

F Disciples 421

Chapter 421.: Side Story: Preparing to Sleep

Ten Thousand Flower Valley entered a period of calm. The demons had been dealt with. The matters of the order and Long Yifei were behind them. Chen Wentian's disciples busied themselves with cultivation, meditation, and practice of various Daos. There were no pressing matters for anyone except Jasmine who was facing a self-imposed deadline in six months to reach the Spirit King Realm.

Tonight was finally the full moon once again. Jasmine would again be able to speak to the spirit memory of her mother. She eagerly waited for the moon to rise on the highest point of Snow White Plum Peak.

When the silvery full moon finally peeked over the horizon, the Tear of Chang Xi began to glow with the power of the heavens. A white fog emerged from the gem and wrapped itself around Jasmine, spinning slowly.

“Good daughter. We finally meet again. I missed you.” Zhiyue Lingdan said in a sing-song voice.

Jasmine laughed merrily, “Mother. I missed you too.”

The white fog of her mother shook slightly in a display of affection. “You've reached the seventh level of spiritual strengthening. Your cultivation has grown very well in the last month. You're doing great!”

“About that, mother, what happens after this? Will I really be able to reach the Spirit King Realm in another six months? How is that supposed to work?”

Her mother laughed, “Of course! Why wouldn't you be able to? You are a Nine Tailed Moonlight Fox of the Purple Moon Clan. Reaching the Spirit King Realm for your age requires only sleeping and eating. There's no need to worry.”

“But...”

“Have you been feeling extra sleepy lately? Have you been sleeping in every day and going to bed early?”

Jasmine tilted her head in surprise, “How?”

“Mmmm. Just as I thought. Your body is ready and is sending you signals. Soon, you will go into a long slumber, a hibernation of sorts. When you wake up, you will already have broken through to the Spirit King Realm!”

“Really? Just like that?”

"That's right! Your body will take care of the rest. This is the power of us divine beasts."

"Hehe, that's amazing!" Jasmine clapped her hands, “Chen Wentian, just you wait! I'm going to spank your ass when that time comes!”

“Mmm. Even entering the Spirit Emperor Realm will be smooth and effortless, though it will take some time. Things will get a lot more difficult in the Spirit Overlord Realm. Most of our clan is at that realm with only a few of the clan leaders at the Spirit Master Realm. Though, I don't know how the clan is right now.”

“Mother, don't worry. I will find you and take revenge on whoever harmed you.”

“Good, good...”

The mother and daughter pair continued to chat into the night, under the moonlight. Her mother made many recommendations about the hibernation and Jasmine promised to carry them out. She would be vulnerable in a deep cultivating sleep. Although she could be awoken in a life-or-death situation, it would severely impact her progress. She would have to rely on the sect to keep prying eyes away from her den.

Although Chen Wentian wasn't here temporarily, the sect was still the safest place. It had a whole province's worth of early warning systems. Almost every disciple was armed with an immortal treasure

that could call upon Chen Wentian's soul art. And there were a couple more immortal souls of his roaming around that could be called upon in an emergency.

With the plan set, their conversation turned to more idle subjects. Jasmine described the latest adventure where they took on two powerful demons at the peak of the Spirit Lord Realm. She also couldn't help but include some details about Chen Wentian. She wouldn't have told anyone else but since it was her mother, she didn't mind sharing some intimate details, if only to complain about how he bullied her in bed recently.

"Is that so?" Zhiyue Lindan asked, laughing, "What's wrong about pleasuring your mate like that? He has done so much for you, returning such a small favor is nothing at all. If it was me, I would have done that anytime he wanted!"

"Mother!" Jasmine cried, blushing madly.

"You enjoyed it didn't you. The way you described the taste of his seed, I bet you can't wait to wring him dry once again!"

"... Maybe."

At this admission, she erupted into a fit of giggles. Her thoughts became full of that first night in the Northern Wasteland and many nights after that. She felt a sudden burst of longing and frustration that he wasn't here by her side.

She looked up at the moon, not knowing what kind of shenanigans he was getting into in the Martial Brilliance Continent. The fog sensed her emotions and came to rest atop her head, gently rubbing her furry ears.

"You're growing up. The fact that you now enjoy his taste means that you've accepted him in your heart. This is a good sign. It means that you might one day be able to conceive his child and bear a little fox baby for me."

Jasmine was stunned. She had never thought about the possibility of a baby. She had always assumed that it was impossible between her and Chen Wentian since he was a human.

“Not impossible.” Her mother said, “Just very difficult. Our bodies will naturally seek to reject the seed of a human so the chances are beyond small. Any offspring will also only have half of a divine bloodline and will be much weaker. However, since he has the complete legacy of the Blue Dragon, the chances are much better and there is also no worry about a lack of bloodline. Although I don't know too much about the divine dragon clans, the power of their bloodline is a well-accepted truth.”

“But... but...” Jasmine finally found her voice, “if I have a baby, will it have a fox's head and a dragon's body. Or will it have a fox's head, a human's body, and a dragon's tail? I don't want an ugly baby!”

“Hehehe. Silly girl, the Purple Moon Clan has never produced an ugly baby, you can bet on that. Plus, you don't have to concern yourself with conceiving just yet. You are still growing. It won't happen in the Spirit King Realm. It might not even happen in the Spirit Emperor Realm.”

“That long? Won't I be an old fox by then?” Jasmine asked.

“Nonsense, our lives are naturally ten times longer than humans. You will outlive Chen Wentian by far. He will turn into an impotent old geezer long before you have to worry about yourself!”

“...”

“Forget I said anything. Good daughter, I only want you to live well, that's all I want. I don't know how long this fragment of my spiritual will can remain in the Tear of Changxi. I just wanted you to know of all the possibilities in case I disappear. If I had to choose between you seeking revenge for me or finding happiness in your mate's embrace, eating, sleeping and loving each other every day, I would rather you be happy.”

Jasmine's heart filled with warmth. “Thanks, mom!”

Chapter 422.: Side Story: Satisfied

Lin Qingcheng impatiently sat in a chair while two servant girls arranged her hair. Today was a special day, not for her specifically but for the House of Paradise. She had to look the part of the sect master of her branch sect and the prime disciple of the province's lord immortal.

After several more minutes, the servants stepped up with mirrors to let her study their handiwork. She had to admit that it was far better than anything she could do herself. Her hair was being done up in the style of royalty, with complex knots and loops as well as plenty of sparkling jewels.

“Wow... great job!” She praised.

She continued to revel at her hair as they dressed her for the upcoming occasion. She still chose her customary garb which consisted of a yellow battle dress and her golden mask. Except, her clothes were made of rich silk dyed with and embroidered with gold thread. Her mask was also new, plated with gold but made of near-indestructible spiritual steel. It had a new design, with facial features that looked distinctively snake-like, a homage to her Golden Serpent Robe.

Once ready, she stepped out of her room, followed by an honor guard consisting of some of the best disciples in the House of Paradise. Since her branch sect was officially established, its name had spread far and wide and had attracted many talented women. They were all eager to join despite the implications, willing to sacrifice their bodies to be a part of an immortal branch sect.

“Sect Master.”

“Sect Master.”

Rows of women bowed and greeted her as she passed.

She eventually arrived atop a wide balcony three stories up that overlooked a vast city square filled with thousands of people. This was Moonlight City, the capital of the Bright Moon Kingdom.

Dragon Flower Province was developing rapidly under the guidance of Ten Thousand Flower Valley. It was transforming into a true immortal province with the creation of Thousand Flower City, a destination for disciples of the sect and immortal visitors from afar. All this development didn't mean that the old guard was being left behind.

Today was special for the city and the kingdom. They were here to commemorate a brand-new teleportation array, the second one in the whole province!

Some provinces were lucky to have just one. They were expensive and often unnecessary for mortal cultivators who had little reason to visit other provinces. For an average immortal sect at the Spirit Lord Realm, they rarely needed more than one. But for Ten Thousand Flower Valley which had more money than they knew what to do with, more teleportation arrays were naturally better.

