

F Disciples 551

Chapter 551: Second Day

The second day of the Convocation of Swords dawned with just as much excitement and energy as the first. Everyone was eager to fight again, to gain glory and prove their sword.

The rules and procedures remained the same. Those that managed to earn a spot on the ranking pillar started the day as the rankers. Others that were not able to and those that had been forced off were the challengers. As the sun rose and the fog that blanketed the mountains slowly lifted, the first nine pairs of duelists took to the arena and began to fight.

One crowd-pleasing aspect of the second day was the re-matches. Those that had lost yesterday were eager to challenge the same opponent again today. They wanted to wash away the shame of their loss and climb atop the heads of their rivals. Some fought for personal honor while others fought to gain honor for their sects at the expense of the enemy.

In particular, the battles between the House of the Northern Blade and the House of the Southern Sword were explosive and violent. They had been somewhat courteous during the first day but now, they were no longer holding back. Sabers and swords from both sides clashed with cruelty, resulting in many injuries before the judges could intervene. Seniors bullied juniors, who were then punished by more powerful core disciples. This cycle of enmity was great entertainment for those not involved.

While some sought to make enemies, others sought to make friends. For some sects, it was in their best interest to have good relationships with other sects. Disciples became like ambassadors as they exchanged pointers with each other. Those that had good temperament easily made friends with their opponents as it was not a duel to the death but a duel just to compare notes.

This was in line with one of the goals of the convocation, for disciples to improve their understanding of the sword. Even if one could not gain a spot on the ranking pillar, one could still learn a great deal through these duels. It was a rare opportunity for everyone as constantly practicing the same sword style often resulted in bottlenecks that could only be resolved by clashing against other sword styles and helping each other.

Other sects took it a step further, directly establishing strong bonds through intermarriage. Their duels became a great big matchmaking affair as talented male and female disciples sought each other out. On a few occasions, a particularly beautiful sword maiden would be desired by many challengers and she would only accept the affection of the one who managed to defeat her. As for the most talented and handsome men, they received an equal amount of attention from female suitors.

Red Peak School and Cloud Peak Sect were the most eye-catching in this regard. The rumor was that the two sects were going to merge into one in the next few years and their conduct proved this to be true. Out of all the sects, these two had the most relationships between disciples. There were husbands and wives passionately dueling each other. Brothers and sisters competed against each other to settle disputes. It was one big family meet-up.

Yet not everything went smoothly as was often the case with relationships. There were plenty of conflicts as people fought for their future happiness. New rivalries were established instead of relationships. Old relationships were broken irreparably. One enterprising young man even tried to court the beautiful but untouchable nuns of the Virtuous Sword Villa, causing a great scandal when one of the female disciples actually reciprocated his affection. freeweb . com

The sect master of the Virtuous Sword Villa, a ferocious old spinster, threatened in public to lock away her unruly disciple for thirty years. In response, the sect master of Skycloud Temple, where the brave young man came from, jumped out to defend his disciple. The two almost came to blows before peace was finally brokered by a few friendly immortals.

All of this was very entertaining for the audience and even the immortals. However, Chen Wentian was unconcerned with these matters. He still needed to figure out the schemes of the demons. His shadow fox, Chen Mo, was scouring the entire city and laying down a web of shadow anchors. Additionally, he had called upon all available souls that could be of any potential use to aid him.

He used He Xingping, an executive elder of the Lion Lord faction of the Beast God Sanctum, to send several squads of underlings to Everblade City. Their outward pretense was to find interesting beasts to buy and bring back. Their hidden task was to support Immortal Tempest Badger Qiu Chuyi and be on guard for suspicious activity.

He even brought over the immortal Void Bee queen who was supposed to be guarding Ten Thousand Flower Valley to act as an additional source of surveillance across the city. To offset the queen's absence, he called upon General Kong, the Spirit Lord steel-furred gorilla beast he had taken over some time ago. Although such an eye-catching immortal beast could not easily move about in human territory, it was easy enough to sneak into the vicinity of Black Rock City since he controlled Cloudy Mountain Province. In an unforeseen emergency, the gorilla could forcibly activate the teleportation array in the city and arrive where ever it was needed.

