

F Disciples 431

Chapter 431: The Four Classics (I)

After introductions, the conversation drifted all over without a specific topic. The Sacred Daughters spoke about their likes and dislikes. They gossiped about their preferences in men as well as talented and famous acolytes. They also chatted about specific cultivation paths of the order that interested them the most.

Long Yifei became well acquainted with all of the ladies at her table. She wasn't one to burn bridges unless absolutely necessary. She even accepted Wei Shuangshuang's offer of friendship despite the woman's personality. And aside from the outspoken heiress, she was the most prominent one at their table due to her effortless beauty.

The banquet eventually ended and everyone went off to bed. All the Sacred Daughters had their own dormitory room which was scattered around the main building. Acolytes weren't allowed in the dorms except for the Sacred Daughters they were associated with. Even then, they were not allowed to visit for the first two weeks so that the newcomers could focus on their studies. This was still a school and the order wanted the students to have good start to the school year without distractions.

The next day, Long Yifei started her classes, following the schedule that had been placed in her room. It was held in a large lecture hall inside one of the white monolithic buildings that lined the main boulevard. The seats were in a concave formation that faced a central stage and increased in height after every row so that everyone would be able to see.

Long Yifei arrived early and picked out the best seat in the center, on the fourth row. Newcomers steadily flowed in. Her tablemates from the banquet found her and sat around her. By the time the bell rang, most of the seats were taken and over a hundred pretty faces stared eagerly at the empty stage.

An immortal aura swept into the room, followed by a tall lithe woman who glided across the floor like a dancer. Her wavy brown hair fluttered behind even though there was no wind. There seemed to be a musical hum in the air even though nobody was making a sound.

The prioress walked up to the center of the small raised stage and began to speak, "New Sacred Daughters of the Virtuous Order, welcome to your first class, Introduction to the Four Classics. I will be your instructor, Prioress of the Order, Immortal Winter Hymn Xuan Xina. Let's get started."

She took out a small scroll of notes and opened it up, "The four classics. They are the four foundations of womanly virtues. They exemplify everything about what it means to be a woman; to be feminine, elegant, refined, beautiful. Experts and peerless female cultivators throughout the history of mankind have delved into all kinds of immortal Daos and emerged with these four classics. These four are the most powerful, most effective ways a woman can cultivate."

"The first is song and dance. Singing, utilizing our voices bestowed by the heavens to turn words into melody, cultivates our mind and our spirit. Songs can have all kinds of wondrous effects. It can heal a person's mind who has suffered hardship or it can strike down an enemy without even the need to get close to them. It can instill hope, draw out deeply hidden emotions, it can even help others cultivate and achieve breakthroughs."

"Dance is the other part of the first classic. It is utilizing our natural bodies, training them, honing our movements to the utmost. Dance can have similar effects to song, letting those who see our dances receive similar benefits. But different from singing, dancing is also a powerful martial art. It creates some of the strongest fighters of the Order who can go blow for blow with the best cultivators of the continent, including men."

Xuan Xina went on to explain the other three classics in great detail. Some of the students took notes while others committed everything to memory. Long Yifei had already studied the four classes under the tutorship of two Prioresses but she still paid attention to every word.

The second classic was music. It dealt with music that was produced by all kinds of musical instruments including the zither, erhu, pipa, guqin, flute, and bells. Singing wasn't considered a part of this second classic because it was a natural product of the human body.

Music was far more versatile because of this fact. Instruments could be made from all kinds of materials to imbue various fantastical properties to the music that one produced. It could heal, it could support, it could defend, and it could also attack. A member of the order wielding a trumpet made from the thigh bone of a flame demon had just as fearsome flame abilities as any other cultivator that followed the Dao of flames. Another who played a guqin made from the heartwood of a tree of life could produce tremendous healing spiritual energy unparalleled in the world.

Music was versatile but it was also expensive. It was highly dependent on one's instrument how far one could progress. It was thus a popular classic among the legacy students and those whose acolytes had deep pockets.

The third classic was literature. This was the intellectual pursuit that was the polar opposite of music. Those that specialized in literature studied ancient tomes and classical poetry. They tried to seek truths and understanding of the world from the greats of the past. They also sought to create new works by writing their own poems and novels.

The benefits this classic provided were a bit more ambiguous but they were no doubt powerful. These members of the order were the smartest of them all. They could provide wise counsel to their acolytes, help them solve difficult problems where brute force was useless. They could use their comprehension ability to help understand the intricacies and mysteries behind a particularly difficult bottleneck. They could also pass on their amazing comprehension and intelligence to their offspring, allowing them a massive advantage.

Long Yifei couldn't help but think of Zhou Ziyun. Her master's second disciple was a prickly woman, highly susceptible to jealousy, and their relationship was almost nonexistent. But Long Yifei had to admit that Zhou Ziyun's mind was something of a revelation. If she was still a virgin, she would definitely have been able to join the Order simply based on her potential in the third classic.

The lecture finished with the fourth classic which was art. Art included everything outside of the written word or music that could be created by human imagination. It had a variety of forms including paintings, sculptures, flower arrangements, textiles, and even ceramics. It was anything that could be created by hand, infused with the creator's intent, their energy, and their dreams. It was also on par with music in its versatility and its benefits were far too numerous to be described in detail.

These four classics, song and dance, music, literature, and art, were the four pillars of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen. They were what built the Order from the ground up many thousands of years ago. Each one represented the epitome of womanly virtue. By training in these classics, the Sacred Daughters would learn what it meant to be a woman; their beliefs, their values, how they should conduct themselves in the world, and how they should treat their men, their acolytes.

Chapter 432: The Four Classics

The morning lecture about the four classics was followed by practical demonstrations in the afternoon. Prioresses that were the best in each classic demonstrated their skills for the newcomers in the grand hall. The seats were changed from banquet seating to concert seating and everyone was close enough to observe closely and take notes.

An unnamed Spirit Lord went first with a moving performance on an erhu. It was a wooden instrument with two strings. The sound was created by drawing a bow across the strings with one hand the other held onto the long neck and modulated the pitch with their fingers.

The piece was simple yet it contained profound technique born of many decades of experience. Each note was infused with spiritual energy that emanated in waves of emerald green light. It presented the image of green meadows, rolling hills, waving trees under a spring breeze, and a sunny day with fluffy white clouds. It was a scene of calm, a moment of peace for the nervous hearts of the newcomers.

The immortal finished after a while. As if a spell had been broken, many of the students leaped to their feet and applauded. Long Yifei remained seated but clapped her hands politely.

"Amazing, amazing! I want to learn the erhu!" The person sitting next to her shouted.

Her name was Zhao Linmei. They had sat at the same table during the banquet. She came from the Western Wumu Subcontinent and she already had an acolyte who was her fiancé. They came from similar backgrounds and got along well.

"Sister Zhao, you've never played the erhu before? Have you played any other instruments?" Wei Shuangshuang asked from Long Yifei's other side.

"Ah!" Zhao Linmei blushed, "I haven't. I don't know how to play any instruments."

Wei Shuangshuang continued, "Silly girl, prioresses like her start their training at an early age. For the classic of music, they usually start music lessons as soon as they can read and they start practicing instruments around five or six years old. If you start now, it will take twenty or thirty years to reach her level!"

"Oh..."

"Take it from me, it is best to stick to what you already know. Singing, literature, or art; you can still pick the one you have the most experience in."

Long Yifei pondered Wei Shuangshuang's words and felt that it was only half right. Experience was useful to get a head start but it wasn't the most important. No, the most important was still compatibility. Otherwise, she might as well remain at Glacier Palace and cultivate Winter's Snow Dance.

Everyone was different and their paths to the immortal realms were unique. Compatibility may result in a slow start or many false starts but eventually, it would pay off with faster cultivation and fewer bottlenecks.