This new one was of a different design than the one in Thousand Flower City. It was designed to operate at a smaller range and its limit was merely adjacent provinces unlike the one in Thousand Flower City which could hop over the distance of seven or eight provinces. As such, the trade-off was that it could transport more people and goods while requiring fewer spiritual crystals. It was going to be the instrument for fast travel as well as high volume trade.

And finally, it instantly lifted Moonlight City and the Bright Moon Kingdom to new heights.

“Mistress Lin.” A handsome man greeted Lin Qingcheng.

She had to blink several times before she recognized him, “Crown Prince Mingyue Jian, you seem different.”

Mingyue Jian chuckled, “Mistress Lin, I assure you, I am still the same man as before.”

“Ah.” She muttered.

Her business with him and the Bright Moon royal family seemed so long ago. She had already forgotten most of it. She had been focused on cultivation the last few months and cared little of anything else.

“Mistress Lin, let me introduce you to my fiancée, the future Queen of the Bright Moon Kingdom.”

A beautiful woman stepped out from behind Mingyue Jian. She wore gold and silver and a brilliant headdress of pearls and diamonds. Her makeup was exquisite, making her look like a moon goddess. Her black hair was sleek and shiny. Her white skin was spotless and pure like snow.

“Wangyin... ah!” Lin Qingcheng exclaimed, rushing up to clutch her disciple's hand.

Chen Wangyin bowed to pay her respects and smiled brilliantly, “Master!”

Lin Qingcheng laughed, “I always knew it would be you he chose.”

“Really?”

“You were always the prettiest among my directors. And you know men...”

They shared a laugh.

Mingyue Jian coughed awkwardly, “Wangyin is not only beautiful but her mind is equally sharp and capable. It was natural for me to choose her. Since Ten Thousand Flower Valley's arrival, the province has been at peace. There is less need for martial might but more need for logistics and finance in order to support the kingdom's future growth. I cannot think of a more perfect woman as my queen.”

He rubbed Chen Wangyin's shoulder and the pair looked at each other, exchanged an intimate moment between a couple soon to be married. Their budding love was obvious. They had gotten to know each other over several months and it was a great match. Lin Qingcheng felt a small tinge of jealousy, wishing she could marry her master one day.

“Mistress Lin, I have already sent my condolences to the other two candidates, Qin Yan and Yuan Qiaochu. I apologize for us not having enough fortune to be together. I hope they can find their own happiness soon.”

Lin Qingcheng nodded, "They will be a little sad but they are also happy for you and Wangyin. Treat her well."

"I will!" Mingyue Jian said.

"Wangyin, I will leave the Bright Moon Kingdom in your capable hands. My master is amazing and he has broad ambitions and the capability to fulfill them. A single Dragon Flower Province will not be able to contain him nor I. I shall follow him and travel the provinces and continents, wherever he may go, and bring along my beliefs along with me. The House of Paradise will spread across the land, helping women who are enslaved and giving them agency over their bodies and their lives. But the House of Paradise's origin will forever be in Moonlight City and I hope you will continue to watch over the birthplace of our sect."

"I will, master! I will never forget your saving grace. My loyalty to you will never waver." Chen Wangyin said with a deep bow.

"Wangyin..." Lin Qingcheng said, raising her up and giving her a hug.

After sharing a moment, Chen Wangyin nudged Lin Qingcheng with a playful smile, "Master, that was a great speech. Did Mistress Zhou write that for you?"

"What? No!" Lin Qingcheng tried to argue but her furious blush gave it all away.

The pair chatted for a little while longer and then went with Mingyue Jian to greet the other guests. The large balcony was teeming with prominent figures of the province and dignitaries from other provinces. There were many sect masters of local mortal sects. There were ambassadors from other kingdoms and empires. The surviving members of Bright Moon royal family and nobility were also present as well as the Holy Lunar Priestesses blessed by the Tear of Chang Xi.

Eventually, Mingyue Jian excused himself from the party to address the gathered crowd below. He was a gifted orator and spoke of the Bright Moon Kingdom's bright prospects. With a teleportation array, the capital would have relevance for generations to come. The kingdom was entering a new age of prosperity and Mingyue Jian would play the role of a guiding force for the common people of the province, with his queen by his side. Ten Thousand Flower Valley, the House of Paradise, and the Bright

Moon Kingdom were all aligned. Peace and development would lead to continued prosperity for the province, for everyone.

Lin Qingcheng watched silently, listening to the roar of the crowd below. She felt proud. She was the one who first came to this city. She was the one who first wanted to change things for the better. She had a lot of help and everything worked out in the end. She was satisfied.

She could finally cast the Bright Moon Kingdom from her worries and look forward to a new adventure. Her master had promised, it was coming soon.

Chapter 423.: Side Story: A Tale from the Red Spring Hinterland

The Red Spring Hinterland was a vast region of inland seas, jagged mountains that pierced into the sky for what seemed like an eternity, as well as forests and deserts that hid unknown terrors. It was considered its own continent and lay to the east of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent and to the south of the Martial Brilliance Continent. To humans who did not know of the existence of this name, like many in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, they considered this place as the Eastern Wilderness where in reality, the Eastern Wilderness was merely the far-flung outskirts of the hinterland.

For those that did know, the Red Spring Hinterland was a land filled with hidden treasures and fantastical sources of spiritual energy. It was also a dangerous land where only the bravest and strongest humans dared to enter. This was a wild and ferocious land without a single master. Unlike the Martial Brilliance Continent where humans held hegemony, the Red Spring Hinterland was a constant battlefield between demons, beasts, human explorers, and other unknown races.

There were hidden experts all over the place. Being a Spirit Lord was considered the bare minimum and a Spirit King was considered average. The true tyrants were those at the Spirit Emperor Realm or even higher. Eastern Sanmu was only a subcontinent because it had few resources and could not support any immortals above the Spirit King Realm. Indeed, this was the true meaning behind calling a region a continent.

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Qin Shui'er emerged from a black lake, her body returning to its original color of clear blue. She did not take a human form as there was no need to. There were no humans here, and if there were, they were mere slaves and playthings of demons.

There was no light all around her, only pure darkness. An impenetrable fog pressed down like a thick blanket. Her spiritual sense could only pierce a few meters in all directions and the only thing she could perceive was a stone path that led away from the shore.

She followed the path, taking slow deliberate steps. She felt the spiritual sense of other beings brush against hers. Unseen figures dashed around her on the ground and in the air. She kept her guard up, not really expecting to be attacked but just in case.

After a while, she arrived at the foot of a sheer cliff. Before her was a set of doors made of a black metal that reflected no light. Not even spiritual energy could penetrate it.

She knelt before the door and bowed to the ground, "Disciple Qin Shui'er has returned. Disciple is incapable and failed her mission. A senior brother was also lost in the process. There is nothing I can say that can atone for my failure. I am willing to accept any punishment that master may bestow me."

A long time passed with no reaction from the gate. Qin Shui'er knelt there silently, her heart trembling. She didn't know how her master would punish her. She didn't think he would kill her since the mission hadn't been a total loss. She had information on the source of the demon slayer art, Lin Huzhong, as well as the existence of a divine beast. She hoped that was enough. But depending on her master's mood today, anything was possible.

Finally, there was a tremendous noise akin to a mountain splitting in half. The gate doors cracked open and swung in. Then, from inside the murky darkness, a shapeless being floated out.

"My, my... I was wondering what useless thing came here making so much noise. It was you." It said as it floated before her. "You certainly took the scenic route back here."

"Senior Brother Seventh Black." She greeted with another bow.

This being was an ancient shade, a demon born of shadow. It came from the darkest places in the world such as subterranean caves. It was a master of its element like she was with water. It was capable of hiding in the darkness and traveling stealthily across vast distances.

Seventh Black was her senior brother but he was already at the Spirit King Realm, like many senior disciples. She was glad it was him who greeted her. It meant that her master's mood was probably better than usual.

Seventh Black seemed to guess her thoughts and spoke, "You're in luck. Master recently made a great stride in his recovery. If you had come back a month ago, your life would have been in danger. Come, let's go meet him."

"Yes, senior brother."

The pair entered the mountain and traveled through a myriad of tunnels, descending deeper and deeper. They chatted about idle things like old friends. A few immortal demons passed by them but none stopped to greet them.

