

## F Disciples 341

### Chapter 341: 341

"Is the letter here?" The impatient voice of a female sounded.

"It has finally arrived." Immortal Glass Melody Gui Li answered calmly.

She glanced at her companion, Immortal Adoring Poet Zhu Yao'er, while taking out a small black stone. Together, they watched as a stream of characters and words flashed across the smooth surface.

"Hunt unsuccessful, return to the school. Gui Li stays with the recruit."

"Ha, sister." Zhu Yao'er said, "I guess you are stuck in this peasant country. I, for one, will be glad to rid myself of the stench of this low-class immortal sect."

They were still within Dragon River Town, outside of the borders of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. They had been put up in the second largest building town, the mayor's residence, out of respect for their status. Aside from taking care of their food and accommodations, they were not allowed to step within the sect.

Gui Li frowned but didn't retort. She was from this subcontinent while Zhu Yao'er was born and raised in the Martial Brilliance Continent.

Zhu Yao'er stretched and laid down on the couch, popping a few fruits into her mouth. "Tasteless food, stale drinks, shoddy furnishing. Sigh... the things I do for the order."

Gui Li finally could not hold her tongue, "Sister! Ten Thousand Flower Valley was only established a couple of years ago. Their progress is actually quite impressive, even in the Martial Brilliance Continent."

"Cheh, they got way too lucky."

“What about Chen Wentian? Is he just luck too?”

“What about him?” Zhu Yao'er retorted.

“Yao'er, I seem to remember that you broke through to the immortal realms when you were thirty-seven.”

“That's right. I did!” Pride was evident in her tone. “The youngest in the continent for the last five hundred years!”

She had a right to be proud. She was from a powerful family, with tremendous support, and had a pristine lineage of talent.

Gui Li was average in comparison, only breaking through past the age of fifty. Zhu Yao'er was someone who would become an Abbotess in the future and perhaps more. Gui Li would forever be relegated to the subcontinent. As such, compared to Zhu Yao'er, Gui Li held Chen Wentian in much higher regard.

“That's amazing but, then, what does that make Chen Wentian?” Gui Li pressed, “He managed to reach the Spirit Lord Realm at the age of twenty-five. Even in the vast continent, that is unheard of. Even in other continents, I think he is a special one.”

Zhu Yao'er snorted very loudly and angrily ate another fruit, “Oh, he's a special one. He hides women away in every corner like a chipmunk. I don't know where he managed to find them all. And there's that Immortal Royal Moon. Where did she come from? Every time I try to peek into their stupid sect, she stops me. She dares to give me no face! Me!”

Gui Li had nothing to say about that. Indeed, Jasmine had been keeping a tight rein on the sect while Chen Wentian was in secluded cultivation. If their Abbotesses were here, it would be another story but as it was, they could do nothing about it.

“And then there's that Elder Mo!” Zhu Yao'er continued, “That dirtbag gives me the creeps every time. Seriously, sister, you have to keep a steady watch on Long Yifei. Deliver her to us when the term starts and we can properly educate her!”

The pair's argument abated as they discussed matters with Long Yifei. The divine daughter was making good progress with the holy scripture of the order, The Book of Virtue. She was studious and hardworking. She gave both immortals a good impression. They were both at least in agreement that they were eagerly awaiting the new school year to start so that Long Yifei can experience the wonders of the Virtuous Order. With matters regarding Long Yifei, they had no quarrels.

Zhu Yao'er left the province the next day. After a few words with Gui Li, she left without addressing anybody else in Ten Thousand Flower Valley.

She flew up into the air and hovered high above the valley. She looked down at the tiny sect below and shook her head.

“I'll let you be arrogant and comfortable a little while longer, surnamed Chen.” She muttered, “When you come to the continent, you'll see what true men are like! When you lay eyes on our acolytes, I want to see if you can still maintain that smug face! Especially my brother, he will certainly put you in your place!”

With that, she disappeared into the blue sky.

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Chen Wentian looked up from what he was doing, sensing that an annoying gnat had finally left. Through shadow anchors, he had heard the gist of Zhu Yao'er's attitude towards him. He had also already been warned by Gong Liyun so he was mentally prepared. Still, he was disappointed at how quickly some of his new allies were willing to turn against him. He still needed more strength, he needed to get to the Spirit King Realm as quickly as possible.

“Master! You're not looking!”

“Huh, oh?”

He turned back to Lin Qingcheng who was currently showing him a very interesting outfit. It was the brand-new Golden Serpent Robe, freshly remade after he had managed to get it destroyed fighting against Abbess Liang. She was the first one to get her broken item repaired, her privilege as the first disciple.

He was currently taking a quick break from Wu Qianyu to treat Lin Qingcheng. He felt bad for her and, as an apology, went all out on the latest version. The result was a one-piece bodysuit made of morphling cobra skin that gave her as much defensive properties as before in addition to another special ability.

The morphling cobra was known for its ability to expand and contract its body at will and contort it any shape it wanted. It was easy for the golden serpent soul to assimilate this ability into the new armor set. The result was that Lin Qingcheng now could change her outfit's design at will.

She was currently sporting a rather deep plunging neckline. It wasn't so much a neckline as an open cutout that barely covered her nipples and ended past her belly button. Before this one, she had sported an exposed back that went all the way down to her buttocks.

“Ahem...” Chen Wentian coughed, trying to suppress his desires, “This one is quite nice, I like it.”

“Great! I have one more to show you.”

She twirled around as her golden outfit changed rapidly. It turned back into a standard bodysuit, only with two very glaring and inappropriate design choices. The first was a total cutout of her upper chest with two small cups supporting the bottom of her breasts which pushed them up prominently. The second was a round cutout around her crotch, which left her perfectly bare pussy on full display.

“Umm... Chengcheng...” He spluttered.

“Hehehe!” She giggled and jumped onto his lap, “Don't worry, master. This design is only for you!”

“Oh! Hahaha! It's great, my favorite!”

She captured his lips and they kissed eagerly for a while.

“Master...” She said breathlessly after they broke apart, “Thank you for the Golden Serpent Robe. But... what about the others. They haven't gotten their replacements yet.”

“Naughty girl. Of course, I haven't forgotten about them. It takes time but I wanted to take care of you first. You deserve it because you are my first disciple and you are my favorite!”

“Master...” She whispered before kissing him once more.

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Report

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Chapter 342: 342

Chen Wentian opened his eyes at the first light of dawn. He brushed the morning dew from his clothes and stood up from the wide tree branch where he had slept all night. With one hand against the massive trunk of an ancient tree, he took in a deep breath of cold air and looked around at his surroundings.

He was in the middle of an endless forest, one of many that populated the various provinces of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. This particular forest in the Snake River Province had no name and not

much of interest. But it held something useful to him, an unknown entity with a powerful soul that could become his next power-up.

It was early spring and he had just turned twenty-two years old. His attire was clean but plain, consisting of pale green robes of a nondescript design, a simple waist sash, leather boots, and black hair that was cut short and casual. He seemed like an ordinary farmer or a talentless scholar, which conveniently hid a shocking cultivation and unfathomable secrets.

He was just twenty-two years old and yet he was already past the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm. He had already reached the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth!

He was a rare genius, with a level that few cultivators could even dream of. It was a level that even the best geniuses of immortal sects had to struggle and claw towards for years. He was already this strong when others were barely beginning their cultivation journey. It was a testament to his heavenly luck and the sheer power of the secrets he held.

He found the blue dragon soul at age twenty and that soul helped him rapidly advance. He was peerless in the Mind Focusing Realm and crossed the whole realm in half a year. The Flames of the Arcadian Sky was equally peerless in the Spirit Initiate Realm and he reached the peak in another year. Another half-year and countless defeated foes later, he was well on his path toward immortality.

What he needed now was souls, powerful souls to feed the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art. He had heard of one such potential soul in this forest and he was on the hunt.

“Huuuu...”

Chen Wentian followed the sound of snoring and caught sight of his pet, his shadow fox, his only friend. Chen Mo was stretched out on a branch above his head, sleeping without a care. The shadow fox's dark grey fur and its diminutive stature meant that any stray spirit beast or demon passing by would go after Chen Wentian and ignore the almost invisible fox.