"Sister Wei's words are prudent but Sister Zhao should still keep an open mind. There are four classics and countless specializations within each classic. There are so many options. Perhaps erhu might really be your calling or perhaps it might actually be a different instrument. For the matter of selecting a classic, you shouldn't rush it."

There were several murmurs of agreement. The next performance soon followed, cutting off any retort Wei Shuangshuang could have been thinking off. After a few more musical performances, it was time for singers and dancers. The songs were elegant. The dances were beautiful.

Long Yifei particularly enjoyed the song by Immortal Winter Hymn Xuan Xina. Her voice was piercing like an ice blizzard yet gentle like fluffy snowflakes. The way she was able to imbue icy yin energy in her voice was so impressive, it was almost beyond belief.

When Xuan Xina finished, it was Long Yifei's turn to stand up and applaud. She felt incredibly inspired. Chen Wentian had always praised her voice and she wondered if singing could be her chosen classic.

Wei Shuangshuang spoke up as the clapping died down, "Prioress Xuan's voice is special. The stories say that she came from a humble background, a singing street performer in a no-name city. A member of the order was simply passing through when she was captivated by Prioress Xuan's snowy songs. Once she joined the order, she not only managed to reach the immortal realms in a short time, she also did it without an acolyte."

"Really? How is that possible?" Someone asked.

"It is extremely difficult but not impossible for those with tremendous innate talent." Wei Shuangshuang answered, her voice dropping low, "I heard that she received the grade of holy daughter and is being

supported by the order itself. She can definitely reach the abbottess level and might even become a cardinal!"

"Wow..."

"Incredible..."

The students who heard this couldn't help but praise the talented prioress. Wei Shuangshuang's mood also improved as they appreciated her knowledge. She continued with another story from Xuan Xina's almost-legendary past.

The performances went one after another through the afternoon. Literature and art were less exciting as they involved people reciting their past works or creating something from scratch on stage. Most of them were boring and many students had a hard time staying awake. By the time they finished, it was time for dinner.

Long Yifei remained pensive and didn't participate a whole lot in the conversation around the dinner table. She was thinking about the four classics and what she should choose. Glacier Palace had no such emphasis on womanly virtues. They cultivate cold yin energy day and night like ice statues. She had never touched an instrument before. She only knew a few folk songs that the disciples of Glacier Palace sang while during chores. She rarely read anything and she was even less useful as an artist.

She still had time. First-year students could try out all four classics and didn't need to make a decision until the end of the school year. However, it was expected that they would at least have narrowed the choices down to two at the halfway point which was four months away. It was a major event where each new student was expected to perform in front of the whole school.

She didn't want to make a fool of herself. Her talent was supposed to be best, a divine daughter. So, what classic should she choose?

Long Yifei thoughts returned to Immortal Winter Hymn Xuan Xina and her singing. Maybe she could have been like Xuan Xina if she had never joined Ten Thousand Flower Valley. As an unaffiliated sacred daughter, she could have received the full support of the order. Things would have been much less complicated compared to now where members of the order and even the students constantly looked down on her acolyte.

But she also had to consider everything that Chen Wentian had done for her. He saved her from the clutches of Divine Blazing Mountain and the crazed Murong Aiyin. If he hadn't fought against Abbotess Liang of the evil Sororal Order, she would have not been able to join the Virtuous Order.

A person's life was determined by coincidences and fortunate encounters. Chen Wentian was her coincidence and fortunate encounter. She would forever be grateful.

Thinking about him, she suddenly felt a strong desire to seek his advice. They wouldn't be able to see each other for another two weeks. She wondered what he was doing. She hoped he wasn't getting into any trouble.

Chapter 433: To Make a Profit (I)

Chen Wentian's nose itched and he let out a small sneeze. He wondered which one of his disciples was thinking bad thoughts about him. Hopefully, it wasn't Zhou Ziyun. Perhaps it was Xu Lanyi. Maybe it was Long Yifei worrying about him. He wasn't going to tell her but he was certainly getting into a lot of trouble. If anybody found out what he was doing, countless immortals would come for his head.

He scratched his head, chuckled to himself, and continued down the narrow alleyway. After a short walk, the alleyway came to a dead end. There was nothing here except a metal door that was recessed into the stone and brick walls.

He checked his surroundings to make sure he wasn't followed and knocked on the door. He didn't have to wait long as a small panel in the door at shoulder height opened. The shadow of a face became barely visible.

"You know the drill, look into the light." The man inside said in a bored voice.

Some kind of lamp was held up to the opening, which cast a red glow on Chen Wentian's face. There were several bursts of spiritual energy, each containing unknown Daos. They checked his identity and made sure he was not under any mind-controlling abilities.

The doorman gave a grunt of satisfaction and pulled back the light. Several latches were undone and there was another pulse of spiritual energy as the protective array was turned off. The door opened just wide enough and Chen Wentian slipped inside.

He arrived in a long corridor lit by dim lanterns. The short and stout doorman stood to one side, his back stiff, his face expressionless. There was a distinctive red sun embroidered onto the breast of their shirt.

"Welcome back, Red Sun Captain Wang Landi!" The doorman said.

Chen Wentian took off his dirty overcoat, revealing a pristine noble outfit beneath that also bore the red sun emblem. This Wang Landi was the latest soul to join his soul realm. He was a high-ranking member of the Red Sun Gang. He had an important role to play in Chen Wentian's plans for the Virtuous Order.

In the great Martial Brilliance Continent, in addition to countless immortal sects, there were also immortal gangs. Immortal gangs didn't follow the laws laid down by the immortal association. They had a similar structure and organization to sects, with a Spirit Lord gang having a Spirit Lord leader and a Spirit King gang having a Spirit King leader. These gangs lived by their own set of rules. They fought beasts, demons, and humans alike. They even fought other gangs. As long as there was profit to be had and mayhem to cause, they were willing to do anything.

The Red Sun Gang was an immortal gang, a particularly successful one. It was led by two immortal brothers and had over a thousand powerful mortal cultivators as regular members. Although they were lacking compared to Spirit King gangs, they were among the best in the Spirit Lord realm.

This place was the gang's secret base, one of many across several provinces. Security was tight. It had to be top prevent rival gangs from infiltrating the place and for righteous sects from launching a sneak attack on them.

"Old River, are the Red Sun Lords here today?" Chen Wentian asked.

The doorman looked up at him with a slimy smile, revealing a row of blackened teeth.

Chen Wentian slipped a bag of money into Old River's pocket and patted his shoulder, "Well?"

"Yes, Captain Wang!" Old River grinned widely, "You are in luck. Both lords are here tonight. Lord Red Dawn is currently occupied but Lord Red Dusk should be taking his meal in his chambers."

Chen Wentian thanked the doorman and continued down the hallway. He knew the way, quickly going up a few flights of stairs and several more hallways. He arrived at a small door that was guarded by two Red Sun Gang members. Their cultivations were only slightly worse than his at the upper levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm.

"Captain Wang Landi seeks an audience with Lord Red Dusk." Chen Wentian said softly.

Sounds of singing and music drifted out of the closed door. There were also a few booming laughs mixed in, infused with the spiritual strength of an immortal.

"Wait here."

One of the guards went inside. A short while later, the guard came back out and held the door open.

"You know the drill. Speak quickly, don't interrupt the dancers or his meal..."

"Or he might slap my head off my neck. I know." Chen Wentian said.

He slipped two bags of money to the guards and slipped inside. He was in the rear of a banquet room. Twenty female dancers were performing in the middle. Each one of them was a stunning beauty. Their arms and legs were bare, revealing snow-white skin. Their revealing outfits left little to the imagination. Flowing silk ribbons fluttered in the air as they twirled about. Their hips swayed to the music from a small orchestra stashed in a corner. They were all well-endowed and their breasts jiggled to an energetic tune. It was a fascinating sight.

