

Immortal Only Accepts Female Disciples

Chapter 12: Competitive Spirit

In a blink, many days passed. Chen Wentian and his two disciples remained at the Zhou Clan Manor. Matters regarding his new sect were progressing steadily. The Zhou Clan had hired the best architects and feng shui experts. The construction design was still being finalized but they had already hired over a thousand workers for the project including carpenters, stonemasons, gardeners, sculptors, painters, and laborers. They made sure to hire the best of the best, utilizing a combination of money and the irresistible might of his immortal name.

The location of Ten Thousand Flower Valley was not too far from River East City but it still required a five-day boat ride upriver followed by several more days trekking through untamed lands. Many clan members and helpers had long set off. More went behind them or were preparing to leave.

Chen Wentian occupied himself with teaching his disciples. He gave the same regimen of precious medicine to Zhou Ziyun to rebuild her physical foundation. He instructed both of them in basic knowledge about cultivation and led them in physical training and martial exercises.

This morning was crisp and filled with the sounds of heavy breathing. Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun were both covered in sweat and trying to catch some air after several rounds of exercises. They wore simple white training outfits and were like fresh lotuses in full bloom after spring rain.

Beside Lin Qingcheng was a set of iron weights of at least five hundred kilograms each. This was her current limit. She could barely carry the weights in each hand while performing a set of physical training exercises. At the 8th Level of the Body Refinement Realm, her strength could be considered quite good, even better than most men at that level.

While men and women had similar strength at the Spirit Initiate Realm or even the Mind Focusing Realm, there were minor differences at the Body Refinement Realm. Men's and women's innate physiques were not the same. This caused the greatest gap in strength at the early levels of body refinement which gradually decreased as the levels increased. At the peak of the realm, there was only a slight difference that could easily be made up by martial arts.

As for Zhou Ziyun, her weights were only three hundred kilograms. This could be considered below average for her cultivation at the sixth level. This wasn't too concerning as raw physical strength wasn't the only factor used to judge a person's potential.

Chen Wentian clapped his hands to get their attention, "Alright, you've gotten enough rest, let's continue."

Lin Qingcheng looked at him unwillingly while Zhou Ziyun simply straightened her clothes and listened intently. As usual, his second disciple seemed far more interested in training than his first.

"Time to fight, face off and spar with each other," He instructed, "Same rules as before. Don't hold back. I will be watching closely so you won't get injured."

"Yes, master."

The two young women walked to the middle of the courtyard and bowed to each other. Then, they both went into a basic fighting stance with their fists raised and their feet apart. Their expressions were firm and serious. They had sparred a few times before and were already familiar with each other.

"Here I come, Sister Zhou!" Lin Qingcheng said loudly and charged forward.

She pulled her right fist back in an exaggerated fashion and threw a powerful punch.

Zhou Ziyun took one step backward and then pivoted her body to the side. Lin Qingcheng flew past, completely missing her attack. At the same time, Zhou Ziyun's leg stuck out and caught Lin Qingcheng's. [free webnovel.com](http://www.free-webnovel.com)

"Ah!" Lin Qingcheng let out a cry and tumbled to the ground.

Zhou Ziyun didn't press her advantage and simply stood to one side. Her face was expressionless. She didn't even try to taunt her opponent. She was calm and cool as a breeze.

Lin Qingcheng bounced back up. There was a flash of disappointment on her face but it was quickly replaced by a competitive spirit. She launched another attack, then another.

Chen Wentian watched them fight with great interest. His first disciple was strong but unskilled. Her footsteps were heavy. Her moves were awkward and rigid. She lacked practice and it was like she had never fought anyone in her life. His second disciple was quick and clever. She was already well-versed in basic martial arts, probably a product of her upbringing.

It was an interesting dynamic, one that often emerged in the cultivation world. Strength was never the sole determinant in battles. Skill and strategy were equally important. Also, immortal Daoists did not always focus on destructive power and those that didn't were equally as dangerous, if not more.

The morning passed just like that. After the sparring session came individual instruction. Then it was more physical training and more sparring. They even had lunch together in the courtyard.

"Master," Zhou Ziyun spoke up after their meal was finished, "I have something to report."

"Go ahead." Chen Wentian said.

"I have received a letter from the elder in charge of the advance party. They have already reached the entrance to the valley." She said.

"Good, then it's time for leave as well. We will head out tomorrow morning." He paused and considered something, "Oh, Ziyun, you can take some belongings with you. I can carry two crates for you. Other than that, you will have to get the clan to transport it over."

"Yes, master." She then got up and left to go organize her things.

After he watched her leave, he noticed that Lin Qingcheng was staring at him with an unhappy expression. He could guess what it was about. She had left Lin Town only a small bag of personal items. It consisted of some clothes and only a basic set of jewelry. It could barely fill up a corner of a wooden crate. Compared to Zhou Ziyun, it was rather lacking.

Lin Qingcheng had been feeling the competitive spirit ever since a second disciple joined. Since she was the first disciple, she had to uphold her status and her master's expectations. Yet compared to this new disciple, she was not as skilled and not as smart. She also couldn't compare in terms of family background at all. There was a lot of insecurity in her heart to begin with and it was only exacerbated in recent days.

Chen Wentian gave her a reassuring smile, "What are you thinking about? Of course, I won't forget about my first disciple."

He handed her a bag that was stuffed with gold and enjoyed the sudden change in her expression, "This should be enough for you to go out and buy whatever you want to fill two crates for yourself. If you see something expensive, come find me for more money."