He pursed his lips in annoyance and tossed a stick at the beast.

“Ow!” The fox barked and jumped up, “What happened?”

Chen Mo spun around excitedly for a moment before jumping down onto Chen Wentian's shoulders.

“Wentian! Hurry, I'm starving. Where's breakfast?”

Chen Wentian flicked the fox's forehead, “Are you a fox or a pig? You were supposed to be on guard duty, not enjoying whatever dirty dream is occupying your brain these days. No breakfast for you!”

“No! I'm sorry!”

Chen Wentian ignored the fox's yapping and pulled out several meat pancakes from his spatial bag. With a small burst of blue flames, the pancakes were crisp and steaming.

He took a few bites and made deliberate noises of satisfaction. “Mmmmm, delicious!”

“Wentian! Wentian! Brother Chen! Come on!” Chen Mo clambered all over Chen Wentian but wasn't able to find a bite.

Chen Wentian finished a whole pancake and was about to start on the second when Chen Mo finally gave in.

"Fine, fine! If I tell you, will you give me a bite?" The fox pleaded, "You were right about that innkeeper the other night. After you rejected her offer, she found other guests and made the exact same offer, even ones that were much older or uglier than you."

“And then?” Chen Wentian asked, trying but failing to hide his interest.

The shadow fox's snout twisted into a smirk, “Well, of course, they accepted. All of them. She was busy all night making money off the poor souls.”

"And?"

"She visited four rooms in all and had sex with six men in total, one after another."

"Really..."

"She had a surprising amount of stamina. I tell you, it was shocking. She also made a lot of noise, unlike most other women in that situation. One guy, in particular, made her scream like a slut and they went at it for as long as the other five put together!"

"Shit... really?" Chen Wentian asked incredulously.

"Would I lie to you?" Chen Mo laughed, "Honestly though, I don't know why you won't just get it over with. You could have done it with her. You could have done it with plenty of other women. You have the money. Are you that cheap..."

Chen Wentian scowled and stuffed a pancake into the fox's offending mouth.

"It's not a matter of money or convenience." He said, maintaining a serious face, "It's a matter of principle. My woman has to be beautiful, unique, and she can only love me! How can I have my first time with that innkeeper? Did you see her face? She looks like a horse!"

"Sounds to me... like you are a bit shallow..." Chen Mo said with his mouth full, "When it's dark and you can't see anything... does it matter?"

"It does!"

"Loser!"



Chen Wentian was indeed still a virgin. He wanted to have sex but it couldn't be with just anyone. He had standards!

He was also preoccupied with the difficult task of reaching the immortal realms. He had already decided years ago that worldly pleasures could wait for the time when he could lord over all mortal souls.

The human and fox pair argued through breakfast until both stomachs were satisfied.

“You done? Alright, let's go!”

Chen Wentian leaped down, with Chen Mo clinging to his shoulder. They set off at a brisk pace, returning the well-trodden forest path and heading deeper into the mountains. Their target was a famous haven for sword cultivators. It was called Dugu's Cavern, a proving ground for mortals seeking the Dao of the sword that was purportedly established by the legendary sword god Dugu Qiushen himself.

He wasn't particularly interested in sword Dao but he was interested in the potential for a powerful soul that resided at the site.

“Keep an eye out. I know this is a place popular with human cultivators but don't let your guard down. Anything can happen anywhere.”

“I know, I know.” Chen Mo said and slid off of Chen Wentian's body.

Chen Mo melded into the bountiful shadows of the forest floor and began to scout ahead and all around. Even though the shadow fox was only at the 2nd level of the Spirit Initiate Realm, few things could catch it or even detect it. Such stealth abilities fit perfectly with Chen Wentian's cautious style. Even though they only had each other, the pair made for a powerful team.

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Report

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Chapter 343: 343

Chen Wentian paused his steps.

“We're here.”

A large clearing was just ahead around the bend of the forest path. He could already hear many human voices and sense their strong auras.

“Time for me to leave.” Chen Mo whispered in his ear.

The shadow fox had already turned its body intangible.

“Alright. Stay close, don't get too fat from rabbits,” Chen Wentian said.

Chen Mo chuckled, “I'm not that bad. You should lighten up and find a nice girl. Maybe there will be a talented lass here that catches your eye.”

Chen Wentian didn't answer as he felt his companion slither off his body and into the thick brush of the forest to terrorize the local rabbit population. He silently withdrew a purple sword from his spatial bag and tied the sheath to his back. This was holy ground for sword cultivators and he had to act the part.

He walked forward a short way and entered the clearing. Immediately, he was hit by a wave of spiritual energy. It was an amalgamation of sword intent and sword aura, a mixture of several schools and sects as well as a distinctive and powerful entity, more powerful and profound than anything he had ever felt before.

Two stone pillars straddled the trail that disappeared into what looked like a small village. The metal sign that hung across was carved with the following words.

"Dugu's Cavern, a legacy of the mythical hero, Dugu Qiushen. Glory to the way of the sword. Glory to the human way. May the next generation follow in my footsteps."

This was his target, Dugu's Cavern, a holy place for sword cultivators in the subcontinent. The cavern was a mysterious construct. It was a straight, narrow hole of unknown depth that contained peerless sword energy left over by the unimaginable expert. This sword energy prevented immortals, even Spirit Lords and Spirit Kings, from coming close, as if the place was always intended for mortals.

Thus, it became a training ground for mortal cultivators and immortal disciples to come and hone their sword arts and understanding of the sword. It was declared by the Eastern Sword Alliance to be a paradise for sword cultivators. Anyone that sought the way of the sword was welcome.

The Eastern Sword Alliance was a loose organization of major sword sects in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. All sects were allowed to join but the only ones with the capability to make decisions were the immortal sects. These included the four old legacies; Mount Huang Sect, Mount Tai Sect, Mount Xiong Sect, and Mount Yun Sect. The newcomer the old guard was the Tower of Swords and there was supposedly some conflict between the other four and the tower.

This was all Chen Wentian knew from rumors. His background didn't give him much in terms of knowledge about the subcontinent and its various cultivation sects and factions. He was also solely focused on his cultivation and couldn't care less who liked or disliked who.

Chen Wentian stepped through the pillars, ignored the feeling of being watched. As he passed wooden buildings and tents, several pairs of eyes strayed his way, their owners being disciples and elders of various sects. Seeing that he was a loner whose attire didn't match any known sword school, their attention quickly waned. Loose cultivators and strays were quite common here but nobody cared about them. People from cultivation schools only cared about their competition which was the other schools.

He reached the vicinity of the cavern where there was a metal stele five or six times taller than any man and wider than a table. From a distance, it looked like an oversized sword that had been stabbed into the ground.

An elder with graying hair sat nearby, his spiritual energy blocking Chen Wentian's way. The man coughed lightly and got up, straightening his deep red robes. Two short swords hung from his waist, longer than daggers but smaller than any normal sword.

"Ho ho..." The elder coughed lightly and got up. "Welcome to Dugu's Cavern, young swordsman. My name is Mo Tengda of the Mount Yun Sect. State your name and affiliation... and your cultivation..."

His eyes lit up, "Oh? This is my first time seeing someone so young and so powerful!"

Chen Wentian gave a respectable bow, "Senior, I am Chen Wentian, no affiliation."

Mo Tengda shook his head and chuckled, "The old get older and the young get more powerful. It is the way of the world... If only my junior brothers could be as good as you... Young Chen, you wish to try your luck in Dugu's Cavern?"

"I do."

"Good!" Mo Tengda waved at the stele. "Touch this."

Chen Wentian extended a hand and touched the metal, which felt immeasurably heavy and sharp. A strand of sword energy emerged and wrote his name in tiny, barely legible characters at the top with thousands of others. These names were separated into ten sections, with most of the names in the first three sections. The number of names sharply dropped off after the fourth section and there was only one name in the eighth section, named Peng Duan.

“Good, good.” Mo Tengda nodded as Chen Wentian stepped back, “This sword is tied to Dugu's Cavern and is a historical record of everyone that has tried to enter. Nobody knows how it works but it is totally accurate. The cavern is separated into ten major levels. The first nine levels contain nine steps which you can see as faint lines here. The tenth level is the limit and it has no more steps. As you go deeper, your name will automatically move down. If you die for some reason inside, your name will disappear.”

