blessed land was known as the Limitless Sword Mansion. Their cultivators were all extremely powerful and managed to establish a foothold which led to even more humans arriving.

The Eternal Mountain Range was isolated and relatively weak in terms of a blessed land. The various unicorn herds tried to fight back and were eventually slaughtered. The soul didn't know if any survived. All it wanted was revenge against the humans that had destroyed its home.

Since the soul was a part of him now, he would naturally seek revenge if the opportunity came to him. However, the Eternal Mountain Range and the Limitless Sword Mansion were names unfamiliar to him. He didn't know where to look or which part of the vast world they were located. It didn't matter anyway since they were far too powerful for him to handle at the moment.

Chen Wentian looked around and spotted the shopkeeper. He grabbed the blue horn and headed over. Since it was the horn of an origin beast, it was still a priceless treasure. He already had plans for it.

When he got to the counter, he noticed that the middle-aged shopkeeper looked worn out but happy. The man was busy finishing the sale of a huge pile of swords for Lin Qingcheng. Another glance around the shop and he noticed that almost all of the swords had disappeared from the various displays.

"Lord immortal, how may I help you?" The shopkeeper bowed toward him.

"Oh, I just wanted to buy this horn. How much?" Chen Wentian asked.

"No, no, no. I can't accept lord immortal's money for such a small item. Especially when your disciples have bought out most of my store. You can take it, it's free!"

Chen Wentian glanced curiously at Lin Qingcheng who stuck her tongue at him.

"I also remembered that the disciples of the House of Paradise could also use some fancy swords." She said matter-of-factly. "I should be done soon. Mister sword seller is just wrapping my last few purchases."

Chen Wentian shrugged and beckoned to his other disciples who were waiting by the entrance. "We can wait outside and get some fresh air."

"Yes, master."

Chen Wentian led the way and exited the sword shop.

As soon as he did so, a sharp spiritual energy swept over from across the street and collided against his spiritual aura.

"Hahaha!" Loud laughter rang out, drawing everyone's attention.

A group of cultivators walked over, led by a male immortal. He was tall and slender, clean-shaven with a long face and an unnaturally prominent jawline. His age wasn't immediately apparent as he seemed somewhat youthful but also old at the same time.

"Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian. I have heard of your name, an unknown independent immortal who suddenly rose to fame in recent years. I didn't think I would run into you here, in front of such a shabby place. Did you get lost? Such a sword shop should be far beneath your status unless you're struggling with money. Hahaha!"

Chen Wentian's spiritual aura flared up, sending a wall of blue flame toward the other immortal. He didn't know why the other person had chosen to be rude so he was simply testing them.

The immortal raised his hand and blocked the incoming flames. He tried to not show it but he was struggling greatly, a testament to the difference in their cultivation.

"Heh, a gentleman should fight with his words first, not with his fists." The immortal retorted.

Chen Wentian scoffed, "I don't know who you are. I don't know if you're a stray dog or a demon."

"Ill-mannered... My name is Immortal Thousand Swords Jin Wu, master of the Mount Huang Sect."

"Uh huh..." Chen Wentian said and drew back his spiritual energy.

Jin Wu let out a pained noise when he straightened his back. The difference in their strength was now even more apparent. He couldn't be at more than the second or third level of strengthening. Compared to Chen Wentian who had already begun to touch the Spirit King Realm, he was far inferior.

Jin Wu brushed off his robes and said, "As I was saying, Immortal Chen, if you are unfamiliar with Everblade City, the members of the Eastern Sword Alliance are more than willing to show you around. You don't have to poke your head around randomly and get swindled by these commoners. You should have known better. You don't have to embarrass your disciples like this."

Just as he finished speaking, Lin Qingcheng emerged from the sword shop. The shopkeeper followed behind her, bowing and thanking her over and over as if she was a deity. After bidding her goodbye, the shopkeeper hung a sign that said 'Closed' and shut the shop's doors.

Jin Wu watched the exchange with confusion, "What happened there?"

