

F Disciples 521

Chapter 521: First Strike

Eight more challenges were made in quick succession. Yang Kaitian called out names one by one as challengers chose their opponents. The convocation steadily rose in excitement and energy as nine pairs of duelists finally gathered.

Wu Qianyu paid them no heed as her attention was solely focused on her opponent. Although she was sure of her own strength, she did not take the duel lightly. This was her first time fighting in the name of Ten Thousand Flower Valley in a public tournament. She wasn't sure if she should go all out or hold back her strength as necessary. She had no desire to humiliate her opponent but she also wasn't the type to show mercy.

"Duelists, head to your assigned dueling platforms!" Yang Kaitian declared.

Wu Qianyu looked over at her challenger.

Zhang Han inclined his head, "Please, after you."

Wu Qianyu nodded once, accepted his courtesy, and headed for the first dueling arena.

By now, the large plaza had already transformed. Nine smaller square platforms had risen from the stone tiles of the plaza, each approximately fifty meters in width. They were arranged in a three-by-three grid, with a turquoise-robed senior of Eastern Sword Alliance presiding over each one as the judge.

Wu Qianyu leaped onto the platform and so did her opponent. They stood facing each other, on opposite sides.

"Duelists, are you ready? You each have five minutes to defeat your opponent!" Yang Kaitian instructed.

A hush fell upon the convocation. Out of the thousands of onlookers, most of them were interested in the north-western corner of the plaza where Wu Qianyu stood. It was finally time, finally time for the champion of the Monster Fighting Competition to show their strength!

Yang Kaitian's voice boomed across the arena once more. "Begin!"

The sounds of swords clashing immediately rang out. Several pairs of duelists immediately engaged in battle. And yet, both Wu Qianyu and Zhang Han stood firm, neither making the first move.

She cocked her head to one side, silently questioning her opponent. She was the one being challenged. She was the one with the stronger cultivation. It was natural for her to wait and give over the respect of the first strike.

Zhang Han finally reacted. He pulled out the slender sword from behind his back and raised it above his head in a martial stance. As the sunlight gleamed off his blade, his spiritual aura rose steadily toward the peak of his ability.

"Lady Wu!" He said, his voice clear and firm, "Known across the land as the paragon of righteousness. Seeing you today has proved that mere words pale in comparison to the real deal."

His words could be heard across the noise of clashing swords and harsh shouts of battle. He was speaking not to her but also to the gathered audience. He knew that everyone's attention was on them and he took this opportunity to make a name for himself.

"I am Zhang Han, the first disciple of Tai Ping Pavilion!" Zhang Han declared, "I hope my Sword of Tranquility will not disappoint you!"

He twirled his blade and pointed it ahead at Wu Qianyu. His spiritual energy was now at its limit, radiating from his body in almost tangible waves.

"Here I come!" He shouted as his body blurred.

Wu Qianyu tensed, waiting for the attack to come. The Purple Jade Sword was held in front in a loose guard. Her opponent's speed wasn't fast but it was difficult to gauge. His body seemed blurry, as if he was going really fast and really slow at the same time.

Zhang Han closed the distance at a steady pace and he finally lunged forward with his sword towards her chest. His sword moved in the same way as his body, slow but fast, fast but slow. His movements were entirely tranquil, enough to cause opponents to instinctively lower their defenses.

At the last moment, Zhang Han's sword flashed with power as well as swiftness. A split second ago, his attack would have been considered amateurish. Now, it was truly one belonging to an expert of the sword.

Sensing danger, Wu Qianyu expanded her spiritual aura and retreated five steps.

Ping!

The attack slowed as Zhang Han had to contend with her sword energy. The tip of his sword tried to find her but was cleanly deflected by an arc of purple light.

Zhang Han clenched his teeth and continued attacking, his movements deliberate, his sword shifting and thrusting with unnatural speed and agility.

The Sword of Tranquility was a sword style meant for duels. It specialized in conserving energy for powerful bursts. For Zhang Han, slowness translated to quickness, tranquility translated to might at the most opportune moments.

"Smooth footwork!"

"What speed!"

Praises rose from the audience as Zhang Han continued to press forward. As fellow sword cultivators, it didn't take long for many in the crowd to appreciate the intricacies of his sword. His expertise showed. They could feel the dedication, the countless days and nights spent in arduous practice.

Against expectations, Zhang Han's rendition of his sect's primary sword art was excellent and impressive. The Tai Ping Pavilion was a member of the Eastern Sword Alliance but its influence paled in

comparison to the Four Greats. To many, it was a struggling immortal sect without much of a future. Yet he had bravely challenged Wu Qianyu in order to make his name heard and to bring honor to his sect.

And he had already achieved both in a short span of time.

The two duelists eventually broke apart, Zhang Han breathing deeply to regain his energy, Wu Qianyu looking on serenely.

"Good sword." She praised.

Since she practiced Dugu's 10th Sword, she could be considered half a sword cultivator. She could also appreciate her opponent's ability.

"Thank you, Lady Wu." Zhang Han replied, standing in a relaxed guard.

Since he had attacked first, it was her turn.

Wu Qianyu raised the Purple Jade Sword. Her eyes narrowed as she prepared a suitable response. She understood the usefulness of her opponent's sword art but she could also immediately identify its greatest flaw which was a lack of power.

What was a sword?

It was not an accompaniment to fancy footwork or intricate body movements. It was a weapon, used for slashing and piercing, for killing. This was the principle of Dugu's 10th Sword, killing power and power above all else.

Wu Qianyu took one step forward and slashed her sword diagonally in front of her. Her movements could not be more different from her opponent.

An arc of purple light left her blade and shot towards Zhang Han. Its sharpness and might also could not be more different.

Zhang Han saw everything clearly. There was no cleverness or misdirection to the incoming attack, only power. He raised his sword with both hands and summoned all of his sword energy to defend.

Pang!

His sword broke cleanly in two but the attack continued.

Purple energy slashed apart his spiritual defenses and slammed into his torso.

"Ahhh!" He let out a wail as he was sent tumbling off the platform.

"Winner, Wu Qianyu!"

Chapter 522: Second Challenge

A hush fell over the entire convocation. Even the sounds of nearby duels seemed to dim. The gathered sword cultivators of the subcontinent were all stunned by Wu Qianyu's sheer might, by her sudden victory.

Mortal sword experts couldn't understand how Zhang Han had lost so easily when he had been defending with everything he had. Wu Qianyu's moves hadn't been anything special. Such a simple attack, even if it the difference of a lesser realm, should not have been this exaggerated.

Even more so, the immortal sword masters amidst the audience were all astonished. They could sense the profound sword might behind Wu Qianyu's attack even if they didn't know what it was. But one thing was clear, this sword art was several steps above an already impressive one like the Sword of Tranquility.

"Chen Wentian..." Peng Yuefeng growled under his breath.

The sect master of the Tower of Swords glared at the playboy immortal across the distance. He had never seen Dugu's 10th Sword in action before but he could recognize it instantly. It contained an unmistakable sword energy, one that was also present within his Desolate Sword.

He had always wondered how powerful senior Dugu's sword art was. This was finally proof before his eyes. Wu Qianyu's meteoric rise, her tremendous power, all had to be because of that. There was no other explanation, no other way a useless pervert like Chen Wentian could produce such an amazing disciple!

"Master, rest assured." Peng Shuya said in a low voice beside him, "Ten Thousand Flower Valley's glory will be short-lived."

Peng Yuefeng snorted but remained gloomy and silent.

