

## F Disciples 601

### Chapter 601: Final Night

As Chen Wentian's primary soul drifted away to paradise, his other souls were still hard at work. This day was the last day for the entrants to the Forest of Swords and this night was their final one. The demon ambush that had taken place outside in Everblade City was unknown to those within the secret realm but immortals outside also had no idea what had occurred inside the forest or what was occurring at this very moment.

Because they would be expelled the next morning, there was no rest for all the competitors. Some were desperately searching for one last sword truth. Others were desperately defending their profits, either fleeing or directly clashing with their opponents. There was even a group in the midst of an unrelenting, ferocious battle.

There were still a few hours till dawn. A small group consisting of Lin Qingcheng, Li Yuechan, Su Yue, and Peng Xiling of all people, had their backs against a cliff overlooking a waterfall. A veritable army surrounded them on three sides. They consisted of disciples from all four of the Four Greats.

Swords were drawn and glinted under the moonlight. Fallen, unmoving bodies littered the ground. Blood flowed into streams and spilled over the edge of the tall precipice. A heavy, gloomy aura hung in the air, a testament to the combined mortal might of so many sword cultivators that had assembled under regrettable circumstances.

The front row of seven or so disciples of the Four Greats stepped over their fallen brothers and sisters and stalked toward Lin Qingcheng and her group. Their swords waved in front of them, taking the shape of the unique sword arts of each sect. Their ugly expressions were filled with killing intent but their eyes belied a great sense of panic and uncertainty.

A cloud drifted over the moon, plunging the battlefield into darkness. With a flurry of spiritual energy, the two sides clashed together. The trio of Lin Qingcheng, Li Yuechan, and Su Yue blocked four attackers between them each while Peng Xiling managed to resist three at the same time. The sound of swords clashing together created a perilous concert.

Peng Xiling defeated three no-named sword disciples in quick succession and then went over to assist Lin Qingcheng. In the midst of it all, a phantom clad in glittering golden scales slithered to and fro, defending the three women against wayward stray sword strikes. It didn't take too long before seven more bodies fell to the ground to join their compatriots.

A hush fell over the battlefield and the two sides eyed each other warily.

The quiet was broken by a small, frightened voice from somewhere within the large crowd of disciples of the Four Greats, "Senior brother, this is insane! Let's just leave!"

Before anyone could respond, another person chimed in, "Yeah! We're just dying without reason, it's impossible!"

"Silence!" A furious roar made all of them quiver. A tall man with a beard near the front let out a burst of spiritual energy and a defiant fighting aura, "All four sect masters have given out the same order. Don't pretend like any of you have suddenly. These women of Ten Thousand Flower Valley must die at all costs! No exceptions! Even if your bones grind to dust and shed every single drop of blood in your body, you still have to fight until you draw your last breath!"

Another senior-brother-level figure stood tall and added with their own booming voice, "That's right! Our lives do not matter if it is for the glory of the sect. Our families will be richly rewarded for our sacrifice, the sect masters have all promised and their words are as good as gold. Do not waver, do not retreat! Attack!"

This was followed by a rousing shout from the disciples of the Four Greats. Buoyed by their leaders and peer pressure, they had no path of retreat. Another squad of them charged ahead to attack Lin Qingcheng and her group.

Swords clashed and blood flowed. Time seemed to slow as the fight went on and on without end. A tinge of morning glow appeared on the eastern horizon but the sun refused to show its face.

Blasts of ice and snow swept the battle, at the behest of Li Yuechan and Su Yue. They still utilized their ice swords for close-range defense but they had largely abandoned pretenses and no longer fought as sword cultivators but as cultivators of a supreme ice Dao. Nobody could approach them unless their strength was at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm or at the lesser realm. Li Yuechan was especially formidable since her breakthrough could easily freeze people into icicles if they were not careful.

Although she still had qualms about killing people needlessly, she understood the severity of the situation so her attacks were filled with much more deadly intent than before. These disciples of the

Four Greats were also unredeemable. They had constantly attacked her and her sisters the last few days, culminating in a combined assault on the final evening. Her patience had already run out so she didn't hold back.

Compared to Li Yuechan, Peng Lingxi's attacks had always been ruthless and to the point. She didn't enjoy slaughter but she enjoyed fighting. The way of the sword was something that couldn't be honed through self-practice or hacking away at a wooden dummy. It was a path of bloodshed and endless battles.

"Hmph," Peng Lingxi snorted with indifference as her sword dispatched another hapless person.

As a disciple of the Tower of Swords, she thought little of those from the Four Greats as they had been rivals for countless generations. No matter how many she killed, her master would not blame her. In the process, she was also helping Chen Wentian's disciples and further ingratiating herself with them. It was truly killing two birds with one sword. There could be no better situation.

"Watch out!" Lin Qingcheng suddenly cried.

A layer of golden energy extended from her arm and arrived behind Peng Lingxi, blocking a sneak attack. However, Peng Lingxi had already been aware so her sword had also arrived at the same location without even the need to turn around.

"Sister Lin, thank you for your assistance," Peng Lingxi said with a handsome smile, "Your defensive treasure is so wonderful. I am in awe every time you use it."

Lin Qingcheng chuckled, "My friend, you are so carefree and straightforward with your words. If my master heard you calling me Sister Lin this and Sister Lin that, I think he will be very unhappy."

"Hahaha," Peng Lingxi laughed brightly as she blasted the opponent who had sneak attacked her far away, "Since you consider me a friend, I am already satisfied. But if you can call me Brother Peng one time, I shall be the happiest man in the world!"

Lin Qingcheng rolled her eyes. If this had been any other man saying such words, she might have punched their face directly. However, this was Peng Xiling, a beauty pretending to be a man so she

naturally didn't mind. In fact, she liked their personality and felt it was a great loss that such a talent was the disciple of another immortal. It would be amazing if Peng Xiling could become her master's disciple but she knew this was too much to ask for.

During a lull in the fighting, Li Yuechan also joined their conversation, "Sir Peng, Sister Lin is playful but her words are true. My master is a peculiar person and he dislikes men. It is best not to act too familiar with us in his presence or else it will definitely leave a bad impression on him."

"Aiya, Immortal Chen is truly great. He treasures his disciples so much! I am unbearably jealous!" Peng Lingxi cried out.

Her tone was light-hearted but it caused an uncontrollable surge of sour feelings. She wasn't really jealous of Lin Qingcheng, Li Yuechan, or Su Yue. Her chosen man was the most handsome and capable in the world so it was natural for him to attract so many beauties and talents. It wasn't possible to have him to herself so she never had such a wish. She simply wanted to be in their shoes, to be by his side every day. Being around them these past few days only made those feelings stronger and stronger.

The four women each had their own thoughts as they continued to defend a thin stretch of ground. With the power of the Golden Serpent Robe, there was never going to be any real threat from the schemes of the Four Greats. The chosen location beside a cliff merely gave Lin Qingcheng and the rest a suitable location to adequately defend and hone their skills and instincts through battle.

Eventually, the stubborn morning sun finally rose completely above the hills and endless forest. As the whole secret realm was cast in a warm, orange glow, all the entrants felt a rising surge of mysterious energy all around them.

"We're too late!" A disciple from the Mount Yun Sect exclaimed.

"No!"

"Kill them now!"

"Charge!"

They shouted furiously and surged forward.

But it was indeed too late as everything suddenly disappeared as a great burst of sword might, which could seemingly split the heavens and open the void, swept over everything in an instant.

#### Chapter 602: Domineering

All three hundred and thirty-three entrants to the Forest of Swords returned to their original land at the same time, including the ones that had already died. With a flash of light and a surge of mighty sword energy, people along with cold or still bleeding bodies filled up a barren land where the arena and large stands used to be. Now, it was merely a bare patch of dirt.