Chen Wentian waved his hand, "It's nothing, just my disciple who got a little too excited and bought out the entire store."

A brief expression of astonishment appeared on Jin Wu's face before it disappeared. Chen Wentian smirked, knowing what the other person was thinking about. Even for a common shop that catered to mortal cultivators, it required a sizable fortune to buy out its entire stock which could be anywhere from a few hundred to over a thousand swords. A mere disciple spending that kind of money was unthinkable for normal immortal sects. Even for the Mount Huang Sect which was an influential member of the Eastern Sword Alliance, it was practically impossible.

"Your disciples?" Jin Wu said, looking over at the women behind Chen Wentian, "I thought they were your concubines that you were taking out from a stroll. My mistake. My mistake. Hahaha!"

Chen Wentian frowned. His disciples were quite eye-catching and didn't look like normal disciples. Compared to Jin Wu's disciples who all wore bland white uniforms, Chen Wentian's disciples all wore unique and colorful outfits. They were better dressed than even princesses. In his opinion, his disciples were a hundred times better. Even trying to compare them was an insult.

"Yes, they are my disciples." Chen Wentian replied, "Although I only recently became an immortal sect master, I think I have performed my duties more than adequately. Compared to them, your disciples seem quite incompetent. You have so many and yet none of them are better than mine."

A wave of discontent erupted from the sea of white robes but Jin Wu couldn't find any words to retort. As immortals, both sect masters could use spiritual energy to sense the rough age and cultivation of each other's mortal disciples. Although Jin Wu had several disciples at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm, their ages were all quite substantial with none below the age of forty. On the other hand, Wu Qianyu was still thirty-two and Li Yuechan was thirty-one. There were also Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun who were both barely over the age of twenty and yet already at the upper levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm. The gap between the two sects and their disciples was simply massive.

Jin Wu finally let out a snort of indignation. He waved his wide sleeves about and then grasps his hands behind his back. He tilted his head towards the sky in an air of arrogance.

"Hmph. You turned out far below my expectations. How boring. We will see just whose disciples are strong at the Convocation of Swords. Let's go!"

"Yes, master!" His disciples answered as one.

Chen Wentian watched them march away, unsure of what to make of the situation. He felt a breath beside him and turned to see Zhou Ziyun.

"Hey, what do you think?" He asked her.

She nodded, "The Mount Huang Sect, sect master Immortal Thousand Swords Jin Wu... they are part of the so-called Four Greats of the Eastern Sword Alliance. The other three are the Mount Tai Sect, the Mount Xiong Sect, and the Mount Yun Sect. If one of them is like this, perhaps the other three will be the same. But I can't think of a reason why the Four Greats would want to antagonize you. Perhaps Immortal Thousand Swords Jin Wu simply wanted to measure your ability since you are a nameworthy adversity that emerged only recently."

"Ah..." He scratched his head. "That's possible I guess."

She continued, "Your performance was commendable. Now they will think you are an ill-mannered philanderer who spoils a bunch of women instead of accepting proper disciples."

"Hey!" He complained.

This earned a chorus of giggles from his disciples as if they all agreed with Zhou Ziyun's assessment.

"Hey!" He said again but it was useless as they all burst out laughing.

Chapter 508: The Best Thing

Everblade City was a buzz of activity. As the afternoon wore away, it was clear to all that more and more people emerged from their residences and crowded the streets. There were all kinds of people, with many different backgrounds. They came from all across the subcontinent. The one and only constant was that they were all sword cultivators.

Chen Wentian and his disciples continued their shopping spree. After the sword shop, they visited a book store, a blacksmith shop, and even a pet store. People in the streets gave them a wide berth, not wanting to mess with an immortal.

But it was difficult to avoid the stares as his disciples stood out like freshly blossomed flowers. Compared to the commoners, they were far above the mean, each one carrying their own unique charm. Their beauty had only improved with the superb environment of the sect, with a nourishing diet, with the best medicinal supplements. Their smiles were glowing and their laughter was captivating.

