

Immortal Only Accepts Female Disciples #Chapter 660: A Cruel Woman - Read Immortal Only Accepts Female Disciples Chapter 660: A Cruel Woman

Chapter 660: A Cruel Woman

Negotiations between the two immortals didn't take long and they soon returned. Afterward, Chen Wentian and the Bei Clan people left the city lord's mansion. The remaining guards and their lord Chang Ping all remained kneeling on the ground, fearful of the immortal that hovered over their heads.

Immortal Lake Mystic Qian Hu studied these men with an expression that would have surprised Chen Wentian if he was still here. Gone was the reasonable woman he had interacted with. Instead, it was replaced with one of arrogance and cruelty.

"Why are you lot so useless? You couldn't even take care of such a simple problem." She asked harshly.

Of course, nobody dared to answer.

"Tch... you all can give yourselves twenty lashes with the jewel whip as punishment. Chang Ping, if any one of them slacks off, then you will receive all of their lashes instead."

"L... Lady Qian. Rest assured; the punishment will be carried out!" He replied, though his voice trembled with fright.

"Mmm, is the next batch ready?"

"Yes!" Chang Ping's face brightened, "We have managed to find ten candidates that have met your requirements. I can send them to your quarters shortly."

"Good, do that. Qian Xi, let's go!"

The immortal and her disciple turned away and left the main hall. But before they had disappeared from view, the city lord had pulled out a long whip that was studded with stones and gems. Even as the suffocating aura of immortal might left the hall, screams of agony filled the space and echoed all over.

Qian Hu snorted with laughter as the noise reached her ears. "Mmmm, the screams of men are always so delectable."

Qian Xi nodded her head like an obedient hen, "Yes, master."

"Men will always try to slack off and ignore your orders. We must always be diligent and make sure to whip them until they abandon their nature."

“Yes, master.”

“And you,” Qian Hu suddenly paused and rounded on her disciple.

Qian Xi dropped to her knees in fright and kowtowed.

Qian Hu gave her a kick that sent her sprawling, “Useless thing. You couldn’t even handle a pipsqueak at the Mind Focusing Realm. How were you so useless?”

“I... I...”

The younger woman was speechless. She couldn’t explain how that Bei Yingluo had put up such a good fight. She wanted to crawl into a hole and disappear but her master’s anger would still reach her there.

For Qian Hu, she wasn’t truly angry at her disciple but at a certain male. She had been outplayed by a man, something that had not happened in many years. It was also something unacceptable to her and to the teachings of her empress.

Men were servants. They existed beneath women. This was the custom of the Sapphire Mystic Empire. It was the law of the land laid down by her empress through martial might.

But this mysterious Elder Mo had fooled her. If she had also helped her disciple secretly, she would not have had to show her face. That last attack was truly despicable. Qian Xi would have lost her life otherwise.

“Whatever, I’ll let it go this time.” She said.

“Thank you, master. Thank you, master.” Qian Xi repeated that a few more times before rejoining her master’s side.

The pair didn’t speak again until they returned to the immortal’s quarters. The city lord’s private room had been converted to her tastes and now contained abundant silks and beast furs. In the middle was a large bed made of ornately carved wood. A sweet fragrance filled the air which came from several candles and incense burners.

The place was cozy and carried the faint scent of sex even though there was nobody else present.

Qian Hu lay on the bed and sighed. She stared up at the ceiling while her disciple served her tea. After a few more moments, Qian Xi finally found the courage to speak.

“Master, will it be alright including the Bei Clan in our plans? Do you really intend to give them a way out?”

Qian Hu laughed and there was cruelty in her tone, "I actually find the Bei Clan quite interesting. They are a great example of the empress' wisdom reaching these northern lands. But since they have chosen to rely on that man, then they are worthless to me. I merely allowed them to join in our plan to use their strength for free. The desert is dangerous and unpredictable. Our plan is not without significant risk so what injuries and deaths they suffer won't be blamed on me."

"Amazing, master. You are actually using that man's disciple for our own benefit!"

"Hmm, of course. Men exist to be used by us. Even immortals. Speaking of which, looks like they are here. Bring them in."

"Yes, master."

The doors opened and a group of men filed in. They numbered ten in total and were all young and healthy. Their cultivations were nothing remarkable and even their appearances were average at best. At a glance, these men should have had use to an immortal but Qian Hu seemed delighted nonetheless.

"Very good. Mmmm, very good!"

She stalked around each of the men like a tigress looking for her next meal. She rubbed their shoulders, then their chest. She felt them up as she pleased and even squeezed their asses on multiple occasions.

If the men felt uncomfortable with the treatment, they didn't show it. They all had weirdly blank expressions and mild smiles. There was also a glazed look in their eyes as if their mind wasn't quite right.

"Alright, all of you, take off your pants!" Qian Hu said.

All of them followed her command. Without hesitation, they pulled down their pants and undid their undergarments, revealing themselves completely as if for her inspection.

Her eyes flashed with excitement as she studied each person's manhood. Her fingers twitched and she even licked her lips. She looked like a fox in the henhouse as if she couldn't wait to dig in.

She went up to the first young man. He still sported a weird expression and didn't seem to realize where he was. She didn't pay attention to that and knelt down to focus on her prize.

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Qian Hu started fondling the first young man's junk. She squeezed and stretched his limp cock to measure its length and girth. She weighed his balls in her palm as if she was buying plums at the market. She even peeled back his foreskin to study his health. Although her hands were boney and wrinkly, the young man still got an erection quickly which allowed her to measure him again.

"Mmm... good. Size is good, six out of ten. Liveliness is average, four out of ten. His balls are symmetrical and they have a good weight, six out of ten..."

As she voiced her analysis, her disciple Qian Xi quickly wrote all of them down on a bamboo scroll.

"Alright, time for a taste."

With that, Qian Hu leaned forward and latched her lips onto the young man's cock. He let out a moan and closed his eyes as if he was being pleased by the most beautiful woman. It was as if he couldn't see the frightfully old and ugly immortal kneeling in front of him.

She started sucking him off with great force and pace. Her head bobbed up and down on his shaft. Her lips maintained a healthy suction. She was a professional and could easily slide his lengthy cock down her throat to provide additional pleasure.

"Mmm... mmm..."

She hummed to herself as she worked. She was enjoying herself. The flavor of young, fresh cock was irresistible in her eyes.

Very soon, the young man let out a strangled cry and came. His hips jerked several times as he emptied himself into the old immortal's mouth.

Qian Hu pulled back; her mouth was filled with fresh semen. She didn't swallow and instead held it to savor the taste. She was like a connoisseur judging an exquisite meal.

"Volume is poor, two out of ten, but that can be improved a little. The taste is slightly weird, three out of ten, but that can also be improved. Let's test his yang energy."

"Yes, master."

Qian Xi walked over with a small bronze caldron. Multiple motifs of erect cocks were carved onto the surface. The handles were also cocks.

Qian Hu leaned over and spit out everything in her mouth into the caldron. She then closed the lid and activated her spiritual energy. The caldron lifted into the air and started to spin. Surrounded by a thick layer of spiritual energy from the immortal, it started to glow.

After a few moments, the caldron returned to the ground and spit out a colorful mist. Qian Hu studied it for a second and then nodded with satisfaction.

"Excellent grade, high concentration of yang energy. Overall evaluation, pass. He didn't let me down!" She chuckled, "Although his volume is quite low, the quality of his seed will still have many uses. We'll bring him back with us."

"Yes, master!"