"Where are we?"

"What happened?"

Confusion reigned.

Everyone was grouped together according to their relative proximity to each other before teleporting. As a result, Lin Qingcheng and her group were still within spitting distance with those from the Four Greats. The two sides were about to continue where they left off before they realized their current situation.

Many other groups had similarly been in the middle of battle. Many swords were still drawn and dripping with blood. Whether it was sects against their rivals or individuals settling old scores, since they had returned to Everblade City they could only give up on any further fighting. Even if a few of them wanted to continue, they dared not act so willfully in the presence of immortals.

Observing them in the sky above was a small group of people, far smaller than what the disciples below expected. Among them was Immortal Solemn Duke Huang Wuji, Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun, Immortal Phoenix Legend Shi Shi and of course, Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian. And instead of a raucous welcome by a crowd in the tens of thousands, it was deathly silent.

"Hey, looks like your disciples ran into a bit of trouble." Shi Shi said in a low voice to Chen Wentian.

She pointed downward at two groups but he was already aware. In addition to Lin Qingcheng's squad that was warily backing away from the disciples of the Four Greats, his other disciples had also gotten into a fight with the Tower of Swords. Zhou Ziyun, Wu Qianyu, Xu Lanyi, Song Wushuang, and Su Xue were standing together, facing off against a crowd of around forty grey-robed disciples.

He noticed with great satisfaction that a large fraction of those enemy disciples were already dead. The forest kicked the deceased out with the living and did not discriminate. If an unfortunate sap had actually been eaten by wild beasts, the forest would still return all of their belongings and torn clothes. It was one of the mysterious powers of the secret realm that nobody questioned.

Chen Wentian glanced at Shi Shi and replied, "I thought you weren't going to talk to me."

She snorted, "Don't be childish, you're the only other Spirit Lord here. Who else would I talk to?"

He felt like she was the one being childish but he didn't bother to tell her. Instead, he said, "In that case, after this little meet and greet, how about you and I disappear somewhere together and have a little fun?"

He tried to keep a straight face as he spoke but it was a little difficult. His experience with older women was still limited and he didn't truly know how she felt about him.

She shot him a meaningful look, "What's wrong? Do you miss me?"

"Maybe I should ask you the same." He retorted.

"Definitely not."

"You!"

While the two of them continued their private conversation, the two Spirit Kings descended and explained the situation to the confused disciples. They described how most of the sect masters of the various sects participating in the Convocation of Swords had died in a demon attack. Given the

circumstances, whatever sword truths everyone had managed to discover didn't matter anymore. All sects were instructed to return to their homes and await further instructions from the Immortal Association.

After Huang Wuji revealed this incident, a wave of sadness swept over the mortal cultivators. Many of them collapsed to the ground as if their whole world had shattered. Some started to shout and cry while others remained in stunned silence.

To almost all immortal sects, their immortal sect master was the solidary foundation, the singular source of support. If their master died, then their sect was no different than a mortal sect. Their power and influence would immediately start an unstoppable descent.

These sects and disciples were also not paragons of virtue. They often used their background to misbehave or bully others. Once the news got out, everyone they had ever offended would no doubt be thinking of revenge. Some sects might suffer immediate retribution. Others would struggle on but might not be able to survive a hundred years.

And unlike the situation with Glacier Palace and Divine Blazing Mountain in the recent past, no other immortal would be stepping forward to help these sects as an administrator. For one, too many Spirit Lords had died and there was not enough manpower. Also, nobody was willing to volunteer for the job as there were endless headaches and no benefits. Chen Wentian only acquiesced to take care of those two sects which had lost their sect masters because he was interested in Long Yifei and because of the five ice sisters that had come from Glacier Palace.

Huang Wuji finished speaking and the various sects started forming into groups and prepared to leave. Among them, two groups stood tall and confident. They were from the Legendary Fighter League and Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Their sect masters were the only ones present and the only ones that had survived. Their status and standing in the world were no longer the same compared to the others who could only watch them warily and give them a wide berth.

However, Chen Wentian wasn't content to let things end like this. He flew down and spread out his spiritual aura to the maximum.

"Everybody stop!" He commanded.

His voice was a bolt of thunder that froze all the mortal disciples in an instant. They all looked up at his blazing figure with fear and uncertainty. Two particular groups of people were especially frightened as if they could sense an impending doom.

Chen Wentian didn't say anything for a while and merely let them roast under his blazing flame aura. There was no danger of revealing his true cultivation because he was currently using Chen Mo's shadow body. His original body which had broken through to the Spirit King Realm was still snuggled up next to Jasmine.

After he felt that they had suffered enough, he extinguished the flames and said in a domineering fashion, "Disciples of the Tower of Swords, the Mount Yun Sect, the Mount Xiong Sect, the Mount Huang Sect, and the Mount Tai Sect... all of you remain behind. The rest of you can leave but the disciples from these five sects... I need to ask you a few important questions."

#### Chapter 603: Reporting to Master

A hush fell over the nearly empty area. The disciples of various sects, who had been trudging towards the exits carrying their dead and wounded, all stopped. Without a sect master to protect them anymore, they were the same as other mere mortals. They all couldn't help but quiver at the commands of an immortal.

After a brief pause, those that had not been called out by Chen Wentian started moving again, with much greater haste. The disciples of the Tower of Swords and the Four Greats stood around with a rising air of fear and panic. They looked around at each other for support but found none as each person was more frightened than the next. They looked towards the sky, towards the two Spirit Kings for any kind of assistance, but those two seemed uninterested.

Once the rest had scurried away, Chen Wentian landed and spoke, "The Tower of Swords, the Mount Yun Sect, the Mount Xiong Sect, the Mount Huang Sect, and the Mount Tai Sect, you five were fighting so fiercely with my disciples. Everyone saw it so don't bother to deny it. As the master of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, naturally, I have to defend members of my sect. Before I deal with you..."

Silence greeted his words. Nobody was sure what he wanted to do.

He turned away from them and greeted his own people. "Disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, welcome back. I missed you all very much."



"Thank you, master!" They all bowed and replied with faint smiles.

After a pause, Lin Qingcheng sensed that it was her turn and spoke up first, "Reporting to master, I am relieved to see you again. The Forest of Swords was very challenging and filled with dangers. After many battles with beasts and human competitors alike, we have all returned without injuries and many rewards."

"For the all-important sword truths, this disciple has managed to obtain three of them." She glanced over his shoulder at the people that had attacked her and her expression hardened, "However, myself and other disciples were constantly harassed by people from the four great sword sects. I would have been able to find more sword truths if they hadn't been trying to kill us day after day, for five days straight. They were completely unreasonable! I ask that master seek justice for me and my fellow sisters!"

Her words had a rousing reaction. Aside from being even more frightened, a disciple from one of the sword sects was even scared enough to shout out, "That's a lie! We weren't trying to kill... she lies!"

Chen Wentian flicked a finger toward the offending person, sending a burst of spiritual energy that knocked the breath out of their lungs.

"Silence!" He commanded, "If anyone dares to speak out of turn again, I will turn them into ash! I only spared him as a warning."

He then made a gesture at his own disciples.

Zhou Ziyun took the cue to give her own report. "Reporting to master, this trip to the Forest of Swords was filled with danger but also ample rewards. I managed to obtain four sword truths. I did not encounter the same level of attacks as Sister Lin but on the final day, we still encountered a dangerous situation and did our best to resist. Sister Wu can give more details."

Wu Qianyu bowed slightly and spoke, "Master, during these two weeks as I traveled the strange forest, I was constantly harassed by disciples of the Tower of Swords. They chased after me in small and large groups. They constantly got in my way when I was trying to obtain sword truths. They came back even

after I spared their lives, with even greater numbers. Their intention was clear, they all wanted to kill me!"