Of course, all of this was exactly what Chen Wentian didn't want out in public. He loathed each and every male, young or old, that gawked at his women. He would stare daggers at them, forcing them to look away like frightened chickens. But as soon as he turned away, they would go right back to staring and daydreaming about fruits of heaven that they would never be able to obtain.

It was intolerable!

How dare they look at his women?

"Master, is something the matter?" Li Yuechan said as she caught up beside him, distracting him only momentarily.

Chen Wentian glanced at her, at her flawless and stunning visage, and then back at the astounded expressions all around them in the crowds. A burst of inspiration came to him and he waved his hand in front of her, producing a thin layer of warm blue flame that hid the bottom half of her face below her eyes.

Instantly, many sounds of discontent reached his ears. A smug smile graced his lips. This was much better.

Li Yuechan snorted, "Master... Here I was, thinking there was some kind of important matter."

"It is important!" He insisted. He grabbed her hand and gave it a squeeze, "Men can have wild imaginations. I didn't want them thinking bad thoughts about you."

She smiled, "So then, what about you, are you thinking bad thoughts about me?"

"How can I not when you are so close to me?" He replied sincerely.

Something had changed in him after returning from the Martial Brilliance Continent. He felt closer to Li Yuechan than he had ever felt before. He could also feel that her demeanor around him had changed as well. She was much more playful, intimate, and honest. This made her even more irresistible.

Li Yuechan smiled, trying but failing to hide her blushing cheeks. As they continued walking side by side, she managed to grab hold of his arm and leaned into him. Although her fellow sisters were with them and they were out in public, she forgot about everything else for the moment and simply enjoyed the closeness of a man and woman strolling the streets together.

Behind Chen Wentian and Li Yuechan, the other disciples were somewhat enjoying the show.

"Psst, look." Xu Lanyi whispered to Song Wushuang, nudging her, "They've been holding hands for the past half hour. Pay up!"

Song Wushang reluctantly pulled out a small nugget of red spiritual crystal and handed it over. Xu Lanyi swiped the crystal away quickly and smiled widely.

"Do you want to bet if they'll still be at it after another half hour?"

Song Wushung snorted, "What's the point of that? How about we bet on who will be brave enough to charge into the fray and grab master's other arm. Who will have big enough guts to jump in there with elder sister? Xue'er? Yue'er?"

The twins shook their heads vigorously.

"Hehehe, Sister Wushuang is so mean!" Su Xue said, "How can I ruin Sister Yuechan's good fortune?"

"That's right. Sister Yuechan's good fortune is also our good fortune!" Su Yue added.

"You two..." Xu Lanyi shook her head.

Even though said this, she also didn't dare to do anything. She didn't want to compete with her elder sister even though she also wanted Chen Wentian to treat her like that. It was frustrating, feeling both happy and left out at the same time.

Song Wushuang and the twins were no different. Deep down, they all sought Chen Wentian's affection and attention. But they knew that it was impossible for one of them to monopolize their master. They all had to share.

Behind the ice sisters, Zhou Ziyun watched and listened keenly. After a moment of awkward silence between them, she decided that they needed a little help. She walked up beside Xu Lanyi and hugged her arm.

"Wha... Oh! Senior sister!" Xu Lanyi said.

Seeing the smirk on Zhou Ziyun's face, Xu Lanyi felt something was amiss.

"What's up?"

Zhou Ziyun tugged her arm, "Come on."

Against Xu Lanyi's protests, Zhou Ziyun pulled her to the front.

"Huh?" Chen Wentian asked.

Zhou Ziyun didn't say anything to him. She simply grabbed his left arm and slipped Xu Lanyi's arm into his.

"There! One beauty in each arm. Much better!" She said and then scampered away.

"What?" Chen Wentian asked again, still confused.

Li Yuechan chuckled, "Do you not like it? Lanyi seems to be enjoying it very much."

Xu Lanyi blushed furiously and stammered something unintelligible.