Qian Xi was also excited. It wasn't often that the caldron gave off an excellent grade. This young man would serve them well.

The old immortal moved on to the next young man. She once again started by taking his measurements.

"... Size is average, five out of ten. Liveliness is average, five out of ten. His balls are asymmetrical but the size of his larger one is quite impressive; this could be an advantage or it might not. I will have to see what he can actually produce."

She sucked off the second man with the same force and speed. It didn't take long before he came inside her mouth. There was a lot and her cheeks puffed out trying to contain it all without spilling.

"Volume is surprisingly good, six out of ten. The taste is mild, also six out of ten. Let's see what the cauldron will say."

She delivered the second man's seed to the caldron and watched it activate. After a while, it once again spat out some colorful mist.

“Another excellent grade...” She sighed, “If only his balls were symmetrical, we could have had a real winner. He won’t sell as well but at least he still has some uses and we can earn a profit. We’ll take him.”

“Yes, master.”

The same process continued with the remaining eight men. The master and disciple pair evaluated each man and recorded all the measurements. One of the men had a large, impressive cock and gained a good physical evaluation. However, he could only produce a small amount of semen so he only received an average grade. Another one had a small cock that made Qian Hu laugh. However, he was a volume monster and produced so much semen that it took her breath away.

The young men were as different as clouds in the sky. Each person had some drawbacks but also strengths. In the end, nine out of the ten passed the evaluation. They would be brought back to the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago where they would each fetch a healthy price on the market.

“Damn, that old hag can really suck dick.” Chen Wentian muttered as he finished observing the scene.

He didn’t know a whole lot about the southern empire and wanted to see what they were about. What he found out was disturbing but also fascinating.

Slavery existed all over the world and it wasn’t that big of a surprise that an empire ruled by women would have male slaves. What surprised him was the careful evaluation that the old immortal performed. He had only heard about it from an obscure book in the Immortal Association library.

“She was selecting male caldrons? It has to be that...”

That was the most likely possibility. The concept of living caldrons for cultivation existed for both males and females. In fact, the cultivation arts of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen could be considered a mild form of cultivating female caldrons. The women of the order cultivated their bodies so that they ultimately benefitted the men they had sex with. In effect, they were turning their bodies into a living cauldron.

This could also happen to men. It would depend on the specific methodology and cultivation arts employed but the concept was the same. Men with strong yang energy and sexual prowess could be used as cultivation cauldrons to benefit the women they had sex with.

There could also be other uses. From the detailed evaluation, it seemed that sex wasn’t the only thing that mattered and there were other factors in play.

“Interesting. Really interesting.”

Chen Wentian resolved to visit the mysterious southern empire at the earliest opportunity. He felt that he would be able to learn many things. He wasn't interested in becoming a male cauldron but he was a broad-minded person.

If he could find ways to improve himself for the benefit of his disciples, he was willing to try them out. As long as there were no negative effects on himself, it sounded like a fun and sexy experience and he couldn't wait to find out!

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Chapter 662: A Grand Project

The flash of light receded and Bei Yingluo cast her sights on an endless desert that stretched to the horizon in all directions. Flat, rocky terrain surrounded her. Aside from some sparse mud huts that surrounded the small teleportation array, there were no other signs of human life or any other life for that matter.

“Bei Clan, gather up!” She said as she took stock of her people.

The same group that had gone to the city lord's manor at Drifting Sand City were with her now. They were in the middle of the Great Hui Desert, many hundreds of kilometers south of the city. This outpost lay along the ancient trade route that led humans from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent to the southern ocean.

With her was her first aunt, fourth aunt, fifth aunt, and tenth aunt. The others were pregnant or nursing newborns and could not come for this lengthy and dangerous mission. The rest of the group were all the men of the clan that could fight.

Behind the Bei Clan, more people arrived along with camels and desert mules. They carried an abundance of supplies including food, clothing, tools, and weapons. There were also a large number of heavy metal crates protected by an impressive contingent of city guards as well as a few scantily clad women who came from the south.

Once everyone was ready, they left the tiny outpost and set off towards the south, following a dusty path that was half-covered with sand. Bei Yingluo and the Bei Clan were at the front and acted as the vanguard. They were responsible for dealing with all dangers that appeared whether it was wild beasts or bandits.

Bei Yingluo took the lead position, her Jade Tusk Spear slung on her shoulder. She carried an extra pack on her back. Although she had a spatial bag, she still carried extra supplies in solidarity with her people who were each laden with multiple bags.

She looked left and right and then up at the blazing sun. Already, she was sweating profusely from the heat. It was still early morning but it felt as if they were standing in the middle of a frying pan.

This was going to be her life for the next few weeks, perhaps even a month or two. This was the mission her master had agreed to with that female immortal from the south named Immortal Lake Mystic Qian Hu. The Bei Clan would participate in the grand project undertaken by the southern empire. In exchange, the clan would not only have their ancestral home returned, they would gain ten times the land within the city as well as the right to participate in the future political and power structure of the city.

Bei Yingluo didn't care too much about such things but her aunts had been greatly drawn to these rewards. In the past, they had just been a minor family with no power within the city. They had to obey and were bullied around by the larger factions. Now, they had an opportunity to leap over the dragon gate. This was especially important to the older generation as it would represent a brilliant moment in the Bei Clan's legacy.

But to reach that point, it would not be easy.

The mission was part of the grand project by the Sapphire Mystic Empire to finally connect the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago and the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent by teleportation array. It was something that had been impossible up until now.

The Great Hui Desert spanned the area of several provinces. At its narrowest point, it was still over ten thousand kilometers in width. This was the hiding ground of senior Dugu's fourth sword ground. Many experts from the Immortal Association had come to analyze the land and search for the sword ground to no avail.

The desert winds and ever-shifting sands carried with them strange and unpredictable undulations of void energy. If one happened to take the teleportation array across the desert right when such a void energy event was taking place, they would be lucky to survive and end up in the middle of nowhere. If they were unlucky, they would directly be shredded into nothingness by the clashing void energies. Even immortals might not be able to survive.

This was why in the past centuries, no faction bothered to set up a teleportation array across the desert. Immortals simply chose to fly the distance and mortals had to make the trip on foot through the treacherous land. That was, until now...

This was the grand plan of the Sapphire Mystic Empire, to finally establish a teleportation array across the desert. However, they still had no answer for the desert's void energy fluctuations. Therefore, the teleportation array was not a single connection but multiple ones in a long series.

Every one hundred kilometers, they would establish an outpost and a miniature teleportation array. They would also lay down special arrays around each outpost to detect spatial anomalies. If one was detected, a message would be sent to the north and the south and all attempts at teleportation would be paused until the event had passed.

It was an ingenious idea albeit an extremely expensive one. Instead of two teleportation arrays, one each at the northern edge of the desert and the southern edge, now there would have to be one hundred teleportation arrays. Although each array was much smaller and less powerful than normal, the overall cost in terms of spiritual crystals and inscription arrays was thirty or forty times as much.

The Sapphire Mystic Empire was willing to foot the bill. They were even willing to supply the rare spatial-attribute spiritual crystals needed to construct the arrays. However, it was still easier said than done.

The responsibility of constructing each outpost and protecting it fell on mortals like the Bei Clan. It was just them but the other major families of Drifting Sand City. They were all involved. Some of the families had let their people join the city guards and were under the direct command of the Sapphire Mystic Empire. Others were in a similar situation as the Bei Clan where they were providing manpower as independent factions.