She gazed at the group of gray-robed disciples. Peng Xiling was among them and so were many other familiar faces belonging to strong sword cultivators she had fought with for many days. A few of them even had a higher cultivation than her.

"Lonely Hero Peng was not among those who attacked me. I cannot imagine why his senior and junior brothers would bear this level of grudge against me. Because I did not want to push the situation between our two sects to an irreversible state, I spared many of their lives. Yet even so, they continued to attack relentlessly until the final day when I finally met up with Sister Zhou and her group. Together, we held them off until we were teleported back."

She paused to retrieve some items from her spatial bag. She cradled them in her arm, an array of tree branches large and small. The instant they appeared; a rich sword aura emanated from her. Everyone could sense the myriad sword intent that she wielded.

"Master, despite these setbacks. I still managed to obtain ten sword truths. If those people were not so intent on taking my life, I may have been able to obtain twice as much. The Tower of Swords, I truly do not care about them so master may choose to deal with them as he pleases. My only regret is that I was unable to set the sword truth record for Ten Thousand Flower Valley."

"Good, you did well. I am proud of you." Chen Wentian said after she finished, "You didn't let me down at all. Such a record, I understand that it can carry sentimental importance but you shouldn't feel bad. The road of cultivation is long and such records will seem like nothing in the face of much greater challenges ahead."

"I understand." Wu Qianyu said.

Following her, the other disciples gave their reports in turn.

Li Yuechan described her situation from beginning to end including her breakthrough to the first lesser realm. She had grouped up with Lin Qingcheng for a third of the time so some of the details were the same. However, since she was still averse to killing other people, she emphasized how Peng Xiling had helped her and her group, hoping that this could lessen her master's anger. Despite the fact that she

herself only managed to get four sword truths due to so much chaos, she still felt strongly enough in her conviction to speak up.

Song Wushuang's report was similar to Zhou Ziyun's as the two of them had grouped up fairly early. She mostly talked about challenging sword truths and proudly declared that she had managed to obtain five. They had been sent to a section of the forest that had few disciples of the four greats so they passed many days without being bothered.

Out of the remaining three sisters, Xu Lanyi managed three sword truths, Su Xue managed the same number, and Su Yue only two. They didn't have much to add with regard to the attacks they suffered from opponent sects. Since their elder sister, Li Yuechan, had voiced her opinion, they didn't feel the need to add their own. After following her for so long, their hearts were already aligned. There wasn't anyone that felt the need for bloody revenge since none of them suffered any harm.

As for Bei Yingluo, she didn't find any. As the odd one out of the group, she had kept a low profile and didn't get herself into any trouble. She didn't roam far from the central safe area so the Four Greats couldn't do much to her. She was also not an important target so her enemies didn't put in too much effort.

After hearing all of their reports, Chen Wentian closed his eyes and considered the situation. He understood their sentiments. Lin Qingcheng could be considered the one most eager for payback while Li Yuechan could be considered the one on the opposite side of the scale. Even so, Lin Qingcheng's stance couldn't be considered too vindictive or small-minded. She was merely voicing her straightforward opinion and emotions and the others had done the same.

He thought of his own desires and why he had come down. He wanted to stand up for his disciples against anyone that would do them harm. He did not want to let anything go and he didn't care if his opponent was a lowly mortal or someone more powerful than him. He wasn't some kind of saint that forgave and forgot. He had killed far more people than his disciples could imagine.

However, he respected his disciples' opinions. They were all important to him so he couldn't afford to act like an ignorant and stubborn person. He cared deeply about their thoughts and how they thought of him.

He also had to regard the two wily Spirit Kings above with care. They seemed disinterested but he knew they were closely observing his performance. They were not on his side, not even Gong Liyun who liked to flirt with him. If he killed a bunch of people, they might pretend to not care but rebuke him at a later

date and more opportune moment. Such ploys were common and he had experienced them a few times in the past.

He let out a long breath and made a decision. He crossed his arms and turned towards disciples of the Tower of Swords and the Four Greats.

"All of you listen up! I want to know what happened from your own words, why you people attacked my disciples so mercilessly. I don't want to hear nonsense so each sect will send a representative to speak on their sect's behalf. That person's words will decide the fate of their sect. Understand?"

#### Chapter 604: Representative

Amidst the crowd, faced with Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian's anger, Peng Lingxi's heart experienced grave waves in only a short period of time. Of all the frightened people present, nobody could compare to the vast disparity in emotions she was currently suffering through. It was as if her entire world had come crashing down. For the first time in her life, she didn't know what to do.

When she emerged from the Forest of Swords, she was filled with confidence and joy. She had achieved all the goals she had set for herself at the beginning. She had gotten to meet Lin Qingcheng, Ten Thousand Flower Valley's first disciple, and they had a spirited competition. She had helped Li Yuechan, another talented and key disciple of the valley, during a dangerous situation. In addition, she had managed to obtain thirteen sword truths, definitively breaking the record which had stood for over four hundred years. And during the final day and night, she even met up with those women again and helped defend against an all-out attack by the four great sword sects.

It had been a wonderful two weeks, an experience she would think back fondly forever. Her future looked so bright. Her path toward cultivating the immortal arts of the Lonely Sword Wanderer was clear and unobstructed. Even her friendship with Ten Thousand Flower Valley was blossoming wonderfully and it was only a matter of time before her love noticed her and they got to know each other.

Who could have known that everything would fall apart a few breaths later? freeweb .co m

As she sneaked away to join the disciples of her own sect, she found out that they had been busy attacking the other disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. She couldn't believe it but the wounds and casualties her side had suffered were damning. She couldn't believe something like this could happen and she wanted someone to blame. Her senior and junior brothers had done this without telling her at all.

She was ashamed and angry. Wu Qianyu was a competitor, a disciple of a rival sect, one worthy of respect and admiration, not a villain that had to be killed at any cost. She would have never agreed to such an underhanded plan. It was not the way of the sword. She was so disappointed in her sect. She was so disappointed in her master who was no doubt the person who gave the order.

But her master was dead. According to the old ancients of the Immortal Association, her master and many other sect masters were dead, just like that, just with a few sentences. It didn't seem real.

Immortal Desolate Sword Peng Yuefeng, he wasn't a great man by any measure. In her eyes, he was difficult to be around and often in a bad mood. He was the venerable sect master of a powerful immortal sect but she was never inspired or awed by him. He appreciated her talent and that was the only thing she appreciated about him. She respected him greatly but that was about it. Now that he was dead, she didn't feel any sadness or despair, only a dull endless haze as if she was lost in an endless fog. She suddenly didn't know where she was going or even where she was.

"Senior Brother Xiling! Senior Brother Xiling!"

A voice nearby brought her back to reality.

Peng Xiling greeted her fellow disciple with a nod, "What is it?"

"The other senior brothers are asking for you. Immortal Chen has asked for a representative from each sect to answer his questions. The senior brothers are arguing about which one of them it should be. I think you should go and intervene or else they might start fighting." That person said.

She looked around. Other disciples also had hopeful expressions. Many were wounded and bandaged all over. She knew firsthand how fearsome the disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley were, to the point that they almost defied common sense. Her fellow disciples had suffered for what now seemed like a pointless endeavor.

She felt sorry for them. She patted the junior's shoulder and strode toward the center of the group where three men were arguing.

"Shuya, you can't make me the representative. Just because you have the sect master's badge doesn't mean you can tell me what to do!"

Those words came from Peng Yuchang, the second senior brother. Out of all the disciples of this current generation, his cultivation was the second highest and his influence was also so. He was currently glaring at Peng Shuya, the senior brother.