Chen Wentian suppressed a growing ember of desire in his lower stomach and walked up behind the immortal. The table in front of the immortal was already laden with food and yet there were two chefs busy on either side cooking fresh dishes using their flame arts.

Chen Wentian bowed and whispered, "Wang Landi greets Immortal Red Dusk Wang Yipo. May Lord Red Dusk's gold flow like a spring flood. May your power last forever like the sun!"

"Mmm." Wang Yipo grunted; his mouth full of food.

The gang leader was a large statured man. He had a big bald head and an even bigger stomach. He slouched on the lush sofa, his burly arms around two busty female servants who were taking turns feeding him.

Chen Wentian continued, "Lord Red Dusk, I have something important to report that can only be for your ears."

Wang Yipo didn't answer and instead accepted another bite of juicy, fragrant beef steak. He finished an entire plate, fondled the pretty servants' breasts a few times, before finally standing up.

Wang Yipo cursed, "You ruined my appetite. This had better be good or I'll feed you to my fire snakes. Come!"

With a wave of his hand, Wang Yipo dragged Chen Wentian into a side room. After casting a barrier with his spiritual energy, he slumped in a nearby chair.

Chen Wentian quickly began speaking, "Lord Red Dusk, I discovered a tremendous matter, one that can make our Red Sun Gang a mountain of money. It can earn us so much money that Lord Red Dusk and Lord Red Dawn will be able to enjoy food, wine, and women without worry for a decade at least!"

Chapter 434: To Make a Profit (II)

"Huh." Wang Yipo stuck a finger up his nose to dig for a booger, seemingly uninterested.

"My lord should know of the Golden Basin Auction House. It is one of the preeminent auction houses in this region of the continent. Their power and influence mostly come from the amount of business they do with the Virtuous Order and various factions that are associated with the order." Chen Wentian said.

Wang Yipo sniffed and blew his nose, "What the hell? I'm not crazy enough to try and rob the Virtuous Order..."

Chen Wentian quickly corrected him, "No, no, my lord. Not the order but the auction house. It is currently the start of a new school year for the order. It is the time of year when the auction house receives a lot of business. Those Sacred Daughters and their acolytes will be searching for the right treasures to support the cultivation of the four classics. Thus, the auction house is brimming with good stuff, ripe for the taking!"

"Robbing an auction house isn't much easier than stealing a Sacred Daughter from the Virtuous Order." Wang Yipo said, stroking his messy beard, "Not impossible but very difficult. Tell me you have a plan."

"I do..."

Chen Wentian described his plan. It did not involve attacking the main auction building. The main auction building was where all the sales and transactions were made. It was heavily fortified, where all the best experts of the auction house resided. It was also located in the center of a bustling city and always busy. Attacking it was a suicide mission.

Instead, his target was agents of the auction house that roamed the world collecting rare and valuable items to bring to auction. In addition to helping people sell their treasures, having agents collect goods to sell for themselves meant a much greater profit margin. It was difficult for most auction houses to do this, employing many immortal agents. The Golden Basin Auction House was able to and this was another reason why it was one of the best.

Although these agents were all immortals, most of them were at the Spirit Lord Realm. They also liked to operate alone. Depending on the timing, agents returning from long missions could be holding multiple spatial bags brimming with treasure. The sheer amount of wealth they could have at that moment was enough to buy out whole empires and even provinces. It was far more than a Spirit Lord gangster like Immortal Red Dusk Wang Yipo could earn in many decades.

Chen Wentian had been developing this plan ever since he arrived at the Virtuous Order. Unable to see Long Yifei for two weeks and with nothing else to do, he traveled the surrounding region, looking for souls to steal and opportunities to make money.

Using his shadow fox, Chen Mo, he infiltrated the Golden Basin Auction House, a classic target of his. After a week of patient spying, he finally gathered definitive information on the movements of one of their Spirit Lord agents who was wrapping up a six-month tour and due to return in three days.

He knew exactly where that person was staying as well as which route and which teleportation array they were going to take. He knew the best place for an ambush where other immortals were least likely to butt in.

Of course, he didn't tell Wang Yipo how he actually came about this secret. He simply told a not completely untrue tale of how Wang Langdi seduced one of the female attendants of the auction house and pried this information from her with ample wine and amazing sex. Wang Langdi happened to have a reputation as an infamous womanizer so it was a valid excuse.

"Good!" Wang Yipo slapped his hand on the armrest, crushing it into pieces. "I'll get Yibo, us two brothers will be able to handle one useless Spirit Lord. We'll do it like you planned. If it works out, I'll promote you to Commander and teach you some of our immortal flame Dao."

"Thank you, Lord Red Dusk!" Chen Wentian was about to kowtow to express his thanks but Wang Yipo grabbed his arm.

Wang Yipo flew out of the banquet hall, Chen Wentian in tow. They charged through the building and barged into another room.

Inside was adorned in red decorations. An array of candles cast a warm orange glow, revealing two figures on the bed. One was a burly man with a big bald head. The other was a well-endowed woman on all fours. The man was in the middle of thrusting his hips against the naked woman from behind.

"Ahhh!" The woman screamed, trying to cover her face.

She was strikingly beautiful, comparable to the top disciples of Glacier Palace. Her background had to be unusual. There was no way the Red Sun Gang could have found such a woman without using force.

The other man didn't even bother reacting. He continued doing what he was doing.

"Oh, shit! I forgot you were..." Wang Yipo began but then shouted furiously, "Brother Bo, is that the Lake Palace Beauty?"

His brother, Immortal Red Dawn Wang Yibo, threw his head back and laughed, "She is, you're one step too late!"

"You bastard! You said we were flipping a coin for her virginity, you donkey shit liar!"

"Hahaha, sorry, sorry. I forgot! But if I'm a bastard, then Brother Po, you're a bastard too!"

Wang Yipo roared and jumped onto the bed. His clothes disappeared as he landed in front of the beauty. He grabbed her head roughly and shoved his dick in her face. The woman fought back tears as she opened her mouth obediently.

Wang Yipo grunted in satisfaction, "Fuck yeah! You might have taken her virginity but her mouth is mine! Hahaha, let me tell you, she's amazing!"

He started thrusting roughly, ignoring the choking sounds she was making. Wang Yibo also increased his pace on the other end as if trying to compete. Together, they fucked the helpless Lake Palace Beauty while she sobbed her heart out.

Chen Wentian wasn't sure what he should do. He had no intention of butting in to save this woman. He was merely unsure if he should stay or leave. The two immortal gang leaders obviously knew he was still here but did not send him away. In fact, they both shot a few prideful glances in his direction as if showing off their sexual prowess.

He continued to watch this scene in disgust and fascination. He had read about sex acts with two men and one woman in smutty books. But due to his lack of social skills and his natural dislike of other men, he had never experienced such a situation before in real life.

The two immortal brothers were identical. They were not awkward around each other in bed. It seemed they enjoyed doing such things together and often. They spit roasted the woman for a while and then switched to other, even more indecent acts.

Eventually, the two immortals were satisfied. They left the unconscious beauty on the bed and approached Chen Wentian, still naked. Chen Wentian noted wryly that for such large men, they were surprisingly small where it mattered.

Immortal Red Dawn Wang Yibo spoke first, "Brother Po says you have a great money-making opportunity? If it can make as much profit as you claim, I'll give this Lake Palace Beauty to you."

"Yes, my lord..."

Chen Wentian described his idea again for the other brother.

Wang Yibo was equally receptive to the idea. Food and women were forgotten as the two brothers chattered excitedly, already planning the details of the ambush in three days that would make them an absolute fortune.