On top of these preemptive measures, he still had to pay attention to his disciples and their individual performances. He had to note their weaknesses and strengths and customize future training plans for everyone. But, he was lucky to have a group of talented women who didn't cause problems for him and didn't seek out problems with others.

His disciples continued the same team strategy as yesterday. Wu Qianyu and Li Yuechan, being the two strongest, acted as the anchors. If a fellow sister lost their spot to a strong challenger, they would give up their spot just to storm into the rankings again. The others were still shameless enough to utilize every delaying tactic at their disposal to avoid defeat.

He expected no problems with this setup. Although the twins were the weakest and faced the most challenges, they could gain their spots back easily enough. He had wanted to help them break through but he didn't have enough time last night. He also had to wait until the demonic poison within their bodies had been utterly cleansed. This would take one more night at most and he would be left with only the third night which was not enough time for them to break through.

"Hmmm." Chen Wentian rubbed his chin as he pondered.

Chapter 552: Lingxi and Qianyu (I)

As the second day of the convocation progressed, not much out of the ordinary occurred. A few people still dared to challenge Wu Qianyu to try and make a name for themselves but they were quickly beaten into submission. Other death-seeking young men also wanted to exchange pointers with the ice sisters to gain their attention but his disciples didn't even bother to cross swords with them, directly avoiding them with icy movements and running circles around them.

One notable matter happened before noon when, out of the blue, Peng Xiling of the Tower of Swords forfeited on their own accord when faced with a random challenger from a no-name sect. The challenger was far from a genius or hidden powerhouse so nobody could understand why or what Peng Xiling was thinking.

Peng Lingxi, still bearing the responsibility of pretending to be a man, was berated by her master in front of the other core disciples. She had forfeited her spot in the rankings without telling him so he was understandably angry. She offered no explanation or apology, choosing to accept whatever punishment that would come when they returned to the sect.

The other disciples didn't dare to talk to her after this and she was left to sit alone in a corner. This didn't bother her and she sought comfort from another source. She looked in a particular direction and squinted her eyes.

Chen Wentian and his disciples were sitting some distance away in the eastern section of the stands. She could barely make out the details of his face. When he smiled due to something his disciples had said or done, she would feel a surge of warmth inside her. When he laughed, she couldn't help but smile fondly.

She wanted him to look in her direction and notice her. She wanted him to smile at her instead. To fulfill the desires of her heart, she had only one method available to her.

A few hours later, her name was finally called to present a challenge. She hurried onto the stage and declared with a clear voice, "Peng Xiling of the Tower of Swords challenges Wu Qianyu of Ten Thousand Flower Valley!"

If she exchanged swords with his disciple, he would have no choice but to watch her!

Wu Qianyu quickly accepted the challenge and the crowd went wild. This was the most exciting match so far and perhaps the most exciting match out of all the possibilities. These two were the most talented cultivators of this current generation. They had ranked first and second in the Immortal Sect Competition. Now, they were going to find out who was stronger.

Peng Lingxi faced off against Wu Qianyu on the designated dueling platform. Peng Lingxi wore the plain gray outfit of the Tower of Swords. She carried an unremarkable sword of the most common design. It seemed as if she was a poor person that had just been roaming the streets of the city. The only redeeming aspect was her stunning features. Regardless if she was pretending to be a man or not, her innate beauty shone through.

Wu Qianyu stood in sharp contrast. She wore a fitted white battle robe that exuded a valiant aura. In her hand was a slender purple sword that hummed with peerless sword energy. Her beauty was not as heart-stopping but her attire gave her an unwavering and heroic spirit.

"Why did you purposefully pick a fight with me?" Wu Qianyu asked evenly, "Why is your master so obsessed with us? We've never done anything to offend the Tower of Swords."

Peng Lingxi felt a sharp twinge in her heart at those words. She had also wondered about the same questions but had no answer. Although fewer Tower of Swords disciples challenged Ten Thousand Flower Valley on the second day, there were still many occasions and many contentious duels. Her challenging Wu Qianyu gave everyone the impression that this was just another escalation of the battle between the two sects.

Peng Lingxi answered sincerely, "I apologize for my master's unreasonableness. I am unable to change his mind but I have always hoped that our two sects can be friends."