Peng Shuya stood tall and solemn. His sharp chin trembled ever so slightly from gritting his teeth. He carried a polished piece of metal in his left hand, held up to shoulder height as if for everyone to see. It was indeed the sect master's badge. It should have given him supreme authority over the Tower of Swords in place of the sect master but others didn't see it that. The sect master was dead so his authority meant nothing anymore.

"Shuya, you are the senior brother so you should go up as the representative!" Another person said and this time it came from the third senior brother, "Since you like the sect master's position so much, you can keep it and represent us!"

His words were followed by some nods from those listening in. Nobody wanted to be the representative to face Chen Wentian's wrath. If that person spoke one word out of line, it wasn't out of reason for the immortal to instantly burn them to ash. Nobody wanted such a suicidal task.

Peng Shuya finally snorted in anger and unleashed his aura at the third lesser realm along with his words, "This is the sect master's crest! Master gave it to me so that I may lead all disciples within the Forest of Swords in his absence. Now that he is gone, I am the new sect master and my words are absolute! Peng Yuchang, I order you to go up as the representative. We don't have time to argue!"

"No!" The stocky second senior brother snapped back, "You're not the sect master, there are several dozen elders back at the sect that have more seniority than you!"

Peng Lingxi stared hard at her senior brothers. They looked ready to fight one another, all sense of brotherhood forgotten. It was everyone for themselves at the moment. They were each trying to survive the crisis.

She didn't know if she should feel disappointed or what. Regardless, it only made her decision easier.

"I will be the representative!" She said firmly, letting her sword aura sharpen each word so that everyone heard it.

Peng Shuya shot her a look filled with worry and something else. He and the other senior brothers all knew she was just disguised as a man. Many of them harbored secret feelings for her, including him.

"You can't go." He said.

She ignored him and said, "Those of you who were responsible for the attack against Immortal Chen's prized disciples, I can't save your lives. But I think I can save our sect from complete destruction. Now get out of my way!"

"Xiling, out of all of us, only you cannot go." Second Brother Peng Yuchang also joined in.

She had no more patience for any of them, people who kept her in the dark about their evil plans. Her spiritual energy spiked in an instant, far quicker than any of them could react to. The exquisite movement skills contained within the Lonely Sword Wanderer sent her through the blockade and over everyone's heads in half a breath of time.

She landed in front of Chen Wentian and kneeled down, "Immortal Chen, this insignificant one is named Peng Xiling. I will be the representative for the Tower of Swords."

#### Chapter 605: Irrevocable Enmity

After Peng Xiling, the four great sword sects also sent forth their representative. Two of them chose their strongest disciple while the other two each sent a lower disciple to act as the sacrifice. Chen Wentian didn't linger on these minor details but he was quite surprised by Peng Xiling's actions. He sensed that something was amiss but he decided to take it one step at a time.

He crossed his arms and spoke in an even voice. He was no longer angry. He wasn't truly angry to begin with, not against a bunch of minions at least. He was just putting on an act for his disciples but these people didn't need to know that.

"Representative of the Mount Yun Sect, you can go first. Explain to me why your sect attacked my disciples without regard for losses or even reason."

The middle-aged man quivered under his stare and fell to his knees, "Lord Chen, the Mount Yun Sect apologizes with our entire being for offending Lord Chen's disciples. We should not have done it. We knew it was wrong. We, the disciples of the Mount Yun Sect, bear no grudge against Lord Chen and his sect."

He paused and gulped before continuing, "The reason... the reason we attacked was because of our sect master. He made us do it. He told us that we would all be richly rewarded. If we died, our families will be celebrated by the sect. We could not refuse the sect master's orders. Please, Lord Chen, we know we were wrong. Please spare our lives, we truly did not mean it. Lord Chen, please spare my Mount Yun Sect!"

He finished and slammed his forehead against the stone floor, bowing with all of his strength. He said no more and remained there without moving a muscle.

Chen Wentian rubbed his chin. The Mount Yun Sect certainly picked a good speaker as their representative. They made a decent argument, at least one that was within reason, especially since their sect master Hei Shanzhi was already dead.

"Alright, Mount Huang Sect, you can speak next." He said.

The representative from the Mount Huang Sect also put up a good performance. That person also blamed everything on their sect master and then begged for forgiveness. They even started sobbing loudly, fat tears streaming down their face in an impressive display of contrition.

The representative from the Mount Tai Sect read from the same script as the others. Their representative was the strongest senior brother. He was supposed to be a hero amongst men, a valiant swordsman that stood above all. Yet he still managed to wail and cry like an old woman. His was even louder than the previous two put together. It was so shameless that Chen Wentian had to purse his lips from laughing out loud.

"Alright, alright," He silenced that embarrassing display with a wave, "Mount Xiong Sect, your turn."

"Yes, Lord Chen..." That person was about to start crying.



But Chen Wentian cut him off, "If you cry, I will kill you."

They instantly froze, their face contorting into an ugly mask.

Chen Wentian continued, "I don't want the same excuses again. I am going to ask you a very specific question and I want to know the complete truth. Tell me, what is the relationship between your sect master Yang Kaitian and that person from the Yang Clan of Great Waves, Yang Maoda?"

The representative's expression brightened and he quickly replied, "Reporting to Lord Chen, this matter, I do know about it since I am the senior disciple. Immortal Yellow River Yang Maoda has no relation to my master but our Mount Xiong Sect does indeed have a relationship with the Yang Clan of Great Waves from the Martial Brilliance Continent. It is a secret of our sect but I will truthfully tell Lord Chen, our Mount Xiong Sect was founded by a member of the Yang Clan!"

At this, the disciples behind him let out audible gasps of surprise. Of the four great sword sects, no other member could say that they had such a legacy. Even the ordinary members of the Mount Xiong Sect couldn't have imagined such a thing. They had merely assumed that their sect master and immortal Yang Maoda had hit it off due to their same last names.

Many of them let out sighs of relief. Some of them even cracked a smile. The Mount Xiong Sect was related to the Yang Clan of Great Waves, a superpower sect from the main continent. It wasn't difficult to imagine what they were thinking. With such a background, their sect was surely saved. They could surely keep their lives.

Only Chen Wentian knew that they would be sorely disappointed.

"Quiet." He said. He even had to say it again to get them to shut up, "You were truthful with me so I will be truthful with you too."

This brought back the tension in the air and they all listened while not daring to breathe.

"I am familiar with the Yang Clan of Great Waves. In fact, I know them very well. All of you might have heard some rumors about one of my disciples named Long Yifei. Well, they are true. She is currently

studying at the Virtuous Order in the Martial Brilliance Continent. While there, people from the Yang Clan of Great Waves tried to steal her from me."

He paused to let the gravity of his words sink in. He let everyone's expression darken to a satisfying degree before continuing, "Naturally, Long Yifei is still my disciple and the Yang Clan is now my enemy. I won't go into details but they tried many underhanded and vile methods to try and pry her away from me. As a result, they and I are like water and fire. Our enmity is irrevocable, you understand?"

There was utter silence. Nobody present was a dumb person. They could all guess the rest. The combined attack against the disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, the appearance of immortal Yang Maoda from the main continent, it was all a plot to get revenge by the Yang Clan. And now, it was Chen Wentian's turn for payback.

Chen Wentian raised his palm and a puff of blue flame came to life.

"Immortal Chen... please... don't..." The representative from the Mount Xiong Sect couldn't find his words anymore.

Chen Wentian shook his head, "Do not blame me for your misfortune. Blame your sect ancestor and your sect master. Blame the Yang Clan for this irrevocable enmity that they created."

There was a burst of spiritual energy and a wave of heat. Blue flames exploded out of his palm and spread out in a wide arc. Before they could even scream, all of the disciples from the Mount Xiong Sect were engulfed in an inferno of immortal fury. It only took a second and they were all burnt to ash.