“It seems quite difficult to get to the deepest levels?” Chen Wentian asked.

He managed to scan all of the names and found Mo Tengda among thousands of others at the fourth level. An experienced and powerful swordsman such as him only reaching the fourth level was a testament to just how difficult Dugu's Cavern was.

“Indeed. The cavern is filled with supreme sword Dao; the amalgamation of peerless sword intent, energy, aura, and spirit. The intensity of the sword Dao increases with each step and you can only use a sword Dao of your own to resist if you don't want to die a quick death. How deep you can go depends on your understanding of the sword only, not your cultivation. But generally, cultivators at the Ming Focusing Realm can reach the first major level. Those at the Spirit Initiate Realm can reach down to the third major level. As for you... maybe you can reach the fourth major level, maybe the fifth? It will depend on your talent. But if you try too hard, you may just leave your life in there.”

“Thank you, Elder Mo.” Chen Wentian said with another bow.

“Off you go.” Mo Tengda said and returned to his comfortable chair.

Report

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Chen Wentian stepped past the elder and the stele. Dugu's Cavern was right behind. It was a simple hole cleaved out of the rocky ground, not by nature but by sheer human force. The walls of the tunnel were smooth and uniform. It descended at a steady but steep angle.

The cavern's entrance was tall and narrow like the width of a sword. The path down could fit three people side to side. It was almost as if the cavern had been created by an almighty sword piercing the forest. Thinking about it some more, this was probably the truth.

There was no one else around the entrance. Everyone attempting the challenge of the sword god's legacy had already gone down in the early morning. He approached the dark hole and was about to take a step inside when he was stopped by an invisible force.

It was sharp and cutting, fraying the hem of his robes. He tried to push back with his spiritual energy but the sword energy of the cavern only increased in response, equaling his output. He couldn't enter through brute force. He was certain that if an immortal attempted to force their way through, they would have failed as well.

"Of course," He muttered and drew his sword.

This was a proving ground for sword practitioners. The only thing that mattered was the sword.

The Purple Jade Sword danced in the air and flashed rays of purple light. Crafted out of the highest quality purple jade and containing the soul of a peak Spirit Initiate Realm purple jade beetle, it was his most powerful sword.

Sword energy emerged from every pore and wrapped around his body, his hand, and the Purple Jade Sword. He attempted to step forward again and sliced through the protective barrier as if it wasn't there.

Chen Wentian entered Dugu's Cavern and descended at a brisk pace. Stray strands of sword intent and wisps of sword Dao occasionally drifted into his path but he fought them off with ease.

The path was straight and steep and soon the entrance was only a tiny pinprick of light. It should have been pitch black but there was a dull white light all around that emanated from the pervasive white fog that filled the cavern. The fog was thick and moved with a mind of its own, preventing him from seeing the ceiling and more than a few meters in front.

The sound of his steady steps mixed with the dripping of water that seeped through the smooth rock walls. Tiny waterfalls formed by his feet, trickling down at the same pace as his descent.

After less than ten minutes of solitude, Chen Wentian came across the first step of the first level and the first cultivator. The first challenge of the sword god was a stone step carved into the rocks. It could fit five or six people on top but there was only one youth clad in pale red robes standing there.

He was from the Mount Yun Sect just like Mo Tengda but he was only at the beginning levels of the Mind Focusing Realm. He had two sword swords in both hands and seemed to be struggling against some kind of invisible enemy. He was sweating and cursing but he could not make it off the step and any further.

Chen Wentian wordlessly passed the hapless cultivator. He easily crossed the stone step and jumped down. He felt himself pass through an invisible barrier and the intensity of sword intent around him increase noticeably. It still wasn't anything that posed a challenge and he continued downward.

An hour later and at the ninth step of the second level, he found an interesting scene. While each stone step was a minor challenge, the boundary between each level was a major challenge. It consisted of a narrow, slippery stone bridge that crossed a bottomless chasm. The bridge could only fit one person at a time and there was a powerful wall of sword energy that blocked the way in the middle. If one was too careless, they would fall to certain death while attempting to cross to the third level.

This major challenge was a blocker for many and a small crowd had formed in front of it. A gaggle of cultivators at various levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm was waiting their turn to attempt the crossing. Men and women here wore all colors of clothing and wielded all kinds of swords. Most of the major sects were represented here even if Chen Wentian couldn't recognize one from the other.

Chen Wentian got in line, behind a peculiar person. At first, he thought that the grey-robed person was a woman. From the rear, they had waist-length black hair that was tied up in a neat ponytail. Their sleek grey robe had a high waistbelt that highlighted their shapely butt. A slender build and curvy silhouette belied a stunning beauty that was rarely seen in the world.

He became quite excited at the prospect of meeting a pretty female cultivator down in Dugu's Cavern. He thought that Chen Mo's words were auspicious and resolved to reward the shadow fox when they met again.

Thus, he was weirdly disappointed when the person turned around, revealing themselves to be male.

“Greetings.” Chen Wentian said awkwardly.

“Greetings.” The person answered with a slight smile.

Chen Wentian was filled with mixed emotions as he cast his eyes on an overwhelmingly handsome young man. His beauty was blinding, outshining even many beautiful women in Chen Wentian's memory. A sharp jawline, narrow neck, rosy lips, and a flawless white face combined with a fearless and noble aura. He was impressive in every way. For some reason, Chen Wentian couldn't bring himself to dislike this person even though it should have been instinctive.

“I haven't met you before, is this your first time?” The young man asked.

“No. I just arrived today.” Chen Wentian answered.

“Ah... where are my manners? My name is Peng Xiling, core disciple of the Tower of Swords.” Peng Xiling said and bowed respectfully.

“Chen Wentian, loose cultivator. Well met.” Chen Wentian returned the greeting. “You are quite talented to be a core disciple at your age.”

Peng Xiling smiled fully, his eyes turning into half-moons. Chen Wentian almost had to turn away from the disturbing sight. When the young man laughed, it was even and mellow, an ambiguously attractive voice. If Chen Wentian's eyes were not open, he would have guessed the voice to belong to a woman. But since he knew the truth, it grated painfully against his ear, almost drawing blood.

“You flatter me, Sir Chen,” Peng Xiling said, “You are even better than me. I am older than you and yet I cannot gauge your cultivation. You have truly opened my eyes to the wonders of true talent.”

“Perhaps, but my talent still pales in the face of immortals. I still have to work hard.” Chen Wentian said modestly.



“Indeed, indeed. Sir Chen is talented and wise as well. I, Xiling, appreciate such people the most!”

Chen Wentian's head spun. He didn't care about a stranger's praise. Instead, he was alarmed by Peng Xiling's attitude and aura. It was not arrogant and overbearing like most core disciples of immortal sects. The young man was refreshing, attractive, and made Chen Wentian feel like there was something wrong.

“Do you have confidence in crossing the bridge?” Peng Xiling asked.

“I don't know but I will know when I step upon it.” Chen Wentian replied.

Peng Xiling chuckled, “Brother Chen, let's have a bet. If I can cross the bridge, I will share a toast of the best wine with you as a celebration. If you cross without me, then you must treat me to some wine as consolation.”

Chen Wentian snorted in annoyance, “Seems like you are taking advantage of me either way. I'll pass.”

Peng Xiling tried a few more times to strike up a conversation but Chen Wentian remained stoic. He didn't know why the strange young man was so interested in him. He didn't like men and he didn't make friends with men.

Soon, their turn came and Peng Xiling drew his sword. “Brother Chen, watch me!”

Peng Xiling walked up to the bridge and lifted his slender sword.

“Lonely Sword Wanderer!”

The prime sword art of the Tower of Swords activated, surrounding his grey robes with tiny flying swords made of spiritual energy. It was as if a fluttering wind was blowing a cloud of shiny petals around his body.

Peng Xiling stepped forward confidently but that confidence only lasted a few seconds. He soon started to struggle, furrowing his brow prettily as each step became more and more difficult. At the center bridge, he hit the wall.

The sword around his body shimmered and finally shattered. His grey robes were sliced apart by whatever sword energy he had been fighting against. The sleeve of his right arm was shredded until pure white skin was revealed, as flawless as the most precious alabaster.