"Wang Landi, you can go now. If this works out, we will heavily reward you!" Wang Yibo said.

"Yes, my lords!"

Chen Wentian closed the door and left quickly. There was a ball of fire inside his heart as well as his groin. These two gang lords deserved to die. They dared do such things to such a beautiful woman and make him watch. They were scum. They would serve their purpose. Then he would kill them and reap the rewards.

He recalled an age-old adage that was suitable for this situation. He couldn't quite remember the whole thing. It had something to do with a mantis, a cicada, and a fat bird...

He thought about it for a while and gave up. It didn't matter if it was a chicken or a dog or worthless human Spirit Lord. He was the greedy blue dragon that was going to swallow everything in the end.

Chapter 435: Serious Contradiction

Long Yifei arrived at the grand hall for breakfast. It was now a week since she joined the order. She was getting used to the routine of lectures and theory in the morning and demonstrations and practical

exercises in the afternoon. The only thing missing was her master as he and the other acolytes couldn't visit for another week.

"Morning, Sister Long."

"Morning, Sister Long."

She returned the greetings as she took a seat among a gaggle of familiar faces.

"Sister Long, try this eight-treasure porridge, it's great!" Zhao Linmei said from next to her. "I've already had two bowls!"

Long Yifei smiled lightly at the bubbly woman, "Sister Zhao, it's good that you like it so much. But you shouldn't eat too much.

"But I want to..." Zhao Linmei whined.

Long Yifei shook her head and munched on a chive pancake. Zhao Linmei had a good appetite and she was a bit on the chubby side. But if her acolyte liked her that way, it was not Long Yifei's duty to chide her.

The conversation around the table of ten new students drifted aimlessly for a while until a particular topic drew everyone's attention.

"Sister Wei, what is this Gift Giving Ceremony that's taking place in two months. I have been hearing a lot of rumors about it. What should I do if I don't have an acolyte?" The question came from Ye Landou, a Sacred Daughter from a northern subcontinent.

The Gift Giving Ceremony was exactly what it sounded like. It was an event where new students at the school publicly received gifts from their acolytes. The gifts would be used for the four classics and could be in the form of exquisite instruments, premium writing and painting brushes, or rare tomes from famous authors.

The quality and expensiveness of the gift represented the amount of support a student had and their potential future in the order. It was a public display of their beauty, talent, and clout. The best Sacred Daughters received the best gifts, that was the expectation.

The Gift Giving Ceremony was one of three major events of the school year for the first-year student. It was followed by the mid-year performance and then the final examination. If one had a poor ceremony where they received bad gifts or no gifts at all, it meant that they had no support to cultivate the four classics. Their progress would suffer. Their mid-year performance and final examination would be worse than others. And when the second year came around, they would never be able to catch up to their peers.

Ye Landou tugged on Wei Shuangshuang's sleeve, worry streaked across her face, "I don't have anyone to give me a gift. What would happen then? Would I get expelled?"

Wei Shuangshuang patted her hand, "Sister Ye, don't fret. You aren't the only Sacred Daughter that doesn't have an acolyte. The Order has had many like you over the years, if they were all neglected, the Order would not have survived for so long."

"Good sister." Ye Landou hugged Wei Shuangshuang's arm, "Is that true? You aren't just teasing me?"

"No, no. I promise! The Order has many ways to provide support to those less fortunate."

At this point, almost everyone at the table was looking over at them, causing Wei Shuangshuang to almost preen with an air of superiority. Only Long Yifei wasn't paying attention. She was busy taking small bites from a pancake and reading from a textbook.

Wei Shuangshuang turned away from Long Yifei and addressed the others, "There are several ways for Sacred Daughters to receive gifts. The most obvious is from those that have acolytes. The Order expects that acolytes will not be stingy. For an acolyte, their Sacred Daughter should be the most important person in their life."

She cast a sideways glance at Long Yifei but there was no reaction, so she continued, "The second, less known method is to directly gifted by the Order. The Order can't support everyone but it is still a powerful force in the cultivation world. Throughout the years, it has managed to amass a sizable

treasury. Those Sacred Daughters in need can apply for assistance. The amount you receive will depend on your talent and what kind of commitment you are willing to make for the order."

Ye Landou was still unsatisfied. "Sister Wei, is there any other method? I don't want to be a nun forever. I still want to find a great husband and get married!"

There were a few blushes and giggles at her declaration. Wei Shuangshuang also laughed. She stroked Ye Landou's hair like a big sister.

"There is one other method. Newcomers won't know about it and the Order doesn't exactly advertise it. But those without acolytes can always find one."

"But... but... where can I go to find someone like that? We aren't allowed to leave the campus and the only men here are already acolytes. Unless it's..." Ye Landou trailed off.

"Other acolytes!" Someone else chimed in.

"Really?"

"One acolyte for two sisters?"

"Does that work?"

Wei Shuangshuang raised a hand to calm them down, "That's partly true. A few acolytes have multiple Sacred Daughters. These are usually the most wealthy and powerful among them. For example, my father was at the Spirit King Realm and he only took in two Sacred Daughters as his wives, one of which was my mother. Properly supporting even one Sacred Daughter is a heavy responsibility. There won't be anyone collecting a huge harem of Sacred Daughters. The Order won't allow it."

"But that's not what I meant. The true third method for gifts comes from acolyte applicants. They are male members of sects and clans associated with the Order that have not found a Sacred Daughters yet. The number of these acolyte applicants far exceeds the number of Sacred Daughters. Those of you that are interested will get an opportunity soon to meet them. You'll be able to receive some nice gifts from

those that become interested in you. Who knows, someone might even fall in love with you and give you a huge gift!"

Many pairs of eyes brightened at this. Every person wanted to be cherished by others. Those that did not have an acolyte hoped that they would be able to meet their prince soon, someone who would lavish them with a wealth of love and gifts. It didn't matter if it was a rich princess like Wei Shuangshuang or a newcomer like Ye Landou and Zhao Linmei, they all desired the same thing.

Long Yifei didn't participate in this conversation but she overheard all of it. She felt something was wrong but she couldn't quite grasp exactly what. She didn't like how the women at the table all wished for the best and most expensive gifts as if that was the most important thing. The way they had to depend on men to receive gifts also left a bad taste in her mouth.

She had thought that the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen was a holy land for women. Why did they all still have to rely on men? It was a serious contradiction, one she couldn't unravel no matter how hard she thought about it.

Chapter 436: Two Weeks

Two weeks passed since the start of the school year. The Order's prohibition ended and Chen Wentian was able to enter the Millennium Mountains Campus once again. He had managed to make a few acquaintances and steal a few souls but it had generally been uneventful and boring.

Acolytes were now allowed to visit their Sacred Daughters with the stern warning that they were not permitted to interrupt classes or be a distraction. Although he was eager to see Long Yifei again, he was mindful of his duties. Unlike other beginner acolytes who rushed to their women, he held off until after dinner to look for her.

Chen Wentian found Long Yifei in the study library. She had found a cozy, deserted corner in the maze-like room. Books and scrolls were stacked on shelves from the floor to the ceiling. The aisles were so narrow that only two people could only squeeze past each other with great discomfort.

She looked up as he came into view with an even expression, "Master, you came."

"Mmm." He said with an uncontrollable grin.

She seemed even more beautiful than before. Her blue eyes were glittering with lively energy. Her long hair was pinned in a loose bun which revealed her slender neck and fascinating jaw-line. The earrings he gave her sparkled from the light of nearby lamps, illuminating a flawless face that he missed so much.

He coughed awkwardly and blurted, "Fei'er, I missed you."

She smiled lightly and patted the chair next to her, "Come, sit. Let me finish this last assignment."

Chen Wentian pushed the chair as close to her as possible and sat right next to her, his thighs brushing against hers. He leaned over her shoulder and watched her read from a thick tome.