#### Chapter 606: Twelfth Disciple (I)

With one last wave of hot air, the scorching flames that had turned people into ash disappeared. Only a thin blue glow surrounded Chen Wentian's figure standing imperiously over his subjects. This was not the justice of the common people or one based on fairness. This was the justice of the strong, an overwhelming strength that commanded complete submission.

One sect of disciples was wiped out and there were only four sects left, three of the so-called four great sword sects as well as the Tower of Swords. A gust of wind swept over the half-empty arena. Although the morning would not have been cold to these strong cultivators, they all shivered uncontrollably.

Disregarding these people, Chen Wentian glanced briefly toward the sky. The two Spirit Kings, Huang Wuji and Gong Liyun couldn't be seen but he knew they were somewhere nearby. He could faintly sense their aura. Since they hadn't shown themselves, his actions were still within their acceptable range. He didn't really care since he was now a Spirit King too but it was better to maintain a good relationship.

His head tilted back down and he stared at the remaining three representatives from the Four Greats in turn. He made them sweat for a while and then said in a serious voice, "For this attack against my disciples, I am willing to place the blame entirely on the Mount Xiong Sect and the Yang Clan. I can spare your lives but only under one condition. I want your three sects, The Mount Yun Sect, the Mount Huang Sect, and the Mount Tai Sect, to get rid of the Mount Xiong Sect for me. You have one month to get this done. After one month, I do not want to hear the name Mount Xiong Sect ever uttered again in this subcontinent!"

"Thank you, Immortal Chen!"

"Thank you, Immortal Chen!"

The three representatives smacked their foreheads against the stone floor several times as they bowed.

"The Mount Tai Sect swears that we will place a kill-on-sight order for members of the Mount Xiong Sect!"

"The Mount Yun Sect swears that we will immediately besiege Mount Xiong to prevent anyone from escaping!"

"The Mount Huang Sect swears that we will carry out Immortal Chen's orders!"

Chen Wentian waved his hands and dismissed them, "How you do it is up to you. Whatever resources you can steal and rob will also belong to you. Also, you don't need to report to me after you are done. I will know if you have done a good job or not."

"Yes, Immortal Chen!"

Then, like a horde of rats, the three sects scurried away in all directions and disappeared into the city nearby. Given a new lease on life, they couldn't run away fast enough. They had expected to die a horrible death but by a twist of fortune, they were spared. Their future was still uncertain but it was at least better than that of the Mount Xiong Sect.

He turned away from them and walked towards the solitary representative from the Tower of Swords.

Peng Lingxi stood with her back straight and her expression calm. She watched Chen Wentian approach. When he stopped a meter from her, her eyes darted toward his eyes before quickly shifting away. Her life was now in his hands.

Those few words filled her heart with a sense of irony. Her life... in his hands... she had wished for those words to be true many times but under a different meaning and far different circumstances. Life was so strange. Fate and fortune were so unpredictable. She could only walk forward step by step along this new path that was in front of her.

When Chen Wentian stopped in front of her, Peng Lingxi spoke up before he could, "Immortal Chen, the Tower of Swords was not involved in the Yang Clan's scheme but we are not blameless. My deceased and former master, Immortal Desolate Sword Peng Yuefeng, was jealous of Immortal Chen's talented disciples, especially Wu Qianyu. He saw her as the biggest threat and directed the disciples of the Tower of Swords to kill her within the Forest of Swords."

She said all of this in one go and only paused to take a deep breath. She quickly continued before he could reply, "Immortal Chen, I know that such an action is unforgivable in your eyes. It is unforgivable in my eyes as well. I would have never agreed to such a plan and my deceased master knew that. He left me out of the plan completely and I was not aware of it until this morning when we all returned. In fact, my desire has always been to become friends with the disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Within the forest, I had amicable encounters with several of your disciples and even assisted them in fighting off the disciples of the Four Greats. Please believe me when I say that I personally bear no ill will towards you, your disciples, or your sect!"

She finished and bowed deeply.

They fell silent. Nobody from the Tower of Swords dared to speak up. There was nothing she said that they could refute.

Chen Wentian studied the person before him. He wasn't a fan of eloquent people, especially one that was so excessively handsome.

He glanced behind. Lin Qingcheng and Li Yuechan both nodded to him. He didn't need to ask what they meant, he already knew.

He crossed his arms and sighed before saying, "The main evildoer, Peng Yuefeng, is already dead but I don't believe this automatically absolves the rest of them of their sins. Peng Xiling, since you are the representative, tell me, how would you punish these disciples of the Tower of Swords?"

Peng Lingxi didn't hesitate and replied, "Death, Immortal Chen, they deserve death. If Immortal Chen is still unsatisfied, I can personally slay these people that have offended you. I only beg that you spare the rest of the Tower of Swords as they are truly innocent."

"You... want to kill them yourself?" He asked, surprised, "They are your senior and junior brothers. You are a disciple of the Tower of Swords. No matter what, isn't this improper?"

"Immortal Chen, I am willing to do anything if you can spare the Tower of Swords from destruction."

"...?" He felt something didn't sound quite right but he couldn't exactly grasp it.

She looked up into his eyes with steely determination, "I can do anything. I can kill for you. I can renounce the Tower of Swords if you so wish."

Her voice then changed from firm to soft in an instant, a voice that only he could hear, "I can do anything. I can even be your concubine if you like!"

Chen Wentian coughed, choking in surprise. This was the last thing he expected, especially from another man.

"I'm serious!" Peng Lingxi whispered. "Look!"

Before he could run away, she unfastened the front of her clothes with lightning quickness. She had already decided on this so her movements lacked any hesitation.

Before he could avert his eyes, a peculiar sight emerged like a morning's first light. There was pale skin, a slender neck, and thin shoulders. The only piece of clothing that remained was a silk-white undergarment. The front of the fabric was smooth and flat except for two gentle swells. They were small, like two small hills on a prairie, but they were unmistakable to all men in the world.

#### Chapter 607: Twelfth Disciple

Chen Wentian didn't avert his eyes and he couldn't. He still wasn't exactly sure what was happening but he was busy appreciating a pair of fine breasts. Although covered by a thin layer of silk, their exact shape and contour couldn't be hidden. The circular outlines were perfectly visible as well as two small nubs that tenderly rubbed against the fabric, trying to escape.

Aside from him, the only others that could see anything were his disciples behind him. The way Peng Lingxi held the outer garments aside kept the line of sight narrow. That was a good thing because some of the disciples of the Tower of Swords hadn't even realized what she had done. For one, they didn't know that she was a woman in the first place. Only the highest-ranking senior disciples were privy to that information and these people could be counted on at most two hands.

"Immortal Chen?" She asked tentatively.

She felt his gaze roam up and down her chest. Her face felt hot. It was slightly unbearable, even for her with such a straightforward and brave personality.

Chen Wentian coughed awkwardly and shook his head to clear his thoughts. He looked away and gestured with his fingers, "Uh... Ahem. You can cover up."

She quickly did as he asked.

He looked back to find her peering at him with a curious expression. Her face was still as handsome, or beautiful, as before. She had many neutral features that could be considered attractive for both genders; clear oval eyes with brown irises that sparkled with intelligence, a small oval face with

symmetrical features and a sharp chin, and small but rosy lips that would occasionally quiver with nervousness or excitement.

He had to admit. This man that had suddenly turned into a woman was maddeningly attractive, with a beguiling charm that transcended both sexes.

He spread his spiritual aura around them to isolated their voices.

"Umm... why did you suddenly say you wanted to be my concubine?" He asked, finally getting to the crux of the issue.