All across the convocation, there were similar reactions from other immortals though they did not know about Dugu's 10th Sword. When Chen Wentian had stolen the sword art, only Peng Yuefeng had been present. Thus, not even the Four Greats of the Eastern Sword Alliance knew about the matter.

However, there was one additional person who felt that there was something wrong. That person was Immortal Tempest Badger Qiu Chuyi, representative of the Beast God Sanctum. He had also watched the entire duel between Wu Qianyu and Zhang Han.

Qiu Chuyi was a beast transformation cultivator but he was also a sword cultivator. In his transformation as a tempest badger, his claws were long and sharp, each one as deadly as a sword. He appreciated Zhang Han's well-practiced sword art like the others. But unlike the others, he felt something different about Wu Qianyu's performance.

This was because her sword was eerily similar to the sword of another person, a hated enemy of the Beast God Sanctum. That criminal had slain one of his brothers. That criminal's name was Lin Huzhong, a sword master and a despicable bandit. Wu Qianyu's attack had a strange quality to it that he had never seen before, except the day that Immortal Berserk Ox Ji Tiangu was slain by a single sword strike.

Qiu Chuyi furrowed his brow as he studied Chen Wentian from a distance. It was difficult to explain how Wu Qianyu would wield a sword style similar to that of Lin Huzhong. Could Chen Wentian and Lin Huzhong be allies? But why would Lin Huzhong teach Chen Wentian's disciple? It seemed impossible. It was a mystery he could not figure out at the moment. But he swore to himself, he would investigate this matter as soon as the convocation was over.

Five minutes passed in a blur and the first round of the challenge tournament came to an end. Wu Qianyu had already rejoined her sect in the stands and so had others that had already finished. One duel was still ongoing but they were forced to stop. Since the challenger was unable to defeat their opponent, their challenge failed and the person on the ranking pillar got to retain their position.

The second round immediately followed. Yang Kaitian pulled out nine more names from the cauldron. Those that failed their challenges or those who had been kicked off the ranking pillar had their name plates put aside.

Those that had made a challenge would not be selected again until the next day. Those that lost to a challenger would be put back into the cauldron after three rounds so that they could make their own challenge. Those that had received a challenge but prevailed also could not be challenged for another three rounds.

"... Su Yue of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

"Eh?" Su Yue looked around in momentary confusion.

Chen Wentian prodded her, making her jump.

Su Yue tried to hide her embarrassment as she stood up straight. She found her challenger below, a sturdy male cultivator with two sword swords strapped to his waist. That person was named Peng Junqi, an older man around fifty with a head of graying hair.

His cultivation was at the 10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm. Although he was unremarkable in terms of talent compared to others due to his age, his strength was still considerable due to his cultivation age and his years of experience.

"Ehh?" Su Yue repeated.

She glanced at Chen Wentian with a tinge of panic in her eyes. She was still at the 8th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm. The difference of two levels was substantial. The challenge was quite unfair and what little confidence she might have had at the beginning of the day had completely disappeared.

Chen Wentian could guess her thoughts. He was also peeved by the challenge but there wasn't much that could be done. Only those that the ability to defend their position could remain on the ranking pillar.

"Yue'er." He said, his voice gentle but firm, "You can't give up before the fight has even started. You'll never grow if you back down like this. You have to have faith in your own strength. The eyes of the continent are on us and on you. The worst you can do is lose an unfair duel. Nobody will look down on you for that. I won't either as long as you gave it your all."

Su Yue's expression changed and she nodded seriously. She turned and faced the plaza with renewed strength, her spirits lifted by her master's words.

She leaped off the stands and landed on the edge of the plaza, leaving behind her a trail of glittering glacial ice.

"Su Yue present!"

Chapter 523: The Way of the Sword

Nine pairs of duelists took their positions across the wide plaza. Su Yue faced off against her strong challenger amidst it all. Her eyes flickered from side to side, not quite meeting her opponent's. Chen Wentian's words had given her reassurance but that was rapidly disappearing the longer she stood alone.

Su Yue rarely ever fought alone. She couldn't remember the last time she fought without her twin. It had been years since she had fought without her elder sisters. The sisterhood cherished the twins and protected them as the babies of the group.

"Duelists, are you ready? You each have five minutes to defeat your opponent!" Yang Kaitian instructed.

Su Yue's heart pounded. Her ears were filled with buzzing noise from the crowd and from her own nervousness. The eyes of the subcontinent were on her. They would judge her performance and her ability. Her strength would also be a testament to her master's strength, his capability as a sect master.

She didn't know if she would end up letting him down. She didn't want to let her sisters down.

"Begin!"

She couldn't let herself down either.

Sha!

A column of pale-white ice appeared in her right hand, quickly forming into a slender longsword. It emitted a sharp, frigid aura that froze the air around it, creating an icy haze around the blade.

Su Yue twirled the blade around once and went into a sword stance, ready for battle, her sword held above her head and pointing toward her opponent.

Peng Junqi sneered and drew his two short swords. He held them backward in his hands and went into a fighting stance.

"Little lass, this is the Convocation of Swords. This is for life-long sword cultivators, not for frigid nuns like you!"

Su Yue shook. Her nervousness was overtaken by a sudden surge of anger. As a past disciple of Glacial Palace, she hated being called that. It was something derogatory commonly spouted by their rivals like the Tower of Swords.

She threw caution aside and rushed forward. She brandished her ice sword with both hands and went into the first stance of the Glacial Sword, the standard sword style of all disciples of Glacial Palace.

"Hyah!" She shouted, slashing downward with a surge of strength.

Ka!

Steel clashed against ice, sending glittering crystals of ice everywhere. Peng Junqi had easily blocked her upfront attack and was looking to land a counter with his other sword.

Su Yue retreated two steps and continued her attack, slicing and stabbing with well-practiced ease and strength that was more than befitting of her cultivation.

"Ha!"

"Yah!"

Su Yue continued to press forward, driving her momentum until it was finally expended.

Pang!

Her ice sword was blown away by her opponent's two swords together, denying her final attack.

She disengaged to take stock of the situation, breathing heavily due to the prior exertion. She had been able to push Peng Junqi backward ten steps but that was it. The Glacial Sword was the sword style she knew best but it was something meant for the Body Refinement Realm and the Mind Focusing Realm only. She had never even bothered to practice Dugu's 10th Sword because she was too busy trying to catch up to her sisters with Summer and Winter's Eternal Sutra.

"Heh." Peng Junqi chuckled, "Is that all? I haven't fought against the Glacial Sword in three decades but it is just as weak as I remembered it."

He twirled his twin swords, holding them forward in his hands, and went into a neutral stance. "But I've shown many frigid nuns over years what a true sword art looks like. Watch closely my Sword of the Gallant Gentleman. If you blink, you might lose your life!"

As he finished speaking, he shot forward. His speed was a notable degree faster than Su Yue. He arrived before her in half a breath and his sword flashed.

Su Yue leaped backward as the attack swept past where her feet had been. At the same time, his other sword swung down at her head.

Kang!

Steel struck ice, the force behind the impact sending her backward.

Out of balance, Su Yue stumbled several steps before managing to find stable ground. She was given no time to rest as Peng Junqi's next attack followed behind her.

Thus began an awkward and embarrassing sequence as Su Yue was forced every which way. Sometimes she would end up tripping and almost falling. Other times, she would flail around to defend against attacks that disappeared from one direction only to reappear in the opposite direction.

The Sword of the Gallant Gentleman was a controlling sword style. Born out of natural human movements as well as traditional dances, it was a sword that specialized in controlling the flow of a duel, much like a man controlled the flow of a dance.