Chen Wentian finally understood and laughed. It was natural for women to feel jealous in such situations. He couldn't favor one disciple over the others for too long, especially in front of all of them so blatantly.

"Hmm? Perhaps, I should give the others a chance too!" He said and let go of Li Yuechan.

He found Song Wushuang behind them and pulled her to his side. With a stunned Song Wushuang on one side and a glowing Xu Lanyi on the other, he walked away quickly, leaving behind a pouting Li Yuechan and a chorus of laughter.

"Master..." Song Wushuang said in a small voice, resting her head on his shoulder.

"Heh... Don't think I've forgotten about you two. You can't let your elder sister hog all the good things all the time." He said playfully.

"What? You're a good thing?" Xu Lanyi retorted.

Chen Wentian blinked and tried to push her away as punishment for her cheek.

"Noo! Master, I'm sorry!" Xu Lanyi whined, not letting go, "You're the best thing in the world!"

He laughed, hugged both of them close, and continued walking.

He savored each step they took, their soft bodies rubbing against him, their fragrances wafting around him. With two beauties in each arm, he looked exactly like the lecherous young masters and playboy princes he despised in the past. But he didn't care one bit because he was an immortal. He was the sect master. He could do whatever he wanted and this was indeed the best thing in the world.

Chapter 509: Sword Festival

The Everblade City Sword Festival started at sundown. It was held at the wide plaza to the north of the city which was large enough to fit many thousands of people comfortably. By the time Chen Wentian and his disciples got there, the various exhibits and stalls were already set up and the entire place was buzzing with excitement.

"See, Xue'er. I told you we would make it time." Chen Wentian said and gave her a nudge.

"Master!" An annoyed voice came from the other side, "I'm Xue'er. That's Yue'er!"

Chen Wentian glanced at the twins, one held in each arm, and then laughed, "Of course, I knew who you were. I was just teasing!"

Both of them blew out their cheeks and glowered at him. He wanted to pinch them but they seemingly sensed his intentions and escaped his clutches.

"You two... Hmph!" He crossed his arms in mock anger "Xue'er and Yue'er are too unruly. I think..."

He slipped through his disciples in a flash and stopped next to Bei Yingluo. "Yingluo is smart and obedient. I think I will have Yingluo accompany me tonight. How about it?"

Bei Yingluo smiled and bowed her head, "Yes, master."

"Good! Let's go see what this sword festival is about." He declared and entered the throng of people, Bei Yingluo clinging to his arm, his disciples close behind.

The plaza was turned into something akin to a night market. Rows of lanterns hung from tall poles, illuminating the crowds and the various vendors and activities below. Ribbons and flags fluttered in the cool evening breeze.

The participants came from all over the subcontinent. They had unique outfits and a wide range of colors. There were countless sects, some immortal but mostly mortal.

Chen Wentian was among the few immortals present. The festival was a mortal one through and through. There was nothing of any use to him here but it was perfect for his disciples. Seeing their excited expressions, he also managed to find passing interest in what the festival offered.

"Come one, come all! Come try out the sharpness of your sword energy!"

A loud shout made Chen Wentian pause. They were in front of a brightly lit booth. A pair of burly, bare-chested men stood within, next to several stacks of what appeared to be metal plates.

"This looks fun. What's the deal?" Chen Wentian commented.

"Lord immortal!" Both men bowed and one explained their business, "This is a test of one's understanding of the Dao of the sword in the mortal realms. A sword is always supposed to be sharp beyond all else, it is supposed to pierce and cut through anything in its way. If your disciples would like to try, we have a method here for them to test their abilities on using only their sword energy."

"That's right." The other nodded and continued, "Each attempt is one gold tael. This money is pooled together into a grand prize which has already gone up to five hundred taels in less than an hour! On the third night of the sword festival, whoever has produced the best result will be declared the winner to all the participants of the festival and awarded the grand prize!"

"Ah, so it is a test of absolute power. Those at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm would naturally have the advantage." Chen Wentian said.