Peng Lingxi blushed slightly, "I hope Immortal Chen won't be offended but your peculiar tastes are rather well-known across the subcontinent. Since you have so many beautiful women by your side already, I naturally won't try to compete with them by asking to be your wife. Just a concubine will be fine for me!"

"Silly lass... they are my disciples. Do you understand? Disciples, not wives or concubines. I am running a sect, not a harem." He stated firmly, putting on an act that he wasn't sure anyone believed.

She smiled at him, "Then that is fine with me, can I..."

He already knew what she wanted to say but he cut her off with a gentle surge of spiritual energy. "Not here, come with me and we can chat about important matters away from prying eyes and ears."

He was an intensely private person and his disciples were the people closest to him. He had never accepted a disciple in public and he wasn't about to do it now. The whole world could gossip about him all they liked but he wasn't going to tell others about his own business.

But considering her offer, he had mostly made up his mind already. She was such a talented sword cultivator. She had a definitive chance to make it to the immortal realms and beyond. He would be a fool not to like her.

"What about your senior and junior brothers?" He asked.

Peng Lingxi looked back at them, at their hopeless and despairing expressions. She felt a mixture of emotions but didn't say anything.

Chen Wentian sensed it and sighed, "I will forgive them and the Tower of Swords. Let's treat this as an auspicious gift to mark this turning point in your life and mine. Let's not mar this day with more violence."

Peng Lingxi's lips trembled as she bowed deeply, "Thank you."

And that was that. Without bothering with the Tower of Swords, Chen Wentian spread his spiritual energy out to cover her and his disciples. They flew away and arrived at the teleportation array. Everblade City was still a mess after the demon attack so no need to stay. With a flash of light and surge of void energy, they disappeared from the province, finally leaving this place behind.

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One day later, Chen Wentian sat at the head of the great hall of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. His disciples, minus Jasmine and Long Yifei, stood in two rows, flanking the hall on both sides. They all faced towards the sunlight entrance and the person who was walking up.

Now wearing female clothes, the difference was much greater. Peng Lingxi used to wear thicker layers to hide her gender but now that she was wearing a much lighter material, her features were far clearer and it would be difficult for anyone to mistake her for a man. Her hair was slightly different too. Although it still flowed down her back to her hips, the crown at the top was of a feminine design.

Chen Wentian leaned back in his chair and appreciated her beauty. She had chosen to wear grey, a tribute to her past. She also still carried her sword across her back. He didn't mind it at all.

Her new clothes were a classical design, suitable for combat but still exuding womanly charm. A wide waist sash highlighted her slender waist and the flare of her hips. Her upper garments still contained many layers but they were no longer stiff and blocky. They showed off her thin shoulders as well as the gentle, modest swell of her breasts.



Her face lacked any makeup but she glowed with a charm that wasn't there before. It was as if her true self had finally been freed. Although her attire was not as bright or flowery as the others, she still held her own with a sharp, heroic aura.

Peng Lingxi finally stopped a few paces before Chen Wentian. Their eyes connected and he smiled warmly. She bit her lip and then smiled.

She looked around at the others. Lin Qingcheng, Li Yuechan, and the rest were all smiling brightly, silently encouraging her, their new sister.

She looked back at the only man in the room, the man she had dreamed about for so many years. She was finally here. There was nowhere else she would rather be.

She fell to her knees and bowed, "Immortal Chen. This one is named Peng Lingxi. I used to be a disciple of the Tower of Swords and Immortal Peng Yuefeng was my master. However, he has already passed and I am now a sword without a home. I hope that Immortal Chen can take me in. I will follow Immortal Chen with all my heart. I will never betray you or let you down. I will wholeheartedly give my whole being to Ten Thousand Flower Valley and nothing can make me leave this sect except for death!"

Chen Wentian laughed and said, "You may rise, Peng Lingxi. From today onward, you are a disciple of Ten Thousand Flower Valley, this Immortal Blue Dragon's twelfth disciple!"

Peng Lingxi's eyes shined with unshed tears, "Thank you, master!"

#### Chapter 608: Side Story: Sword Pavilion

A few days after the arrival of the twelfth disciple, a pair of figures landed on a rocky outcrop that overlooked the valley. The main manor was several hundred meters below on the valley floor. From this vantage point, one could see in all four directions, from the tall snow-capped mountains to the north to the round, verdant mountains that flanked the sect to the east and west.

It was an excellent location, fitting all the requirements for a new sect building, one dedicated to the way of the sword. It would be called the Sword Pavilion and it had been Peng Lingxi's idea.

Chen Wentian looked to the right at his companion, his new disciple. The wind gusted and swept a few strands of black hair across her face. Now that he had gotten over the fact that she wasn't a man, he had come to appreciate her beauty.

She was unique among his disciples. Since it was easy for her to pass as a man, her physique naturally lacked the obvious curves and sexual appeal, even more so than Bei Yingluo. However, Peng Lingxi's slender frame only emphasized her natural grace. Her face could also rival the most beautiful women of the subcontinent and was only inferior to angels such as Jasmine and Long Yifei.

He felt that there wasn't a single thing he would change about her. She was already attractive enough as she was.

"Lingxi, is this the place? It is quite nice." He said.

Peng Lingxi turned to him with a bright smile, "Yes, master. The way of the sword as I have learned emphasizes the four cardinal directions. This place is perfect."

He responded, "Good. Ziyun will handle the construction of the pavilion. Her people will come up with several design proposals and you can choose the one you like. As for the sword truths, aside from Qianyu, I will hold onto the sword truths the others obtained. After the pavilion is finished, we can store them inside."

This was the other consideration for constructing the Sword Pavilion. In addition to serving as a place for practicing sword arts, it would also serve as a place of meditation with the help of the sword truths obtained from the Forest of Swords.

If he added up everyone's contribution including Peng Lingxi, the sect managed to obtain a total of forty-seven sword truths. It was quite a large number but still a finite resource. Each sword truth contained sword energy and sword intent that would be gradually used up. However, if so many were gathered together, their auras would reinforce each other and the degradation would slow to a trickle and last many decades.

There was also another secret that Peng Lingxi knew about, a secret way to replenish the sword truths so that they could last many times longer.

"Are you sure this will work?" Chen Wentian asked as he drew the Purple Jade Sword.

"I think so." Peng Lingxi said and retrieved the thirteen sword truths she had from her own spatial bag.

She stuck them into the ground in a rough semi-circle and stepped back.

"The deceased sect master of the Tower of Swords used to practice with his Desolate Sword within their own version of the Sword Pavilion. He told me that his Spirit Lord Realm heavy sword had been a legacy of the mysterious sword expert known as Dugu Qiushen. As such, there was a mysterious connection between it and these sword truths. Nobody was really sure but after he would finish his cultivation sessions, the sword truths stored there would always be much more vibrant than before."

Chen Wentian stood at the center of the semi-circled made of tree branches and raised his sword, "Alright, then let's give this a try. Watch carefully, this is also senior Dugu's legacy. It is called Dugu's Tenth Sword."

His robes flapped in the wind as a sudden surge of sword intent swept the area. It was thick and impenetrable, with edges keen enough to cut everything in his path. There was no color, no visible sign of danger, but Peng Lingxi could sense it, a supreme sharpness that was suffocating.

She held her breath as she watched, excitement making her heart pound hard and fast. This was her master, her man, performing for her. She was thrilled beyond measure.

Chen Wentian swiped the blade upward and said in an even voice, "First Movement, Slash the World!"

An arc of purple light shot out, sending a massive surge of sword energy toward the sky. It quickly disappeared but not before cleaving the clouds in two.

Before Peng Lingxi could clap, sharpness once again gathered along his purple blade.

"Second Movement, Pierce the Heavens!" He stated as he twirled the blade around his body.