Peng Junqi looked like he was enjoying himself as he drove Su Yue across the dueling platform, making her move on his whims, humiliating her lack of sword skills as he pleased. He had even begun to nip at her robes, making small cuts here and there so that she looked more and more ragged as the fight dragged on.

It was when one of those swords came dangerously close to her face that Su Yue finally lost control. On pure instinct, she activated the 3rd Stage of Winter's Snow Dance, Frozen Carapace.

A surge of yin energy burst out, covering half of her face in smooth white ice. That wasn't all as a jagged ice crystal blossomed on her cheek, connecting with the incoming blade and freezing it in place. Now, not only was she protected from harm, Peng Junqi couldn't even pull his sword back.

"You can't do that!" Peng Junqi shouted, "Judge! Judge!"

Another surge of spiritual separated the two of them and the judge of their duel landed in the middle. The middle-aged man studied Su Yue's half-frozen state and shook his head slowly.

"Su Yue of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, this ice art you have just used is unrelated to swords in any way. You are allowed to use any kind of cultivation art to improve your speed, agility, strength, and constitution. But all attacking and defending moves must be done by the way of the sword and this..." He pointed to the ice that still remained across her body. "Is against the rules of the Convocation of Swords and this challenge tournament"

"But..." She protested weakly.

Ignoring her, the judge turned to Peng Junqi with a strange expression, "However, since it is the first infraction, it will be a little unfair if the duel were to end like this.

"What?" Peng Junqi spat, clearly expecting a different answer.

He had been hoping for the ultimate humiliation, for Su Yue to be kicked off the stage for breaking the rules. He had no idea why this judge was deciding so arbitrarily.

The judge was uncaring. "You two still have over two minutes of the duel remaining. Please continue!"

Chapter 524: Immortal Dao

Peng Junqi snarled in anger and faced Su Yue once more. "Here I come!"

He charged, his twin swords flashing with a sense of urgency that was not there before. There were two minutes left to finish the duel, to complete the task his sect master gave him and kick Su Yue off the stage.

The Sword of Gallant Gentleman erupted in anger, showcasing its full power. The speed of his swords increased one-fold and so did his footsteps.

Su Yue, momentarily overwhelmed, retreated at full speed, running circles around the dueling platform, desperately avoiding her opponent and instant defeat.

Across the plaza, atop the southern section of the stands, Peng Yuefeng was similarly enraged as his disciple.

"Which sect is that judge from? How did he allow the duel to continue? That girl clearly broke the rules!" Peng Yuefeng looked around furiously. His eyes landed on the section with the Four Greats who seemed to be enjoying themselves, "Bah! Are those four queers going against me again? See if I don't take care of them!"

"Master, please rest assured. Old Jun will not lose." Peng Shuya tried to soothe his master, "His sword skills are at least three times better than that Su Yue. She won't last another twenty seconds."

True to his words, Su Yue was feeling a similar sentiment. The duel was quickly slipping out of hand. Every sword move she tried was swiftly countered and thrown back in her face, leaving her scrambling to simply stay on her feet.

Since she could not use her ice or fire arts, she was left with only a mishmash of sword arts at the Mind Focusing Realm. What could she do against such a skillful opponent? She didn't want to lose but she saw no way to win.

She wondered what her master would think of her, what her sisters would think. She always rode on their coattails, benefitting from their successes. She wanted to prove that she wasn't useless but that was proving more and more impossible by the second.

"You can keep running little lass, but this is the end of the road!" Peng Junqi taunted.

He had finally trapped her against a corner of the square dueling platform. With twin swords, he blocked her paths of escape. There was still more than a minute left so there was plenty of time to play with his cute little prey.

Su Yue frowned as a streak of inspiration hit her, spurred on by his words.

Running.

Running was indeed an option. She only needed to escape Peng Junqi for the next minute or so and it would be her win. As long as she did not lose, she would win the duel by default.

What did that judge say? She could only use other cultivation arts to improve her speed, agility, strength, and constitution...

Su Yue's frown turned into a smile as she stood up straight, facing her opponent. She summoned the power of Winter's Snow Dance, calling forth icy spiritual energy to spread throughout her body. Her eyes glowed white as a surge of energy sent her hair fluttering out behind her. She exhaled, her breath leaving behind tiny sparkling ice crystals.

Winter's Snow Dance, 4th Stage, Icy Marrow!

This was her solution, an icy Dao that purely improved her physical attributes by several fold.

"What?" Peng Junqi sensed something was wrong and attacked immediately.

His twin swords slashed mercilessly toward her body from two different directions.

Ka!

The swords clanged together but Su Yue was no longer there, only a rapidly dissipating veil of icy particles.

"What?" Peng Junqi shouted and whirled around.

To his astonishment, Su Yue was already ten paces away from him, completely unharmed. He let out a battle cry and charged at her once more.

Su Yue avoided his attacks with ease, waving her ice sword about lazily while relying mostly on her speed which now surpassed his. She was no longer the same Su Yue of a few moments ago. With Icy Marrow activated, the power of ice overtook her entire body from her muscles and tendons to her bones and even the marrow within. It was a stage of the Winter's Snow Dance that solely focused on massively boosting one's constitution for the rigors of battle.

She could not hold Icy Marrow active forever as it rapidly drained her spiritual energy. But for the remaining time of this duel, it was more than enough!

"It doesn't matter!" Peng Junqi snarled, "Your sword is a useless piece of ice. Come and fight me!"

He chased after her desperately but he could no longer catch her. She was like an ice fairy dancing in the snow, swift and fleeting. There was no chance for a mortal like him to even grasp her trail. The difference was too vast. Su Yue was treading the path towards immortality while Peng Junqi would forever remain in the mortal realms.

"Time's up!" Yang Kaitian's voice boomed across the plaza.

The judge quickly followed and took to the dueling platform, "Winner, Su Yue!"

The crowd roared to life, shouting and applauding. Su Yue and Peng Junqi's duel had been the only one to go the distance and everyone had been paying attention to the two of them. Few had expected her to win or to make such a comeback. The drama it offered was highly entertaining and the audience let their appreciation be heard.

Su Yue laughed as she gave a bow to all. She then leaped back onto the eastern stands and was showered with congratulations and hugs from her sisters.

"Master!" Su Yue said excitedly after she extricated herself.

Chen Wentian patted her head and smiled, "Good job thinking on your feet. I was going to give you a hint but you managed to think of the right strategy in time."

Su Yue blushed and mumbled, "It's... it's hard to think of anything useful facing such a strong opponent."

"Hahaha, no matter. You won and that's what matters. I think with this strategy, it will be difficult for ordinary sword cultivators to beat any of you." He glanced over towards the south, where Peng Yuefeng was shouting at his disciple who had lost, and chuckled, "At the end of the day, the Sword of Gallant

Gentleman is a mortal sword art while all of you are cultivating immortal Dao. Remember that. It is a fundamental difference. Have pride in your immortal Dao and do not back down in the face of a challenge!"

"Yes, master!"

Chapter 525: Reconsider Strategy

The challenge tournament of the Convocation of Swords continued at a frenetic pace. Once a set of duels finished, another set of duels immediately commenced. Nameplates of challengers and losers flew onto and off the ranking pillar. There were no interruptions or delays and the pool of first-day challengers within the caldron decreased steadily.

Soon enough, and to no surprise, it was Su Xue's turn to take the stage. She was amongst the weakest in the rankings and an easy target. She had made great progress in the past year but like her twin, she was still at the 8th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm.