It was a part of the Order's cultivation method for their daughters to read from a variety of scriptures. It refined their mind and gave them insights into various Daos of the four classics.

The one she was reading was about eccentricities and prohibitions, various cultivation paths that were contrary to the teachings of the order. These included shameless clothing that revealed too much skin or were too provocative. The Order viewed one's state of dress as a representation of one's inner self and innate values. Slutty clothes meant a lack of morals and unfaithfulness towards the way of a virtuous woman.

Another eccentricity was the act of seduction, using words and behavior to trick men's minds. This was wrong because attracting a man in such a way was only a temporary enchantment that would not last. The true way was through a pure heart, dedication, and loyalty. It was the only way to have a lasting relationship.

Chen Wentian glossed over many others but one more prohibition caught his attention. This one prohibited the usage of body modifications. These included excessive piercings, tattoos, and permanent modifications. These were used to trick others but they could not trick one's true self. No matter how a woman changed their external appearance, they had to change their inner self first.

Still, he couldn't but be fascinated.

"Hmm, body piercings. Quite interesting..." He muttered.

"Master." Long Yifei said disapprovingly.

"What?" He complained, "I was just wondering, keeping an open mind. Look here, it mentions several types of piercings. Nipple, tongue, belly button, even..."

She rushed to cover his mouth with her hand. She looked around quickly to make sure they were alone.

"You're lucky we're alone!" She snapped.

She seemed more flustered than angry and there was blush rising up her neck. He grinned and rubbed her thigh with his naughty hand. She chose to ignore him and continued reading.

Chen Wentian no longer cared what the tiny characters on the worn pages said. He was solely focused on his beautiful disciple and how to tease her. There was nobody else within earshot. Their spot was secluded and perfect, almost as if she had planned for it.

A blush reached Long Yifei's cheek around the same time his hand moved up to caress her stomach. His warmth reached her skin through a thin layer of fabric and she could feel every movement of his fingers. She was visibly struggling but she stubbornly remained glued to the book.

"Fei'er," He said softly in her ear, "I missed you so much and yet you haven't said if you've missed me. I thought about you day and night for two weeks. Did you even think of me? How unfair is that?"

His hand stopped directly underneath her bosom and her breath caught in her throat.

"No..." She muttered.

"No what? You didn't miss me? Naughty girl." He said, palming her right breast, measuring her heaviness in his hand. "Did you grow bigger?"

She squirmed in her seat but stubbornly continued to read, flipping a page noisily. novel

Chen Wentian felt that she needed a little punishment. How could she not miss him?

He reached up and stroked her nipple through her silky clothes. The sensitive nub responded to his touch quickly and stiffened to attention. He chuckled and caught it between his thumb and middle finger. He gave it a pinch, which drew a sharp gasp.

"Master!"

"Hmm? Did you miss me?" When he got no response, he pinched her a little harder, "Or were you daydreaming of nipple piercings? Just imagine, it might feel exactly like this."

He tweaked her, pulling out as far as he could without causing her too much pain until she slipped from his grasp. This drew a whine of complaint but it only motivated him even more. He leaned down again and this time, caught her right ear lobe in his lips. He gave her tiny, nibbling kisses while he continued playing with her glorious breasts...

Long Yifei fought him for a long time, unwilling to surrender to his needy touches. She did miss him but he was being far too cocky about it. She didn't want to admit defeat even though it seemed inevitable.
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She held on stubbornly even though she didn't exactly why. It wasn't that she disliked him. It wasn't that she disliked his attention. She wasn't a prude. She very much enjoyed all the ways he pleased her.

Perhaps it was her confusion with the teachings of the Order that said she had to be virtuous, shy, and submissive. Perhaps she was frustrated from spending so many days with so many annoying women. Or perhaps she was indignant about the lack of freedom of the Sacred Daughters at the school.

Whatever it was, she finally decided to forget about it for now. The pool of desire within her had already risen to a dangerous level. There was no point resisting anymore, not when she wanted it just as much as him, a release from the frustrations of life, if only for a moment.

"You're right, I missed you." Long Yifei admitted.

She slammed the book shut, pushed it away, and straddled his lap. Her playful grin matched his. She looked into his eyes, blue orbs filled with intelligence and ambition connected with brown ones brimming with fiery desire.

"I missed you." She whispered and crashed her lips into his.

Chapter 437: For the Time Being

Chen Wentian leaned back in his chair, letting Long Yifei press against him. Her soft lips aggressively pried his own apart and their tongues began a steamy dance. His hands slid along her back and towards her ass while her hands caressed his cheeks in an almost possessive manner.

To say that he was taken aback was an understatement. He didn't think Long Yifei had it in her to be so assertive. He didn't what had set her off. He just assumed it was his skillful fingers and didn't bother to think about it any further.

They continued to make out in a corner of the library, not caring that they were out in public. There weren't many people in the whole place and less chance of anyone visiting a particular isolated corner. There was still a minor possibility of being discovered but both of them didn't care.

His frustrations from the last two weeks were gradually leaving him which each kiss and each moan from her lips. This was the longest he had gone without one of his disciples accompanying him. Some of his living souls did get the opportunity to have sex with their partners but it wasn't the same, it was far from the same.

For Long Yifei, she knew that nobody would bother them here. The library wasn't a popular place and it was getting late. Soon, they would have the whole place to themselves. The only thing she did was keep her voice down, she didn't need to broadcast their activities to the stragglers.

Sometime later, the two of them finally broke apart, both breathless, staring into each other's eyes, desires not yet satisfied.

"Do you..." Chen Wentian said uncertainly.

He was going to ask if they should go to her room but she blurted out, "Do me."

Her face steamed up in a furious blush and she hid in the crook of his neck.

"Do me." She said again, barely a whisper.

It only took a moment for him to get over his surprise. He scanned the library with his spiritual energy for other occupants and upon finding nobody nearby, threw caution to the wind. A furious passion surged through his body. A roaring need to claim her as his own wiped away every other thought in his mind.

"Naughty girl," He uttered as he lifted her up from his lap.

He laid her on the table and hiked up the hem of her skirt. He let the light and silky fabric pool around her waist, revealing a pair of smooth, pale legs and a dazzling prize in between. There was a distinct lack of undergarments.

Long Yifei lifted her legs and spread them wide, revealing herself in all of her glory. He was once again struck by how perfect her pussy was; bare and smooth, an eye-catching mound that protruded from her hips and her flat stomach. Her scent was sublime like a fresh rose. Two ample outer lips hid her pink inner folds from view and all he could see was a thin vertical line that was glistening with desire. Everything about her was perfect.

Chen Wentian unfastened his pants and stepped in between her raised legs. He let the tip of his cock greet her pussy with a little kiss but didn't progress any further. Sensing that she wasn't quite ready yet, he leaned down to capture her lips again. At the same time, one hand found her breast while the other reached down to find her sensitive nub.

"Mmmm." She moaned into his mouth as he began to work her.

They didn't say much and simply communicated with their bodies. She clung to his neck while her legs wrapped around his waist, pressing his shaft against her. It was a familiar dance, only in a foreign location. They both knew what to do and what each other liked. The difference was that they were doing it in public, in the student library of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen.

It couldn't get any more thrilling than this!

Her pussy was like a bubbling fountain. She gushed nonstop, every time his thumb made a complete circle around her clit. Chen Wentian lathered his shaft with her sweet nectar. For the excess, he spread it around her asshole and eventually even stuck a pinkie finger inside, testing her tightness.

"Honeyyy..." She breathed out, almost begging.

She was so ready. She only called him that when she really wanted it. But he didn't do anything. He wanted her to say it, to beg.

"Fei'er..." He said in between kisses, "Say it."

He ground his hips against her, still teasing her.