"Eee!" Peng Xiling gave an uncharacteristic squeal and retreated.

Trying but failing to hide his bare arm, he fled off the bridge and to the side of the tunnel.

"Don't look!" He said to no one in particular.

Somehow, Chen Wentian felt that statement was directed at him which made him even more confused. Was there any reason for a man to be so shy about revealing a bit of skin? Did this surnamed Peng have opposite tastes?

Chen Wentian stepped up to the bridge. He put side stray thoughts of the effeminate man behind him and focused on the task at hand. The barrier of sword Dao on the bridge resisted his intrusion but he fought back with his secret sword art. With only a slight effort, he managed to push through to the other side.

"Wow, Brother Chen is amazing! Wait, Brother Chen... wait!"

Chen Wentian blocked Peng Xiling's voice and escaped.

That person's beauty was too unnatural and too fearsome. It raised too many strange questions and filled the back of Chen Wentian's mind with frightening thoughts. It was better to get as far away, as quickly as possible!

Chapter 345: 345

Sha. Sha. Sha.

The sound of water trickling down the walls and flowing down the cavern mixed with steady and purposeful footsteps.

Chen Wentian rushed down Dugu's Cavern at almost a full sprint, putting as much distance as he could from Peng Xiling. He crossed halfway through the third level before he finally slowed down, having successfully wiped away any more thoughts of the queer man.

It wasn't that he disliked girly men or men with opposite predilections. He just didn't like them... because he liked women.

He passed various crowds of swordmen along the way, their cultivations steadily rising to the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm. He didn't stop or talk to anyone and instead blew past all of them. He didn't even bother waiting in line whenever there was one.

"Amazing!"

"Who is he?"

"Which sect is he from?"

Astonished voices rang out and followed after his fleeting figure. He didn't bother stopping to show off. He didn't act pleased or arrogant. He was simply a man on a mission. What he was doing wasn't anything special, not with the gifts he had.

He knew from the beginning that Dugu's Cavern and its test of one's sword Dao would not pose a challenge. The cavern tested mortals and whatever trashy understanding of the sword they came up with on the fly. No test here could stop him when he wielded a divine sword art created by an ancient dragon clan.

It was called the Sword of Yashijilun, Descent of Ascalon. It was a lucky bonus from the blue dragon soul, a divine sword art it had practiced casually as a hobby. It wasn't something exclusive to the blue dragon clan but something ubiquitous to most other dragon clans. The reason was that it was a legacy passed down through the ages, developed by ancient dragons of time immemorial to utilize swords in addition to their natural physical gifts as divine beasts to conquer the world.

The blue dragon soul had barely started cultivating the first descent. His memories were sketchy at best and large passages were missing from even the first descent. But even so, it was more than enough. It was more than enough to far surpass any sword Dao at the mortal realms and even the early immortal realms.

Chen Wentian passed through each step and level of Dugu's Cavern effortlessly. He met no more people in the fourth level of the cavern and beyond. It was a region where only those at the lesser realms of the Spirit Initiate Realm entered. This suited him just fine as it meant he could fully display the might of the Descent of Ascalon without worry.

Roar!

The image of a dragon head appeared behind Chen Wentian's back. The horns were sharp and protruded in all directions. The gaping jaw was filled with sharp rows of white teeth. The entire visage exuded immeasurable sharpness as if it could cut the world to shreds.

This was the sword Dao of dragons, unstoppable power and absolute destruction!

The fifth level passed by, then the sixth, the seventh...

After an unknown span of time, what felt like several days, Chen Wentian crossed the last bridge and entered the tenth level. He reached the end, the bottom of Dugu's Cavern. The tenth level was a cavern

with small lakes and waterfalls surrounding a circular stone platform. Atop the platform was a human-height piece of grey stone carved into the likeness of a sword.

He sensed what he had come down here for. It was clear the midmorning sun. His soul art was reverberating, resonating with whatever was inside the stone sword. He hoped that it was the dead soul or a remnant will of the sword god, Dugu Qiushen.

Chen Wentian walked up and reached a hand towards the stone sword. He hoped that it would give him a huge boost and leapfrog him into the next lesser realm of Spiritual Formation, taking him one step closer to immortality.

Woosh!

A frightening surge of spiritual energy erupted and locked Chen Wentian in place. Peerless sword energy wiped away any resistance from the Descent of Ascalon. He was astonished and suddenly fearful that he had triggered some kind of trap. Thoughts raced through his mind but he couldn't do anything.

He was trapped...

After what felt like forever, a peal of laughter rang throughout the cavern. The cheerful male voice eased Chen Wentian's paranoia only slightly but in the next moment, the sword energy dangling dangerously around his body receded.

"Hahaha! The Descent of Ascalon! Hahaha!" The voice howled, "I finally get to see it again after so many years. Your form is pretty bad but nonetheless, it is every bit as impressive as my memories!"

Chen Wentian did not attempt to touch the stone sword or do anything to absorb this soul. He knew something was wrong. This was no dead soul. This soul was way too powerful... almost like it was alive. He would be dead in an instant if he did anything stupid.

Deciding to be cautious, he bowed respectfully in front of the sword. "Senior Dugu. This junior is named Chen Wentian. I didn't mean to cause senior any disturbance. I only attempted the world-famous challenge of Dugu's Cavern!"

“Indeed, indeed.” The voice answered cheerfully, “Although, I will hold back any praise since this cavern wasn't intended for you, little blue dragon.”

“You... know?” Chen Wentian asked, his voice trembling ever so slightly. Fear coursed through his body.

“Relax, I have no dispute with a little dragon hatchling. In some circles, I can be considered a friend of the dragon clans! Hahaha!”

Chen Wentian couldn't tell if the voice was lying or not. He couldn't imagine divine beasts befriending a human.

“Anyways, I should reward you with something. Even though you cheated, you gave me an enjoyable show! Hmm... Alright, I've decided!”

There was a flash of light and a thin booklet appeared before Chen Wentian. Its title was Dugu's 10th Sword.

“This...”

“This little sword trick I came up with can be yours if you agree to help me with something.”

Although it sounded like a request, it was obvious that Chen Wentian didn't have much of a choice. The power behind this voice was simply monstrous and could crush him in a blink.

Chen Wentian bowed again, “Senior Dugu, this junior accepts.”

“Good!”

There was another flash and a ring appeared atop the booklet. It was a camouflaging spatial bag, something that Chen Wentian had always wished for but couldn't yet obtain. He put it on and was

astonished to find that the inside space was a hundred times bigger than the ordinary spatial bag he had. This new one was empty except for a locked metal chest and a message talisman.

“When you grow up and find your way back to the land of dragons, I want you to find a certain dragon for me. Her name is the Little Dragon Maiden. You probably don't know her but you will eventually. It is inevitable that you will learn of her great name...” The voice trailed off as if lost in fond memory.

“Ahem... anyways, give that chest to her and her alone. After you do that, you can activate the message talisman to contact me and tell me how she reacted. Can you do this?”

“This junior accepts!” Chen Wentian said.

He didn't ask any questions or speak any extraneous nonsense. He wasn't sure if the voice had already gauged his questionable identity. He didn't want to have to explain how he obtained the legacy of a blue dragon. It was best if the voice continued to assume that Chen Wentian was a blue dragon in human form.

“Hahaha! Good, good! I haven't been this happy in a millennium! I will do you a favor as a treat. It's best if you avoid the trip back to the surface. By now, your name is already on display on the stele at the entrance and no less than three hundred swordsmen are waiting for your return. Therefore...”

There was a wave of sword energy, so powerful that it was able to slice apart reality and the fabric of space. The air in front of Chen Wentian warped and started being ripped apart, revealing a black void.

“See you a thousand years, little dragon!”

“Shit!”

He barely had time to put away Dugu's 10th Sword before a surge of energy kicked his butt and sent him headfirst into the rip in space.

---

The trip was short, almost instant. Chen Wentian popped back into reality and landed on something soft and furry in the middle of a familiar forest.

“Ow, what the hell!” A muffled cry came from beneath him, it was Chen Mo.

The squashed and furious shadow fox gnawed at Chen Wentian's arm in anger but was eventually placated by some dried meat and a fascinating tale about a legendary sword god.