Her challenger was a loose cultivator from the southern regions of the subcontinent. He wore airy, sand-colored robes along with a turban and scarf combination that hid most of his facial features. His cultivation was at the 10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm. The difference in cultivation was obviously unfair but for a loose cultivator, trying to guarantee a position on the ranking pillar was more important than a fair duel.

Su Xue made no complaints as her ice sword faced off against a curved blade that was akin to a crescent moon. It was considered a saber but acceptable under the broad rules for weapons at the convocation. Since she had already seen Su Yue's performance, she knew the strategy for victory. She only exchanged a few opening moves and as soon as she felt pressure from her skilled and experienced opponent, she activated Icy Marrow without hesitation.

With the great boost in physical attributes, she was able to fend off the pressure from the loose cultivator. She even avoided long-range attacks that utilized sword energy utilizing raw speed. In fact, these long-range attacks were even easier to avoid as the loose cultivator did not cultivate a superior sword Dao, resulting in their sword energy being impure and fragile at a distance.

Five minutes passed by in what seemed like an instant. Su Xue successfully wasted time until she won by default. Her duel was less dramatic than her twin's in the sense that she employed an effective strategy from the beginning but that didn't mean it was easy.

Maintaining Icy Marrow for close to five minutes was a substantial accomplishment. The secret art massively drained her spiritual energy, leaving her breathless and weak afterward. In the past, disciples of Glacier Palace who had mastered Icy Marrow could only maintain the form for one minute on average and two minutes at most. For Su Xue to keep herself in that state for so long, it was an attestation to how much stronger she had become under Chen Wentian's teachings compared to her peers in her old sect.

The next disciple to face a challenge was Song Wushuang in the following round. Her challenger did not come from one of the bigger sects but it was still an immortal sect with a small contingent. It was one of the many failing immortal sects in the subcontinent where the sect master managed to break through due to a rare and fortunate encounter. These immortals were unable to recreate the circumstances of their breakthrough and were unable to pass along their immortal Dao to their disciples, leaving them without a future.

Her challenger was much older than Su Xue's, meaning they had probably reached the 10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm for many years. Comparing a cultivator that had just reached the 10th Level and one that had remained at the 10th Level for many years, perhaps decades, the older person would usually be much stronger.

Too bad they faced Song Wushuang who utilized the Icy Marrow strategy.

Once the outcome became apparent, a great many complaints broke out among the audience. They called this strategy by Ten Thousand Flower Valley shameless and an affront to their sensibilities. It did not break the rules of the sword duel but it turned a competition of sword arts into a competition of physical ability. To those that focused on the elegant and aesthetic aspects of the sword, it turned a noble duel into a farce.

The protests were loud but there were also silent supporters as well. True masters of the sword understood that physical attributes played an oversized role in mastery of sword arts as it was a very physical Dao. There was no point in flashy, pretty moves if one couldn't even catch up to their opponent.

Song Wushuang didn't care either way. She didn't let the noise affect her. She was only here to do what was expected of her. Participating in the Convocation of Swords hadn't been her idea. She would have preferred to continue cultivating ice and flame arts back at the sect and continue her progress towards an immortal breakthrough which was her ultimate goal.

She was usually the sensible one amongst her sisters but sometimes it was impossible to temper the excitement and energy that came from them. Her sisters had really wanted to come and she didn't want to be left behind alone. She could only do her best given the situation and wave her ice sword about as if she cared about sword arts.

Song Wushuang's duel ended without fanfare. Her opponent was left bitterly disappointed and so were many spectators. Chen Wentian's disciples had made their intentions clear. Even his weakest disciples would not be pushovers and they were all shamelessly determined. As long as they maintained their positions on the ranking pillar, they held an advantage over any and all challengers.

Many in attendance had started the day with the assumption that Ten Thousand Flower Valley had only one good disciple in Wu Qianyu. Now that this premise had been completely shattered, a great many people were affected. Those that had been hoping for an easy path into the rankings had to reconsider their strategy. Those looking for a fight with Chen Wentian and his disciples also had to be more cautious.

Chapter 526: Troublesome Opponents (I)

"I challenge Xu Lanyi of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!" A bright voice was heard across the plaza.

It was the next round after Song Wushuang's duel and this challenge came once again from a member of the Tower of Swords. Although they wore the same drab gray uniform as the others, there was something particular about this person. For one, he was quite youthful, no more than thirty or so in age. His cultivation was also not at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm but at the 9th Level, the same as Xu Lanyi.

"Hmm." Chen Wentian scratched his chin and pondered the issue.

There had to be something else. It was unlike the Tower of Swords to offer a fair duel with how they had been behaving.

"Master?" Xu Lanyi questioned.

He gave up and waved his hand, allowing her to go. The worst it could be was a fair duel so he saw no problem with it.

Xu Lanyi nodded and jumped off the stands and onto the platform below. Unlike her sisters before her, she wore an eye-catching outfit that was midnight black in color. It had a rather tight fit and suited the purpose of accentuating her tall and fit physique. This combined with short wind-swept black locks with frosted tips gave her a more masculine appearance that was tempered with a pretty face and feminine charm.

There was almost no trace of the Xu Lanyi of the past that had been a member of Glacier Palace. Her present state was a pure expression of her personality which had been locked away by the strict rules of that icy place for so many years.

"Xu Lanyi present!" She answered the call, striking a pose with one hand on her hips and another sweeping hair out of her eyes.

"Showoff." Li Yuechan muttered from a distance.

The twins giggled amongst themselves while Song Wushuang shook her head.

Chen Wentian smiled and enjoyed the show.

"Duelists, head to your assigned dueling platforms!" Yang Kaitian declared.

Xu Lanyi faced off against her opponent. She was taller than him by half a head and she smirked confidently.

"I didn't know a frigid nun could have such a sense of style. You have truly opened my eyes today." Her opponent said.

A wave of anger rushed to Xu Lanyi's head. So, they were throwing insults already...

"How old are you? A midget like you should still be sucking on their mother's teat." She retorted.

The second-best way to insult a man was to question his height. The first was, of course, his manhood but she was saving that for another time.

The man's face contorted into a frown, briefly ruining his somewhat handsome features, "My name is Peng Xifan, aged thirty-one. And lucky for you, I am a core disciple of the Tower of Swords."

"Begin!"

As the voice of immortal Yang Kaitian boomed over their heads, Xu Lanyi summoned the power of ice. A huge slab of white ice appeared amidst a fog of spiritual energy. Her chosen weapon was an oversized two-handed sword. Its blade had a width of four fingers at the base. The entire blade was almost as tall as her.

She swung it around in front of her, sending forth waves of icy sword energy. "How many core disciples does your master have? Does he even know your name?"

Peng Xifan drew his sword and deflected the incoming attack. His sword was a classic design and he wielded it with one hand.

"Then, let our swords do the talking." He responded.

"Let's!" Xu Lanyi shouted and charged at him.

Through a swirl of sword energies, the two clashed together brilliantly. Her greatsword smashed down on his thin piece of steel.

To the uninitiated, the larger weapon should have crushed the other into pieces but Peng Xifan held back the attack without much struggle. His sword was already of high quality and it was now encased in a thick layer of sword energy that held a deep foundation.

"Too slow!" He shouted and counterattacked.

His movements turned into a blur as he parried the large hunk of ice and directly slashed towards Xu Lanyi's arm.

Xu Lanyi saw the danger and stamped both feet on the ground. With a surge of strength, she somersaulted over Peng Xifan. Using the momentum, she swung her sword down towards the back of his head.

He was equally agile. He rolled to the side and swiped blindly behind him. The move was excellent, forcing Xu Lanyi to heave her heavy weapon back towards her body to defend.