"Do me... fuck me!"

That was what he wanted to hear. A surge of strength filled his body. He found her asshole with the tip of his cock and pressed forward. Her muscles relaxed to greet him, allowing his well-lubricated shaft to slide in with only slight difficulty.

"Fei'er." He grunted once he bottomed out.

His hips met hers as she pulled him back down and kissed him desperately.

She was used to this by now and there was no discomfort. But the unbearable tightness and pressure were ever-present. He felt like his dick was being squeezed by a vice. She felt as if he had stuffed her all the way to her stomach and found it difficult to breathe.

As they continued to kiss, he began a steady, rhythmic stroke, sliding in and out of her ass, fucking her slowly, powerfully.

He missed this. Her ass was simply the best.

She also missed him. She missed his touch, the heat they were sharing.

"Ahhh."

"Ahhh."

"Ahhh."

Long Yifei let out small gasps to match his thrusts. Chen Wentian clutched her hips for leverage and tried to reach even deeper. The table squeaked and squeaked, sliding bit by bit towards a bookshelf.

At some point, he flipped her onto her stomach and pushed her down. He leaned into her, pressing her hands down with his so she had nowhere to go except take it.

The table continued to rock. Her books were nowhere in sight, probably strewn across the floor. It was all too overwhelming.

Her first orgasm arrived without warning. It was soon followed by another, then another. Her legs had long since gone limp. She felt his weight on top of her. She felt his ragged breath by her ear. She felt each surge of pleasure as he speared her innermost being with his searing rod.

Chen Wentian felt every one of her orgasms. They were like earthquakes, like waves crashing against rocky cliffs over and over. It was a small miracle he managed to hang on but it was all too much; the heat, the rippling undulations of her tight ass, the friction of each thrust.

He didn't try to hold back his own release. He couldn't even if he tried. The only thing he could remember was checking that nobody was secretly peeping on them before he lost all sense of reason and came.

"Fei'er..." He grunted.

He nuzzled her while feeling her beneath him, riding out the highs that peaked over and over.

When he eventually finished, he worried about her discomfort so he pulled her up. They both fell back onto a chair with him still inside her. She let out a small, satisfied laugh while he held her tight as if she would run away.

Neither said a word, enjoying the bliss of their connection and what they had just done. While they still could not have sex properly, neither cared.

She was now a Sacred Daughter of the Order and could not afford to lose her virginity anytime soon. So, for the time being, this was good enough for both of them.

Chapter 438: A Little Song

The library was silent. It was open all night but there was nobody else here. The pair of lovers, master and disciple, recovered from their tryst in varying fashion. Chen Wentian cared more about cleaning up the mess he caused while his appearance remained noticeably disheveled. Long Yifei managed to straighten out her dress and return her hair to an almost perfect state.

After a few awkward glances at each other, he pulled her back into his arms, embracing her waist. A small sofa appeared from his spatial bag and they both fell onto it.

"Do you have to go back to the dorms?" He asked.

She shook her head, "No classes tomorrow. It is a self-study day."

"How are classes, good, bad, or horrible?"

"They are good. In the first half of the school year as new students, we are learning about the four classics every day. It is the foundation of cultivation for the Order. We get demonstrations of the various possible Daos every day. We are given assignments to study the basics and history of each classic. We are also starting to get opportunities to practice them."

"Nice! I sensed that your cultivation has taken a sizable step forward after a long period of stagnation. It's good that we came here. This place suits you."

Long Yifei didn't answer immediately. She wanted to dispute his assertion but she didn't want to air out her idle thoughts. Compared to something so important as her cultivation progress, they were small dissatisfactions at best.

Chen Wentian didn't know what she was thinking about so he continued with another question, "How are the other Sacred Daughters? Making any friends?"

She pursed her lips in apparent distaste, "They are fine. Sometimes too noisy, sometimes too nosy. The usual. They are alright although no one, in particular, stood out to me."

"Haha, what you are saying is that there is nobody that can compare to you? Mmm, sounds right, my Fei'er is the most beautiful, talented, and sexy Sacred Daughter in the whole Order." He kissed her neck, which earned him a little smile, "So I guess that's a no on any new friends?"

"I..." She paused for a moment, "I am not used to having friends."

"Not even at Glacier Palace?" He asked.

"No, I had no friends since I was already the sect master's personal disciple from a young age. She had not taken a personal disciple for many decades so I was pretty much alone..." She trailed off.

She recalled the lonely times at the icy sect, many of which she had to relive during her stint in the dream array. She used to be bothered by it but no longer. She was comfortable with it now.

Chen Wentian sighed and stroked her hair, "Fei'er, Fei'er... you aren't alone anymore, you know? You have ten sisters with great personalities that are all willing to be your friends. I'm sure there are many Sacred Daughters here who are also good people and worthy of your friendship. I won't be able to stay here through the whole school year. I won't be able to watch over you."

Long Yifei let out a small snort and brushed her fingers against her special earrings, "Aren't you always watching over me?"

He chuckled and said, "I guess so, but I don't pay attention unless something interesting is happening. That soul is already dead so it is usually in a dormant state and it requires a lot of spiritual energy to fully activate. But that's beside the point."

"Well, how about you?" She retorted, "Did you make any new friends among the acolytes? Do you even have any friends? Do you even talk to other men?"

"..." Chen Wentian opened and closed his mouth a few times, "It's not the same! Men are selfish, conniving, and backstabbing. I can't trust them; how can I be friends with them?"

"Exactly." She said with far more smugness than he thought was possible. "Women are no different, especially to each other. You think far too well of women."

His heart fluttered a little, "Looks like we are indeed compatible. You dislike other women while I dislike other men, two people who are seemingly incapable of making friends. Looks like we are meant for each other."

She didn't respond but she leaned into him with a soft sigh. His words hit the mark and she couldn't refute him.

They continued to chat by themselves in the empty library. Warm and comfortable, neither of them wanted to leave. Eventually, their conversation circled back to the four classics and the Gift Giving Ceremony that was to take place in a month and a half.

"Master, from some of the stories I've heard, it is an event that that does not judge the talents of the Sacred Daughters but instead the wealth of their acolytes. It is where the legacy students and old factions shine. It isn't something that you have to try to compete in. You don't have to exhaust the sect's finances for my sake, it's not worth it."

He kissed her cheek, "My Fei'er is kind and thoughtful. I understand. Events like this aren't uncommon even in the mortal world. The ability to gather wealth and use it to suppress others is also a talent in itself. But don't worry about me, I already have things planned."

"What kind of things?"

"It's a secret for now. But I'll tell you after the Gift Giving Ceremony after I finish slapping these arrogant people of the Order across the face with an amount of wealth that would even shock them. You deserve nothing less. I won't let you be outshined by a bunch of ugly women!"

"Then I will patiently wait for master's grace."

He laughed and said, "Oh, by the way, do you have any kind of preference for the four classics yet? It will make finding gifts for you a little easier if there's one that already suits you more than the others."

"I'm not sure," She shook her head slightly, "Everything is so new to me. I've only studied the way of ice. I don't know anything about any of the classics. I apologize for being useless."

"What about singing? I've always felt a strong attraction to your voice, it is unlike anyone else's."

"I haven't sung for many years and I don't know any songs... except for a simple one that the disciples of Glacier Palace sang while doing our chores."

"Hey, that's perfect! Can you sing for me?"

She stirred nervously in his arms. Her ears flushed red with unexpected bashfulness.

He insisted again, kissing her earlobe, "Please?"

After a long pause, Long Yifei finally collected her courage. She opened her mouth and a soft hum emerged. She recalled the old tune bit by bit, letting a low and dulcet tune. Her voice grew in confidence

and gradually filled their small love nest. She sang the simple words to a simple song, blessing the snowy mountains and the icy glory of Glacier Palace.