“Shit, this Little Dragon Maiden sounds like an absolute beauty!” Chen Mo cackled, “You should figure out what kind of relationship this Dugu Qiutian has with her. If possible, you should steal her away and make her yours!”

Chen Wentian laughed. “You're right! Little Dragon Maiden does sound like my kind of woman. When I reach that level, I certainly won't hand her over to some asshole surnamed Dugu!”

Chapter 346: 346

“Welcome to Thousand Flower City!”

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun spoke in unison as they greeted a special guest, the first one ever in the brand-new city. They sat together in the middle of a resplendent garden, surrounded by blooming flowers and leafy trees swaying in a gentle breeze. This was the official meeting hall for the sect in the city. It was outdoors by design, in the middle of the open area of a downtown building octagon. It emphasized nature and organic beauty over material wealth. It was Chen Wentian's message to his disciples and his guests.

Clad in their usual attire, bright yellow for Lin Qingcheng and deep blue for Zhou Ziyun, they looked on at the peculiar guest in shiny grey robes standing amidst the flowers who was somehow turning the surrounding pale by their aura.

This person was Peng Xiling, first disciple of the Tower of Swords. With astonishing talent and potential, Peng Xiling was the same person that placed second in the Monster Fighting Competition as well as the same person Chen Wentian had met a few years ago inside Dugu's Cavern.



Sporting the moniker of the Lonely Hero, Peng Xiling was the epitome of handsome beauty, with the ability to make any maiden's heart throb painfully with delight. Noble, fearless, and surprisingly pure, Peng Xiling was not a playboy, not a young master that slept around.

Everyone claimed that Peng Xiling was a pure man of pure reputation... if there could be such a thing in the world.

“Wah... so beautiful...” Lin Qingcheng muttered under her breath.

Zhou Ziyun elbowed her.

“Oh, I mean, not very pretty. Hehe!”

This earned her another elbow.

“Lady Lin? Lady Zhou?” Peng Xiling spoke, breaking the awkward air between them.

“Ah! Welcome to Thousand Flower City!” Lin Qingcheng said again.

Zhou Ziyun took over and replied properly, “Lonely Hero Peng, it is our pleasure to receive you as a guest of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Due to laws of the sect, we can only greet you here as men are not allowed within the valley.”

Peng Xiling didn't react to this and nodded, “That is understandable. Every sect has its rules after all. The Tower of Swords has some similarly weird ones.”

“Naturally. Sir Peng, you recently emerged with second place in the Monster Fighting Competition. I was very impressed as well as my master. You are a shining beacon for all men in the subcontinent!”

Peng Xiling laughed lightly with a mellow, ambivalent tone, "I suppose so, but I am still a little lacking compared to the paragon of righteousness Lady Wu. And we are all insignificant compared to the talent of your master..."

Zhou Ziyun felt there was something strange in that statement but she held back her curiosity and instead asked, "Sir Peng, please excuse my bluntness but what is the intention of your visit?"

"Ah... where are my manners." Peng Xiling bowed slightly, "I wish to meet with Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian and Lady Wu Qianyu to deliver an invitation."

"I apologize but your request cannot be fulfilled at this time. Master Chen and Sister Wu Qianyu are together in closed-door cultivation. They can't be bothered for anything except an emergency." Zhou Ziyun replied.

Peng Xiling tried not to look disappointed but wasn't successful. "That is too bad. Then I will have to entrust you to deliver the invitation for me."

A sealed letter appeared and floated into Zhou Ziyun's hand. She opened it and read it quickly while Peng Xiling explained the contents.

"The Convocation of Swords is the greatest gathering of sword cultivators in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. Hosted by the Eastern Sword Alliance once every five years, it is open to all who follow the way of the sword. It is an amazing event where many can reach breakthroughs and advancements in their sword Dao through martial exchanges and the relationships that can be built there. This letter is the formal invitation for Ten Thousand Flower Valley to join the upcoming Convocation of Swords in six months."

"Amazing!" Lin Qingcheng chimed in but Zhou Ziyun held up a hand.

"There is another reason for the invitation, am I correct?" She asked.

Peng Xiling nodded with some level of embarrassment, "The bet between our masters from the beginning of the Immortal Sect Competition still has yet to be resolved. I know that Lord Chen offered

my master a great concession in a draw but... My master is adamant that the bet continues and that it ultimately resolved during the convocation. I sincerely apologize for this.”

Zhou Ziyun felt that Peng Xiling apologetic attitude was strange but she could find no explanation. It was unnatural for the disciple of one sect to speak ill of their master in favor of another sect.

She hid her thoughts and replied respectfully, “Since the bet goes on, my master naturally isn't to back down from a challenge. Although I cannot speak definitively for him, I am certain he will agree to attend when he hears about this event. Sister Wu practices a sword Dao and she will be interested in attending. We have other sisters that are also versed in the sword that may attend as well.”

Peng Xiling's lips broke into a beautiful, genuine smile, “Then, I am thankful. I hope to hear the good news of Ten Thousand Flower Valley's attendance soon. The bet devolved into an unfortunate situation but I hope that we can resolve it in a satisfactory manner for both sides. My wish is naturally for Ten Thousand Flower Valley and the Tower of Swords to have good relations in the future.”

Zhou Ziyun nodded, “That would be best.”

“I agree!” Lin Qingcheng chimed in.

“Well, I shall not take up any more of your time.” Peng Xiling raised a pair of slender, jade-like hands in a salute, “We shall meet again very soon.”

“Go well.” Zhou Ziyun and Lin Qingcheng replied.

Peng Xiling twirled around and left, grey robes fluttering like a blossoming flower.

Zhou Ziyun watched the retreating figure intently, taking in every detail from the swaying ponytail, slender neck, loose-fitting clothing that hung from a thin frame. Her eyes finally fell upon those swaying hips, that moved side-to-side just a little too much.

Her eyes brightened and she suddenly realized something.

“Sis, what is it?” Lin Qingcheng tugged Zhou Ziyun's arm eagerly, well versed in that look.

Zhou Ziyun eyes narrowed and her lips curled into a smirk, “Shh, keep your voice down and don't scream. You won't believe it but Peng Xiling is a woman!”

“What!”

---

Peng Xiling emerged from the building and stepped into the awaiting horse carriage that would take her to the teleportation array. Indeed, Peng Xiling was a woman. She had always been a woman. Due to unfortunate circumstances in her youth, she had been forced to hide her gender and pretend to be a man.

She didn't mind it and didn't see it as an inconvenience. Men didn't interest her. She felt nothing for the countless pretty boys, princes, and young masters she had met in her life. She was fine being a man. She was fine being the Lonely Hero for the rest of her life.

Only, there was one man that made her regret...

One man that made her wish to throw it all away and show the world her true side...

Peng Xiling stared out of the carriage window at the bustling city scenery passing by outside.

“Brother Chen...” She muttered to herself, “I want to see you again. I want to see your sword art again. It was like a dragon descending from the blue sky. Do you know how many months I spent agonizing over the thought of you? Your name appeared on the stele at the tenth level and I was so proud. I knew you could do it; I just knew!

“But then you didn't come back out... I didn't know if you were alive or dead. I didn't know for three whole years until your name rang out through the subcontinent. Immortal Blue Dragon, the youngest

immortal ever. I was so happy, I smiled for a month straight. My master thought I had finally found a woman. If only he knew!

“You have to attend the Convocation of Swords; you have to be there. I'll show you how far I've come. Watch me, Brother Chen!”

## Chapter 347: 347

Chen Wentian entered a secret door within Wu Qianyu's room and descended the steps. The passageway took him in a spiral deep underground until he met a solid metal door. He knocked and didn't have to wait for long.

“Master.”

He opened the door to see Wu Qianyu sitting cross-legged in the middle of a vast cultivation array. Candles burned all around her, providing a soft orange glow that reflected off of her see-through white robes. Her eyes were closed but her chest moved slowly up and down as if in anticipation.

This was her private cultivation room, completely isolated from the outside world. He had been helping her cultivate ever since she returned from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. She didn't say much about her experiences but he knew she was in a heightened state of awareness. Time and reality worked differently in dreams, giving her insights not possible in the real world. Now was the best time to practice and delve into her natural affinity with pain.