After several more similar clashes, the two broke apart and glared at each other. Xu Lanyi's hair was in disarray and it seemed that a small clump had been sheared off by her opponent's sword. Peng Xifan seemed mostly fine except for heavy breathing from the exertion.

"Cheh, I didn't expect you to be strong like a cow." Peng Xifan said, "But I should have expected it since your sword is clumsy and dumb like a cow."

"You rabbit bastard." Xu Lanyi spat.

She was beyond frustrated and not just by his insults. He could back up his talk with real skill. She could feel it every time their swords touched. She didn't know if she could beat him but she definitely wasn't going to back down.

All thoughts of playing it safe disappeared. She had no intention of utilizing the reliable strategy that her other three sisters had already employed. She refused to run away from such a detestable opponent!

Her eyes glowed white as the power of Icy Marrow surged through her body. She stood up straight and brandished her oversized sword once more.

"Good!" Peng Xifan exclaimed, "Now, let me show you how a true sword cultivator fights!"

His own spiritual energy surged, sword intention wrapping around him in a tight cocoon. This wasn't any ordinary sword energy such as that from the Sword of the Galant Gentleman. This was something else entirely. It contained tremendous sharpness and a profoundness that couldn't quite be grasped.

There was only one explanation, this was a true immortal sword art. This was the Lonely Sword Wanderer!

Peng Xifan's sword danced in his hand. With three strides, he had arrived in front of Xu Lanyi. His sword flashed, landing three consecutive strikes on her blade. Through the cacophony of noise, her ice sword broke in two with the top half shattering in a shower of ice.

In one continuous movement, Peng Xifan had slipped past her guard as his sword tip leaped towards her vitals.

Xu Lanyi clenched her teeth and forcibly twisted her body to avoid being hit. She drew more energy from her spiritual sea, reformed her ice sword, and added more power to her Icy Marrow.

"Hya!" She shouted as she swung her sword wildly.

There was no subtlety to her moves, only raw strength supported by the huge dimensions of her weapon.

But her opponent was a true sword art and her counter was far too naive.

Peng Xifan parried the attacks like they were nothing and came at her again. His sword was blindingly quick. His movements were too shifty to predict.

The mantra of the Lonely Sword Wanderer was one sword against all enemies, one lonely sword against the world. It was a sword style that dominated opponents through continuous attacks, non-stop movement, an all-out offense.

Pa!

Ka!

Xu Lanyi's ice sword was broken once more. She retreated in alarm, still facing her opponent, as she tried to reform another sword.

Peng Xifan gave chase, not giving her room to breathe. His sword tip aimed for her chest, coming closer and closer as his speed even managed to overtake hers.

The two of them slid towards the edge of the dueling platform. She was rapidly running out of room to retreat but he kept her on this path. They were too close. His sword was merely a fingertip away from her. It was too late to change direction or she would simply be struck down.

Finally, her heels hit the edge of the stone platform just as his sword tip barely touched her black robes in the space between her breasts.

There was a surge of spiritual energy as the protections within her clothes activated, pushing her further away from the danger. This was followed by a separate column of spiritual energy from the observing judge who put further distance between the two duelists.

Xu Lanyi came to a sliding halt twenty paces out of bounds. She looked up to see Peng Xifan's smug smile which filled her heart with frustration.

She had lost.

Chapter 527: Troublesome Opponents (II)

"I'm sorry, master." Xu Lanyi said once she returned to the stands.

She avoided her master's eyes and stared at the ground between them. She knew she had blundered. If she hadn't given in to Peng Xifan's insults, if she hadn't fought for real, she could have won the duel by default like her sisters.

"Losing is also a good lesson. It's important to accurately judge your opponent before you fully commit to a battle. It is important to always keep a clear head and know when to retreat. But I'm sure you've

already realized these points." Chen Wentian shrugged and beckoned her to sit down, "Come here, Yuechan was just called down to face a challenge before you came back. Let's watch together."

Xu Lanyi sat down reluctantly next to him. She looked around them, worried that other sects and cultivators would see her inappropriately close proximity to her master. He purposefully ignored her silent protests and snaked a hand around her waist, pulling her close until there was no distance separating them. From a distance, she looked like a little wife of a playboy instead of a disciple.

"Master..." She whined.

"Shh. Yuechan's duel is starting." Chen Wentian admonished. His hand reached down and gave her ass a good squeeze. "So just sit by me for one round. This is your punishment."

She squirmed at his touch but remained silent, staring ahead at the next round of duels.

Below them, atop one of the nine dueling platforms, Li Yuechan stood serenely, attracting far more attention than any of the other competitors.

She wore light pink robes that hung loosely all the way to the ground. Despite this, they fit well in just the right places, accentuating her feminine curves with a perfect balance that was not overly sensual but also not conservative either. She was tall and slender but, unlike Xu Lanyi, had an undeniably alluring figure.

Her black hair flowed down her back where it was braided together with silver thread. A jeweled crown adorned the top knot of her head, giving her a regal aura. There wasn't a single strand of hair out of place except for two long bangs that framed her face.

Her features were perfectly proportioned. From her straight and narrow nose to eyes like those of a phoenix, from smooth rosy cheeks to a pair of kissable red lips, there wasn't a single flaw.

The audience was stunned by her appearance. It wasn't hard to argue that she was the most beautiful woman who had taken the stage thus far.

Li Yuechan soaked in all the attention. She didn't think of herself as a vain person but she always knew she was pretty. However, she was never at the level of Long Yifei or some of the other core disciples of Glacier Palace. She was far from a devastating beauty like Jasmine or other immortal women. She turned heads in the streets but she never attracted crowds and mayhem, never like this. She hadn't expected such a reception and her heart was beating a little fast.

Perhaps... had she grown more beautiful in the past year under her master's care? She had never considered it since she was around Long Yifei and Jasmine all the time. But her master had so many mysterious abilities. In her eyes, he could do everything so anything was possible.

"Duelists, are you ready? You each have five minutes to defeat your opponent!" Yang Kaitian's voice interrupted her musings.

She looked over at her opponent who was another disciple from the Tower of Swords. His name was Peng Yucheng. His age was difficult to tell due to a stocky build and a messy beard that covered half of his face. She also couldn't gauge his cultivation but she knew that he wouldn't have challenged her if he was weak. freeweb .co m

"Lady Li," Peng Yucheng said, staring at her unblinkingly, "I didn't think you would come to a sword competition dressed like that. You truly disappoint me."

Li Yuechan didn't react but she was quietly trying to figure out what he was trying to do.

Peng Yucheng continued, "Your master, Immortal Chen, has also been a great disappointment. This is the Convocation of Swords, a noble contest for sword cultivators devoted to the path of the sword, not a playdate for him and a bunch of mistresses."

She now understood. He was trying to goad her as the previous guy had done to Xu Lanyi. But while Xu Lanyi was simple-minded, such cheap tricks weren't going to work on her.

"If gentleman Peng has complaints, you can make them directly to my master." Li Yuechan said as she formed a slender ice sword in her right hand.

"Heh, what's the matter? Did I speak wrongly?" Peng Yucheng retorted, drawing his own sword which was almost as big as he was tall, "Is it not true that Immortal Chen enjoys plucking all the flowers that reside in his valley? His appetite is so big that swindling five disciples from Glacier Palace wasn't enough. He even managed to swallow the entirety of Glacier Palace for himself."

"Begin!" Yang Kaitian's command cut through the tension between them.

Li Yuechan didn't hesitate and rapidly retreated, putting distance between them. She wasn't going to fight properly. She wasn't going to give her opponent the satisfaction.