The success or the failure of the mission was on these mortals. The various immortals such as Qian Hu and Chen Wentian would not be involved unless their people met insurmountable dangers. After all, this teleportation array benefitted mortals the most. It would turn a dangerous trek across the desert that would take many months into an instant. It would increase trade between lands on the opposite sides of the desert. It would turn Drifting Sand City to the north and the city of Green Tide Bay to the south into vibrant trading hubs and bring great wealth to the people of both cities.

This was why the Bei Clan was here, for the sake of a brighter future for the clan and their future generations. This was why Bei Yingluo was here, to support her family. The opportunity to fight wild beasts and practice her secret ability seemed almost like an afterthought.

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Chapter 663: A Real Battle (I)

Bei Yingluo and her group marched steadily through the desert. It was still early morning and they wanted to make good time before it got really hot. They would then have to take a break until it was close to sundown before they could resume walking. They wanted to make it to the next outpost location in three days at most. This meant they would have to push the pack animals to the limit and travel throughout the night when it was cooler. But this would also mean more possibility of dangers.

“Yingluo, look! That mountain is called the Love Break Cliff. They say that over a hundred people have jumped off that cliff due to a broken heart.” Fourth Aunt Bei Jixiang pointed to a set of jagged peaks in the distance.

She then proceeded to tell other tall tales about the surrounding geography. This section of the Great Hui Desert was mountainous. It was mostly dry cliffs and barren hills with the occasional mountain range in between. The trade route went up and then down over the terrain and there wasn't a single drop of water to be found anywhere.

“Jixiang, you know so much about this region. Did you work for the trade caravans?” The person who asked was her husband, Sun Di.

Known as Red Saber Sun Di, he wielded a large saber that emitted flame energy. As a result, he walked several meters away from everyone else. He didn't seem to mind and even seemed to enjoy the environment.

“That's right, I would sometimes join groups that escorted caravans through this region. The pay was good and I could meet some handsome men.”

“Cough, cough.” Sun Di doubled over as he choked on his own spit.

He looked like he wanted to say something but was afraid to.

“Sis, don't tease your hubby too much. Otherwise, I might just steal him away from you.” Fifth Aunt Bei Jiyang chimed in.

“You dare?” Bei Jixiang shot back.

The two continued to bicker for the rest of the morning. Their wide-ranging arguments did not result in too much ill-will but they provided the family with plenty of entertainment. As long as these two were around, the trip wouldn't be boring.

"Alright, alright. You two, stop arguing. Let's set up camp and rest." Bei Yingluo said.

The group stopped beside a tall cliff that provided shade against the blazing sun. The Bei Clan formed a perimeter while the other people tended to the draft animals or unpacked their bags. All morning, they had not seen another human being or even a living creature so the group was in good spirits.

Bei Yingluo remained alert and studied the surrounding cliffs. Danger was all around them even if they couldn't see it. The Great Hui Desert wasn't a walk in the park.

Suddenly, she sensed the fluctuation of spiritual energy from above their heads.

"Careful!"

Right as she shouted, several large boulders broke off from the cliff face. From the height of several stories, they came thundering downward like heavenly hammers.

Before the people below could scream out in fright or lament their impending death, Bei Yingluo leaped into action.

"Grow!"

The Jade Tusk Spear in her hands glowed with jade-green spiritual energy. As she swung at the largest piece of rock that was as big as a horse carriage, her spear multiplied in weight. It turned from a metal spear that weighed a few kilograms into a heavenly rod that exceeded several tons.

Crack!

The spear slammed horizontally into the rock and shattered it into countless pieces.

Kah!

Crash!

Around her, her aunts and in-laws had also leaped into action. The largest rocks were all dealt with while the group was pelted with smaller pebbles and clouds of dust.

"Stay alert! It's not yet!" First Aunt Bei Yujing reminded the rest.

She was right and more boulders detached from the cliff face as if the mountain itself was alive and trying to kill them. The Bei Clan members blocked this second wave while

the rest fled to safety. When the dust finally settled, three desert mules had been crushed to death but there were no other casualties.

Bei Yingluo stared fiercely up at the cliffs. She found the culprits and she wasn't going to let them go.

"I'll take care of it!"

She lifted her spear above her head. Instead of weighing several tons, it had turned light as a feather. Gathering all of her strength, she threw it like a javelin at a particular spot among the sand-colored rocks.

Bang!

Her spear went flying after it collided with something extremely heavy.

Roar!

Half the cliff fell away as a massive creature with long, spindly legs emerged. It was a giant stone spider, a powerful predator of the desert.

The beast stared at the minuscule Bei Yingluo and roared again. Its stony carapace exuded power and spiritual energy. It was at least at the third or fourth level of the Spirit Initiate Realm, a fearsome opponent given its size and power.

"Yingluo, let us handle it." Bei Yujing came up with the other aunts.

Bei Yingluo waved her off and summoned the Jade Tusk Spear which returned to her hand.

"No, I can handle it! This was master's instruction to me, to fight until I run out of strength. This spider is an excellent first opponent!"

At her words, her family members backed away. Although they were apprehensive, they understood the power of that spear. Bei Yingluo might still be at the Mind Focusing Realm but as long as she had that weapon, there wasn't too much to worry about.

Bei Yingluo brandished the Jade Tusk Spear and the beast, "Come, don't you want to eat me?"

Roar!

The spider came down the cliff and charged toward her. She also leaped forward to engage the beast. Her master had told her to be wild and she had to obey.

She had finally been able to activate her secret power for the third time. She was eager for a fourth and even a fifth. She still didn't quite understand what had happened during her fight with Thousand Streams Qian Xi at the city lord's manor. All she remembered was that she had been really tired and desperate. It had been the kind of feeling that training and sparring couldn't create. It had to be a real battle.

Faced with such a powerful beast, she wasn't going to give up until she felt that crimson spiritual energy once more.

Chapter 664: A Real Battle (II)

The giant stone spider wasn't fast but each of its eight limbs were like small mountains as they swung around. Every time it struck the ground, it would blast out waves of shattered rock and choking dust. It could easily lift boulders the size of horses and throw them like it was nothing.

Bei Yingluo was barely holding on. She ducked and dodged while stabbing at the beast's limbs. They were like pillars of stone and her spear could only leave small scratches. Although her weapon was strong, she was too weak to fully utilize its power. It could not be broken by the spider's attacks but her own attacks were as effective as tickling it.

Still, she pressed on.

She swung her heavy spear left and right and stabbed with all of her strength. Her opponent was so strong it was like sparring against her senior sisters. Except, this spider did not know the concept of holding back.

As the fight dragged on, she suffered more and more injuries. Her hands were bruised from holding onto the spear while trying to block massive flying boulders. She had several cuts on her cheeks from razor-sharp rock shards. Her clothes were also starting to turn into tatters as she was battered by the beast's spiritual aura.

"Damn it!"

She struck out with her spear but it only managed to leave behind a small hole in the spider's stony carapace. The spear felt so heavy but she couldn't lighten it any further. Her whole body ached and she was about to faint.

The concept of a Mind Focusing Realm cultivator fighting an opponent at the Spirit Initiate Realm was already an improbable concept. One side could utilize spiritual energy to protect their bodies and also empower their attacks. The other side could only utilize some tricks of the mind to improve their physical capabilities. It was an entire realm and it was just too difficult.

"Yingluo! Let us help!" Bei Yujing shouted over the noise of the battle.