And after a moment of concentration and preparation, he released it all in a narrow beam of purple light that ascended to the endless heavens.

He drew the sword back and sword intent once again gathered around him but with twice as much intensity as the first attack.

"Third Movement, Decimate All Hells!"

The Purple Jade Sword became a blur as it shot a rapid series of attacks, spraying the sky with purple beams of sword light. If this had been directed at the ground or a solid target, it would have been turned to dust with nothing left.

Chen Wentian finished up and put away his sword. Dugu's Tenth Sword only had these three movements but it was enough. Quantity was useless in the face of profound quality. Each movement performed a specific task and there was no overlap.

"Wow..." Peng Lingxi breathed, her eyes shining with happiness, "Wow! That was amazing!"

Chen Wentian smiled. Once again, it always felt great to be praised by a beautiful woman. It never got old. It felt especially good from a new voice too.

He pointed to the sword truths around him and said, "You were right. Look, the sword truths are glowing."

True to his words, the thirteen misshapen tree branches each had a dim glow around them. There were a variety of colors for the various species of trees and unique attributes. f(r)eeweb(n)ovel

Peng Lingxi studied them for a long time and then turned to him with a peculiar expression, "Master, if I may, could you try your other sword art? I want to see if it could also draw a reaction from these sword truths."

"My other sword art? What other art?" He asked.

She didn't hesitate and said, "That sword art you used within Dugu's Cavern."

He stared at her. That was the last thing he expected. A long-buried memory suddenly surfaced and he remembered.

"That was you! We met back then!" He exclaimed.

Peng Lingxi smiled, "Yes, we did. Though it was only a brief moment, it was enough to leave a deep impression."

"Really?" He asked.

He walked over and stood in front of her. He studied her. She was quite tall so she only needed to tilt her head slightly to stare into his eyes.

"I didn't realize the threads of fate and fortune had already found the two of us. It seems you and I were destined." He said softly, "But I still have to apologize. The origin of that sword art is very sensitive. I can't show it to you right now because not even the other disciples know about it."

She tried to hide it but she was clearly disappointed. He grabbed her hand to try and comfort her. As he held her slender hand in both of his. Her fingers and palm were cool like steel, a sharp contrast to his own which contained a deep warmth fueled by dragon flames.

Her cheeks became pink and she looked away. No man had held her hand so intimately before. Although she was an expert in the way of the sword, she was still a complete novice in the way of romance. Although she had long since chosen him as her man, she was still unprepared for his sudden action.

"Master..." She squeaked.

He smirked, "What's wrong, are you nervous? Didn't you say you wanted to be my concubine?"

"That... that..."

"That what?" He tugged at her hand and pulled her closer. He could now feel her breath and there was only a sliver of daylight between them, "I'm sure you've heard of all the rumors about me and my female disciples, how I am an insatiable beast. Haha. Are you regretting it now?"

Peng Lingxi shook her head. She raised her hand which was still trapped with his and placed it against her chest, "Master, you are nothing like the rumors. Being with you has been my dream ever since that day within Dugu's Cavern. I have admired you for so long and now I am here, so close to you. I have no regrets. No regrets at all. Just as you have said. It is as if the heavens wish for us to be together so how can I have complaints? I am simply happy beyond words. There is nowhere else I would rather be."

Chen Wentian was stunned. He didn't expect this sudden turn and her fervent confession. He felt that he had only just gotten to know her. How could she have such feelings for him already?

"Uh..." He said dumbly, "You sure?"

She tilted her head and smiled a teasing smile, "Master, if you need time, I can wait. Just don't make me wait too long because my heart already belongs to you entirely."

With that, she let go of his hands and ran away, leaving behind a stupefied Chen Wentian who didn't move from his spot for a long time.

Chapter 609: Side Story: Ask Her

Chen Wentian eventually wandered back down the valley and into the main courtyard of the manor. His mind was still a mess, Peng Lingxi's words still ringing around and around. He wasn't used to someone liking him, especially not a woman like her, especially not so suddenly.

Was it possible for someone to love another without even knowing them? He surely wasn't capable of such a feat. He had admired many princesses and goddesses from afar in the past but he never loved them. He wasn't even sure if he really liked them. It was probably just sexual attraction and the desires of an immature mind.

"Master?"

A voice drew his gaze away from his feet. Zhou Ziyun was standing in the middle of the shaded walkway, blocking his path.

"What are you doing?" She asked, "Didn't you go with Sister Peng? Does she want to look at the designs for the pavilion?"

He waved her questions away and caught her arm with his. She was exactly the person he wanted to see. She was always so smart about everything, even areas he lacked which were many.

He pulled her with him until they came to a secluded alcove with a bench. They sat down and he described what he had just gone through in great detail. He even repeated the exact words Peng Lingxi had said to him.

When he finished, Zhou Ziyun stared at him with a curious expression but didn't say anything.

"Well?" He asked.

"Well what?" She shot back.

"What do you think? Do you think she's telling the truth?"

Realizing he was being serious, she sighed and patted his arm, "Master, think about it this way, what reason does she have for lying about her feelings for you?"

"I don't know... is it even possible for her, we don't even know each other. Her situation is similar to Long Yifei's but even now, I still don't know if Yifei actually likes me or not. Yet Lingxi already said all those things like she loves me."

She snorted and patted his arm some more, "I'm sure Sister Peng's feelings are genuine and I'm sure Sister Long likes you too. You are an impressive man, a man worthy of our love and admiration. Don't be intimidated by a pretty face. You are the immortal, not them."

He scratched his head and nodded steadily. She always had a way with words that hit the point straight on. He still carried with him the insecurities of the past but he was an immortal now. For heaven's sake, he was already a Spirit King!

"And if you are still worried," She said with a tone of finality, "Can't you just ask her? Ask her until she gives you a satisfactory answer."

He laughed and hugged her, "Alright."

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It was a few days later when Chen Wentian and Peng Lingxi once again stood side by side. They were standing on the highest balcony of the tallest tower that overlooked the Tower of Swords. The sect occupied an entire mountain peak and was home to tens of thousands of sword cultivators. Even without their sect master, they still retained an air of might and profound spirit.

"Are you sure? Your mother wants to stay here?" He asked.

They had come to the Tower of Swords to today handle various administrative matters. At Zhou Ziyun's urging, he established a line of communication between the current ruling hierarchy of elders of the sect and the Zhou Clan to facilitate future cooperation including trade and martial arts exchanges. Actually, he wasn't interested in these things. He was interested in the only family Peng Lingxi had which was her mother.

She breathed out a sigh, "She has lived her all her life. Her friends, neighbors, the people she knows are all here. She said it was too late for her to move."

"Are you okay with that?" He asked.

She didn't answer for a while, instead glancing down at the various cultivation platforms where scores of disciples in grey robes were diligently practicing. Her expression was serene but she was hiding her feelings.



"I was never a good daughter. I think she has long since accepted that. She never cared too much about my cultivation. She just wanted me to get married and start a family. But I always left the house early and came back late. I would even sneak out in the middle of the night to practice. I think she would be even more miserable by herself if I took her away from here."

"Alright, then she stays. I've instructed those elders to take care of her. If anyone tries to bully her or anything, I will make them pay." He said.

"Thanks." She said simply, still peering at the scenes below.

"So..." He said with some level of uncertainty, "What are you going to do about the Tower of Swords in the future?"

"What do you mean?" She asked.

"What if they ask you for help? Since your mother is still here, what if the sect falls under attack? Or... if and when you reach the Spirit Lord Realm, would you want to come back here and be the sect master? I mean... I would understand if you wanted to."

Peng Lingxi shook her head, "No."