If she could break through to the lesser realm, it would mean that it was all worth it. It would mean that her path was the correct one. And she was really close. He felt that she only needed a few more pushes in the right direction.

“You've improved again. You're quite close to the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth. I can sense it, it just needs a slight push.” He said.

She nodded and smiled, causing her breasts to sway and dance.

He swallowed and calmed himself before walking up to her.

“Are you ready?” He asked.

“Yes...” She whispered.

“Let's begin.”

As if in a well-practiced dance, Wu Qianyu stood up and loosened her robe. The thin fabric fluttered open, revealing mighty twin peaks that drooped down ever so slightly in a perfectly sexy way that highlighted her natural, worldly allure.

The robe disappeared completely at some point as he made his way slowly around her. He studied her wide hips and round behind, like two perfectly smooth half-moons, as well as her secret garden between her thick thighs, guarded by a trimmed row of hedges.

He finally looked at her peaceful face, eyes shut but fluttering excitedly, her pink lips quivering with anticipation. He wanted to kiss that beautiful visage but he knew there was plenty of time for that later.

Chen Wentian waved his hands and a long length of braided silk rope appeared, dyed crimson like blood. Wu Qianyu sensed the change and already had her arms together behind her back.

He began with securing her arms, tying them together in parallel with several rounds of rope. It was not too tight but it was firm and could not be removed even by force as the rope was made of special silk that absorbed spiritual energy.

He next focused on the chest harness, wrapping the rope around her breasts, alternating with horizontal and vertical angles. Gradually, it took shape, in the form of diamond-patterned knots around her chest and neck as well as her breasts.

As the ropes tightened around her chest, Wu Qianyu felt the first tinges of discomfort. She could not move her arms even a sliver. As she breathed, she struggled to fill her lungs with air with the limited

space the ropes provided. The base of her breasts was tightly wrapped with rope, causing more aches that only added to the sensations she was experiencing.

What followed afterward was her legs. Chen Wentian laid her down on her back and proceeded to tie up her lower leg to her upper leg. When one leg was done, he did the same with the other, until she was left completely helpless. She could no longer walk, she could no longer free herself. She was now completely in his control, at his every whim, and she loved every second of it.

“Naughty girl.” Chen Wentian said after he finished tying her legs.

She was already soaking wet down there but he did not indulge her. She whined softly in protest but he resisted. There would be plenty of time for that later.

He continued with another piece of rope continuing the diamond knots from her chest down to her abdomen. Then, he connected her tied-up legs to the complex of ropes behind her back, forcing her legs apart. This was followed by several strands of rope shot up to the ceiling where they connected with metal rings and a point in the small of her back. And finally, with a great tug, her whole body was lifted and suspended in midair.

Wu Qianyu gasped as she painfully became airborne. The robes tightened and dug into her chest, her stomach, and her hips. She looked down at the swaying round below trying to ignore the pain in her arms, shoulders as well as her legs. She was flying, in an aching cloud of pain.

Chen Wentian let her be as he examined his handiwork. His beautiful disciple, naked, tied-up, and hanging helplessly from the ceiling. It was a thrilling sight, even after losing count of how many sessions they had. She was completely under his control, willing and receptive. Whatever he did, the only thing she could do was scream.

He took out two weighted nipple clamps and attached them to her nipples. This elicited rapid gasps and small squeals from her lips. The clamps were stronger than ones in the past. They were tighter and thus caused more pain. The weights were heavier, causing her breasts to be pulled down.

She could feel everything, the radiating daggers of pain from the clamps as well as the steady throbbing from her breasts being tormented. She gritted her teeth and persisted but only for a short while.

She let out her first scream when he pulled on a clamp.

“That's it, baby.” He said as he tugged on both.

“Ahhhh!” She howled.

He smiled and gave her a few moments to breathe. He then spun her around until she was facing him. He lifted her face and kissed her roughly. He then pulled back and looked into her brown orbs which were radiating emotion.

“Do you want more?”

“Yes, master...”

He chuckled and showed her the thin leather whip in his hand.

Her eyes sparkled in excitement.

“Do you want it?” He asked again.

“Yesss!”

He unfurled the whip and let it loose onto the front of her breasts.

“Eeeeeek!” She squealed from the sharp sensations.



He continued with the whip all over her body. From her shoulders to her neck, from her stomach to her hips. From her butt to between her legs. He filled the underground chamber with her delicious cries. There was nobody else to hear her except him. There was nobody else in her life except him.

## Chapter 348: 348

Chen Wentian left Wu Qianyu tied up and suspended. He would occasionally whip her again when he sensed that she wasn't experiencing enough pain. The aim was to keep her mind completely occupied by pain so that she could not think of anything else.

He wasn't doing it simply to cause her pain, however. It was all part of her cultivation, to make her take the first formal step down her chosen Dao. This was arguably the most important step even though it was the first one. It had to be absolutely correct. It had to be perfect.

What did it mean to become an immortal? It was an unshackling of the mortal way of thinking. Instead of death, there was life beyond. Instead of walking and crawling on the ground, there was flight, soaring through the clouds and towards the heavens. It required a whole new mindset, a whole new state of being.

And to reach the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth, she needed to begin to cast aside her mortality. It depended on her. He could only guide her but he could not make her that step. She had to do it herself. She had to do it according to the unknown Dao of pain.

Chen Wentian whipped her pussy again, letting the thin leather strip leave a stinging red line between her thighs.

"Ahhh!" Wu Qianyu cried out.

Her head jerked up as her scream echoed around the chamber. Her eyes remained closed but tears streamed down. They weren't because of his actions but whatever she was thinking about.

It was probably what she had dreamed about for a month. He didn't know exactly but he could guess with some certainty. Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun's psychological Dao wasn't subtle. It took advantage of a person's innermost desires, what they yearned for the most. His had been a virginal

desire for female companionship. For Long Yifei, it had been memories from her childhood that had been locked away due to trauma. For Wu Qianyu, it probably had something to do with how her sect was destroyed and how she lost her parents.

Eventually, he heard her quietly sobbing and he stopped. He walked in front of her and lifted her head.

She saw him and more tears burst out.

"I can't... I can't..." She mumbled.

"You can!" He said firmly, "I have faith in you!"

"I..."

He jerked her hair back roughly, causing her to gasp. "Just let go. Embrace the pain, in all its forms. Let go."

"I don't know!" She gasped.

He grunted and let go. Her head dropped down and her long hair covered her face but not her sobbing. He knew more was needed. She needed more.

Chen Wentian waved his hand a bottle appeared, labeled with a crimson character for fire. It was a bottle of oil refined from a seven-clove Red Reaper, a Spirit Lord Realm hot garlic. It was the same Red Reaper that Li Yuechan and Xu Lanyi had to hunt for during the Golden Feather Hunt, only it was an extremely potent version. At this level, the Red Reaper was hardly used for spiritual cuisine. It was instead popular for causing a lot of pain and an ingredient in flame-attribute pills.

He let a drop of the oil fall onto the tip of his fingers and felt a dull burning throb. He smiled slightly. If this tiny amount was able to cause this much on his body that was used to blue dragon flames, it was sure to cause some fresh discomfort on his beautiful disciple in front of him.

He let a dollop of oil onto his hand and spread it evenly on both palms. He then removed the nipple clamps and cupped her breasts in his hands.

Wu Qianyu let out a shrill scream. She stared at her master in disbelief as a completely new form of pain wracked her breasts. It wasn't sharp like a whip. It wasn't burning like hot candle wax. It wasn't even the steady, persistent pressure of nipple clamps. It was everything at once.

His hot hands palmed her breasts, rubbing them all over, covering her in the unbearable heat of the immortal Red Reaper. It felt like every pore was being stabbed. It felt like the inside of her skin was being scalded. It was powerful and it didn't stop.

"Ahh... master... stop..."

Chen Wentian ignored her heavy panting and pleading. She hadn't uttered the safe word so he continued.

His hands left her breasts and traveled across the rest of her body. He gently caressed her slightly pudgy stomach which drew more loud complaints. He covered her legs and down to her feet, paying special attention to her toes. She squirmed in ropes but it was futile. She whined and pleaded but he kept going.