Peng Yuchang shook his head, "Or are you in denial just because you have a pretty face? Does he dote on you? Does he treat you better than others? Don't be stupid!"

With a shout, he charged after her. As he swung his heavy sword, his sword intent boiled over, covering the whole of the dueling platform in an instant.

Li Yuechan sensed danger and instantly activated the 4th Stage of Winter's Snow Dance, Icy Marrow. Her speed increased by more than one-fold as she darted to the side to avoid the incoming attack. But against her expectations, the incoming sword swing transformed into pure sword energy and greatly expanded in width.

Peng Yuchang wasn't simple. He was over thirty paces away but his attack had already reached her. For a sword cultivator to rely purely on sword intent and sword energy to attack from such a distance, it meant that his foundation was tremendous and that his sword art was truly fearsome.

Li Yuechan summoned all of her spiritual energy to resist the incoming sword slash. Her ice sword increased in size by several fold as she held it out with both hands.

Shua!

The wave of sword energy swept over her, pushing her backward. Her feet slid on the stone tiles until she was almost to the edge. She was finally able to block her opponent's sword energy but her ice sword had turned into an ice dagger. Her spiritual sea was also left shaken from the encounter with a force that was clearly stronger than her by a substantial amount.

"Yuechan." Chen Wentian's voice drifted into her ear. "Are you alright?"

His voice gave her encouragement. She nodded and stood back up.

"Yuechan, this fat little man is quite strong. He is at the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth. From what I can sense, he has already been that that lesser realm for many years..." There was a slight pause before he spoke again, "I heard the stuff he was saying about me and I don't really care. I just wanted you to know that. Whether you want to keep fighting or give up is up to you. I will support you, whatever decision you make."

"Thank you, master." Li Yuechan whispered.

Her eyes flashed with resolve as she faced Peng Yuchang's second attack that was already coming toward her.

She leaped backward, performed an arching backflip, and landed outside of the dueling area. As the judge declared her loss, she pointed a finger towards Peng Yuchang's astonished face.

"Surnamed Peng, just you wait. Your disgraceful, disgusting words against my master won't go unpunished for long!"

Chapter 528: Troublesome Opponents (III)

"You can't do that!"

"Disgraceful!"

"Boo, go home!"

The crowd exploded in anger after Li Yuechan's decision.

It was one thing to give up on an unwinnable duel before it had started. That happened often due to differences in strength. But to give up in the middle of a fight, and so indifferently... it was ridiculous and insulting.

In the eyes of the convocation, if she chose to fight, she was supposed to keep fighting until she was unable to. She was supposed to give it her all, to respect the honor of all sword cultivators gathered here today. She wasn't even a sword cultivator so she should have been even more respectful!

Peng Yuchang barked with laughter, "Good, good. I expected nothing less from a frigid nun who abandoned the sect that raised her just so she could climb in bed with an immortal. Hahaha!"

Li Yuechan kept a straight face but it was difficult. That last statement had hit something deep within her. It was similar to something she had heard floating around the rumor mill at Glacier Palace, that she and her sisters had forsaken their previous master and sect just to get more benefits from another immortal, that they had sold out their bodies and their honor.

Their exact circumstance for joining Ten Thousand Flower Valley was only known to Chen Wentian, his disciples, and a few upper-ranking members of Glacier Palace that remained. The masses made up fantastical stories and lies in the absence of truth. Those lies inevitably leaked out and reached the other immortal sects.

Li Yuechan glared at Peng Yuchang one last time before swiftly walking away. There was nothing else she could do. She had already forfeited the duel and even if she hadn't, she knew she couldn't beat him.

Before the round of duels had finished, she rejoined her fellow sisters in the stands.

"Master, disciple apologizes for being incompetent." She said softly, bowing deeply.

Her lips quivered slightly as her heart burned with simmering anger. She didn't care about criticisms and insults from others. She didn't even care if they insulted her but she couldn't stand their slander against her master.

He was the most important person in her life, not because she was his lover but because he was her master. He was her heaven and her earth; he was her world. But she had been too weak to uphold his name and defend his honor.

Chen Wentian smiled and beckoned her to him, "Yuechan, do you blame me?"

She quickly shook her head.

"Then don't blame yourself. Come." He pulled her down to sit next to him. He wrapped an arm around her waist and held her hand with his, "You could have beaten him if I had let you use the full might of Summer and Winter's Eternal Sutra. You were doing what I asked of you so you have nothing to feel bad about."

"But..." Li Yuechan tried to answer but Xu Lanyi cut her off.

"But those dog shit bastards from the Tower of Swords, how can we let it go like this? They can't keep running their mouths like that!" She said heatedly.

"Yeah!" The twins chimed in.

Lin Qingcheng jumped up as well and shook her fist in the air, "Ooo, I wanted to punch that guy's face!"

Chen Wentian looked around at the others. Although they were not excitable as Xu Lanyi and Lin Qingcheng, from their expressions, he could tell they were all thinking similar thoughts.

He sighed inwardly. He was also annoyed by the insults. As an immortal, there was almost no circumstance where he would take insults from mortals with a severe response. He was almost going to break Peng Yuchang's legs but there was something that stopped him, a person in particular.

He glanced at the southern section and the short, ugly immortal that sat amidst the members of the Four Greats, Immortal Yellow River Yang Maoda from the Yang Clan of Great Waves. The Yang Clan was his enemy so he had to be careful. That's why he decided to continue acting weak and frivolous.

Zhou Ziyun saw his expression and where he was looking. In a few moments, she had guessed some things so she spoke up, "Of course, master isn't going to let this go. However, master is wise and shrewd. Beating up a few mortal disciples isn't something he cares about. He cares about going after the old dog that tells the little dogs to bark. Am I right?"

Chen Wentian shook his head and chuckled, "Mmm. These yapping disciples, I will leave them to you all to punish."

He then lowered his voice and spoke secretively in their ears, "This challenge tournament is only the prelude to the main event. Your true battle will only begin once you enter the Forest of Swords. Once inside, there won't be any rules. No other immortal to oversee you. Anything goes and these people will have to fend for themselves."

Li Yuechan's eyes brightened, "You mean..."

"You, Wushuang, Lanyi, Xue'er, and Yue'er, you all can utilize ice and fire to your heart's content. Although... I will ask that you only use fire as a last resort and only if it will leave no witnesses."

"We understand, master." Li Yuechan said, "We won't let you down!"

Across the plaza, Immortal Yellow River Yang Maoda watched Chen Wentian chatting with his disciples. After a while, Yang Maoda snorted derisively and looked back down at his.

"Venerable Yang, do you need some more wine?" Tai Wuyi asked.

He had been greatly embarrassed that his special wine had been tainted by an unknown power. In an effort to win back this power immortal, he had gone back to his sect and retrieved several tankards that were still pristine.

Yang Maoda grunted and threw the expensive-looking cup away, "What is going on with those people from the Tower of Swords? Why are they going after Chen Wentian?"

"Cough... Venerable Yang, it is like this. The sect master of the Tower of Swords, Peng Yuefeng, had previously made a bet with Chen Wentian that involved some heavy wagers. Peng Yuefeng refused to admit defeat and kept the bet going to include this convocation." Jin Wu explained.

Yang Maoda snorted loudly, "Can he be bought? I will go and put a stop to his nonsense."

"Please, Senior Yang, sir!" Hei Shanzhi said, standing to quickly block his way, "This Peng Yuefeng is a very unreasonable person and difficult to even speak to. We four have always had trouble with him and he won't agree to help us because of this. But rest assured, I promise we will carry out your task without fail. There's plenty more of the challenge tournament to go and those disciples that had lost their ranks still have time to recover."