They eventually entered a vast underground cavern that was as tall as the sky and as deep as the underworld. It was pitch black and it was impossible to tell how far it was to the other side or if the other side even existed.

"Your turn." Seventh Black said, retreating into the tunnel, "Don't ruin his mood too much. A few more of your fellow brothers and sisters are due to report back soon. I don't want them to lose their lives."

"Yes, senior brother."

Qin Shui'er walked forward on a solidary stone ledge until it eventually ended. She overlooked the pit of sheer darkness and knelt to the ground, "Disciple Qin Shui'er, greets master."

After a short moment, the darkness trembled. A fearsome aura erupted, flooding her senses and washing away her spiritual energy. She remained bowed, defenseless, at the mercy of the powerful being that slowly rose from the depths.

"Shui'er..." A voice as deep as the world spoke.

Her master's black mass filled her senses. She was but a speck of dust. How large was her master? She didn't know and never thought to ask. All she knew was that this massive cavern that could fit whole mountains seemed too small all of the sudden.

"Tell me what happened."

"Yes, master..."

Qin Shui'er retold the events from the time she arrived at the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. The broken message that reported the existence of a Demon Slayer Art left no other detail so her first task was to gather information and hunt down the origin of the message. She started by laying down a vast network of water sprites, tiny water demons under her command capable of hiding in bodies of water, no matter how small. They could even be cast down over an area through raindrops.

After narrowing down the search area to the northeast quadrant of the subcontinent, she began commanding the local demon clans to attack humans at will to lure out the source of the Demon Slayer Art. This was also successful as it brought out Immortal Sword Bandit Lin Huzhong and his Six Meridians Demon Blight sword style.

The final act was the ambush. She knew she couldn't do it alone so she recruited White Claw, the wangliang, from his post in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis to assist her.

"Master, I'm sorry. Senior Brother White Claw's death is all my fault." Her voice was full of regret and a healthy dose of fear.

"How did he die?"

Qin Shui'er quickly described the arrival of the Nine Tailed Moonlight Fox and her ambush being turned around on her.

"Senior brother sacrificed his life so that I may escape. Disciple is incapable, I will submit to any punishment master has in store for me!"

The voice in the deep laughed, "A Nine Tailed Moonlight Fox? Interesting. What is the Purple Moon Clan trying to do now? Have they not learned their lesson? Do they want more suffering? Hahaha!"

Qin Shui'er remained silent, having no idea what her master was talking about.

"Anyway, I won't blame you since a divine beast showed up. Neither you nor White Claw can fight against a divine beast in a fair fight, even an immature one."

Relief washed over her, "Master, thank you master. Please let me gather some fellow disciples to hunt down this fox. We will get revenge on brother White Claw!"

"No need! You won't be able to catch it. Divine beasts are tricky little things, always sneaky and cowardly. It doesn't matter. I don't care about one divine beast, what I care about is the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. Like I have said before, the only thing that could possibly stand in the way of us taking over that subcontinent was the potential existence of a Demon Slayer Art. From what you describe, that sword art you unearthed is not a true Demon Slayer Art but a poor recreation. In that case, we don't have to worry about it!"

"Yes, master."

The darkness continued speaking, "White Claw died so we don't have anyone handling our sect's matters in the subcontinent right now. Therefore, I will send Seventh Black as a replacement. It will be a good opportunity for him to feed on the dreams of these useless human immortals and get stronger. As for you, since you are already familiar with the land, you will join Seventh Black and accelerate our plans there. Oh, and before you leave, I've gathered some Pearls of Pure Water, you are already close to the next realm and they should help you breakthrough."

Qin Shui'er's heart swelled. She wasn't being punished but was being rewarded instead. She didn't know why but she didn't care to ask. Pearls of Pure Water contained abundant spiritual energy with the purest water attribute. For her, it was the best cultivation treasure. It was exactly what she needed.

"Thank you, master, thank you! I promise, once I reach the Spirit King Realm, I will return to the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. Along with brother Seventh Black, we will destroy the humans and subdue the land as a gift to master."

"Good, don't disappoint me."

Chapter 424.: Side Story: A Tale from Beast God City

While Ten Thousand Flower Valley overcame a demon crisis and continued to rapidly develop its territories, its first nemesis to the southeast was silently recovering and building strength. Their losses in recent times had been truly massive.

Losing a Spirit King in Immortal Mamba of Shadow Zhuge Kang was the first blow. Mei Qiaofeng's attack of retribution sowed more chaos. And finally, their city being besieged by the Three Breast Kings caused unfathomable damage.

From top to bottom, their strength had been sapped by a great deal. In addition to Zhuge Kang, they had also lost two Spirit Lords, Immortal Berserk Ox Ji Tianyu and Immortal Thousand Owl Zhou Tongpu. There was also a whole generation of young talents lost during the siege as well as a few more during the massacre caused by that crazed Abbess Liang at the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis.

The past year had been a complete debacle for the sect. While Beast God Sanctum was still a Spirit King Realm sect, it was difficult to call them a super sect any more. They used to be compared to the Four Kings of the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis and stood on almost equal footing. Now, there was no room for them to act so arrogantly anymore.

"What a mess." Chen Wentian, as He Xingping, sighed in frustration.

As He Xingping, he was an executive elder under Immortal Lion of Fortitude He Zicheng. He was responsible for tens of thousands of people and had a part to play in the future of the Beast God Sanctum. It was a lot of work, forcing him to spend long days at the Lion Lord's Castle as well as reading mountains of reports at home.

He tossed the latest scroll into a pile and rubbed his eyes. It was another report about the lack of funds for something or another. They had to support the citizens of the city and members of the faction that suffered losses. They had to rebuild houses and walls. They had to scramble to raise up another batch of cultivators to replace those lost. It was difficult to pay for it all.

He got up and stretched his limbs. This soul was fifty-two and as a mortal, his body was already starting to decline. His eyes stung from reading all day. His back ached. Even though he was a cultivator at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm, he couldn't fight off the inevitability of mortality.

A knock and a voice interrupted his thoughts. "Husband."

It was Qiu Jingyi, He Xingping's wife.

"What time is it, did I miss dinner again?" Chen Wentian asked and then added quickly. "Come in, come in."

The door to his office opened Qiu Jingyi entered. She was wearing a comfortable, loose-hanging robe. From the plunging neckline, it seemed that she wasn't wearing anything underneath. Her face was rosy and she was smiling.

"Husband, I know you're working hard for the Lion Lord so I've brought dinner here."

She signaled behind and a row of servants filed in. They set up a table, chairs and piled it high with steaming dishes. After they left, a nursemaid came in, pushing a baby carriage made of wood.

"Zhuoyan!" Qiu Jingyi said and picked up their daughter, "Come meet your daddy."

Chen Wentian grinned and took He Zhuoyan into his arms. She was past six months old now and she was growing fast. She still drank milk but her appetite was insatiable. Although she was not exactly his daughter but He Xingping's, Chen Wentian enjoyed acting like a doting parent in place of this soul.

“Zhouyan, precious daughter, are you hungry? Your Daddy is hungry!” He leaned down to nuzzle her cheek.

This elicited a series of giggles and nonsensical babbles. He kissed her a few times and then handed her over to his wife. After a few more laughs, she was returned to the nursemaid. They then sat down at the table and began to eat.

While they conversed about random things and the latest gossip around the city, Chen Wentian couldn't help but notice Qu Jingyi's exceptional mood. Finally unable to hold back, he prodded her.

“Xiao Yi, tell me. What has gotten you in such a good mood tonight?”

“Hehe.” She finally couldn't hold it in and giggled.

He prodded her again and this caused her to abandon her chopsticks. She sat up, walked around his chair, and then sat down on his lap.

“Hey!” He complained.

Qu Jingyi draped her arms around his shoulders and pulled him in for a needy kiss. Dinner was forgotten as they savored each other for several rounds.

She eventually pulled away with a silly smile, “Guess.”

“Uhh...” He pawed her ass while he thought.

But after a long silence, he gave up and kissed her again.

“Fine, I'll tell you.” Qu Jingyi said, “I heard about this from a trusted source in the Qu Clan. It's about the Ji Clan.