"Er... You can say that." The two answered together, looking at each other

They obviously wanted other people at lower levels to try so that the jackpot could increase faster. The winner would get a bigger jackpot this way but so would they after taking a cut of the total. If only a few of the strongest swordsmen tried this game, then they wouldn't be able to make any money.

He turned to his disciples, "Anyone wants to try?"

Wu Qianyu stepped forward immediately, followed by Li Yuechan after a brief pause. Nobody else volunteered.

Chen Wentian smiled. Those two were the ones he expected. He nodded to them and beckoned them towards the booth.

"Sister Li, would like to go first?" Wu Qianyu asked politely.

Li Yuechan inclined her head, "If Senior Sister insists, then I shall give it a try."

Although Wu Qianyu had already reached the first lesser realm of Spiritual Growth, Li Yuechan wasn't willing to admit defeat just yet. She wanted to see just how far the gap in their strengths was.

"Excellent, this way. Here we have plates of aged steel. Each one is one centimeter thick. Aged steel was very dense and heavy. It is also one of the hardest types of spiritual metal that ordinary swords cannot

do anything against. Go ahead and try it with your spiritual energy, your score will be determined by how many plates you can piece or cut through." The man behind the booth said.

He pointed to a stack of grey-colored plates arrayed on a wooden table. At a glance, there were more than thirty plates clamped together and also clamped securely onto the table.

Li Yuechan flicked her wrist and extended an index finger towards the plates. A surge of sheer cold gathered at her fingertip, forming a thin pocket of sword energy infused with the power of ice. She then flicked her finger, sending her attack towards the middle of the aged steel shield.

Tong!

The table shook along with the stack of metal plates. A small hole was created near the center of the first plate and disappeared from view.

"Wow! Excellent power! I felt my life flash before my eyes!" One of the men exclaimed.

"That's right, brother! This swordswoman is extremely talented!" The other said.

After some more babbling, they unclamped the steel plates and counted them. In all, seven plates had been completely pierced and a small nick was left in the eighth.

Li Yuechan let out the breath she had been holding and turned to Wu Qianyu. "Elder sister, it's your turn."

Wu Qianyu nodded and stepped forward as new plates were put in place for her. Once that was done, she raised a finger and focused all of her strength and spiritual energy into an invisible sliver of destructive power.

Tong!

Her attack smashed into the aged-steel plates. The whole contraption shook like before but just slightly less. When it was taken apart and examined, she had surprisingly scored a little worse. She had not managed to pierce through the seventh plate by the thickness of a hair.

"Again!" Wu Qianyu said and slapped another gold tael on the counter.

Her urgency was a surprise to all, especially Li Yuechan who was just about to celebrate her win.

Chen Wentian smirked as he watched both disciples with great interest. There was an undeniable sense of competition between them. It wasn't anything bad. It was simply due to the pride that all cultivators held in their own ability.

Perhaps, it was also due to a sense of vanity that all women had. Li Yuechan and Wu Qianyu were his disciples but they were also his lovers. They both wanted to show off their abilities, the progress they had made. It was natural that neither wanted to lose out to the other, especially for Wu Qianyu who had already broken through a lesser realm.

The second time around, Wu Qianyu did much better. She focused more on the sword energy of Dugu's 10th Sword instead of her still developing Sorrowful Sword Style. Because of this, she was able to pierce through the eighth plate and leave a deep hole in the ninth.

"I want to try it again too!" An unsatisfied Li Yuechan declared right after.

A few moments later.

"Again, one more!"

A few more moments later.

"One last time!"

But despite Li Yuechan's best efforts, she could not pierce through the eighth plate. The ice sword of Winter's Snow Dance was not one that focused on purely sword Dao. Compared to Dugu's 10th Sword, she had already performed quite spectacularly but she still wasn't satisfied.

"Yuechan," Chen Wentian said gently, wrapping a hand around hers that was busy trying to form another attack, "Yuechan!"

"Huh..." She whirled around and froze in his presence, "Oh... I..."