"No." She said it with more emphasis, "That part of my life is over. The Tower of Swords can handle themselves, they are no longer my responsibility."

After a pause, she continued, "They accepted me for my talent but never for who I was. Pretending to be a man just to satisfy some old sect rule, pretending to be someone I wasn't, I'm completely over it. I only want to stay by your side and go where you go."

The two of them were looking at each other now. It was reminiscent of their moment a few days ago. Their eyes peered into each other's souls. They were only a step away from each other.

"What makes you so sure?" He asked finally, "Am I worth it?"

There was still doubt between them so she had to sweep it all away. She had never felt so sure about anything in her life so she simply told him. "Master, you are absolutely worth it, worth my whole life and more. It might be hard for you to believe but I have loved you ever since that day inside Dugu's Cavern. I have loved you for five years already. I have thought about you every day for five years. My feelings will never change or else may heaven strike me down. I am willing to do anything if only I can prove it to you."

Chen Wentian knew she was telling the truth. Even he could tell. She was so straightforward with her words, so sincere that she was able to slash apart the clouds of uncertainty in his mind. She was unlike any other and he would cherish her forever.

He slowly lifted a hand to her chin and tilted her towards him. He smiled and said softly, barely audible over the gusting wind, "In that case, how can I refuse you?"

He leaned down towards her, his eyes tracing her lips which were slightly parted. She was so beautiful and irresistible.

He closed the last bit of distance and kissed her.

#### Chapter 610: Side Story: Fox Dream

After returning from Everblade City, Chen Wentian's life returned to a routine. There was nothing he wanted to do in the near future except take care of his disciples. He made sure to practice with each of them. He pondered the unique abilities of Lin Qingcheng, Zhou Ziyun, Wu Qianyu, and Bei Yingluo. He dual cultivated with five ice sisters whenever they were up for it. He was also getting to know Peng Lingxi more and more day after day.

And, of course, he wasn't going to leave Jasmine out either.

Every other day or so, he would make sure to sneak into the Moonlit Sanctum and snuggle with her. She rarely woke up and when she did, it was merely to eat a lot of food and immediately go back to sleep. Even so, he wasn't disappointed at all since he could still sneak in a kiss or two. She had no complaints because she always fell immediately asleep afterward.

"Aww, look at you two." A coy voice interrupted his dull mind.

Chen Wentian was currently in the middle of one of his snuggle sessions with Jasmine and he wondered who was spying on him.

"Lover boy, I didn't expect you to reach the Spirit King Realm so quickly. What kind of divine medicine did you eat?" The voice asked.

He shook his head as he realized who it was, it was the remnant spirit of Jasmine's mother that resided in the Tear of Chang Xi. He saw the almond-sized white gem grasped tightly in her hand, glowing softly and emitting a white fog.

"Is it the full moon again?" He asked, already knowing the answer.

"Lover boy, don't be stingy. Quickly, answer my question." Zhiyue Lingdan insisted.

Chen Wentian chuckled, "I didn't have a fortunate encounter or anything like that. I can't explain my power because it has to remain a secret. But know this, I can cultivate much faster if I really wanted to."

The blob of white fog gave a snort of disbelief. She seemed to brood on something for a while. He didn't bother to guess what. He had his secrets and she had hers.

She eventually spoke up again and asked, "So, are you going to do anything interesting or what?"

"What?" He asked, confused.

"Are you just going to hold her like a pillow or can I see some action? I don't have all night."

"What??" He asked, a little louder this time.

"Come on! Didn't I tell you already? Since you are a Spirit King now, your aura and energy will only benefit her cultivation growth. Plus, I know she'll be fine with it since she's had more than a few wet dreams already, I'm sure you've noticed!"

Chen Wentian remained speechless but not because Jasmine's mother wanted to watch. She always watched and he had gotten used to it. He was surprised because he hadn't considered this other possibility at all. He was so sure it would be a bad choice but apparently, it wasn't.

His expression changed and he looked down at the fluffy, sleeping prisoner in his arms. His eyes flashed with desire.

"Hehe! Go for it, I'm counting on you!"

He shut her voice out like he always did and focused on Jasmine alone. She was in her human form. Her face was turned away from him and buried in some animal furs. She wasn't wearing anything.

He gulped and disentangled himself from her just to undress. He then hugged her again, letting her three bushy, white tails caress his naked skin. He pulled her close and rubbed her stomach. She was still small and petite as ever.

She had been sleeping for close to eleven months now. He hadn't been able to make love to her in almost eleven months. It felt like an eternity. Now, with his mind made up, he was instantly hard and he no longer had any patience.

She was still sleeping as he turned her over onto her back. He sucked in a breath as he took in her ethereal beauty once more, this time with evil intentions. She was right there, ready and waiting. The little bumps on her chest were pink and tender. Her legs were askew, providing a peek of her hairless slit, the objective of his raging passion.

He leaned down and kiss her. Her lips didn't open but he sneaked the tip of his tongue through to get a taste of her. Her mother was hovering somewhere above his head but he didn't care. If she wanted to watch so much, she could watch. He would give her a good show as he fucked her sleeping daughter.

This thought sent an almighty thrill down his spine and he almost came right then and there. He kissed her lips again to calm his excitement, and then her neck, and then her puffy nipples until they hardened into nubs.

Would Jasmine be angry with his actions? He spread her legs apart to find that she was already wet and leaking arousal. He smirked, probably not. It would just be another wet dream, the wettest fox dream of her life.

He reached down to test her, sending a single middle finger slowly into her pussy. She let out a soft breath that was almost a moan and he could feel her muscles undulate around him, inviting him deeper.

She was so ready but he hesitated again. He loomed over her naked body like a hungry beast ready to feast. Her gentle sleeping face, lips that quivered occasionally, the steady rise and ebb of her breath; they were all telling him yes.

He made up his mind and spread her legs wide. He pulled her to him and she weighed almost nothing. Lining up the tip of cock against her moist pussy lips, he pushed in gently. Bit by bit, he tested her and pried her open, re-experiencing every sensation that he missed so dearly.

She was so tight, so unbelievably tight. It was as if he was being squeezed to death. Pressure from all directions wrapped around his cock, delivering pleasure that was almost delirious.

He grunted as he gripped her thighs for more leverage, pushing himself deeper into this tunnel of torment. He resisted with his newfound strength as a Spirit King, injecting this powerful aura down through his shaft.

He began with a steady rhythm, pushing into her with shallow, forceful thrusts. Her aura rose up in protest, unconsciously sending out her moonlight to wrap around his cock, to punish this invader that didn't have permission to be here.

He groaned as the pleasure rose. He instinctively increased his pace and depth, drawing himself almost completely out before plunging back in. He went deep, stretching her out, and repeating it over and over.

Her body quivered and shook with a quick orgasm. He smirked as he went over to kiss her again. He knew she missed him just as much. He could feel it in her pussy as he fucked her.

Her lips had curled into a smile. Her eyes were still closed and she was still sleeping. But surely, she was having the best dream ever.

Chen Wentian's eyes never left her face. Jasmine filled his whole consciousness. He knew he could not last, not after being apart for so long. He leaned over her, putting more force behind his hips, more desperation in his thrusts.

Another tremor went through her and he nearly lost it. He was ready to burst. His balls were a white-hot inferno. He lasted only a few more breaths until he couldn't hold on any longer.

With a sudden burst of inspiration, he pulled out of her at the last possible moment and aimed at her stomach. Seeing the gaping hole that he had just thoroughly ravaged sent him completely over the edge.

He came, harder than he could imagine. His cock jerked powerfully, over and over. He emptied his balls with utter satisfaction until he was dry. Shot after shot, he covered her belly and barely-there breasts with long white strands of his seed.

Just like that, he claimed her sleeping body as his, completely.