“The Ji Clan?” He asked, not quite following.

“Mmm. They're almost done for. They can struggle all they want but their decline is now inevitable since their lord died. And you know what the best part of that is? Now, we won't have to deal with Ji Clan people ever again!”

“Oh! You're talking about that!” Chen Wentian laughed.

He should have guessed it. The only thing that could make his wife so happy apart from another pregnancy was this. Since Immortal Berserk Ox Ji Tiangu died, the Ji Clan lost their support and was rapidly losing power in the Lion Faction as well as the city in general. They had originally tried to force an engagement on him with a young princess of the clan. He couldn't fight back against an immortal so he had accepted Ji Mengluo. He had met her a few times during visits to their clan and they had even begun to make wedding arrangements.

However, Ji Tiangu died and upended everything.

After that, He Xingping no longer responded to any invitations from the Ji Clan. He ignored all letters and correspondences with impunity, intending for the engagement to simply disappear. There was nothing they could do. He was still a direct descendant of the Lion Lord, a member of the He Clan, at the end of the day.

He had ignored them for so long he had long forgotten about the matter. The Ji Clan also didn't say anything publicly in an attempt to protect Ji Mengluo's reputation. But it seemed that this matter finally leaked out and reached his wife's ears. How could she not be happy? She no longer had to share him with a young, beautiful concubine.

“So, Xiao Yi, I've thrown away a beautiful little wife, just for your sake. How will you repay me?” He said teasingly.

She wiggled her butt a few times to get him hard. Then, she let her loose robe fall off her shoulders, revealing her swollen breasts, filled with milk. She eyed him coyly while she squeezed them together. Pearly white droplets formed and quickly turned into a spray of motherly nectar.

This was enough to set him off.

Unwilling to let a single drop go to waste, he lifted her up and carried her to his desk. He swept the scrolls and tomes off with his spiritual energy and laid her down on it. With her legs wrapped around his waist, he leaned down to suckle her nipples.

Sweet milk caressed his tongue and filled his mouth. She was so full. She probably hadn't nursed their daughter all day, intending to reward him.

He drank several mouthfuls from one breast and switched to the other. Back and forth, he savored her greedily, not letting a drop touch the wooden table, licking every, leaving her breasts glistening with his saliva.

At some point or another, he had managed to undo his pants and find the opening in her loose robes. He was already hard as steel and she was a puddle of arousal.

He plunged in. He bottomed out inside of her in one go and knocked on the entrance to her womb.

"Husband!" Qu Jingyi cried out joyfully.

She pulled her legs up, giving him better access.

He pulled back and thrust back into her pussy. She screamed, causing breast milk to squirt out powerfully like a fountain. He slammed into her again. She howled and flowed like a mountain spring.

Chen Wentian fucked her hard and fast. They rutted on his office desk like a pair of beasts. He pounded her like a common whore. Tenderness was forgotten in favor of raw passion.

The harder he thrust and the deeper he went, the more milk flowed. He couldn't get enough so he put his weight on her and plowed her with everything he had.

He didn't know how long they went at it. He lost count of how many times she orgasmed. When he finally blasted her pussy with his seed, his stomach was already full.

But her milk still flowed and she still wanted more. So, he obliged.

Chapter 425.: Side Story: A Tale from the Eastern Light Clan (I)

The Eastern Sanmu Metropolis returned to normal day-to-day life fairly quickly after the excitement of the Golden Feather Hunt and the chaos caused by the battle between the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen and the Sororal Order of Endless Love. The city had a long history of over a thousand years and these two events were nothing more than an interesting side note. The residents, its various sects and factions, returned to their prior squabbles and age-old grievances without a care for the outside world.

On this day, an interesting event took place at the Tower of Light, the sky-scraping pagoda that was the home of the Eastern Light Clan. Outsiders were completely unaware but Chen Wentian managed to experience it first hand and then some...

Chen Wentian, as Ming He, emerged from a cultivation room. Profound spiritual energy radiated from his body. He had finally broken through to the Spiritual Ascendance realm after many months of hard work. As a top disciple of the Eastern Light Clan, this was to be expected. As the young master of one of the Four Kings of the metropolis, anything less than the Spirit Lord Realm was unacceptable.

For the old Mine He, this matter would still have been difficult. For the new Ming He, a soul within Chen Wentian's vast soul space and another avatar of the master of the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art, becoming a Spirit Lord was guaranteed.

In fact, Chen Wentian had a vested interest in Ming He becoming a Spirit Lord. It would give him a far more reliable spy within the metropolis. It was also the path already laid out for Ming He, he just needed to provide an extra push. Ming He, unlike his other reliable spy in He Xingping, had adequate talent. It would be strange for He Xingping to suddenly start progressing towards the immortal realms but it wasn't strange at all for Ming He.

Thus, using some excess soul energy from the immortal wangliang, the graverobber demon, that he had recently acquired, Chen Wentian gave Ming He some help in the right direction, straight past the bottleneck of the lesser realm of Spiritual Ascendance.

“Well done, son!”

“Good job, Xiao He!”

Two people met Chen Wentian outside of the cultivation room. They included Ming He's father, Immortal Light Warder Ming Hai, as well as the clan head, Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu. His father was expected but the clan head wasn't.

He quickly went up to the clan head and bowed, “Venerable Clan Head, your presence honors me. I have finally reached the lesser realm of Spiritual Ascendance. In the process, I've already completed the third stage of the First Light of Zhulong.”

Ming Mu smiled, “Xiao He's dedication to cultivation is impressive. I was worried that you would develop a heart demon with the way Long Yifei was snatched away by those bitches from the Martial Brilliance Continent. But you did well, beyond my expectations. You will be rewarded for this.”

“Venerable Clan Head, thank you. I shall train with all my heart and reach the Spirit Lord Realm soon!”

“Mmm.” Ming Mu nodded sagely and then began to study him with a keen eye.

Chen Wentian stood still with a relaxed posture. He didn't put any defense as the clan head's vast spiritual energy swept over every pore of his body. After some time, the examination was over and Ming Mu smiled once more.

“Good, excellent. His potential is great. He can immediately start cultivating the immortal Dao.”

Ming Hai burst out in laughter that shook the hallway, “Hahaha, that's my son! I knew it! Hahaha!”

Ming Mu let him finish and said, "You can leave. I will guide Ming He to the selection room."

"Yes, father! Son, rejoice, I will be waiting for your good news!" With that, Ming Hai quickly disappeared.

"Come," Ming Mu beckoned.

Chen Wentian, as Ming He, followed. He had some idea about what was going on but he held back his curiosity.

They crossed several floors and arrived at a secret room that was behind several protective arrays. The power of these rune arrays was comparable to that of the Grand Beast God Formation of the Beast God Sanctum which could protect a whole city. Even if three or four Spirit Kings wanted to uncover this room within the Tower of Light, they wouldn't be able to as long as the clan head was alive.

"We're here." The clan head said as the door closed behind them.

The room was small and there were no windows. There was nothing inside except for glowing ball of white light that floated in the very middle. It gave off an endlessly powerful and incomprehensibly profound spiritual aura. It could only be described as divine.

Chen Wentian sucked in a breath, unable to believe the object before him.

Ming Mu spoke, "This is our Eastern Light Clan's greatest secret. It is something taught to only those attempting to reach the immortal realms. Thus, before I say anything else, I need a spiritual oath from you that this room and nothing I say here can be revealed to others except me."

Chen Wentian gathered his spiritual energy and formed a ball of light, "Clan head, I swear!"

The spiritual oath entered his and bound itself with his soul, Ming He's soul. But since all of his souls could witness Ming He's every action in real-time, this spiritual oath had no real effect on him whatsoever.

“Good, let me start at the beginning...”

Immortal Light of Daybreak Ming Mu explained the history of the Eastern Light Clan, which started over a thousand years ago. In those days, the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent was still a wilderness where human pioneers were struggling day by day with monsters. Among them was the ancestor of the Eastern Light Clan who came from the Martial Brilliance Continent to make a name for himself.