Bei Yingluo shook her head as she lifted herself up once more with the support of her spear, “No, first aunt, don’t. This is my master’s mission for me. I have to keep going!”

She lightened her spear a little and once again attacked.

The giant stone spider roared and swung its thick limbs around like battering rams.

Chen Wentian watched from the rear with a sour feeling in his heart. He had no problem with Bei Yingluo trying her best. She was always diligent in her training and it was good that she could bring the same mindset to a real battle. He was concerned only with the number of injuries she was suffering in the process.

Her outfit was naturally high-quality but it was not meant to completely protect her in a dangerous battle. That would be impossible unless she was wearing a full set of protective armor from head to toe or if she had high-quality spiritual armor.

Lin Qingcheng’s Golden Serpent Robe came to mind. After wearing that armor, she had never suffered a single scratch ever since. It was a truly remarkable feat.

But that was the only spiritual armor he had and he had spoiled his first disciple with it. She deserved it but his other disciples also deserved better. It was difficult to find compatible souls for spiritual armor but he resolved to work it in the future. The idea was to have his disciples all wielding a Spirit Lord weapon as well as wearing a Spirit Lord armor. It was an extravagant dream but he could pull it off if he worked hard enough.

“Ahh!” Bei Yingluo’s pained scream brought the fight to a stop.

She had just suffered a full-on blow from the giant stone spider. She was sent flying but before she could slam into the sharp stones that littered the ground, Chen Wentian had slipped past the bystanders and caught her.

“Master... I can still...” She gasped even though her mouth was full of blood and she had suffered some internal injuries.

“Silly girl. You did alright. You can rest now.”

Bei Yingluo swallowed thickly and then nodded. She was disappointed in herself. That last blow she suffered had been her own doing. She had put herself in a dangerous situation in an attempt to trigger the crimson energy but it didn’t work out. She couldn’t fool her body and her secret power.

Being tired to the point of fainting was not the trigger. Being in mortal danger was also not the trigger. It was frustrating. She still couldn’t control her power.

Chen Wentian brought Bei Yingluo to the rear. He fed her a high-quality recovery pill and treated her external wounds with a healing salve. Meanwhile, her four aunts had all charged ahead together and were pressuring the large beast from all sides.

The giant stone spider roared in fury but it was pinned down by four sets of spears and spear arts. First Aunt Bei Yujing was fierce and unrelenting. Her spear, infused with spiritual energy, constantly broke off chunks of sandy stone from the spider armor. In a blink, she had already crippled one of its limbs with a series of non-stop attacks.

Fourth Aunt Bei Jixiang was quick and agile. She was able to occupy four of the beast's limbs while still holding her ground. She also didn't let it run and constantly moved to cut off its path back up the cliff.

Fifth Aunt Bei Shuang was tall and slender but her physique hid a lot of innate strength. Her attacks were more like a metal hammer crashing down than a slender spear. She attacked the spider's head, blinding its eyes and smashing its fangs into dust.

Tenth Aunt Bei Yifang was short and petite. She was even quicker than the fourth aunt and had managed to climb onto the spider's huge back. She stabbed away at this vulnerable spot even as the spider bucked around wildly to try and throw her off.

The four Bei Clan women worked together and made quick work of the spider. After only a few rounds, it collapsed and let out its last breath. Its limbs curled up and it almost looked like a jagged boulder from a distance. The dumb beast had been fooled by Bei Yingluo's weak cultivation and had left the safety of the cliffs. On flat ground, it was easy prey.

"Great! Start a fire! We're having roasted spider legs for lunch!" Bei Yujing shouted.

"Yeah!"

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Chapter 665: Speaking of Family

Things calmed down after the spider was defeated. The men scaled the cliffs to double check for more beasts but there were none. This place only had one apex predator which had just met its demise. They even checked the hidden lair but nothing of value.

The convoy relaxed and rested for the long journey that was still ahead. Some ate lunch while others slept. The afternoon sun was blazing hot but under the shade, the temperature was much cooler.

The Bei Clan started a fire to cook the spider. As residents of the desert, the aunts knew how to properly cook this beast. Small stone spiders were often sold in the markets. The giant variety was not bad either, a rare delicacy.

There wasn't much edible meat in the spider's body but its legs were good. Eight giant legs that were each as thick as a small tree trunk and longer than four or five meters, each one contained a lot of meat and was enough to feed the group.

"Elder Mo, please try it."

Chen Wentian received a chunk of spider leg that was still in its shell. It had been split in half for easier cooking and eating. The flesh was white and still bubbling with hot oil. There was some kind of spice on top.

He tried it. It was fragrant, spicy, and sweet. It was surprisingly good and tasted like shrimp. The meat was tender, fatty, and very satisfying.

With his meal in hand, he sat down next to Bei Yingluo who was lying down on a soft bed under the shade. He checked her condition. She wasn't in any danger. It would take her a good sleep to get back on her feet and a day at most to be able to fight again.

"You want a bite?" He asked.

Bei Yingluo looked up at him, "Mas... my lord... I'm not hungry."

Since they were within earshot of the others, she reverted to a more ambiguous way of calling him. She often used it in the bedroom and it was funny hearing it in this situation.

"Oh? When did this Elder Mo become your lord?" He said in a low voice. "Are you trying to mess around behind your master's back?"

She opened her mouth in protest. But before she could say anything, he stuffed her mouth with a piece of spider leg meat.

"Mmm..."

Her annoyed expression was quite cute. She dutifully chewed and swallowed. Afterward, he fed her some more.

"Don't stress out too much about the fight. It was a tough opponent." He said, "Were you able to feel anything? Any inkling of that crimson energy?"

She shook her head, "There was nothing. I really thought I finally had it. Do you think I have to face an even stronger opponent?"

"Maybe, maybe not. There should be plenty more opportunities in this wild desert. Eat up so you can recover quicker. This spider meat is quite good."

Around them, the Bei Clan were enjoying their meal. Like Bei Yingluo who was being fed by Chen Wentian, the four aunts were receiving similar treatment from their partners who fed them juicy morsels or poured them tea. Sometimes, they argued about inane things. Other times, they even dared to share intimate moments without regard for those around them.

"You have an interesting family." Chen Wentian said idly, "I never thought polyandry could be a thing. But looking at them, they all seem happy."

Bei Yingluo nodded along, "It has worked for our clan for many generations. We are used to it."

"The women are used to it but what about the men? You mentioned that during bad times, some clan members might not be able to find proper husbands. Now that things are good, will they be able to deal with suddenly having multiple? It seems like some of them aren't content with two or even three. Your first aunt, especially."

She laughed, "First aunt does have peculiar tastes. It is up to each woman to manage their household. But in general, conflicts are kept to a minimum through our vigorous rules on pregnancies. The mother has to treat all children equally and the fathers have to all help raise them. Also, the women must try their best to give each husband a child so that nobody will feel left out."

"A child for each husband? Your first aunt will have to work hard!"

The two of them shared a laugh.

Chen Wentian took another bite of spider meat. Such a situation was really interesting to see as a bystander. It was something that he would have never been satisfied with. However, not everyone was lucky enough to have stumbled upon a heaven-defying soul art. All things considered, the Bei Clan was an attractive prospect for men that would otherwise have no hope for advancing their cultivation or having a family.

"Speaking of family," Bei Yingluo said, "I've never heard you mention your family before. Where is your hometown? Are your parents still well?"

He shot her a look and frowned. He swept a wave of spiritual energy around them for privacy and then pinched her cheek.

“Ow...” She protested, “It was an honest question!”