Wu Qianyu scoffed, "And yet you still challenged me?"

Peng Lingxi blushed slightly, "Actually, my master did not order me to duel with you. I simply wanted to have a friendly exchange with Elder Sister Wu."

"Elder sister? Don't you think that is a little inappropriate given the circumstances?" Wu Qianyu retorted.

Peng Lingxi's blush deepened a little. They were disciples of different sects so it was indeed a little inappropriate. She was also pretending to be a man so Wu Qianyu had probably taken it the wrong way.

"I... I didn't mean to imply anything improper. I just want to see if we could be friends." She said.

If they could become friends, then she would have many opportunities to be noticed by Chen Wentian. She would be able to speak to him and maybe even share a meal. Her mind spun at the wonderful opportunities. (f)ree

Wu Qianyu eyed her suspiciously, "If you want a friendly exchange, I will naturally oblige. As for friends, it's best not to think too far."

"Begin!" A sharp voice rang out.

Peng Lingxi's expression became serious as she raised her sword. "Elder Sister Wu, are you ready?"

In front of all the sword cultivators of the subcontinent, her sword was finally going to follow her heart's desire.

Wu Qianyu raised her Purple Jade Sword, "Please start."

A surge of sword intent swept over the dueling platform. Both sides were almost evenly matched, creating a void in the middle where the two energies clashed together.

Peng Lingxi wielded the Lonely Sword Wanderer. Ever since she could walk and run, she had followed the path of the sword. Her sword energy was pure and firm, without a single quiver or blemish. When she finally moved, it was a crystallization of decades of practice and experience.

Wu Qianyu's attainments in the way of the sword were far fewer. She had practiced some low-level sword arts in the past but those were inconsequential. Her power came directly from Dugu's Tenth Sword, a devastating power created by a supreme expert within the immortal realms.

Peng Lingxi's sword flashed out.

First Move, Crossing Streams and Rivers!

Wu Qianyu's sword responded with a purple arc of light.

First Movement, Slash the World!

Chapter 553: Lingxi and Qianyu (II)

Pang!

The two sword attacks clashed together with a flash of light. The resulting shockwave of spiritual energy swept over the entire arena like a gust of wind. The crowd went wild, thrilled by the awesome clash. It was the most exciting battle so far, one between two geniuses in the lesser realm of Spiritual Growth with equal strength.

After the first exchange, Peng Xiling moved swiftly to prepare for another attack while Wu Qianyu remained rooted to one spot. One side preferred quickness, flexibility, and taking the initiative while the other was heroic and domineering. One side attacked enthusiastically while the other defended stoically.

Peng Xiling's second attack created a crisscrossed pattern of sword energy. Wu Qianyu responded with two purple slashes. The collision of swords this time crushed the stone tiles in between them into dust, leaving a jagged canyon of destruction.

"Are you not going to attack?" Peng Xiling's voice rang out with a teasing undertone.

"You are the challenger. I won't attack unless you force me to." Wu Qianyu replied flatly.

"Very well! Be careful now!"

With a bright laugh, Peng Xiling's sword became a blur and so did his body. His rapid movement left ghostly afterimages as he launched a continuous series of attacks aimed at overwhelming the opponent.

At the same time, one section of the eastern stands buzzed with excitement.

"Go, Sister Wu!"

"Slap that pretty boy!"

"Yeah, wooo!"

Chen Wentian watched the duel intently, ignoring the ear-splitting cheers around him. He couldn't pretend like he didn't care, not when these two were involved. This was equivalent to a direct contest between his sect and the Tower of Swords. They weren't just fighting for themselves but for their masters as well.

The third exchange between Peng Xiling and Wu Qianyu soon ended. Peng Xiling's attack power had drastically increased and was able to force Wu Qianyu out of her original spot. The two traded a few courteous words before a fourth exchange followed where Wu Qianyu's defense was further put under pressure.

Chen Wentian frowned and scratched his chin, "What is this Peng Xiling guy doing? Is he trying to play with Qianyu?"

"What is it, master?" Zhou Ziyun asked from beside him.

"This Peng Xiling, he is not exactly fighting using his full strength. And his attacks also lack a certain level of threat and killing intent." He said.