He gave her a reassuring smile, "The sword festival has plenty of other fun things. We don't have to stay here all night. You did great, let's go."

"Oh..." She looked around her, somewhat embarrassed by her actions.

"Sister Li." Wu Qianyu walked up beside her. "Your ice sword is quite amazing. I fear my Sorrowful Sword Style still has a long way to go but I ended up using Dugu's 10th Sword. I'm sorry for my behavior."

"It was totally fair. it was my fault for letting it affect my judgment." Li Yuechan replied.

"Thanks..."

The two walked away from the stall, continuing to converse together, their prior dispute already resolved. Chen Wentian followed behind with a wide smile, happy that his two disciples were such open-minded and decent people.

Chapter 510: Annoying Pest

A few stalls after the previous, an especially rowdy and splendid exhibit drew Lin Qingcheng's attention and she steered everyone towards it. It was some kind of shooting game where the visitors were invited to shoot at small, fast-moving targets made of clay. There was also some kind of scoring system where the winner of a round could receive a choice of several prizes including ornate daggers, pieces of spiritual stones, as well as flashy jewelry.

Ten or more people crowded together at front of the long counter. Several dozen more were lined up behind them. The ones running the exhibit let each challenger go one-by-one, with one tael of gold giving them five tries to hit five targets with their sword energy. Those that didn't manage to hit all five could only receive cheap rewards while those that hit all five could have their pick within the best reward category.

At least, this was their sales pitch.

Within a few moments, three people finished their attempts. None of them managed to hit all five. They weren't even close. The group running this exhibit was quite skilled. They used their spiritual energy to make clay targets the size of a silver coin dance around like a firefly.

"Last try, miss! Ohhh, I'm sorry."

"Next guest!"

"Master, I want to try it!" Lin Qingcheng squealed in excitement and squeezed herself into the crowd.

"Chengcheng, wait!" Zhou Ziyun cried out and followed after her.

Chen Wentian looked at the others who all seemed disinterested. He laughed and led them to look around the nearby stalls while Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun had their fun.

Lin Qingcheng waited in line, hand-in-hand, with Zhou Ziyun. She loved games and couldn't resist. She also thought the prizes were quite good, especially the sparkling jewelry on display.

"What do you think, sis?" She asked, "How many big prizes do you think I can win?"

Zhou Ziyun snorted, "Zero."

"What?" Lin Qingcheng stamped her feet, "Zero? I can do better than you!"

Zhou Ziyun chortled, "Oh yeah? Let's bet!"

"One night with master!"

"Deal!"

The people around them glanced at the noisy girls disdainfully but they paid no attention. Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun were as close as true sisters but this also meant that they were even more competitive with each other. They did many things together so naturally, one had to be the winner while the other was the loser.

When it was finally their turn, Lin Qingcheng went first. She used a single index finger and formed huge balls of poorly controlled sword energy on the tip. When she launched the ball of energy forward, it naturally flew in every which direction, slamming into the ground or ripping a hole through the canopy. Out of five targets, she wasn't even close to hitting a single one.

"Darn it!" She said, slamming her fist against the counter.

She really thought she could hit a few of the targets but they moved faster than she expected.

"Watch this." Zhou Ziyun and extended her hand.

She pointed two fingers forward, the correct hand sign for sword cultivators. She called upon the Flying Dragon Saber Art and formed a thin sliver of spiritual energy. There was no wasted effort as everything was concentrated on her fingertips.

The first clay target flashed by, almost faster than the eye could discern. She followed its trajectory and let loose.

Pa!

Her attack missed, impacting against the pile of rocks behind.

Zhou Ziyun clicked her tongue in annoyance and gathered her energy for the next target. She calmed her body. She calculated exactly how much sword energy she needed and how fast the target moved. She used just the right amount of control and power and neatly sliced the clay coin in two.

"Ha!" She laughed and gave Lin Qingcheng a mocking smile.