Chen Wentian was stunned. Her voice was like a heavenly hymn. As his mind absorbed each syllable and each change in pitch, an unexpected feeling of warmth reverberated within him. She could have been singing using another language and it wouldn't have mattered. Her song held a power over him that couldn't be explained.

Unknowingly, his eyelids began to droop. He rested his head on her shoulder and nodded off into the land of dreams. He was comfortable, he was calm, he was exactly where he wanted to be, with his beautiful Fei'er in his arms.

Chapter 439: Gift Register

Chen Wentian awoke the next day in a very good mood. Long Yifei was slumbering in his arms and the sun was barely peeking into the quiet library. He didn't expect to fall asleep to her singing but she had an effect on him he couldn't explain.

It had been a very romantic night, perhaps even more romantic than the time Wu Qianyu confessed her feelings for him. He wondered how he felt about Long Yifei now, how she felt about him. He still wasn't sure how to read a woman's inner thoughts though he hoped that she liked him as much as he liked her.

In the beginning, he had been drawn to her enchanting physical beauty, her feminine sensuality that could captivate the heart of any man. He wasn't quite ready to say that he loved her but after last night, he could certainly admit that it was getting dangerously close. He wanted to cherish her, to protect her, and he wanted her to love him in return.

Long Yifei soon woke up and they cleaned up their little love nest and got ready for the day. He sneaked several glances in her direction but she was prim and proper as always. He couldn't get a read on what she was thinking about or if she was thinking about him.

"Master, we should get going." Long Yifei said after her hair and makeup were finished.

"Huh? Oh, yeah..." Chen Wentian said absentmindedly.

She smiled ever so slightly. She came close to him and rearranged the layers of his clothes so that nothing was out of place. She was focused on her task and didn't notice his heated gaze.

His heart started to beat faster in her presence. It was incredibly intimate. He simply wanted to kiss her again. He didn't know if this was the effect of her virgin charm again or if it was something more.

When her hands left his chest, he managed an awkward cough. Her eyes met his and he was once again lost for the moment.

"Master?" She asked.

"Oh!" After quite a long pause, he managed to suppress the rising flames within him, "I... I just wanted to say you're really beautiful this morning."

Seeing her blank expression, he quickly added, "But you already knew that, anyway, we should get going!"

Long Yifei's lips finally broke into a wide smile, "Thank you. And you are quite handsome this morning, master."

With that, she grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the library while he remained incoherent for a long time, his heart still thumping in his chest at her words.

Life at the Millennium Mountains Campus of the Virtuous Order of Chunzhen continued as normal. The students were busy with theory and practical classes four days out of the week. The other three days, they continued to study on their own to seek a suitable path for cultivating their virginity.

A few days after the night at the library, while Chen Wentian was away from the Order, an interesting booklet circulated the campus. Any student that wanted one was given a free copy by the Order and it was soon the main topic of conversation for all the Sacred Daughters.

The booklet was titled simply the Gift Register and outlined the basic breakdown of gifts commonly awarded at each year's Gift Giving Ceremony. Since the ceremony was a big event where the Sacred Daughters could finally distinguish themselves from each other, they were all interested in the specifics of the gifts.

And naturally, the group that Long Yifei was acquainted with couldn't resist it either...

"Sister Long, look," Zhao Linmei said, sticking the booklet in Long Yifei's face. It was turned to a page that depicted a painting of a white guqin, "Look, Sister Long, an Ancient Elephant Ivory Guqin, crafted by the immortal masters at the Whimsical Winds of Wisdom. I've been staring at it all day. They say that its sound can be soft as a baby elephant's first cry or as powerful as an Ancient Elephant's trumpet. It may not be the most elegant of guqin designs but it certainly contains power. Just like me! It's the perfect instrument for me! Oooooo! I want it so much!"

Long Yifei pushed the booklet away so that she could continue eating her medicinal soup, "Sister Zhao, if you like it so much, just ask your acolyte fiancé to buy it for you for the Gift Giving Ceremony."

"Aiya, Sister Long, it's not as simple as that! The booklet says it costs ten million taels of gold for one but that's only if you have enough patience for the waitlist which could be many years long. I can't, the ceremony is barely a month away. I asked around and they say that a few might show up in auction houses soon. Those bloodsucking businesses, I swear! I'll be lucky to get one for twenty million taels, my fiancé can't afford that!"

"Mmm." Long Yifei nodded, still more concerned about her soup.

It was very good and just what she needed after a long day of arduous meditation.

Seeing that she was unresponsive, Zhao Linmei huffed and started complaining to the others at the table. A lively conversation started, with each person chiming in with their wish list from the Gift Register and their complaints about how impossible some of the items described in it were to obtain.

Indeed, this was the intent of the book, to give the Sacred Daughters a taste of what was possible and what wasn't given their status and wealth. There were all kinds of musical instruments crafted by the best of the best in the Martial Brilliance Continent. There were brushes made from exotic materials, paint colors unique to their creators, and books with only a limited number of copies. There were

unique songs written by famous songwriters that would be the sole owner of the buyer. There were also opportunities to commission the best dance choreographers to create a custom dance that perfectly suited them.

Gifts were separated into their relevant cultivation realms and levels. Those at the lowest tier of the Spirit Initiate Realm started around a hundred thousand taels of gold and went up to a million. There weren't many in the guide and those who wanted to settle for these items were looked down upon and ridiculed. Gifts at the lesser realms, on the border of the immortal realms, were barely acceptable. They would do for the moment but if the Sacred Daughter and their acolyte had any aspirations for the immortals, these gifts had to be replaced eventually.

To be truly considered elite and prized, the Sacred Daughters had to receive a gift at the immortal realms at least. The Ancient Elephant Ivory Guqin that Zhao Linmei desired could be barely considered a Spirit Lord Realm item. The strings used hair from an immortal elephant but the body made of ivory was not. Its power was thus lower than average although it could still be utilized for cultivating immortal Dao.

A complete Spirit Lord Realm item could cost much more, up to a hundred million taels. And as for Spirit King Realm items, there was no need to mention them as they were not shown in the booklet. There was no need for new students to even sniff the existence of such wonders that even abbesses did not possess.

Long Yifei maintained her composure but inside, her thoughts were stormy. Each of these Spirit Lord Realm gifts was equivalent to Spirit Lord Realm treasures, ones cherished by Spirit Lord Realm immortals, ones that cost an average Spirit Lord their entire fortune.

Her master certainly had a lot of tricks. He was able to obtain Spirit Lord Realm items with frightening pace, in ways that defied common sense. She trusted his ability but she was still doubtful.

These gifts were far more expensive and difficult to obtain. They were crafted to suit the needs of the Order. They required special skills and knowledge of the four classics. They weren't readily available on the open market weapons, armors, and jewelry.

She didn't want to care about the Gift Giving Ceremony but she couldn't. She had told him she didn't care but he insisted... and he was right. Receiving a powerful gift would only speed up her cultivation of the four classics, it would only help her along the path to the immortal realms.

She didn't want to rely on him so much but it seemed she had no other choice, at least for the moment. She wasn't an ungrateful disciple so she swore silently to herself that she would repay him in the future.

Chapter 440: Gift Exhibit (I)

"Sister Long, ready?"

"Mmm." Long Yifei nodded after glancing at herself with a pocket mirror one last time.

"Let's go!"

She followed her usual group of new students. They left the dorms together and headed for the Spring Rain Hall which was just a short walk away. They were all dolled up to the limit with stunning makeup and jeweled accessories, each woman an image of vivacious virginity and peerless beauty.

Tonight, they were attending an event called the Gift Exhibit. It was an opportunity for them to see actual gift items from the Gift Register on display, where they would be able to feel the power and auras of items they were interested in first hand.