He arrived at the area of the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis and discovered a holy land for cultivators, an oasis of spiritual energy of all forms in this subcontinent. And within this region, he found the greatest treasure of them all which was this ball of light. This ball of light was mysterious yet powerful and bestowed the ancestor a supreme Dao utilizing the power of light.

Ming Mu didn't explain what the ball of light was exactly except for calling it the First Light but Chen Wentian didn't need him to. Chen Wentian already knew what it was. It far surpassed his wildest hopes.

This ball of light was the source of light of the Shining Dragon, a complete legacy to its divine power that the dragon left behind before dying!

It was the one that bestowed the First Light of Zhulong to the Eastern Light Clan!

Chapter 426.: Side Story: A Tale from the Eastern Light Clan (II)

A divine beast's legacy was a curious thing. They normally did not leave it behind as they knew that it could land in the hands of their enemies, particularly the humans. They only left behind a legacy if they had no other choice. Perhaps they held great regrets before death and were unwilling to die. Perhaps they or their clan was facing a great danger that they could not hope to defeat.

Whatever the reason, a divine beast's legacy represented their last hope, a hope that their legacy would live on no matter what. The baby Blue Dragon's source of fire was its undying legacy, its sadness,

unwillingness to die, and its desire to save Arcadia. This Shining Dragon's source of light had to have an equal, if not greater reason.

Chen Wentian was happy that he had finally discovered the origin of the First Light of Zhulong. But what he discovered next made him elated.

This source of light contained a fragment of the original soul!

There was no mistake. He felt a distinct pull towards the source of light within his soul realm. The soul was old, it was faint, but it was far more powerful than anything he had ever dealt with. This fragment of a soul belonged to an adult dragon with infinite wisdom. It wasn't immature and silly like the baby blue dragon. As such, he dared not try to absorb it. He would certainly lose out and lose his life in the process.

While Chen Wentian pondered the circumstances of this Shining Dragon, Ming Mu was still explaining various aspects of the First Light of Zhulong. The clan head explained that the so-called first three stages of the First Light of Zhulong that mortal members of the clan practiced were nothing more than a poor imitation. The true immortal Dao was bestowed directly by the source of light and nobody else, not even the clan head, could reveal its secrets.

"Alright, I've spoken enough, time for the Trial of Light." Ming Mu said.

"Trial?" Chen Wentian asked.

"Don't worry. It is not dangerous. The First Light will cast its power over you to test your talent and compatibility for the immortal Dao of the First Light of Zhulong."

"Yes, clan head."

"Good, let's begin."

Ming Mu raised both hands and several colors of light shot out. There was blue, green, gray, and red. They all coalesced around the ball of white light and were smoothly absorbed.

A few moments later, there was a pulse of spiritual energy from the ball of light. Chen Wentian's vision turned white as he felt an immeasurable power enter his mind.

“Descendant of the Ming Clan, your Trial of Light has come!” A deep voice spoke to him within the blinding light.

The voice seemed to be speaking a strange hissing language but he could understand it clearly as human speech. Behind the voice was a power that was approximately at the Spirit King Realm. For a fragment of a dead soul to be still at the Spirit King Realm, the original soul was a supreme immortal dragon, a fearsome being that had few enemies in the world.

If he wanted to absorb this Shining Dragon soul, he would have to be at the Spirit King Realm at least and even then, success wouldn't be guaranteed. The risk was too great. He already had the Blue Dragon soul so he had no urgent need for another dragon soul.

While he debated with his greedy heart, the voice of the soul fragment continued to speak, “Mortal, you are on the verge of immortality and you are ready to learn the full secrets of the First Light of Zhulong! This one's divine Dao is one of light. Light is simply a combination of all five of the core elements of Wuxing; fire, earth, metal, water, and wood. To truly master light, you must be compatible with all five elements. This is beyond difficult for humans and the best any descendant of the Ming Clan has ever managed is four out of the five. Let's see how well you can do!”

With that, the white world around Chen Wentian changed into five different colored lights. The first was a deep ocean blue light. It was the power of water that represented flexibility, coolness, and wisdom. The next was a forest green light. It contained the power of wood which represented healing, blooming, nobleness, and benevolence. The third was a steel-gray light. It contained the power of metal and represented longevity, fortitude, and resilience. The fourth was a sunny yellow light. It represented wealth, growth, fealty, and honesty. The last was a blood-red light. It represented power, destruction, and bravery.

All five lights swirled around Chen Wentian, pummeling his body and melding with his spiritual energy. It was like he was being deconstructed by this divine power of light and put back together bit by bit. He lost track of time and could do nothing, letting this mortal body to the whims of the Shining Dragon soul...

Chen Wentian opened his eyes sometime later. The blinding lights had disappeared. He was still in the secret room and Clan Head Ming Mu was staring at him expectantly. The ball of light remained in the middle, glowing softly.

“Well? How did it go?” Ming Mu asked.

Chen Wentian extended his hand and five weak rays of light shot out, each a color of Wuxing, before they all melded together and became white.

“This... This...” Ming Mu's expression was one of complete shock, “This... is Wuxing! You brat, you are compatible with each element of Wuxing?”

“Reporting to clan head,” Chen Wentian replied with a bow, “I have indeed passed the Trial of Light and am compatible with each element of Wuxing. The First Light has already bestowed me with the complete First Light of Zhulong.”

Ming Mu suddenly burst out in laughter, “Hahaha! Good, good, good.”

He said good several more times, patting Chen Wentian on the back.

“Xiao He, you brat, you lucky brat,” Ming Mu said, his voice now filled with affection, “That incident with Long Yifei did not ruin your future but unlocked your true talent. I'm glad. You are the future of the Eastern Light Clan. Your talent is better than mine and all of our ancestors. Oh, I assume you the First Light has already told you what you have to do now?”

Chen Wentian answered, “Yes, clan head. Light is darkness. Darkness is light. Yin and yang. Yang and yin. They are opposite sides of the same whole. Men are yang. Women are yin. Men of light are supported by women's yin. Since I am compatible with each element of Wuxing, I have to find five suitable Dao companions to cultivate the true Dao of the First Light of Zhulong.”

“That's right! Your old clan head only has four Dao companions. You will be the first person in the clan who has to get five Dao companions. You have to work hard!”

“The true Dao requires us to find multiple Dao companions depending on our talent. Why does the mortal version of the Dao speak of only one? Why didn't you stop me from pursuing Long Yifei?” Chen Wentian asked.

“Hahaha. That's just a harmless lie to keep mortal clan members away from the truth. As for Long Yifei, she is a genius-level talent with an affinity for ice. In other words, she would have been your Dao companion for the element of water.”

Chen Wentian nodded and brought up another related matter, “Clan head, one more thing. I remember that the immortal Dao of the Rainbow Canyon Temple is called the Wuxing Color Transformation. The First Light of Zhulong also involves Wuxing. This can't be a coincidence.”

“That's right. The first ancestor of the Rainbow Canyon Temple was actually an elder of the Eastern Light Clan. The temple was simply a convenient way for us to seek out suitable Dao companions of the five elements for our own use. Any bad reputation that arises over the years all get put on the Rainbow Canyon Temple and the Eastern Light Clan's reputation remains untarnished.”

“I understand.” Chen Wentian said.

“Good, looks like you have an interesting adventure ahead of you, finding five women and convincing them to be your Dao companions. Remember that it's not about speed but quality. A Dao companion with low talent is worse than no companion at all.” Ming Mu said.

“Yes, clan head.”

“I will have Rainbow Canyon Temple send you a list of potential candidates. Head out as soon as possible.”

“Yes!”

Chapter 427.: Virtuous Order (I)

Volume 11

Chen Wentian and Long Yifei stepped out of the teleportation portal. They had arrived in the middle of a massive teleportation array that was at least four times bigger than any he had seen before. It had two concentric circles of pillars, the first one with eight and the second with twelve.

They had arrived, at the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen. The array was located inside a vast circular hall made of white marble. The ceiling was four or five stories tall, supported by white columns carved with reliefs of countless beautiful women.

Eight arched openings led to the outside which was like a scene from a dream. Flocks of powder-white doves fluttered across the sky. What trees that were visible were covered with cherry and peach blossoms. The lake that surrounded the hall was filled with cream-colored water lilies and a group of silvery swans that preened under the sun.