As he was caressing her upper chest and neck, he suddenly had an idea. He dabbed the spicy oil on his lips as well as his tongue. He winced; it was like he had eaten a mouthful of flames. Undeterred, he lifted her head and kissed her hard.

"Mmmmm!!" Wu Qianyu screamed into his mouth as she felt the inferno touch her lips and enter her.

She was helpless as his hot tongue caressed every corner of her mouth and her tongue, leaving a painful trail of destruction. She lost track of time. She was helpless before him. She didn't know when his lips left her but the overwhelming pain remained.

"Wuuu..." She cried. "It hurts... Ahhh..."

But Chen Wentian wasn't done. She needed one last push!

He spun her around. Her spread-eagle rear end met him. This was the last place he had yet to touch. He lubricated his hands with the Red Reaper oil once again and then palmed her mound. He began to rub, making sure every surface of her womanhood was covered.

Wu Qianyu really screamed this time. This was her most sensitive area. It felt like her pussy was being submerged into a pit of lava. It felt like a thousand blades were cutting her flesh apart. Her clit was quivering furiously, her insides were churning uncontrollably. She cried and moaned and struggled against her bindings. It was almost unbearable... almost.

Chen Wentian frowned as closely observed her condition. She was still resisting. She was still not legging go. She was still not surrendering to her Dao of pain.

"Let go!" He urged again, forcibly pinching her clit, "Conquer your past! You can do it!"

"Noo! Nooooo!!" Something in her subconscious was refusing to give in.

He slapped her pussy lips with his hands, "Fly, Qianyu! Fly into the sky. Leave the past behind! I believe in you!"

There was no change. She seemed stuck. It wasn't enough.

His spiritual energy surged out. He commanded the ropes attached to the ceiling to come down until her body was level with his hips. His clothes disappeared in a blink and his little dragon sprang to life.

He then emptied the bottle of Red Reaper oil onto his dick, focusing on the head. It burned, a dull throbbing pain that cut through his immortal physique. He threw away the bottle and grabbed her hips. Impatient, he lined up his dick and thrust into her pussy in one smooth motion.

Wu Qianyu wanted to scream but nothing came out. Her breath caught in her throat and died, just like her pussy. She didn't know what was happening, just that it felt like she had died.

Pain, unbelievable pain, overwhelmed her every sense. There was only pain and nothing else!

Chen Wentian pulled out slowly halfway and stabbed back into her. He formed a steady rhythm, a slow retreat and a dominating advance. Each push dragged against her wet folds, rubbing and grinding, sending more of the Red Reaper's overwhelming essence into the deepest crevices of her most precious, most sensitive place.

This was the most painful torture imaginable without causing physical harm. It was his bottom line. He silently apologized over and over again as he fucked her steadily. He didn't know any other way. He hoped that it was enough.

Wu Qianyu was no longer screaming; she no longer made a sound. Her body was consumed entirely by pain; she was no longer aware of the mortal world. Her mind had once again returned to the most devastating memory of her entire being. There, she was ready to wage one final, savage battle.

#### Chapter 349.: Pain (VI)

Wu Qianyu stepped into an altogether familiar scene. She was no longer bound; she was no longer suspended in her master's cultivation room. She wore a silver battle robe that filled her with nostalgia. Every step, every movement, was familiar as the sun and the stars. Her left hand naturally fell to her side and felt the sword that hung there. It was not the Purple Jade Sword but an old friend. She smiled ever-so-slightly and stepped out of her room into the covered hallway outside that overlooked a verdant garden.

The smells in the air hit her nose and she recognized each distinct aroma; Black Mist Moss, Green Clementine, Mountain Lily, Summer Melon, and so many herbs. She knew every plant, having cultivated and cared for them herself at some point or another. She wanted to go and tend to them but a shout interrupted her.

“Mistress! Mistress!”

She turned to see two disciples rush up. They bowed, breathless, their bodies trembling, "They are coming!"

She nodded grimly and drew her sword, "Lead the way!"

Wu Qianyu arrived at the main courtyard to see her father and the others gathered. It was a sea of familiar faces, all wearing familiar white and green robes. It was the Green Leaf Sect, her first home.

The sect wasn't large, a mountain villa with ten or so buildings and a perimeter wall that was only intended to keep out stray beasts. They had around two hundred people in total. The hundred or so disciples were all somewhere in the Mind Focusing Realm while the servants, drawn from the local communities of the Black Mist Mountains, were no better than the Body Refinement Realm.

"Master! The last messenger should have sent off their signal talisman when they reached the Twin Gorge Town. It's already been a day."

Wu Qianyu looked at the person who spoke. His name was Qin Shisan, the first disciple of the sect. He was the strongest disciple at the 2nd Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm and almost forty this year, a tall, rugged mountain man with a level of sophistication that surprised those that didn't know him.

He was still single even though he had plenty of opportunities. Instead, he chose to ask Wu Qianyu to marry him every new season for the last fifteen years. She had rejected him every time. She didn't dislike him; she just didn't like him.

He would have persisted forever. She smiled to herself. Perhaps when she was thirty-five, or even forty in her previous life, she would have given in and accepted.

"Shisan, what about our scouts?" An elderly and tired voice asked.

It came from her father, Wu Yangshu. He was an old soul in an old body. He had guided Green Leaf Sect for the last twenty years. His parents had led the sect before him, and his grandparents before that. In some sense, Wu Qianyu was a bad daughter, for being the last of the family line and not having any

descendants herself. There was nothing about her that could disappoint her father except this but it was too late to change it. She could only silently apologize over and over again.

"I haven't heard from them in the last hour." Qin Shisan said, his voice grave, "And there's no use sending anymore. They are here."

Wu Yangshu nodded. He looked down at the gravel beneath his feet, then around the courtyard at the anxious faces. He steeled himself and cleared his expression.

"Green Leaf Sect. My family..." He said, "The time to fight is now."

He drew his sword. Those who hadn't already followed suit.

"It is too late to run but not too late to fight. In this cruel world, the only thing we can do is fight. We will never give up."

"Fight!"

They roared in unison. Wu Qianyu joined in. Together in desperation, their hearts were united. Some who still held onto hope felt their spirits lifted. Those who knew better fooled themselves for just a moment, united with their friends and family.

But...

Their hopes and lives were crushed only a short while later. The jueyuan attacked in full force. There were more than a thousand of them and they were impossible to stop. They climbed over the walls from three directions and overwhelmed the meager defenses.

Wu Qianyu went through the familiar motions that she had gone through hundreds of times already. Every step she took, she had already memorized. Every swing of her sword, every demon monkey she killed, she remembered it all.

The scenes of her disciples, her friends, falling one by one was seared into her mind. Each time one of them was ripped limb from limb and brutalized, she remembered everything, even each droplet of blood that sprayed out. Each time a female was overwhelmed and assaulted; she already knew the words of pleading that would come out of their mouth even before they were uttered. Those that managed to commit suicide versus those who weren't even able to, she knew each of their names and faces.

She watched as Qin Shisan eventually fell, after taking thirty jueyuan with him into the cycle of samsara. She watched as her father was toyed by the alpha demon monkey until he broke; in body, mind, and spirit. A demon at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm, it was simply unstoppable, it was inevitable.

And inevitably, she was the only one left, standing alone in the courtyard amidst a sea of corpses and unspeakable horrors still ongoing. It was the same series of events that had plagued her dreams for the past two years. It was the same series of events that she lived through over and over again in the dream array for what seemed like forever. Each time, it caused her unbearable pain that scarred her spirit. It left her wounded and unable to move on.

Her master had told her over and over again that she had to accept it. She had to embrace the pain. She had to let go. That this was her one and only bottleneck. But even with two weeks of nonstop cultivation, under his gentle and steady urging, she resisted.

She tried over and over again to fight against her painful memories. She tried everything, from sending requests for help earlier to improving the defenses of the sect, to helping her disciples be stronger before the final fight.

But it was all futile. She could not change the painful past. She could not stop the pain. She could not fight against the pain. Pain was everywhere. Pain was unstoppable. Pain was her entire being.

So... she accepted it...

Wu Qianyu faced the alpha demon monkey and for the first time, she smiled.