“...” Chen Wentian sighed but didn’t say anything.

He thought about it for a while. He had always kept some things tightly guarded, even with his disciples. His past was one of them. It wasn’t that he was embarrassed about anything. He just felt that it was no longer relevant to his current life. He was a Spirit King already, walking the immortal path.

“There isn’t much to tell. My family was ordinary people with hardly any cultivation. My background was unremarkable. But those are events of the past. I have already left it all behind.”

She reached over and patted his arm, “I won’t pry if you don’t want to say. Each person has different experiences. For me and the Bei Clan, family is everything. Parents, ancestors, siblings, and children, we hold everyone dear to our hearts. Our family is our legacy and we will all fight for it.”

He smiled at her. Her words were always so comforting. She knew what to say and when, it was a special trait that none of his other disciples had.

“Then maybe I am also the same,” He said earnestly, “The past is the past but I have a new family now, my disciples and my sect. And just like the Bei Clan, I will fight for this legacy I have established.”

“That’s good.” She replied simply.

“Yes, that’s good.”

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Chapter 666: His Past

As the fiery sun started to set over the horizon, the convoy resumed their journey southward. Well-rested and well-fed, they would have to move quickly and cover as much distance as possible during the cool night.

“Stay sharp!”

“Don’t fall behind!”

With Bei Yingluo out of commission for the moment, first aunt Bei Yujing took her natural position as the leader. She sent off two scouting parties to cover their flanks attacks while she led the main group along the dirt path.

The half-moon was bright and the evening was clear. All around them, cliffs and valleys turned into giant black dragons and shadowy ghosts. It was beautiful and oppressive at the same time. There was no telling if they were being stalked by wild beasts or bandits. The rear guard, which comprised a separate clan, had it the worst and constantly had to look over their shoulders at every gust of wind.

The most relaxed out of them all was Chen Wentian. Covered in a black cloak and with his face shrouded in shadow, he was completely at home among the darkness. With the powers of the shadow fox, his eyes could see everything to the horizon. His spiritual sense let him know every living thing in the vicinity.

The night was comfortable. The air was clean and the scenery was striking. He should have been in a good mood yet he had a frown.

He was still thinking of the prior discussion with Bei Yingluo. She had asked him a question that, by some miracle, no other disciple had asked him until now. He never mentioned his past to them and maybe they had all been too afraid to ask.

He didn’t blame them. He was someone who lived in the present. The person he was now was utterly incomparable to the person he was before he attained the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art. There was almost no point in mentioning it anymore.

Almost...

The only thing still worth consideration was the exact source of this heavenly cultivation art. He had happened upon it by pure chance. He didn’t know where it came from or why it had landed where it did. There was also the issue that he could pass it down to anyone. It was physically impossible for him to teach this soul art to anyone.

There were still many mysteries regarding this and the concept of nirvana.

Many immortals spoke of nirvana but it was just a dream. It was the same as how mortals viewed the immortal realms. Perhaps the highest powers of the world at the Spirit Demigod Realm knew some secrets that others didn’t. But as far as anyone knew,

nobody had ever reached nirvana in recorded history, not humans or beasts or even demons.

But Chen Wentian had such a cultivation art.

Just like how he was working hard to help his disciples figure out their abilities, he realized that he should also spend some time on himself. He had somewhat taken it for granted in the past. Coming up from a mortal and then from a Spirit Lord to a Spirit King, he had only been focusing on short-term goals without regard for anything else.

He needed to practice what he preached. He needed to find time to look back at his past so that he could move forward with confidence.

“Watch out! Danger ahead!”

Bei Yujing’s sharp voice jerked Chen Wentian out of his funk and also brought the convoy to a halt. He watched as one of the scouting parties returned in a panic. Behind them, the thundering of horse hooves could be heard.

Soon, a raiding party of bandits charged into view. They numbered several hundred and had more Spirit Initiate Realm experts than the Bei Clan. They carried an assortment of weapons. There was nothing consistent about them except for the long black banners that fluttered in the wind.

“Shit, it’s the Black Desert Gang!”

“Defensive formation!”

The bandits didn’t give them much time and directly charged at them head-on. Such a juicy target, far away from Drifting Sand City, it was what these bandits lived for.

The two sides clashed together with a cacophony of metal against metal and pained screams. The Bei Clan held the line but barely. It was only their superior armor and weapons provided by Chen Wentian’s money that saved their lives. Otherwise, they would be no better than these bandits.

“Just give up! We outnumber you four to one!” One of the bandits shouted over the noise.

“Nonsense!” Bei Yujing shouted back.

“Hahaha, feisty!” Another bandit taunted, “I’ll have you warm my bed tonight!”

“Go die!”

The battle became even fiercer. The Bei Clan side was still holding on but they were starting to suffer wounds. They managed to dispatch a few mouthy bandits but more took their place.

Even so, the enemies chose only to attack from the front to conserve their strength and superiority in numbers. The convoy had another protective force in the rear but they weren't doing much except watching the action.

This caused Bei Yujing to shout towards the back, "Hey! Liu Clan... what are you guys doing? Hurry and come help us!"

The rear guard came from the Liu Clan, another minor family of Drifting Sand City. They had always been the city lord's loyal dogs so they did not suffer too much harm during the beast siege. As such, the two clans were never on friendly terms but this was a dangerous situation.

"Come on!" Bei Yujing urged them again, "If we fight together, we can definitely beat them back!"

But instead of moving, one of the Liu Clan people replied in a flat voice, "We can't move, what if there are bandits hiding behind us? If we come to help you, then we would have failed our mission."

"If the convoy falls, then everybody will have failed their mission!"

The Liu Clan still didn't move, forcing the Bei Clan to continue struggling by themselves. It was as if they were saying to everyone that the Bei Clan's failure was their own. Each family had their own consideration and they weren't about to rescue a rival at their own expense.

"Damn it! Kill them!" Bei Yujing flew into a rage.

She slashed wildly at several strong bandits while cursing the Liu Clan with everything she could think of.

"These doggy bastards, fuck their grannies, I'll make them pay after this!"

The Bei Clan fed off of her spirit, especially the other three aunts. Indignation filled their hearts as they were reminded of the past situation with the beast siege which had similar circumstances as the current battle. The Liu Clan had also abandoned their mission back then.

Only now, they knew they were supported by Ten Thousand Flower Valley and Elder Mo so they all fought without fear, only anger!

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Chapter 667: Smells Like a Trick

The fierce battle in the middle of the night continued. The Bei Clan had high morale and better equipment. The bandits only had numbers but that was enough. Although they lost dozens of their members, they started pushing the Bei Clan back towards the convoy where the vulnerable pack animals and luggage were.

Even in this situation, the Liu Clan did not move from the rear. The bandits also did not spread out to use their numbers to the fullest. They only attacked the front and pretended like the rear didn't exist.

This whole thing smelled like a trick. Chen Wentian was an expert at many tricks and he could smell one from far away. These bandits were not acting naturally and they weren't even trying to hide it.

He suspected that maybe it had something to do with the city lord and that immortal hag. They were still relatively close to Drifting Sand City and bandits wouldn't normally be so brazen unless they had good information about a juicy target. It was easy for the Liu Clan and the bandits to work together and try to get rid of the Bei Clan.

Or maybe this was that old granny trying to test him.

He scoffed and disappeared from his spot. Since Bei Yingluo was still out of commission, there was no need to drag this farce out any longer. He melted into the darkness and charged into the midst of the battle.

"Ahh!"