A smile blossomed on her dimpled cheeks. She caught his arm and hugged it tightly. "That's so great, thank you!"

He laughed and savored the moment. He would do anything to make her happy. Cultivation was important but what was even more important was developing deep and sincere relationships with his disciples. This was his goal as an immortal.

The next morning, the trio bid farewell to the Zhou Clan. Four large crates sat securely inside his spatial bag. Lin Qingcheng had indeed managed to fill her crates with a wide variety of things, much to his amusement.

With one disciple in each arm, Chen Wentian flew off towards Ten Thousand Flower Valley to the northwest. On the way, Zhou Ziyun updated him on her people and the status of construction. Around two hundred people had arrived outside the valley and set up camp by the river. Some had started clearing a path into the valley while others were chopping down trees for lumber. More people were arriving every day along with draft animals and additional supplies.

He was happy with the progress and that the clan could manage everything without his assistance. He was also pleasantly surprised by Zhou Ziyun's thoroughness and attention to detail. It was clear that she was closely monitoring her people and managing things herself instead of simply repeating their reports to him. She was already starting to take over as the new clan head, far quicker than he had imagined.

"Master, we still need to finalize the design of the main sect building." Zhou Ziyun said.

She produced several blueprints for him to look over. The most important factor yet to be decided was size. The bigger, the longer it would take. There were different designs based on how many disciples he intended to take in.

This was indeed a tricky subject. Chen Wentian has always been a loner. He wasn't used to being around too many people so he naturally preferred a smaller number of disciples. He also felt, in the past few days, a great amount of pressure as he tried to satisfy both Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun. They had different personalities and habits. Two of them already occupied a lot of his time and energy.

He wondered what would happen if he had a hundred disciples or even a thousand. Such numbers weren't uncommon for immortal sects, it was even expected. Yet, it would mean that for most of them, he wouldn't get to know them on a personal level or form close bonds. He couldn't bear his flowers being neglected behind glass cases. He wanted to feel, to savor their fragrance, and hold them in his arms.

"I think we should go with the smallest design, for fifty disciples at maximum." He decided.

"Are you sure?" Zhou Ziyun asked.

"I'm sure." He said firmly.

He was a person with high standards. He wouldn't accept disciples carelessly moving forward.

Both girls smiled at his words. Despite their differences, their thoughts were aligned at that moment. Fewer disciples meant less competition for their master's attention.

After basking in their happiness for a while, he remembered something and asked, "I saw that design included private bathing rooms for each disciple's room. Is that really needed? What about a shared bath?"

He always had a fantasy of many naked beauties playing together in a shared bath. He had imagined that he would hide in a corner and peep to his heart's content. He didn't want that dream to be dashed so quickly.

Zhou Ziyun was against the idea. She was very adamant about private bathrooms and argued with him for a long time. In the end, both sides got what they wanted as she promised to add a shared bath to the design in addition to private ones.

When Lin Qingcheng wasn't paying attention, Zhou Ziyun pressed her body against him and whispered, "Master, I know why you want shared facilities."

"What?" He spluttered, his face reddening.

She grinned and slid a hand over the bulge in his pants and gave him a squeeze, "But I can show you why a private bath can be great as well. I promise."

He gulped and nodded.

They eventually arrived at the entrance of Ten Thousand Flower Valley and set up camp. It was a complete wilderness so Chen Wentian used his spiritual energy to clear a large area next to the river. There was nothing else here except trees, grass, and too many wild beasts.

This arrangement left him frustrated because of the close proximity to each other. He couldn't touch Lin Qingcheng's body as he wished and he also couldn't get any alone time with Zhou Ziyun to experience her wonderful mouth again. He could do nothing but be patient. Once the main building was finished, his spring would return after a period of darkness.

With nothing else to do, he behaved like a respectable master. He even started teaching them a set of supreme martial arts called The Nineteen Demon Subduing Palms. This was something he had discovered by chance in a secret region filled with dangers. It included many attack patterns that utilized fists, palms, and kicks. It was an all-around fighting art that was far superior to anything that mortals could come up with.

As the days passed, his two disciples remained competitive and spirited. Both of them were keenly aware of everything he did and how much time he spent with one of them. If he trained with Lin Qingcheng for a while, Zhou Ziyun would find excuses to touch him

inappropriately. If he stayed with Zhou Ziyun for too long, Lin Qingcheng would get pouty and gaze at him with sad eyes.

He sincerely wished that Zhou Ziyun could suck him off while Lin Qingcheng watched hungrily. He really wanted to rub Lin Qingcheng's pussy while Zhou Ziyun stared in awe. But he was a dignified immortal so he couldn't do those things. He also felt that had not built up enough trust and intimacy between them to pull it off. But someday, he swore to himself, it would happen someday.

Chen Wentian was eventually saved from his misery as more and more people arrived. Once the numbers approached a thousand, Zhou Ziyun was pulled away to oversee various teams and projects.

When each group of newcomers arrived, he would always greet them first and then direct them toward Zhou Ziyun.

"She's the boss. Listen to her orders."

"She's the boss. She will assign you tasks."

He had faith in her. She would do a much better job than he could ever hope. He didn't interject at all because he would only get in the way.

"That way, she's the boss."

"Go over there, she's the boss."

Finally, everybody was gathered and hard at work. Seeing things were moving in a good direction, Chen Wentian decided to leave his disciples in the valley and head out to handle some urgent business.