Yang Maoda stared at Hei Shanzhi for a long time before smacking his lips and leaning back in his chair like an old king, "Alright, fine."

"Thank you." Hei Shanzhi said quickly.

"Venerable Yang, what do you think about Chen Wentian's disciples so far? Were they what you expected?" Tai Wuyi asked after a period of awkward silence.

Yang Maoda scratched his dirty, scrawny beard, "Mmmm.... That Wu Qianyu is the only one that is somewhat interesting. The other five are worthless."

The three immortals of the Four Greats listened with interest as Yang Maoda continued, "You guys were right to target her. She is indeed gifted. Even I was surprised. There is something about her, a special quality that I've seen only in some of the best disciples of the Yang Clan..."

The three immortals waited with bated breath for Yang Maoda to tell them what that quality was but he never did.

Chapter 529: Power!

The challenge tournament went on until noon when there was a short break for lunch. Since everyone was at the competition grounds, food was brought over by thousands of servants. The challenges then quickly resumed so that the audience could eat and drink while they watched.

Xu Lanyi and Li Yuechan had lost so their names were taken off the ranking pillar and put into the cauldron. They would have one chance today to get back, same as Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun who have yet to be chosen.

After being provoked by the Tower of Swords so many times, all of Chen Wentian's disciples were feeling dissatisfied and eager to fight back. Zhou Ziyun had begun the day tabulating a list of potential opponents to challenge but that list was quickly edited to consist of mostly disciples from the Tower of Swords.

As the sun started to dip towards the west, their first opportunity for a challenge came.

"Lin Qingcheng of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, come forth!" Immortal Thousand Swords Jin Wu's voice cut through the noise of the crowd.

He had taken over the duties of playing the host from Yang Kaitian.

Lin Qingcheng jumped up and looked at Chen Wentian. He looked at Zhou Ziyun who handed him a slip of paper with several names. He glanced at it and nodded.

"Chengcheng, go ahead and challenge this person..."

Lin Qingcheng received her master's instructions with a smart salute and rushed down the stands. She vaulted onto the stage, her golden yellow battle dress flowing in the breeze.

The crowd didn't react as strongly as they had for Wu Qianyu. It seemed that many of them did not know who Lin Qingcheng was and just assumed that Wu Qianyu was the prime disciple. She was also the most plain-looking one out of the previous disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley that had taken the stage so far.

"Lin Qingcheng present!" She declared once she reached the immortal who was standing next to the cauldron.

Jin Wu barely glanced at her, "You have ten breaths to decide on your challenge."

"I challenge Peng Xifan of the Tower of Swords!" She shouted.

That person was the same one that had defeated Xu Lanyi in the morning. Since enough time had passed since that duel, he could be challenged.

Peng Xifan answered promptly and soon, the two faced off on a dueling platform. They were about the same height. One was a handsome, youthful man that exuded confidence. The other was itching to smash his face.

He was at the 9th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm while she was at the 8th. They were close enough that it would be a good fight but a whole level different was still a tough challenge.

Lin Qingcheng glared at her opponent as if he was her archenemy. She was going to get revenge for Sister Xu. She was going to defend her master's name. She was going to teach this punk a lesson!

Peng Xifan snorted, "What's the matter with you? Are you even a sword cultivator? I can barely sense any inkling of sword energy from you."

"Silence, criminal!" Lin Qingcheng shouted. "I've already heard enough from your dirty mouth!"

Her words were filled with real anger and intent. At that moment, she already viewed her opponent as one of the many criminals and gangsters she had beaten up in the past. She was now the Golden Madam, taking care of business!

Peng Xifan made a face and shook his head, "Crazy bitch."

He drew his sword and pointed it at her, "Are you going to fight me with spit and hot air?"

Lin Qingcheng answered by raising her right hand, palm facing downward. There was a flash of light as she pulled the long, cylindrical bian from her spatial bag. The heavy weapon slammed down, causing long fissures to appear where it had crushed the stone tile.

Her sword breaker was eye-catching. It was gold colored from top to bottom. It was long and thick with small spikes and ridges that ran all along its length. It looked nothing like a sword and more like something cruel and perverse, created just to torment people.

The quality of this weapon was also substantial. It was made completely of heavy gold, a metal famous for its tremendous weight and strength. It was a precious item at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm.

Peng Xifan turned to judge, "This is ridiculous. She's not even using a sword!"

The judge wiped his brow and coughed awkwardly. By now, the eight other duels had already started and all eyes were on the pair that were still busy arguing. Technically, their duel had started as well and the clock was running down.

"Lin Qingcheng's weapon has already been recognized by the Eastern Sword Alliance as a legitimate sword-type weapon. It is known as a bian, a sword breaker." The judge stated and then spoke no more.

"Fine, doesn't matter anyway." Peng Xifan said, "I will end this duel in an instant."

He whipped his sword across his body and dashed towards Lin Qingcheng. His spiritual aura surged as he summoned the might of the Lonely Sword Wanderer. His sword flashed and danced as he built up power and sword energy for a powerful attack.

Sha!

His sword slashed towards her, sending a mighty arc of deadly sharpness.

This was the first move, Crossing Streams and Rivers!

Lin Qingcheng stood her ground and lifted the bian with both hands. Her own spiritual energy had already been at a boiling point. She swung the heavy weapon around above her head one time and then sent it crashing down to parry the incoming attack.

There was a mighty surge of spiritual energy as the crazy sword breaker slammed into the transparent wave of sword energy. There was chaos for a moment before sheer strength won out. The rounded, golden tip of the bian smashed apart its opposition and slammed into the ground, smashing several stone tiles into pieces.

"What the..." Peng Xifan exclaimed, completely taken aback by the result.

He had chosen to attack her head-on. He didn't know that this was the worst possible choice against her weapon.

But losing one exchange wasn't enough to dissuade him. He twirled his sword and tried again. His spiritual energy surged as he closed the distance.

Second move, Rumbling Past Hills and Valleys!

This time, Lin Qingcheng also charged forward. She swung her obscene weapon wildly, without so much as a hint of a sword art. She was just using it as a stick to beat her opponent.

Swing down, swing down, and swing down again!

Ka!

The sound of metal breaking rang across the dueling platform. Metal shards went flying. This was followed by a ragged figure that was sent skidding across the stone until they fell off the ledge.

As the crowd roared, Lin Qingcheng stood alone; her golden weapon of destruction slung across her shoulder. She had won, not through mastery of the sword and of a great sword art but through sheer physical might, through sheer power!

It had to be said that her physique was not an ordinary one. How could it be when her entire body was wracked by orgasms constantly? Each one increased her cultivation a little but it also improved her bones, tendons, muscles, and even organs.

She was special. Out of Chen Wentian's disciples, perhaps, she was the most special. Her innate ability had no explanation. It was one gifted by the heavens. Something so absurd would always produce a cultivator that defied common sense.

Chapter 530: Spoiled Girl

"What!"

"What did she do?"

"Who is she?"

Sword cultivators all around the arena were left stunned and in disbelief. It had ended so fast that many had no idea what had happened. Once again, a disciple of Ten Thousand Flower Valley had defied expectations. Lin Qingcheng had not only defeated Peng Xifan who was one whole level above her in cultivation, she had done so with no sword skills.

Lin Qingcheng soaked it all in with bubbling excitement and pride. She faced the crowd with a beaming smile. She swung her weapon around and slammed the tip into the ground.