For the past week, since the Gift Register was released, the topic of gifts remained a feverish topic in the minds of the new students. It was all they talked about all day and all night. There was no sense of exhaustion as it dealt with their future.

Long Yifei found herself drawn into the subject against her will. With the level of competition between the Sacred Daughters and how hard everyone worked to improve themselves, she couldn't ignore the gifts and what they meant. She even found herself browsing the Gift Register in her spare time, taking careful note of ones that interested her. Tonight was finally her opportunity to see them with her own eyes. She couldn't help but feel a little excited.

Her group reached the Spring Rain Hall and entered swiftly. The Gift Exhibit was already in full swing. The entrance hall was packed with people. There were hundreds of Sacred Daughters and a slightly lesser number of prioresses and acolytes. Those that knew each other were already gathered in small groups, chatting gaily while partaking in snacks and refreshments.

"Here are the maps." Wei Shuangshuang said loudly, gathering their attention.

Ever the bossy woman, she had taken upon herself to retrieve a stack of maps from a nearby attendant.

She continued speaking as she handed them out to the group, "Study it and identify the gifts you are interested in. I suggest you head there quickly as the popular ones are certain to get mobbed. You may have to wait in line to even get a peek at those if you delay."

Zhao Linmei turned to Long Yifei, "Sister Long, did you have somewhere in mind? We can go together!"

Long Yifei shook her head, "I am heading to the song exhibit. Sister Zhao, Sister Wei is right. You should go for the gifts you are most interested in first."

Zhao Linmei pouted for a while and nodded. "Alright, we will meet back together later!"

"Alright!"

Long Yifei left the crowded lobby and headed down a hallway. She saw various items on display in glass cases, each one a gift.

Spring Rain Hall had been transformed for tonight. The entire building was filled with a vast array of gifts. Smaller items were put on stone plinths. Larger items were placed in the classrooms and lecture halls.

She passed through the popular instrument exhibit and then the painting exhibit and arrived at her target, the song exhibit. There were much fewer people here as singing was difficult and relied more on natural gifts of the voice than hard work. She saw a familiar figure here and quickly approached them.

"Sacred Daughter Long Yifei, greets Prioress Xuan." She said with a bow.

The person in front of her was Immortal Winter Hymn Xuan Xina, one of the instructors and a specialist in singing.

"Yifei, I was expecting you. Welcome to the song exhibit." Xuan Xina said.

Her voice was soft and melodic. The air around her trembled with spiritual energy. This close to her, Long Yifei felt every bit of the prioress' musical aura and was deeply impressed.

"Prioress Xuan, you were expecting me?" Long Yifei asked after raising her head.

Their heights were similar, with Long Yifei slightly taller. Their physiques were also a mirror of each other though Long Yifei's curves were a little more pronounced and alluring.

Xuan Xina smiled, "Out of all the new students this year, you're the only one that had caught my eye. I knew from the very beginning that we had many things in common."

Long Yifei returned her smile, "Thank you, Prioress Xuan, for your praise. Are you in charge of the song exhibit tonight?"

"Indeed I am. If you have any questions, just ask." She looked around the large lecture hall which only had a few people, "It looks like I won't be very busy."

"That's perfect, I actually had many questions." Long Yifei blurted uncharacteristically, feeling quite excited, "I don't have a lot of experience with singing but my master tells me that my voice is special. I was wondering out of the beginner songs in the Gift Register, which one would best suit me."

Xuan Xina covered her mouth with her long sleeve and giggled, "Your acolyte is Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian, right? He certainly has good judgment. Your voice is indeed perfect for the Dao of song. From just conversing with you now, I can already tell this for certain. You have come to the right place. As for the beginner songs, I have a few that suit you perfectly. Follow me."

Xuan Xina led Long Yifei to a long, flat glass case that displayed several scrolls. Written on each one was a powerful, unique song that contained profound understanding and insights into the Dao of song.

Long Yifei's eye's widened as she saw the descriptions on the placards, "These... weren't on the Gift Register!"

"Hehehe, no, there weren't. I prepared them just for you. They come from my personal collection." Xuan Xian glided her finger across the glass and named each song, "Winter Winds, written by Mengwu and Sons. Let Go, written by myself. Roses from Snow, written by the Emei Clan. Ice Wonderland, written by an unknown genius songwriter. And many more... Yifei, I heard that you cultivated an ice-type Dao growing up, is that true?"

"Yes, prioress."

"Mmm. Ice is an excellent cultivation path for virginal yin, not as good as the four classics but still formidable. These songs will suit you perfectly as they can utilize your existing cultivation base and understanding of snow and ice. This will aid you in understanding the secrets of singing. They will allow you to advance quickly in the Dao of song."

"Thank you, prioress!" Long Yifei said but then noticed something else, "But... these don't have a listed price, unlike the other displays."

"That's right. The other songbooks belong to their authors or the various auction houses but these belong to me. I can do with them as I please and I am choosing to give them to you."

Long Yifei kept her expression even but all kinds of alarms rang in her mind. She wasn't acquainted with this Xuan Xina and neither was her master. There was no reason for a prioress of the order to treat a new student so generously, unless...

"You guessed correctly," Xuan Xina whispered, "I know about your special secret. How? My master is Immortal Dawn Euphony Li Shishi. In this world, she is the dearest person to me and she is like a mother to me. Imagine my surprise when she told me about you. I couldn't wait to meet you. Now that you're in front of me, I am even more excited. You are just like me when I was your age!"

Long Yifei felt slightly indignant at the comparison but replied in an even voice, "It is an honor to receive your praise. However, I cannot receive such a heavy gift as these songs for free. My master also cannot. If prioress is willing to offer a fair price for them, then I am fully willing to buy them from you. But for free, I definitely cannot accept."

Xuan Xina straightened her back and frowned, "These songs aren't cheap. They are unique or limited edition works by famous songwriters on the continent. Although some of them are not at the Spirit Lord Realm, they are all at various lesser realms and will greatly aid you in taking the first steps toward immortality."

"I understand, but I am still willing to pay."

Xuan Xina snorted, "It's not your money you are spending but your acolyte's. Is he willing to spend as much you want? How much money does a Spirit Lord from a subcontinent have? Can he afford it?"

Although the prioress was badmouthing Chen Wentian, Long Yifei felt personally attacked and responded sharply, "Prioress Xuan, my master is my world. I have the utmost faith in his ability to support me. I'm sorry, I cannot accept your gift!"

Xuan Xina studied Long Yifei for a while and finally answered, "Very well. I should have expected as much. Loyalty is a precious and rare trait these days anyway. I will place some of these songs with the Golden Basin Auction House and your acolyte can obtain them fair and square. There will be no favoritism or special treatment from me."

"Thank you, prioress." Long Yifei bowed.

Xuan Xina's expression softened and there was a tinge of melancholy in her eyes. She sighed heavily before speaking again, "Why did you have to be so similar to me? Clinging to your acolyte like that with such devotion... The folly of youth... don't regret it later..."

She trailed off absentmindedly, mumbling a few more inaudible words. freew ebnove l.com

"Prioress?" Long Yifei asked.

"Ah! It's nothing. You can go look at the other displays for any songs you may like. Mine aren't the only good ones here." Xuan Xina waved her hand dismissively.

Long Yifei watched the immortal walk away with more confusion than anything. If she had to guess, Xuan Xina used to have an acolyte but then broke it off with that person and instead came to solely rely on the Order. The reason must have been heart-shattering for her to react like that by simply reminiscing. It was difficult to fathom what a man could have done to cause such obvious pain.

Each person's path toward immortality was different. It was a long and difficult journey, with the constant risk of falling and never getting back up. Long Yifei could only hope that along her path, she wouldn't have to go through whatever Xuan Xina had to go through.