Savoring Lin Qingcheng's growing dejection, Zhou Ziyun scored on the next two targets as well. But on the final one, the person controlling its trajectory introduced some wild maneuvers at the last moment and caused her to miss.

Zhou Ziyun pursed her lips for a moment but put her displeasure aside. A win was still a win. The next time Chen Wentian wanted to spend a night with Lin Qingcheng, he would have to come to her room instead!

Lin Qingcheng was thinking the same thing. Unwilling to admit defeat, she drew out another tael of gold.

"Double or nothing!" She said defiantly.

Zhou Ziyun smirked, "Are you sure? You can't take it back and complain to master later."

"When have I ever..."

Before she could continue arguing, wild applause erupted at the end of the counter.

"Five out of five! We have a winner!" The host shouted amidst the noise. "May I ask this hero's great name?"

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun leaned forward and glanced over. A tall, handsome man with sleek black hair held in a topknot and a chiseled jawline stood nearby, the focus of everyone's attention.

"Uncle is too kind. This one is named Liu Qiye. I am a disciple of the Mount Tai Sect, here to participate in the Convocation of Swords!" The man declared.

"Wow!"

"Did he say Mount Tai Sect?"

"Amazing!"

It was difficult not to be impressed. The Mount Tai Sect was one of the four great sword sects of the Eastern Sword Alliance. This Liu Qiye was a big figure in the eyes of mortal cultivators around him. The only ones that seemed rather bored were Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun.

Liu Qiye noticed their reaction. His eyes brightened with interest and he took a few steps toward them.

"Junior sisters, I couldn't help but notice your prior attempts. They were quite spirited but alas." He shook his head and then smiled, his dazzling image stunning the audience into silence, "Did you know, there are a few tricks to defeating this sword game. If you would like, I can teach them to you and you might be able to win one of the grand prizes."

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun didn't immediately respond. Lin Qingcheng didn't quite understand what was going on while Zhou Ziyun was trying to think of the most tactful way of refusing this annoying pest.

Seeing them hesitate, the host of the game laughed and chimed in, as if trying to gain favor with Liu Qiye, "My ladies, this Liu Qiye is a truly talented man. Even if he teaches you just a little, your sword will improve by leaps and bounds."

Liu Qiye shot him a glare that silenced the old man. He then turned back with a smile, "Where are my manners? Junior sisters, may I ask your name and which sect you are from?"

Zhou Ziyun tilted her head slightly as a courtesy, "Senior Liu, us two sisters cannot afford to draw attention from someone like yourself. If you will excuse us..."

Liu Qiye leaned against a nearby tentpole and laughed, "Nonsense, you don't have to think so humbly of yourself. From the moment I laid eyes on you, I have been wondering if I had finally encountered disciples of the saintess of swords. Tell me it's not true, that you two are not disciples of Lady Gongsun."

Zhou Ziyun almost laughed out loud at that ridiculous statement but she was saved by the arrival of a warm wave of immortal power.

Chen Wentian strode over, each step sending out almost intangible waves of blue flames. The people around the sword game scattered to make way.

Liu Qiye quickly bowed, "Lord immortal. This one is Liu Qiye of the Mount Tai Sect."

Chen Wentian's eyes narrowed. He hated these types of men the most, these handsome and talented princes and young masters that flirted with women left and right. He had been constantly bullied by them in the past and the mere thought brought up a fierce surge of anger within him.

"I don't care who you are." Chen Wentian said.

His tone sent shivers through Liu Qiye. The audience also looked on in apprehension, unsure what was going to happen.

"Do you think someone like you can teach my disciples?" Chen Wentian said, each word searing Liu Qiye's eardrums.

He wanted to insult Liu Qiye, threaten, bully, and even abuse him. It would be so easy. It would be so satisfying.

But... he was an immortal. The difference between an immortal and a mortal was like heaven and earth, like a dragon and an ant. There was no need for him to do anything, it was a waste of time, it was beneath his dignity.

Without another word, he beckoned to Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun and left the shamefaced Liu Qiye behind, still cowering on the ground.