This was the Virtuous Order!

“Welcome, Sacred Daughter. Welcome, acolyte.” Immortal Dawn Euphony Li Shishi's voice drifted over.

Chen Wentian looked ahead. The other Spirit Lords of the order had disappeared. Only she was left, standing before a paved road that led off into the woods. Her demeanor had changed. They were no longer in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent where she was a guest. This was her domain.

“Come.” She said gently, but firmly.

Chen Wentian and Long Yifei remained arm in arm and followed.

They walked along the winding path of alabaster until they arrived at a fork. The main path straightened out towards a gleaming white building in the distance. Two side paths diverged to either side.

Li Shishi stopped and spoke, "This is where we separate. Sacred Daughter, go down the middle. Acolyte, go down the right. I will not accompany either of you. Remember our rules. You'll be able to see each other again soon enough."

With that, she walked off along the left path.

Chen Wentian turned to Long Yifei and gave her a small hug, "Yifei, are you nervous?"

She shook her head, "Excited."

"Good, I'm glad. Don't forget. Be alert, take care of yourself, don't get tricked by strangers."

She smiled, "I won't, master."

"Heh, it's acolyte now." He shook his head, "I still don't like this title. Sounds lame."

"Sir acolyte, brave acolyte, noble acolyte, master acolyte..." She said teasingly.

He slapped her butt, "Actually just butt-slapping acolyte."

They shared a laugh. He had never seen her spirits so high. It was a revelation. She was really excited about being here!

"Alright, alright. We should get going." He said.

"Mmm."

Chen Wentian gave Long Yifei another small hug. He watched her disappear down the main path before turning and walking the right path. This one cut through the trees, rising in elevation and curving back around until it was parallel with the main path.

A short distance later, he emerged onto a wide clearing and long amphitheater, again made of marble. The main path led to the sunken platform in the middle while the right and left paths led to the raised, tiered viewing area above.

There were already a large number of people gathered. Down in the amphitheater, there were over a hundred Sacred Daughters. He could just make out Long Yifei as she mingled with the others. On the other side, viewing the recruits for this school year, were a crowd abbotesses and prioresses. In addition to Li Shishi, there were nine more. Ten Spirit Kings gathered in one place; it would have been an astonishing sight in the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. But in the Martial Brilliance Continent, Spirit Kings were abundant as the doves in the sky.

Chen Wentian the group of men on his side. They were acolytes, the supporters of the Sacred Daughters below. They numbered around fifty, much fewer than the Sacred Daughters. Many Sacred Daughters that came from low backgrounds didn't have acolytes. Some powerful and wealthy acolytes were known to have multiple Sacred Daughters but even they weren't allowed to more than one per year.

He stood off to the side alone and examined those around him. There was a handful of Spirit Kings. The majority were Spirit Lords. There were even a few mortals at the Spirit Initiate Realm.

These were the most interesting as they showed no fear standing amidst so many immortals. Their demeanor and expressions were ones of cultured indifference as if they had seen it all before. Their backgrounds were no doubt impressive. Otherwise, mere mortals wouldn't be able to call immortals their peers in anything.

He also noticed something else. The quality of each immortal in the Martial Brilliance Continent was noticeably better than the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. He Xinghan of the Beast God Sanctum was able to break through to the Spirit Lord Realm at the age of forty-eight. This was considered amazing in the subcontinent and a feat that was difficult to reproduce, even in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis by the four Spirit King factions. Yet here, there were many Spirit Lords with a physical age in the low forties.

He couldn't help but sigh as he remembered Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun's warning. This continent of human power was a truly fearsome place. It was filled with dangers and unknown enemies at every turn.

He studied each acolyte. Some looked back at him, others ignored him. If they weren't exceedingly handsome, they were powerful and confident. He felt as if he had suddenly returned to his past, his mortal life where every day was a struggle against greedy, selfish, and despicable men. Now, as an immortal, this eternal battle was once again going to resume.

He welcomed it. He was the master of the soul realm. He held one of, if not the most powerful and heavenly Dao in the cultivation world. With the Anatta Soul Nirvana Art, he needed no allies, he needed no friends, he only needed souls.

If anyone had ideas about Long Yifei, he would kill them and take their souls. If any of these acolytes tried to mess with him, he would kill them and take their souls. If people from the Virtuous Order betrayed him, he would kill them and take their souls. He was one soul against the world. He was walking along the path of destruction, fighting against the cycle of samsara, the laws that governed the world.

This had been his path of cultivation through the mortal realms. After a period of respite and leisure, this would be his path once again in the immortal realms.

Chapter 428.: Virtuous Order (II)

“Greetings, friend.” A voice interrupted Chen Wentian's musings.

It belonged to another newly arrived acolyte, a tall strapping man that was at least half a head taller than Chen Wentian.

Chen Wentian hid a frown and cupped his fists, “Greetings.”

The other man continued, “My name is Immortal Drifting Axe Han Baohu, a new acolyte. May I ask your name?”

Chen Wentian eyed the man carefully. Chen Wentian was distrustful but he also couldn't be rude without reason. As an acolyte, his actions would also reflect on Long Yifei.

"I am Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, also a new acolyte. You have a good eye for details. I would not have been able to discern it from you."

Han Baohu laughed, "It's nothing really. I simply saw how you were one of the few like me that were by themselves and couldn't help but feel a sense of comradery. These others all seem to know each other and are residents of the Martial Brilliance Continent. They didn't want to talk to a no-name immortal from a subcontinent so I didn't overstay my welcome with them."

"Ah, I see. That means you are not from here. So where are you from?" Chen Wentian asked. He disliked talking to men but he was still capable of small talk.

"I am from the Western Wumu Subcontinent. If I had to guess, Brother Chen is from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent?"

"Correct, how did you know?"

"Hahaha, quite easy actually. I don't possess any mind-reading abilities so don't worry. The Western Wumu Subcontinent is the western neighbor of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. I have visited Eastern Sanmu many times and am familiar with the accent of the region. It is very distinctive. In fact, the continents all have subtle differences in their accents that a seasoned ear like mine can easily distinguish."

"Impressive, impressive! Brother Han's knowledge has opened my eyes!" Chen Wentian said.

He wasn't lying. This information about regional dialects and accents was important. All of his souls were from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent. It would be difficult for him to sneak around pretending to be a local unless he found another soul as soon as possible.

"Speaking of which, Brother Chen, are you the only acolyte from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent?" Han Baohu asked.

“Not sure.”

“Did you go through the transcontinental teleportation array with other parties or just your own?”

“Just my own.”

Han Baohu nodded, “Ah, I see. Then you probably did not have any other Sacred Daughters or acolytes. Each region is different, sometimes there are more, sometimes there are less. The year before, Western Wumu had nobody. This year, we thankfully had three Sacred Daughters and acolytes. Look over there.”

He pointed to two immortals who were mingling with other groups. “I’ll introduce you to them later. They are both trying to find friends and allies. We are merely poor peasants in the eyes of the elites of the continent. We’re all facing an uphill battle and should stick together!”

Chen Wentian nodded, “Brother Han’s words are wise. If you find it acceptable, you have a friend in Chen Wentian.”

Since the other party had offered, Chen Wentian wasn’t closed-minded enough to refuse. Having allies, even nominal ones, was always useful. He wouldn’t ever trust a strange immortal fully but it would be good to exchange information occasionally and lend a hand if it wasn’t too bothersome.

Han Baohu’s face brightened, “Brother Chen!”

The two of them shook hands and shared a laugh. They chatted about random things for a while before the conversation turned back to the Virtuous Order.

“The sacred arts of the Virtuous Order are truly wonderful and broad. When I first heard about it, I knew instantly that I had to find a Sacred Daughter and join them.” Han Baohu said.

“Why is that?”

Han Baohu sighed, "All of my disciples are trash. Or maybe I am a useless master. My Axe Mountain Sect hasn't been able to find a worthy successor for hundred years. None of them have been able to master my immortal Dao, how miserable is that? I heard that Sacred Daughters a specific sacred art that can instill tremendous martial and cultivation talent into their first child, combining the talents of both parents into a genius. Such a child is all but guaranteed to reach the immortal realms.