"But isn't that natural since we shouldn't be killing each other here?" She asked.

"Yes, but look closer. He's not even trying to win."

There was a short pause before she said, "Oh, I see, yes. He is attacking but not seriously."

"Right? He playing with her." Chen Wentian scoffed, "What audacity. Does he want to die? Even if he has some talent, I won't let this go. A pretty boy like him wants to mess with my disciple? Dream on!"

As he said this, he glared at the small figure of Peng Xiling in the distance, trying to squish him to death with his eyes alone. Men like Peng Xiling were his sworn enemies. They could effortlessly charm women with their good looks. It was so unfair. This Peng Xiling also had tremendous talent as well as the background of a powerful immortal sect. What kind of dogshit luck was that?

It was intolerable. He was an immortal now. How could he lose to someone like this?

"I'm going to tell Qianyu to beat him up properly and teach him a lesson!" He said in frustration.

Zhou Ziyun couldn't help but laugh a little. She saw the situation differently from him. She knew a certain tidbit of information that would certainly change his mind but she decided not to tell him for the moment.

"Actually, master, you don't have to do that." She said, "If this brat surnamed Peng is indeed messing with Sister Wu, she would be the first to realize it. She won't let him get away with it and would naturally retaliate even without master's urging. However, I see that Sister Wu attitude has yet to change and she seems to be fighting evenly with her opponent."

"Huh..."

Chen Wentian fell silent as he closely studied the ongoing duel. He soon saw Zhou Ziyun's point as well as additional details.

Peng Xiling was still not fighting at full power but his sword still contained a substantial level of seriousness and sword intent. He was fully utilizing all of the moves of the Lonely Sword Wanderer without hiding anything. Only, he wasn't trying to defeat his opponent. He was trying to practice with Wu Qianyu and help her instead.

"Interesting." Chen Wentian muttered.

Wu Qianyu could not be considered an expert of the sword. Her advantage came from tremendous strength, endurance, a powerful weapon, and a fearsome sword art. Her foundations were not entirely solid due to her upbringing in a minor mortal sect. As a result, her offensive ability was tremendous but her defense was lacking.

In contrast, Peng Xiling was well-rounded in all aspects of the sword. He had recognized Wu Qianyu's weakness after one or two exchanges. He could have taken advantage of this but chose not to. Instead, he held back slightly, letting her defend against all kinds of attacks in his arsenal.

Chen Wentian couldn't help but silently commend this Peng Xiling. Instead of winning over Wu Qianyu with sheer strength, this cunning guy chose a softer route. He constantly attacked but did not seek victory. Wu Qianyu was smart enough and took advantage of the situation to refine her own basic skills such as movement, footwork, and defensive sword forms. In just a few minutes, she had been able to learn a great deal from her generous opponent.

"What a crafty guy. Was he a snake in his past life?" Chen Wentian muttered. "Trying to steal my Qianyu like this? Who are you trying to fool?"

Zhou Ziyun rolled her eyes, "Master, you are too much. I don't think Peng Xiling is trying to seduce Sister Wu or anything. I think this person just wants to be her friend."

"Friends? Men and women can't be friends, especially my disciples!" He shot back.

She let out a long sigh and shook her head in defeat.

Chapter 554: Lingxi and Qianyu (III)

The duel of geniuses soon came to an end. It seemed way too short and the crowd roared in disapproval. Such an exciting battle between two geniuses was simply too rare.

Both Peng Lingxi and Wu Qianyu remained on the platform but the victor was clear. But Peng Lingxi was not disappointed. She glanced up towards the east, catching the gaze of the special person in her heart. He had been watching her all this time and that was all she wanted.

She sheathed her sword and bowed toward Wu Qianyu, "Elder Sister Wu, this is my defeat."

Wu Qianyu responded in kind, "Lonely Hero Peng's sword is wise and profound. Qianyu sincerely thanks you for your guidance."

Peng Lingxi smiled warmly. Her plan had been successful and Wu Qianyu had understood her intentions. She was glad that this disciple of Chen Wentian was not a small minded person. She had heard too many rumors about the sect master of Ten Thousand Flower Valley and his beautiful disciples.