"I am Lin Qingcheng! Remember my name!" She shouted, "I am the first disciple of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. If anyone dares to slander my master, my sect, or my sisters; I will beat their face into meat paste!"

"Ridiculous!"

"Boo!"

"Get off the stage!"

Lin Qingcheng flicked her hair at them and hopped away without a care.

On the southern side, Peng Yuefeng gripped the armrest of his chair angrily as he muttered, "Lin Qingcheng... Lin Qingcheng... It can't be her. How can it be her?"

"You know her, master?" Peng Shuya asked.

Peng Yuefeng's eyes blazed with a mixture of frustration and envy. "A year or so ago, she appeared at the Immortal Sect Competition. I had taken the junior disciples so you weren't there to see it. She was only nineteen years old yet she managed to break through to the Spirit Initiate Realm during that event..."

Peng Shuya sucked in a breath, knowing what kind of monstrous talent that implied. He himself had taken until the age of twenty-four to achieve the same. That had been a feat rarely seen at the Tower of Swords.

"Wait, she's already at the 8th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm!" He suddenly exclaimed. "How many months had it been since the Immortal Sect Competition?"

Peng Yuefeng grunted darkly, "What the hell is that Chen bastard feeding his disciples? I had hoped her growth would be stunted by advancing too rapidly and having a bad foundation. I didn't expect to see her again."

"Really inconceivable." Peng Shuya muttered in agreement.

While the Tower of Swords lamented at the appearance of a fearsome genius, Ten Thousand Flower Valley was celebrating.

"Sister Lin is back!" Su Yue shouted.

"Awesome duel! You really slapped him around! Hahaha!" Xu Lanyi said.

"I know!" Lin Qingcheng said and then mimicked swinging her bian around, "I hit him like this, and then like this. You should have seen his face. I think I broke his nose!"

"Hehe, serves him right!" Su Xue chimed in.

Lin Qingcheng bathed in their attention, enjoying her shining moment. She continued reenacting her prior duel, becoming more and more silly with her boasting.

Chen Wentian shook his head helplessly.

He had sparred with her many times after he had returned from the Martial Brilliance Continent. Although her martial arts and sword arts had barely advanced, her constitution continued to surprise him. From what he knew, she had far surpassed ordinary body cultivators. Her performance on stage showed that perhaps she had also surpassed some lesser immortal body refining Daos.

Pure body refinement in the immortal realms wasn't as popular but was still powerful with the right methods. Physiques that allowed one to resist swords and arrows and ignore fire and ice; were all possible. There were some who could fight for a hundred days and hundred nights without rest. Although the human body was weaker than other races, it could still achieve great things given enough training.

The only problem was that she was hardly training her body if at all. She didn't lift weights. She didn't run long distances or practice sprints. She didn't subject her body to the physical torture that was commonly required. All she did was masturbate and have sex. She was a truly spoiled girl.

"Chengcheng," He called to her.

She was still busy giggling and chattering.

"Chengcheng." He called sternly.

Lin Qingcheng heard him and bounced over, "Master!"

"How do you feel? Tired?" He asked.

Lin Qingcheng shook her head, "Nope! I can fight a few more rounds!"

"Good job for winning the fight. But remember, you can still be challenged by others." He patted the seat next to him, "Sit here and rest. Calm your nerves and moderate your condition."

She pouted but complied.

They sat together and watched the challenge tournament continue. When the next round of duels started, none of his disciples were involved. He ignored what was happening below and focused on his first disciple. Her eyes were closed and she was obediently trying to meditate.

He looked around furtively before leaning into her.

"Hey," He whispered, "Chengcheng."

"Master?"

"Are you... cultivating like usual? Right now?" He asked.

She blushed and nodded. Both of them understood.

He smirked, nudged her with his elbow, and then held out his hand. "Give me the control stone."

"..." She gawked at him for a moment before doing as he asked.

Chen Wentian felt the small, smooth stone in his hand. It fit into his palm snugly and he could reach the control inscriptions with his thumb. "I wonder, has your mind-sever ability improved?"

She smiled, "You won't know unless you test me."

"Naughty girl." He whispered and activated the stone, setting it to the lowest vibration level.

Through the control stone, he could sense its counterpart activate. She moved in her seat slightly but otherwise remained impassive. Even her heartbeat and breathing remained the same. If he did not have the stone, even he would have not been able to sense what was happening.

Lin Qingcheng's mind wandered as waves of gentle pleasure washed over her. The egg-shaped orange spiritual crystal nestled inside her pussy vibrated steadily. Some of the spiritual energy was absorbed into her spiritual sea while the rest spread out across her body, replenishing her strength. She enjoyed the soft sensations but this level would take a long time to reach an orgasm.

Chen Wentian knew this as well and soon increased it to the next level. The vibrations instantly picked up, doubling in intensity. Lin Qingcheng let out a long exhale but otherwise, there was no change to her condition.

But within her mind, she was moaning and writhing. The crystal egg rested directly against the sensitive spot inside her. The vibrations drove her wild, resulting in a sudden gush of arousal from the very depths.

"Very good." He whispered so only she could hear him, "You're doing very well."

Hearing him was almost her undoing. Her arousal shot up by another level as he spoke to her in a voice that was usually reserved for the bedroom. Waves of memories came to the forefront of her mind, images of their naked bodies intertwining, the things they had done to each other, unmentionable things between lovers.

She furrowed her brow, trying to maintain her composure. Her heartbeat was still somewhat steady but her breathing had become slightly disordered. She could have handled it easily if it was, she was on her own but her master's presence was too much.

"Shh. Steady. Don't give up now." He encouraged her as he slyly placed a hand on her thigh.

She squirmed and gasped slightly.

He grinned and upped the intensity by one more level.

The vibrator came to life, buzzing incessantly. Her pussy was already a swamp of arousal, leaking onto her undergarments steadily. Her body temperature had risen, driven by the pool of pulsating heat around her groin. Great waves of pleasure now crashed against her will and her mind at the same time as they washed over her body.

She resisted it all doggedly. She wanted so dearly to just give in but he would be disappointed. He was right next to her, testing her. She couldn't let him down.

"Good job. How about something different? Don't be surprised." He said, giving her a vague warning.

Spiritual energy gathered around his hand that was still on her thigh. He extended it into her clothes, slipping past the many layers, and reached the Golden Serpent Robe. At his command, the immortal armor gave way, creating a small opening.

He formed his energy into the shape of his hand and buried it between her thighs. This close together, his immortal energy could materialize to affect physical matter. His intrusion left her stunned and he was able to pry her apart to reach the treasure he sought.

"Master!" She whispered urgently, helplessly.

"Shh. Don't let the others catch us. Think about what they would say!" He teased.

At the same time, his phantasmal fingers stroked the dripping outer lips of her pussy. She was simply overflowing. She would definitely have to change her undergarments after this.

He focused on her clit, the one place where the vibrator could not reach. He tweaked and flicked and rubbed. He knew it was driving her crazy.

Lin Qingcheng was floating on clouds. The double attack on her two most sensitive areas was unbearably amazing. Awash with ecstasy, she was already on the verge. Her mind sever was still activated so her physical reaction was minimal but within her mind, it was a nonstop blaze of pleasure.

Finally, everything exploded. It was blinding and white-hot. It was one of the most powerful orgasms she had ever experienced. Her pussy gushed forth with her release as heat radiated from her core across her body. Her mind finally blanked out as she was overwhelmed.

Lin Qingcheng let out a small gasp and then slumped onto Chen Wentian's shoulder. To others, it appeared as if she had fallen asleep. But he knew, she had actually fallen unconscious from her climax!