"What happened?"

"Help!"

The frontline became chaotic as several bandits suddenly fell.

Chen Wentian didn't directly reveal his true power but aimed to cause small, debilitating injuries. These unfortunate bandits suddenly found the tendons in their arms or legs

severed. In other instances, they directly received a sneaky stab in the back. After suffering such sudden setbacks, they quickly fell prey to the Bei Clan's spears. And when the next group of bandits stepped up to fight, they received similar treatment and were also quickly felled.

"Who's there?"

"Careful!"

"Ahh, someone's behind us!"

Bei Yujing waved her spear in the air after she defeated another foe, "Bei Clan, stand strong! Elder Mo is supporting us! So, listen up, kill them all!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

The newly joined male members of the clan were especially ferocious as they counterattacked. The bandits fell like ripe wheat before a scythe. Their losses were hard to believe.

Feng Xuqi, the first husband of second aunt Bei Hao, wasn't too tall but he was wide and built like a brick wall. His weapon of choice was a mace and he swung it to great effect. Since the bandits were like wounded beasts, they were too slow to avoid being smashed into meat paste.

Liu Enshang, her second husband, was slender and scholarly. He wielded a classic sword like many cultivators and he was quite adept at it. He provided quick and accurate attacks that worked well with Feng Xuqi's brawn.

Red Saber Sun Di, fourth aunt Bei Jixiang's man, was a fierce warrior. His saber beheaded bandits left and right. Even those at the same cultivation level as him could not last for long. He left behind a trail of blood that rivaled that of first aunt Bei Yujing.

But the most eye-catching of them all was a newcomer to the Bei Clan. He was tall and strong, with a strikingly handsome face. He was by no means young and his handsomeness came from his ruggedness and manliness that came from years of experience and hardship. He fought with his bare hands. His punches and kicks could break steel and it was rumored that he could even fight like this against fearsome spiritual beasts.

His name was Meng Yi, the Tiger.

Chen Wentian had heard of this person before. He was quite famous around the northeastern region of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. He was a cultivator at the peak of

the Spirit Initiate Realm, a great talent that ended up as a loose cultivator for one reason or another. If only he could have studied at an immortal sect, he might have been considered on the same level as the top rankers of the Immortal Sect Competition.

Bei Rongyin, Bei Yingluo's mother, had good taste in men. Chen Wentian would not have liked it if his disciple's mother had picked up a random beggar off the street. At least, this Meng Yi met the most basic qualifications.

The battle didn't last too long after Chen Wentian started interfering. The bandits lost close to a hundred souls in a short period and were too frightened to continue. They all fled into the desert, leaving behind their dead and wounded to soak the desert with their blood.

"Hahaha, yes!"

"We won!"

The Bei Clan gathered and celebrated wildly. They had suffered no casualties, only some minor wounds. It was an overwhelming victory. Even if this was a group of the top disciples from an immortal sect, they could not have produced such a result. This was all because of one person who returned to his inconspicuous spot among the crowd.

The convoy took a little while to take stock of the situation and soon continued the journey like nothing had happened. The Bei Clan was still at the front while the Liu Clan was at the rear. They would switch positions the next day.

As the night got colder, everyone increased the pace to cover more distance. Everyone was jogging on foot except for the disciples of the Sapphire Mystic Empire who remained comfortable and unbothered inside their carriages.

However, these mysterious women would occasionally come outside. One or two of them would run alongside the convoy or head out a small distance away. All the while, they held a small instrument in their hands and waved it about in the air as if they were trying to catch mosquitos. Their actions were strange but nobody dared to ask.

Chen Wentian secretly tailed these women with his shadow anchors. What he overheard was enlightening to say the least.

The ruler of the Sapphire Mystic Empire was named Immortal Thousand Heavens Xuanyuan Xinran. Her name was domineering and her title was even more so. But the fact was that she could back it up with power. Not only was she a Spirit King, she also cultivated the rare Dao of space.

This was the reason that the Sapphire Mystic Empire dared to take on the grand project to connect the two regions through the Great Hui Desert. They did not need help from

the Immortal Association at all and could craft teleportation arrays themselves through Xuanyuan Xinran's power.

The things those disciples were waving about were spiritual instruments that measured fluctuations in spatial energy in the environment. They probably didn't know the details and were only doing as they were told. But they knew enough to attract Chen Wentian's interest.

He never knew such a place existed to the south of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. He really wanted to meet this Immortal Thousand Heavens. It was not every day that he could find a cultivator of the Dao of space. He had searched throughout the Martial Brilliance Continent and he still wasn't able to find one. They were all secretive and stingy.

Of course, his primary goal was to find a way to steal that Dao of space. He already had a method of creating spiritual crystals with void energy through his void bee. What he needed was a mature and reliable Dao that could utilize the raw resources he had.

He could earn a lot of money from selling void crystals but the profit was nowhere near what was possible. Those that could manufacture spatial treasures such as spatial bags and teleportation arrays kept the secret to themselves tightly and charged an arm and leg in manufacturing costs. If he could obtain those secrets, he would be able to afford whatever cultivation resources his disciples desired. He could even suppress those horny bastards of the Martial Brilliance Continent that still lusted after his Long Yifei.

His eyes flashed with excitement. It was decided, Chen Mo would have to head south at the earliest opportunity!

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Chapter 668: Fighting Mindset

It was the next day and the sun was already high in the sky. The convoy had covered over fifty kilometers and the pack animals were exhausted. They picked a valley with ample shade and settled down to rest. There was limited water but at least there was plenty of food to keep everyone fed and satisfied.

Just like they always did, the disciples of the Sapphire Mystic Empire went out to take measurements of the air and of void energy. They were accompanied by some of the Liu Clan as bodyguards. The Bei Clan was not involved in this and instead rested by themselves

“Look at those arrogant Liu Clan bastards. Is it so good kissing the ass of the city lord?” Bei Yujing muttered as she took sips from a jar of wine.

“Sister, they are just doing what they have to survive.” Fourth aunt Bei Jixiang said in a calm voice.

“Whatever, they don’t even behave like humans. They just act like dogs. Just barking all day and wagging their tails at their owners.” Bei Yujing took another swig and smacked her lips.

Tenth aunt Bei Yifang handed her another jar full of wine, “Sister, why did we have to take part in this project? All the benefits will go to that city lord and those women from the south. Even if we are allowed to stay in Drifting Sand City, our lives still won’t be as good as in Dragon Flower Province.”

Bei Yujing shook her head, “Dragon Flower Province belongs to the first three disciples. We can stay there, sure. But it will be difficult for our Bei Clan to take root and for our family to flourish. The sect master is ambitious and willing to spread his influence widely across the land. I think our interests are aligned. The lord is interested in this place and so are we.”

Bei Yifang sighed, “If only those witches from the south weren’t involved. Then we could have asked the lord to simply take over the city.”

“That wouldn’t have been good either.” Bei Yujing said, “Whenever that happens, he likes to bring in the second disciple’s people and rely on her. The Zhou Clan treats us fairly but having them here would also stunt our growth. No, what I want is for the Bei Clan to slowly develop and reestablish our foundation. With the support of the lord, we will be able to have a base of power with the city and be independent of the other disciples.”

“First Aunt is wise!”

“Cheers!”

“Cheers!”

In a separate tent, Chen Wentian and Bei Yingluo could overhear the conversation nearby. The two looked at each other and shared a smile.

“Your aunt can be loud and brash but she is quite insightful.” He commented.