The two left the stage and strolled towards the eastern stands at an unhurried pace. Both people seemed ignorant to the titillating scene they were creating. They were one beautiful man and one noble woman, opponents inside the dueling arena and perhaps something more outside of it. Everyone's imaginations ran wild.

"Elder Sister Wu, five minutes is all too short. I already feel a sense of loss. I hope we can find opportunities to exchange swords in the future." Peng Lingxi said.

"You jest, Lonely Hero Peng. With the current relationship between our two sects, I don't think another friendly duel can be possible." Wu Qianyu said

"Unfortunate... or maybe, we can fight together against the dangers inside the Forest of Swords." Peng Lingxi said hopefully.

"Mmm. Perhaps. That sounds more possible." Wu Qianyu nodded in agreement.

"Great!"

The pair arrived at the bottom of the eastern stands and Wu Qianyu turned to leave.

"Elder Sister Wu, I hope your master won't mind my actions today." Peng Lingxi said.

Wu Qianyu paused and turned back slightly, "Well, my master is generous towards female disciples but he can be petty and distrustful towards handsome, talented men."

"Oh." fre(e)

"But I suppose... you have nothing to worry about." Wu Qianyu said and smiled lightly.

Peng Lingxi's expression turned into one of surprise, "When did you find out?"

"It took me a while but you also weren't trying very hard to hide it."

Peng Lingxi laughed and saluted, "I suppose so. I'm glad you found out but could you please keep it a secret for now?"

"Alright." Wu Qianyu replied.

"Thanks. Then, farewell for now."

Wu Qianyu nodded in response and went up the stairs.

Peng Lingxi quickly turned and marched off towards her own sect. She knew she would suffer great consequences for her actions. She had even purposefully lost to Ten Thousand Flower Valley without putting forth her full abilities. Her master would be furious.

Wu Qianyu was also a little nervous when she returned. Looking around, she found Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun sporting conspiratorial grins. The five ice sisters had a variety of worried expressions while Bei Yingluo was actually hiding in the back.

Chen Wentian was the most peculiar. His lips were pursed as if he had just eaten a sour plum. His eyes flashed with a dangerous aura like how a hawk would view a tasty little rabbit. He didn't say anything but his body language told her everything.

She quickly went in front of him and bowed deeply, "Master."

There was long pause before Chen Wentian spoke unhappily, "So, did you make a new friend? Why don't you introduce me to him next time."

Wu Qianyu didn't know whether to laugh or cry. His reaction was totally within her expectations. She knew he was rather narrow-minded in this aspect. He still carried the heart of an insecure young man due to his experiences in the past. Despite having so many women now, that weakness still remained. Or perhaps, this was a weakness of all men.

She didn't blame him. She would also never purposefully try to stir up trouble by testing his limits. She had no interests in seeking friendships with other men and Peng Xiling was a unique case.

"Master, I apologize for my actions. Please do not be angry. I can explain." She said.

"Oh, really?" He said, sounding fully unconvinced.

At this moment, Lin Qingcheng finally couldn't take it anymore and jumped into the fray. "Master, stop being so mean! Don't bully Big Sister Wu!"

Both Wu Qianyu and Chen Wentian were astonished by this turnabout.

"Silly girl, what are you saying?" He asked.

Lin Qingcheng crossed her arms and didn't back down. Out of all the disciples, she was perhaps the only one that dared to stand up to him like this.

"Master, Big Sister Wu just won a wonderful duel for our sect and yet you are blaming her for some reason or another. How is that fair?"

"But..."

"That's right!" Now it was Zhou Ziyun's turn to attack, "All she did was act courteously to her opponent. Is she not allowed to do that? Are we all supposed to act like a piece of wood or a block of ice in front of all men except you, master?"

"You!" Chen Wentian angrily pointed at her and then at Lin Qingcheng. He struggled to retort but couldn't find the words.

The two conspirators shared a look between them and continued to argue with him.

Seeing his first three disciples like this, he tried to find Li Yuechan for assistance but she refused to take a side. The other ice sisters quickly followed their elder sister. As for Bei Yingluo, she was still hiding in a corner and didn't utter a peep. Helpless, he was forced to stew in a pit of frustration. He suffered under Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun's cooperative nagging until the jealous beast within him was finally put down.