She raised her sword and did something she had never done before. A swirl of spiritual energy gathered in her hand and spread up the blade. It was foreign and yet familiar at the same time. It was not from any sword art of the Green Leaf Sect. It wasn't even the sword energy of Dugu's Tenth Sword. It was an entirely new power.

She slashed the air and the spiritual energy leaped from her blade and slammed into the large jueyuan.

It gave a terrified howl and crumpled to the ground. Still howling and crying, it rolled on the ground, grabbing and scratching at its body. It looked to be in pain, in unbearable pain, a kind of pain that could easily crush one's spirit and will to live.

She twirled her sword and slashed sideways. A row of demon monkey underlings to her right were blown back. They landed in a heap and also began to howl and scream in agony.

The scene was no longer the same as her memories. She was forging a brand-new path. Something like this had never happened before in her dreams. She was no longer shackled by the past. Her spirit lifted as if she was starting to fly.

Elated, she continued sword in hand. She rushed through the sect, or what was left of it. Every jueyuan she met, she subjected it to unending torment until it simply gave up living. The female sect members that were still alive were already tainted by demon energy and driven insane. She ended their lives as a final act of mercy and absorbed their pain into herself, freeing them from their mortal agony.

Wu Qianyu understood. She finally understood as she stood alone in the courtyard of the Green Leaf Sect.

She was pain and pain was her.

Pain was her path. Pain was her Dao.

She embraced the pain within her so that she could embrace the pain within others.

All of the pain in the world was her source of power.

Boom!

An overwhelming surge of spiritual energy appeared out of nowhere and washed over her spiritual sea. It transformed her at a fundamental level and brought her one important step out of the mortal realms.

She finally reached the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth!

#### Chapter 350.: Lesser Realm (I)

Wu Qianyu finally broke through. She finally managed to take the first substantial step towards the immortal realms, following her own unique Dao. This was the best way, the way that would present the fewest bottlenecks as long as she could continue to comprehend her path.

Chen Wentian was proud of her. The lesser realm of Spiritual Growth was something few were able to achieve. Out of all cultivators who reached the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm, only a tenth were able to comprehend some kind of art with immortal potential. Fewer still were able to do with their unique creation.

She could have perhaps broken through with some other Dao such as a powerful sword art. But the results would never be as good compared to her path of pain. A random sword art would never fit her as perfectly as something she created herself through struggle and hard work.

“Master...” Wu Qianyu finally awoke.

Chen Wentian had already untied the myriad of ropes from her body and now cradled her in his arms.

“Welcome back, Qianyu. Congratulations.” He said softly.

She looked up at him with teary eyes, happiness radiating from her brilliant expression, “Thank you.”

Her lips opened as if begging for something. He obliged and leaned down, capturing them with his own. She instantly wrapped her naked body around his as she sucked on his tongue with wild passion. He returned the kiss with equal fervor.

They spoke to each other without words, every time she nibbled his lips, every time he wrapped his tongue around hers...

His hands began to roam, consumed by the heat of the moment. One palm rubbed against her smooth backside while a naughty dragon claw sneaked between her legs and prodded her pussy lips.

"Ohhh!" Wu Qianyu let out a cry, not of enjoyment but of pain.

She squeezed her legs together involuntarily, trapping his fingers.

"It hurts..." She groaned.

Chen Wentian realized his wrong. He remembered the Spirit Lord Realm Red Reaper oil that he had lathered all across her body and inside her. He apologized profusely and flew them out of the underground chamber and into the bathroom. With a burst of blue dragon flames, the bathroom filled with steam as the water was heated to the perfect temperature.

"Qianyu, relax, I'll wash it all off you."

"Okay." She said with a blush as she sat on the edge of the hot tub.

Chen Wentian grabbed several bottles of scented soap. They all smelled nice to him, like flowers and honey. He let his own clothes disappear and lathered the soap onto his hands.

He started with her arms. He carefully caressed every centimeter of her smooth alabaster skin, rubbing the spicy oil off with a combination of soap and warmth from his dragon flames.

“Mmmm...” Wu Qianyu closed her eyes and moaned softly.

She enjoyed her master's tender attention. She was weary from the non-stop cultivation of the past few weeks. She had no strength to resist as he did whatever he pleased.

He finished one arm then the other and started on her shoulders and then her chest. He paid special attention to her breasts, gently soothing the red rope marks that marred her skin. He traced his fingers along the base of her breasts and then sank them into her pillowy soft mounds. He rubbed little circles around her areolas and pinched her sore nipples until they became erect.

Wu Qianyu started to pant softly, unable to ignore the pooling heat from his touches. After suffering through all-encompassing pain for so long, these sparks of pleasure were irresistible. They drove her crazy with desire, leaving her impatient for more.

Chen Wentian finished tending to her amazing breasts, leaving her disappointed. He cleaned her back, her waist, and moved to her legs. He wrapped his hands around each thigh, thick and womanly, with irresistible mature charm, and gently rubbed in a downward motion.

Her rhythmic breathing was music to his ears as he traveled down her thigh, across her shapely calves, and to the soles of her feet. Feet were a sensitive area, where many meridians started and ended. He gathered more soap into his hands, poking and prodding at pressure points to relieve the tension in her body.

Soon her feet cleaned, it was finally time for the main course.

He pushed her into the hot tub, causing her to squeal in surprise, and jumped in after her. Submerged up to their necks in warmth, he sat her on his lap and opened her legs.

“Master...”

“Uh-uh, wrong. Did you forget already?”

She stared into his eyes.

“Wentian...” She said softly.

The way she said his name was smooth as silk.

“Qianyu...” He kissed her softly.

His fingers traced a fiery trail, down past her belly bottom, through the triangular patch of hair, across her clit with just a gentle touch, and settled across her pussy lips.

He began to rub, causing her to moan into his mouth. He cleaned her most sensitive place using only hot water and the heat from his flames. Once he was done with the outside, he plunged two fingers into her velvet folds, eliciting a sharp pitched cry.

“Shh... Qianyu, my love, I know it hurts... I'm sorry.” He comforted her.

He did his best to be gentle, scraping the walls of her pussy, trying to get all traces of the Red Reaper out. He knew it was still agonizing for her and he did it as quickly as possible. But the problem was that his fingers were too short and he couldn't reach the deepest parts which were still being tormented.

He removed his hand and placed them on her hips, bringing her to the right position.

“This is going to sting, but only for a little while.” He said, “Trust me.”

She nodded, “I do.”

“I love you.” He said.

Her lips split into a small smile, "I love you."

He lined up his cock and thrust into her.

"AhhhH!" Wu Qianyu screamed.

She clutched his shoulders for dear life, her hips shuddering from the pain. Now that she was no longer in a heightened state of cultivation, the pain seemed even more unbearable.

Chen Wentian took no pleasure from her condition and quickened his pace. He bottomed out inside her pussy and chose short rapid thrusts. Long, hard strokes normally gave her the most pleasure but the large amount of movement would only cause her more pain in this situation. Instead, short and fast thrusts brought about his own orgasm much quicker, which was exactly what he wanted.

He held onto her tightly and fucked her with shallow thrusts. His hips gyrated rapidly, slapping against hers and creating choppy waves in the hot tub. She wrapped her legs around him and cried into his neck.

Soon, he felt the familiar tightness in his balls and a blaze of pleasure rapidly building up in his groin. Normally, he would have fought the sensations in order to last longer, for a bigger release. But this time, he simply let it happen.

His hips jerked rapidly a few more times before going still. He thrust as deep as he could and let the mild but still wonderful orgasm crest and wash over him. His balls squeezed tight, his dick throbbed, and white-hot essence shot inside his lover, into her most intimate and tender place.

His essence, containing the power of a young blue dragon, washed away the remaining traces of the Red Reaper within her. Divine energy was indomitable and his dragon yang was especially so.

Wu Qianyu let out a relieved sigh and a small giggle. She squirmed her hips, rubbing his deflating cock and the overflowing cum into every nook and cranny of her pussy. She let out another sigh as if what she was doing was the most comfortable thing in the world.

“How is it?” He asked.

“Better. Much better.” She said.

“I'm sorry...”

She silenced him with a peck on the lips, “No need to say that because I love you.”

Chen Wentian grinned, “I love you.”

His little dragon awoke, ready for a second round.