“She is. She constantly thinks about the clan. Even more than me.” She replied. “With her around, I can focus more on my cultivation. I think I am mostly recovered. I will be able to fight again after a good sleep.”

To emphasize this, she waved her arms around and punched the air a few times.

“Good, good. Exerting yourself to the point of exhaustion wasn’t able to trigger the power so you don’t have to work yourself to death. I think it is better to focus on your mentality during battle.”

“Mentality?” She asked, not understanding.

She sat down next to him and he tapped her forehead, “What I mean is to be mindful of your thoughts during a fight. Not regarding how you are going to use your moves and counter the opponent’s. More about what you are feeling, why are fighting, and why you want to defeat the opponent.”

“That sounds a bit too philosophical...”

“It is but since your power doesn’t seem to have physical triggers, then maybe the trigger is mental. Great fear, great anger, and all kinds of intense emotions have a long history of affecting a person’s spiritual energy and their Dao. For example, there are many immortals recorded by the Immortal Association that had Daos related to the emotion of rage. The angrier they got, the stronger they were. Some of them could even fight opponents several levels higher than themselves.”

“I see.” Bei Yingluo pondered the matter for a little while and nodded, “Master’s words are wise. I will try to focus on my mentality.”

“Good disciple. Now...” He grinned slyly and pulled her closer, “How will you reward master for diligently protecting you and caring for you this past day?”

She blushed and fluttered her eyelids at him, “My lord... what would like?”

Her demeanor shifted as she ran a slender hand across his chest, “I can do anything that you desire.”

He traces a finger along her chin and then lightly kissed her lips, “Anything?”

“My lord, your servant will serve you until you are fully satisfied.”

As she said these alluring words, she started undoing her clothes. Her thin robes quickly fell down her shoulders, revealing pale white skin with a few faint scars from past battles. He kissed them lightly as she continued to undress. He didn’t think they were unattractive. He was a practical person and she was a practical woman.

He got rid of a few layers of his own clothes just in time to catch her baring her breasts. Unable to hold himself back, he reached up and tweaked her nipples. She giggled and slapped his naked chest lightly. Her fingers were soft and it felt nice.

Very soon, they were both naked and rolled around on the bed a few times. They shared heated kisses even as their hands roamed all over. She grabbed onto his hard-on to give him a few eager tugs. He palmed her firm ass, unable to get enough of the feeling of them in his fingers.

"My lord... what would you like?" She asked again.

She looked up at him with watery eyes. He felt her unspoken emotion, unwavering trust, and loyalty. It made his heart buzz with excitement.

Whenever he was with Jasmine or Long Yifei, they were so mind-numbingly beautiful that it was slightly intimidating. Although he was their master, he instinctively wanted to please them and put their desires above his own.

But with Bei Yingluo, it was flipped. He was the lord and she was his obedient servant. She wanted to please him and take care of his needs.

So, he didn't hold back. "Yingluo, lie down. I want to use your mouth."

"Yes, my lord." She didn't hesitate and did as he asked.

She laid on her back and looked up at him expectantly. He grinned as he climbed on top of her in an inverted position. His cock dangled above her face while he was facing her secret garden.

"Open wide."

"Yes..."

Her mouth opened and lowered himself into it. It was warm and instantly wet. Her tongue met his sensitive cock head and gave it a hearty caress.

He hissed. It felt so good!

He let her worship him while he spread her legs apart. The sweet smell of arousal hit him and made him even harder. She was clean-shaven and he could see everything, glistening with desire.

He leaned down and kissed her pussy lips.

"Oh!" She rewarded him with a sensual gasp.

He chuckled, "Did you like that?"

"Mmmhm." She couldn't answer properly because her mouth was filled with his cock.

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Chapter 669: Talented Disciple

Chen Wentian groaned loudly as pleasure shot through his groin. His cock was enveloped inside Bei Yingluo's mouth. It was so hot and the softness that surrounded him was amazing. He slid in deeper, feeling her tongue undulate along his shaft.

"Mmm..." She let out a soft, muffled moan.

His cock hit the back of her throat with a slight feeling of discomfort. She took one last deep breath and tilted her head as far back as she could. This change in angle showcased her talent as he was now able to slide down her throat without obstruction.

He reveled in the feeling of being completely inside her mouth. His balls rested against her nose and upper lip and his public hair tickled her chin. It was way different compared to any other hole; he couldn't quite describe it but it was so much more exciting!

He let his body weight fall on top of hers so that his cock could go down her throat just a little further. She was soft and pliant. She didn't struggle at all and simply accepted him, deep-throating to the hilt.

Thrilled by the prospect, he began to move. His hips started a steady rhythm as he fucked her throat. Her spit combined with his precum. It was slippery and tight. Her tongue kept moving around and he could feel her throat muscles quiver as she instinctively tried to swallow him.

He kept going for a little while he sensed that she was running out of breath. He dutifully withdrew out of her mouth and heard her gasp for air a few times. He lifted himself off of her and looked down. Her mouth was a mess, covered in ample saliva and his arousal.

She looked up at him and their eyes met. She ignored her state and gave him a smile.

“My lord... I can keep going.”

“Good girl. I am going come down your throat.” He said gruffly.

“Please, yesss...”

“Take a deep breath.”

Bei Yingluo did so and then offer her mouth once again. He aligned his cock and thrust back in. Her throat opened willingly and he once again sank down. His body fell on her as he rutted on her face.

It was so sexy; it was so domineering. At that moment, as he fucked her mouth forcefully, without giving her a chance to say otherwise, she was entirely his. She belonged to him.

He groaned as he felt his orgasm approach. “Yingluo...”

“Mmm...” She sang a little.

The vibrations inside her throat drove him even quicker toward the edge.

His cock started to twitch uncontrollably as he tried to hold back. She felt the movement and swallowed harder as if begging for his seed. The sensations were simply too much.

“Fuck!” He uttered as he thrust as deeply as he could.

He came like a fountain as pleasure flashed through his body. His balls that rested against her nose twitched with searing ecstasy, unleashing torrent after torrent.

“Swallow it all!” He said even though there was nothing else she could do.

She dutifully swallowed over and over again, taking his seed directly into her stomach until there was not a single drop left.

“Ha...”

Bei Yingluo finally breathed in fresh air after her master's limp cock left her lips. She rubbed her throat where he had just been. It had been slightly uncomfortable but seeing his satisfied smile made it all worth it.

She wiped her face clean and then slid over to him. Still performing the dutiful actions of a servant, she started cleaning his dick with her mouth. Without even being asked, she licked his shaft and balls of her spit and his spunk until everything was spotless.

Chen Wentian watched her every move with a heated gaze. By the time she was done, he was erect once more and ready to go again. He pulled her up and gave her a rough kiss.

“Good disciple, talented disciple, how should I reward you?”

“My lord,” She said softly as she kissed his cheek, “Being able to satisfy you is my reward.”

Her words were always so sweet, they drove him crazy.

“Ah!” She yelped as he flipped her onto her back once more.

This time, he was facing her and no longer in an inverted position. “Yingluo, look at your aunts. All of them are getting pregnant left and right. Are you feeling left out? Do you want to get knocked up?”

She didn’t answer but gave him another peck on the lips.

He understood. She was still young and focused on her cultivation. For all of the disciples, they had the potential to reach the immortal realms and having a child would derail that goal. Still, the mere thought of it was quite exciting.

He leaned down and whispered in her ear, “Just play along. I am the depraved lord that likes to impregnate his servants. You are the helpless little waif that had just been hired.”