"Alright, alright, alright!" He said and they quieted down. "I give up. I was wrong."

He took Wu Qianyu's arm, pulled her to him, and said softly, "Qianyu, I'm sorry. I was being a jerk."

"Thank you, master. However..." Wu Qianyu smiled secretively and leaned in to whisper in his ear. "My behavior today did not meet master's expectations. I hope you can punish me tonight."

Chapter 555: Nothing Left Unsaid

Chen Wentian stepped into a dim room lit only by candles. His eyes narrowed as he caught sight of Wu Qianyu, sitting quietly in the middle of the room. The only thing she wore was a silky gown that clung to her abundant curves. Light flickered across her face and she carried a small, expectant smile.

The second day of the Convocation of Swords was over a long time ago. It was now deep into the night and he had already given all of his disciples a round of massages to dissolve the demonic water energy within them completely. However, unlike the previous night, he didn't go too wild and saved enough strength for the main course in front of him.

"Qianyu." He said softly, his voice slightly hoarse. free.c om

Her smile widened and she stood up. She bowed deeply before him. Her breasts swung hypnotically beneath a thin cage of transparent silk, especially her pink and erect nipples which he could almost catch sight of if he tiptoed.

"Master, this disciple has acted improperly today and let you down. Please punish me as you see fit." She said softly.

Her voice was calm and filled with an aura of love and utter respect.

Although both of them understood that Chen Wentian had already let go of his unreasonable jealousy, there were still some things left unsaid that needed to be resolved. He knew it and she knew it too. It was a silent understanding between lovers who understood each other.

Chen Wentian approached her and stopped right in front of her. He lifted her chin up so that he could peer into her eyes.

"Are you sure?" He asked.

She nodded resolutely.

"The safe word is Giant Dire Wolf like always." He said.

"Okay."

"Good."

With a wave of his hand, the chair behind her was pushed to a corner. With another wave, her gown flew off. She didn't react at all and simply stood there serenely, presenting her naked figure for him to examine.

The most prominent was her large breasts which hung down from their sheer weight. Her large areolas were like dark-red roses. Her nipples were bundles of nerves begging to be touched. Below her breasts, she had a slightly plump stomach that was endearing beyond words. It only added to her mature allure which he loved so much.

Her wide hips and thick thighs hid her pussy completely from view. The only thing he could see was a thick black bush that was completely natural. He didn't dislike it and found it perfectly fitting of her nature.

Once he had his fill of her body, he took two steps back. At his command, a cocoon of spiritual energy surrounded them, preventing all sound from escaping. Two chains then fell down from above even though they weren't attached to anything.

At the end of the chains were two handcuffs. With two snaps, he locked up her wrists and pulled upward. With a sharp jerk, she was lifted into the air until her toes barely touched the floor. She let out only the smallest of gasps as this happened but her expression remained calm.

Seeing her naked body hanging in midair, Chen Wentian sucked in a breath and admired her beauty. After Wu Qianyu broke through to the Lesser Realm of Spiritual Growth, exploring physical pain this way was no longer useful for advancing her understanding of the Dao of pain. But he had to admit that it was beyond sexy. He missed it a lot and he was sure that she did as well.

"Qianyu, today, do you know what you did wrong?" He asked.

She remained silent as if she was a rebellious disciple asking for a beating.

Pa!

His right hand flashed forward and landed a sharp slap on her left breast.

"Ah!" Wu Qianyu cried as her breasts shook and her body trembled.

After a short moment, another slap landed from the other direction, making her breasts swing heavily along with her body.

"Ah!" She cried out again as sharp stabs of pain radiated across her chest.

Although she did not find pleasure in the pain, she was still aroused by the situation. Being so exposed and vulnerable in front of the man she loved; it filled her heart with complete serenity. Her body was his to play with. Her mind, her spirit, her everything belonged to him. Nothing embodied this as much as right now, hanging before him.

Pa!

"Ah!"

His palm suddenly landed on her butt and she yelped.

Pa!

"Ah!"

Pa!

"Ah!"

His searing palm steadily turned her ass cheeks into a pair of blood-red melons. He was merciless.

Wu Qianyu bore it all. The pain wasn't as bad as some things they had tried in the past but that wasn't the point. Each slap conveyed his meaning, his intent.