"Hahaha, Brother Chen, please don't think that I lack ambition. I have simply lived long enough to seek the most practical goal possible. I don't care if my Xiang'er can become a prioress or an abbottess or some other nonsense. Once she masters that sacred art, I will have a child with her!"

Chen Wentian chimed in, "But won't that anger the order? You would be cutting off her cultivation path. She would no longer be able to practice without her virginity."

Han Baohu waved his hand dismissively, "My Xiang'er has only the mediocre talent of blessed daughter. They told me that if I provided enough resources and support, she might have a small chance of reaching the Spirit Lord Realm. But what use is that? I would already be dead!"

"I see, Brother Han is wise as always. My disciple, Fei'er, is of the same talent. They told me that if I supported her enough, she could improve to the grade of sacred daughter. But from your words, it looks like that would likely bankrupt me long before anything else."

"Hahaha, that's right!" Han Baohu slapped a large hand on Chen Wentian's shoulder, "We cannot be too greedy or have too high hopes. These new Sacred Daughters, they are not equal. Although their grades are hidden from us, their innate talent will reveal the truth soon enough. The school is a playground for the higher grades, sacred daughters, holy daughters, even divine daughters."

"Divine daughter?" Chen Wentian asked, pretending to be astonished, "Do you think there is a divine daughter here?"

"If there was, their acolyte would be a truly fearsome person, someone that even these Spirit Kings here wouldn't dare to offend. Such fearsome talent is enough to set the entire Martial Brilliance Continent aflame with jealousy. Perhaps such talent is more of a curse than a blessing."

Chen Wentian complained bitterly in his heart. It was indeed a massive curse. Why couldn't Long Yifei have been a holy daughter instead? Why did his luck have to be so good?

If he had spoken those words out loud, perhaps he would have been instantly slapped to death by the gathered immortals. But he didn't and instead continued chatting with the friendly Han Baohu.

Around an hour passed with new arrivals steadily flowing in. The Sacred Daughters numbered over a thousand and Long Yifei's face was lost among the crowd, melting into a sea of beautiful faces and attractive figures.

Once the last stragglers finally arrived, a crisp bell rang to signify the next stage of the entrance ceremony. The members of the Order went first, followed by the new students, and then the acolytes, like worried parents chasing after their children.

Beyond the amphitheater, the forest gave way to the actual campus of the Virtuous Order. There was a main avenue paved with white stone and two well-manicured strips of dark green grass on either side. Outside of that, there were two rows of monolithic square buildings, each one the size of a small city square. Countless diagonal pathways at different angles cut across the grass, providing easier access to various buildings.

The procession marched up the avenue until it stopped before a massive marble building that was twice as wide and tall as the others. The main doors, made of some kind of silvery metal, swung open in greeting. Once inside, each of the three groups separated. Chen Wentian followed the directions given and arrived at a long balcony overlooking a vast banquet hall and performance stage on one end.

The audience comprised of over five thousand Sacred Daughters, seating around round tables of ten each. Their uniform white robes were like freshly fallen snowflakes. Their combined feminine aura attracted every male's attention. Their fragrances wafted up, sweet and heart-stirring. It was a field of flowers in full bloom.

The abbesses and prioresses went up to stage while the new Sacred Daughters took their seats at the empty tables in the front. The acolytes also took their seats.

After a moment, Immortal Dawn Euphony Li Shishi stepped forward and spoke, her voice like a song, "Welcome, Sacred Daughters. Welcome, acolytes. To the Millennium Mountains Campus of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen and our two thousand five hundred and fiftieth school year!"

Chapter 429: Two Reasons

The grand banquet hall erupted into thunderous applause. The claps were infused with a myriad of spiritual energies. They combined above everyone's heads to produce a dull throbbing power that echoed around the chamber.

Long Yifei, like the other mortal Sacred Daughters around her, felt the might of the applause shake her to her bones. It made her heart tremble with excitement. She was finally here, where she would finally belong, where she could seek immortality, peerless power, and find her true self.

She was a woman with deep-seated ambitions. She never fully understood where that motivation came from since she couldn't remember her memories before arriving at Glacier Palace. Despite that, she always desired to be strong above all else.

There were two questions that she wanted to solve at this school. The first was her strange innate physique that stubbornly protected her virginity. She had not mentioned it to anybody from the order out of a desire to maintain secrecy. But if there was anywhere in the world that could give her a clue, it had to be a cultivation order that specialized in virginity.

The second was the matter of her origin and childhood. Up until a few months ago, that had been a complete blank. Staying in Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun's dream array had helped unlock a few of those repressed memories. She now knew that she was the last survivor of the Kingdom of Silver Cascades of the Great Falls Province. It was a province within the Martial Brilliance Continent where she was now.

Since she was here, she was sure that she would be able to find out more. With the vast resources of the Order, maybe she would be able to finally uncover the full truth of her past and fill in the missing pieces. She would also be able to gain immortal power and seek revenge on those that destroyed her family.

These two reasons were why she was so excited to be here. The second matter was something that she hadn't even told Chen Wentian. She didn't want him to know yet. He was too nice and too eager. He would certainly make it a priority if he knew but that wasn't what she wanted. She had to deal with this matter herself. It gave her ambition a reason and she couldn't let anyone else take it away from her.

"Millennium Mountains Campus, this our creed, one we must never forget" Immortal Dawn Euphony Li Shishi's voice rang out after the applause subsided, "Unity, sisterhood, loyalty, and purity above all; this is what it means to truly be a woman. We are united in our common path of cultivation. This is our sisterhood; we share difficulties and successes together. Our loyalty to each other, to our people, and to our order will never waver. Pure of spirit, pure of mind, pure of body!"

The banquet hall shook again as the thousands of Sacred Daughters and several hundred staff members of the school repeated the vow.

Afterward, Li Shishi spoke in length about the various rules of the order and the school. It was a lesson for the newcomers and a reminder to the old-timers.

Each Sacred Daughter that joined the Millennium Mountains Campus would be able to attend the school for four years. During these years, they would take classes with each other and study the various cultivation paths of the Order. This place truly operated like a school instead of a sect. Each Sacred Daughter was a student, equal in every way except for the scores they would receive from periodic tests and challenges.

During their last year, there would be rigorous graduation examinations that tested their growth, ability, and talent. Passing the graduation exams was difficult. Only around one-tenth to one-twentieth in each year managed to do so. Those that did pass were allowed to remain at the campus to continue their schooling with individual teachers and this arrangement was more like a traditional master and disciple relationship. These Sacred Daughters were all but guaranteed to become Spirit Lords.

Those that didn't pass would leave the school. Most returned where they came from, get married, and utilized the abilities they learned according to the wishes of their acolyte. A few could also choose to remain in the order to spread its name to new lands.

There were special cases where Sacred Daughters could graduate or otherwise leave the school early. Those particularly talented could pass the graduation exams in only two or three years and start individual instruction earlier. Those that broke the serious rules were, of course, expelled. Some could also choose to withdraw but these had to be approved by the school on a case-by-case basis.

Among other rules, Sacred Daughters were not allowed out of the campus unless supervised by members of the order. There were countless evildoers seeking to kidnap them. The campus had a myriad of protective spiritual arrays. It was the safest place in the whole continent.

Sacred Daughters were not allowed to lose their virginity before graduation or else it would result in immediate expulsion. Each incident would be investigated thoroughly. If their acolyte was found to be at fault, whether directly or indirectly, that acolyte would be heavily punished.

Lastly, Sacred Daughters were not allowed to switch acolytes except under special circumstances. This was to prevent infighting and jealousy among the students as well as self-destructive competition between the acolytes. However, if an acolyte was seriously neglecting their duty and not supporting their Sacred Daughter to the best of their ability, a special complaint could be lodged. The school would convene a special council to resolve the issue and, if the situation was irreparable, free the Sacred Daughter from the relationship to seek a new acolyte.

This was the worst-case scenario, akin to a divorce. Long Yifei understood the good intentions behind this rule but also understood that it could be used insidiously. It was a murky and dangerous rule, perhaps intentionally so.