“Oooh, sounds exciting!” She giggled and played along with his fantasy.

She never expected him to have such an imaginative streak. It sent thrills down her spine and instantly made her wet.

Chen Wentian’s expression turned stern as he loomed over her, “What are you saying, you don’t want your lord’s seed?”

Bei Yingluo pretended to whimper and shook her head, “No, my lord, please don’t.”

“That’s too bad!”

He roughly grabbed her legs and spread them apart.

“Please, my lord. I can’t get pregnant... Ahhhh!” She cried out as he thrust inside.

It was so thick and hot. She was already dripping wet so he was able to spread her apart easily. It felt so good for both of them and they delved even deeper into this role-play as lord and servant.

“No... don’t...”

She struggled weakly beneath him as he fucked her hard and fast. His movements were not concerned with her pleasure, only his. However, she still enjoyed it immensely due to his well-practiced skills.

Chen Wentian didn’t change positions. He simply laid on top of her soft body and plowed her pussy. It was the orthodox position, one that all couples used in the world. It was also the most passionate position where a couple would often come together to create a child.

He had only experienced this kind of scenario once before through the soul of He Xingping when he had impregnated Qiu Jingyi. Although he wasn’t interested in making his disciples pregnant, the fantasy was quite fresh and exciting. The fact that Bei Yingluo, this talented eleventh disciple, was willing to indulge him only made it better.

“How’s that... I’m about to come...” He grunted after each thrust.

“Ahhh! My lord...”

Her cries filled his ears, stroking his manly ego to the limit. His cock pounded her pussy even harder in response. He knocked against her deepest parts, kissing the opening to her womb over and over, as if he was desperate to break through.

He was so close and so was she. She imagined herself as one of her aunts or even her mother, begging their partners to impregnate them. She had overheard their loud activities many times so it was no difficult.

She suddenly flipped the script on its head and moaned loudly, “My lord, I was wrong.”

“...?” Chen Wentian was floored.

Bei Yingluo wrapped her arms around him and her legs around his waist, accepting even more of him inside her.

“I want it... come inside me!”

Her words were like sweet nectar. He pumped a few more times until he finally exploded inside her, just as she asked. Pleasure seared through him as he painted her deepest parts white with his seed. He kissed her neck, pinched her nipples, anything to vent the wave of passion that swept over him.

“My lord... ahhh, yess!”

She cried out fervently, feeling his heat fill her up to the brim. It was exactly what she needed and she also came, her pussy pulsing and rippling uncontrollably until he was squeezed completely dry.

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Chapter 670: Humble Beginnings

The sun was setting towards the horizon and the convoy once again set out. Bei Yingluo was in the lead. Freshly recovered from her injuries and freshly sexed up by her master, her every step was filled with energy and enthusiasm.

“Yingluo, slow down. Our old legs can’t keep up!” One of her aunts complained.

“Let her be. I would be just like her if I was able to sleep with two immortals.” First aunt Bei Yujing chimed in.

This resulted in a round of loud laughter.

“Yingluo, you worked hard!”

“Hahaha!”

Bei Yingluo ignored the people behind her but her face was slightly pink. They thought that she was having sexual relations with Elder Mo as well as the sect master. In their eyes, she was truly talented beyond measure, to be able to ensnare two immortals with her legs. Since her master didn’t care, she wasn’t going to correct them.

She led the convoy through the desert, heading south at a steady pace. The night was cool and clear. They didn’t encounter too many obstacles and the only real threat came from a horde of bats that emerged from caves in the nearby cliffs.

“Beast attack, weapons out!” She shouted as the Jade Tusk Spear flashed with light-green energy.

One spear thrust pierced three black and furry beasts but there were many more.

The bats numbered in the tens of thousands and swarmed around the convoy. They dived at the humans and the pack animals, seeking to take large bites of their flesh. The Bei Clan retreated into a tight protective formation and fought off the crazed attacks.

Chen Wentian watched the scene with some curiosity. Their convoy had met so many mishaps. It didn't seem natural. Ordinary trade caravans would have already been wiped out. Yet they had fought off a power spider, a fearsome bandit gang, and now they had to defend against such a horde of blood-hungry bats.

He wondered if there was something attracting danger to them. Or perhaps, something was directing more dangers in their direction. He had not been able to sense anything and he had not been able to discover anything from the disciples of the Sapphire Mystic Empire. The situation was strange, not quite life-threatening but strange.

Actually, this whole desert was a pile of strangeness. It was something that confounded countless generations of immortals; Spirit Lords, Spirit Kings, and even a few Spirit Emperors.

Chen Wentian shrugged to himself. He was a Spirit King now. Even if a Spirit Emperor were to show up, not that it was likely to happen, he could still run away with his disciple. There was no point in thinking too much when he didn't have enough information.

Bei Yingluo, like her master, was also thinking about many things as she fought off the horde of bats. She was focusing on her mindset as he had instructed. Even as she waved her spear with all her might, she was trying to keep a clear mind and maintain self-awareness. She was constantly trying to gauge her feelings, whether she was angry, happy, or annoyed.

It was far more difficult than the theory suggested. Her mind constantly wandered and it was difficult to keep her concentration. It didn't help that the beasts she was fighting were not strong enough to elicit any sense of danger.

"Cover my spot!" Bei Yingluo shouted behind her.

Without waiting, she rushed out of the protective formation. Instantly, the bats all converged around her, finding her a much easier prey than the other humans.

Her spear became a blur, creating arcs of green light in the dark night sky. Waves of bats fell to the ground like black hail only for more to take their place.

"Calm... think..." She mouthed to herself even as she was fully engaged in battle.

She thought about her every movement, from her footwork to even her breathing rhythm. She had never put so much thought into fighting and it was far more tiring than she expected. Maintaining her mindset during such a situation was truly difficult!

It had to be said that this training suggestion by Chen Wentian was the first for any one of his disciples. It wasn't anything groundbreaking but it was something necessary because Bei Yingluo lacked a certain degree of natural talent. It wasn't anything against her personally, but if it were not for her hidden ability to cross realms, she was utterly ordinary.

Compared to her, his other disciples were far more brilliant. Lin Qingcheng had her orgasmic cultivation method. Zhou Ziyun had a peerless mind and comprehension ability. Wu Qianyu was attuned to the emotion and feeling of pain. All three of them were so special that they would be top disciples in any immortal sect. The ice sisters were also not bad. After many dual cultivation sessions, their dual-attribute spiritual bodies would be coveted by many immortal sects.

For someone like Bei Yingluo, who came from humble beginnings, her mindset, the way she thought about her fights, would greatly affect her Dao. He knew this because he had been the same. He also came from humble beginnings. He didn't much talent to speak of. He was utterly ordinary just like her.

"Yingluo..." His voice reached her ears even as she was surrounded on all sides by thousands of bats.

"Yes, master?"

"Stay focused and answer this question for me. Why are you fighting? Why are you cultivating?" He asked seriously.

"Master?" She asked, not understanding.

He tried again, "Remember your question to me? About my past? My family was ordinary and so was I. An ordinary mortal with no talent for cultivation. The reason I fought was to survive, to see another day. There were so many times I could have just given up and accepted that life was too hard, that fate was too unfair. But I didn't want to die. I wanted to live and that's why I fought."

"..."

"Look at where you are now. Look at the people that support you. Look at me. What are you fighting for right now? I feel like if you can answer that question honestly and true to your soul, it could help you understand yourself and your hidden ability."