She suddenly recalled her time with the two prioresses, Immortal Glass Melody Gui Li and Immortal Adoring Poet Zhu Yao'er. They had spent a lot of time at Ten Thousand Flower Valley, teaching her many things. They had also told her many tales about their times at the school, about their experiences, about the powerful acolytes they had met. Yet in all the times they had taught her, she had never heard one word of praise from them about her own master and acolyte, Chen Wentian. It was as if he didn't exist in their eyes, an insignificant thing, as if he wouldn't be capable of being a good acolyte.

Perhaps it was because her talent as a divine daughter was simply too precious. Perhaps they had no faith in a no-name Spirit Lord from a backwater subcontinent. Perhaps they were already planning ways to replace him with someone better.

A chill ran down her spine. The smile on her face turned into an impassive mask of ice.

Long Yifei was an ambitious, goal-oriented woman but she was a loyal disciple, she had her own set of morals. She had given up on Murong Aiyin only because that old hag had betrayed the sect and sold out herself and the other disciples first. Although Chen Wentian was often lustful and overly needy, he was a good master. He was good to her and he was good to his other disciples.

If the school wanted to forcibly separate her and her master for no reason, she would utterly refuse. She couldn't be such a vile, irresponsible person. She had at least this much self-respect as well as respect for the vow between master and disciple.

Chapter 430: Introductions Over Dinner

The long opening speech finally ended and Immortal Glass Melody Li Shishi returned to her seat. As she sat down, the dinner banquet officially began. Several doors along the walls swung open and large white beasts flew out, each carrying a plate of freshly made food. They were a type of butterfly. Each flap of their large wings left behind a trail of sparkling snowflakes.

These beasts were snow butterflies. The silk they produced was pure white, durable, and beautiful. They were used to craft the uniforms of the order. Glacier Palace had once spent a great deal of money to acquire a few snow butterfly eggs. They tried to raise them but that was ended up being a total failure.

Long Yifei watched in fascination as a small swarm of butterflies landed at her table. Each dish they deposited was fragrant and delicate beyond description. Vegetables, mushrooms, tofu, fish, meat; there were all kinds of combinations. She was glad that it wasn't limited to a vegetarian menu. That was one of many aspects of Glacier Palace she never wanted to experience again.

The butterflies flew away and everyone began eating. She picked out her first target, a beautifully garnished plate of steamed fish. With chopsticks in hand, she delivered the first morsel into her mouth.

"Oh!" She covered her mouth to hide a blush.

The flavor was deep, savory with a bit of sweet and sour undertones. The fish flesh was flaky, soft, and refreshing. She wasn't a foodie but she couldn't help but marvel at both the quality of the ingredient as well as the skill required to cook it perfectly.

Noises of utensils clacking against plates were soon joined by enthusiastic conversations. Each table seated ten Sacred Daughters and for the newcomers, it was customary for them to get to know each other.

"Fellow sisters, how are you all enjoying the food?" A bright-eyed girl spoke up first at Long Yifei's table.

Although she wore the same plain white dress like all the others, her hairstyle was quite distinct. In addition to several pairs of earrings and three necklaces, she wore an elaborate headdress made of silver and diamonds. Her hair also had four loops held together by jade clasps. At a glance, she exuded wealth and a haughty demeanor.

After a few murmurs of praise for the dishes, the girl continued, "My name is Wei Shuangshuang, age twenty-six. I am a legacy student of the Virtuous Order. My father's side, the Wei Clan, has been a long-time supporter of the order. On my mother's side, there is an unbroken lineage of Sacred Daughters going back at least ten generations. My acolyte is Immortal Unwavering Flame Chuan Botong, the young master of the School of All Truths! I am familiar with many aspects of the order and if you all have any questions, don't hesitate to ask!"

"Wow!"

"That's amazing!"

Wei Shuangshuang was indeed impressive, being only twenty-six and already at the 10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm. For the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, if they were in the low thirties, it was already considered a special talent. Everyone at the table was the same cultivation but Wei Shuangshuang was the youngest.

"Sister Wei, would we get to eat such amazing food every meal?" One person asked.

Wei Shuangshuang held a palm to her mouth and giggled lightly, "No, that would be too much even for the order. Our bodies also wouldn't be able to handle these nourishing dishes every day. Alright, since you asked, it is your turn to introduce yourself."

"Hello, sisters. My name is Ye Landou! I am thirty-one years old." That person squealed in a small voice, obviously nervous.

She had a diminutive stature. Her face was heart-shaped, her neck was slender, and her features were youthful and exquisite. She wore barely any jewelry and her black hair was pinned into a simple bun.

"I am from the Northern Qihe Subcontinent. I am a first-generation student and hopefully a member of the order in the future. I am here on a special scholarship so I have yet to have an acolyte yet. I hope fellow sisters can take care of me and give me guidance!"

Following Ye Landou, a few more at the table introduced themselves. Their backgrounds varied. Around two-thirds came from the Martial Brilliance Continent while the rest came from the surrounding subcontinents. Around the same ratio of them didn't have acolytes. They were picked for their talent and their tuitions would be fully paid for by the school.

Soon, all eyes turned to Long Yifei and it was her turn. She had worn her hair down for today, letting her long glossy black hair flow down her back to her waist. Her piercing blue eyes contrasted sharply with her smooth, flawless white skin. She wore nothing except a pair of earrings made of frost diamonds, a gift from Chen Wentian. The earrings, named Flawless Snowfrost, radiated mystery and power as only a Spirit Lord Realm item could. They cast an ethereal aura upon her features that were so perfect, nobody dared to utter a breath as they waited for her to speak.

She was the most beautiful woman at this table by far, even adding in the surrounding tables too. This much was indisputable and even their neighbors perked their ears up to listen in.

"My name is Long Yifei, thirty-three. I am a first-generation student of the order. I come from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent and my acolyte is my master, Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian." She said simply.

She didn't boast and she didn't give out too much detail. She, of course, didn't reveal her talent as a divine daughter. None of the Sacred Daughters didn't mention true talent either. Revealing such things right at the beginning of the school year would harm harmony and sisterhood. This was the intention of the school, to allow everyone a chance to grow and flourish.

"Well met, Sister Long!" Wei Shuangshuang replied first, "I hope we can be friends. We've only known each other for a short while but I can already tell that you are going to achieve great things at this school!"

"Sister Wei praises me too much. I still know too little about the world and would have to seek Sister Wei's wealth of knowledge."

"Hehe, of course, of course. Sister Long is beautiful and talented, how can I say no? Her master acolyte also must be a man amongst men. Immortal Blue Dragon, to name oneself after a divine beast, his cultivation must be able to match such boundless pride and heavenly might?"

Long Yifei inwardly frowned. Although Wei Shuangshuang's words were courteous and seemed to praise Chen Wentian, they were actually filled with thin-veiled barbs of ridicule. It seemed that women all over the world were the same. It didn't matter if it was a subcontinent or a main continent, peerless beauty attracted jealousy from near and far. She would have to treat this Wei Shuangshuang carefully.

"You praise my master far too much. He is only at the Spirit Lord Realm. His immortal title, I have no idea why that came to be. And as a disciple, I have not dared to ask." Long Yifei said.

An expression of ridicule flashed across Wei Shuangshuang's face before it disappeared. It was as if she couldn't believe Long Yifei's master was such a trashy immortal.

Long Yifei remained impassive but she sighed inwardly. She was a veteran of these kinds of verbal battles between women. The years spent rising up the ranks at Glacier Palace had trained her well.

She had forgotten what it was like after she joined Ten Thousand Flower Valley. Chen Wentian's other disciples were each so different and they did not view her as a threat like other women. This also had to do with how he treated her. She was simply one of his disciples, no better but no worse. She was not the center of his world.

She didn't know how to feel about it then but she worried about it now. This was no longer Ten Thousand Flower Valley; this was the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen. It wasn't that she wanted him to treat her like the most important woman in his life. It was the order that demanded it. The order demanded this out of all their acolytes.

She wondered what Chen Wentian would do. Would he back down or would he stand up to the challenge?