"Qianyu. Qianyu. Qianyu." Chen Wentian muttered as he vented his emotions.

He spread her legs with his spiritual force and aimed a slap at her pussy lips.

Pa!

"Eeeep!" She squeaked in surprise at the new assault.

She barely had to adjust before another slap came. Her pussy lips stung with pain. Her clit trembled from the sudden force. The force of the impact sent tremors all the way to her core and drew out hot flashes of desire.

"Master, disciple was wrong." She blurted.

"Mmm," He rewarded her admission by roughly rubbing her pussy with his palm, "What did you do wrong?"

"I..."

She didn't have time to answer before another sharp slap landed. Her pussy was on fire and her clit was left buzzing with frustration.

Chen Wentian suddenly switched and pinched her nipples with both hands, making her moan painfully.

"Ahhh!"

"You are my woman. Understand?"

With her sensitive nubs in his clutches, he squeezed and twisted, causing her more delicious agony.

"Master... ahhh..."

He pulled on her breasts to bring her closer and whispered in her ear, "You are my woman, from now until forever and even through the cycles of reincarnation."

"Wentian... ah... Wentian..." She moaned as pain and pleasure wracked her body.

He slapped her breasts, her pussy, her ass, then her breasts again. A sparkling tear welled in her eye and flowed out. Another one came, then another until rivers formed.

The two of them went on like this for the better part of an hour. By the end, Wu Qianyu's body was thoroughly worn out. There wasn't a single distinctive handprint to be found because her skin was all red and inflamed from so many impacts.

He finally let her down and she moaned tiredly.

He embraced her tenderly and whispered, "I love you. Wu Qianyu."

She collapsed against him, resting her head on his shoulder as she panted heavily. Her mind was almost overwhelmed but she still held onto one last strand of thought.

"I..." She said softly but filled with great emotion, "I love you, my master, my Wentian. I will never, ever betray you. I will love you for an eternity. I swear."

Chen Wentian's mind went blank and he let out a soft growl. It was finally done. There was nothing else left unsaid between them now.

He raised her chin and hungrily took her mouth. Against her weak whimpers, his tongue connected with hers and danced together.

At the same time, his clothes disappeared. His naked body pressed against hers, letting her feel his heat. His throbbing member thrust in between her thighs and was bathed in her arousal which was already dripping onto the ground. She was more than ready and he couldn't wait anymore.

He sank into her depths and they became one. Their prior game was forgotten. There was no room for petty jealousy and drama. They had no more idle thoughts as passion took over. It was that simple.

He hugged her tight. They were connected in body, mind, and spirit. Slowly, tenderly, they professed their love for each other for the rest of the night.

Chapter 556: Third Day

The third day of the Convocation of Swords began on a strange note. The other disciples noticed an aura around Chen Wentian that was bubbling with happiness. When asked, he simply laughed and didn't elaborate. Since he usually wasn't one to act so cheerful and carefree, they all wondered what had caused him to be in such a mood. They were facing many difficult problems including the convocation and the unknown threat of demons so it seemed rather inappropriate. Only Wu Qianyu knew the reason but she wasn't one to brag and simply followed along with a serene smile.

The challenges and duels of the third day progressed at the same frantic pace as before but there was a great change in the overall atmosphere. While many disciples and sects had been laid back the first two days, now they were filled with fighting spirit and a hint of desperation.

Today was the last day to get into the rankings. Since each person only had one challenge, they all had one chance left. They had to ensure success so that they could test their fortune inside the Forest of Swords. Not doing so was an unacceptable failure.

Because of this sentiment, the strongest participants of the convocation were left alone. Nobody wanted to seek a quick death like that. Instead, it became a fierce battle for the lower rankings. They believed that they would have a better chance against contestants with lower cultivation and less fame.

Everyone went all out. There was much more bloodshed than the previous two days. Rivalries, grudges, feuds, it all exploded across the dueling platforms. A few friendships were even severed for the sake of greed and the allure of the forest.

Amidst it all, Chen Wentian and his disciples sat through the chaos of the third day largely unperturbed. Few tried to find trouble with them as their reputation was well known by now. This group of master and disciples were too tiresome and troublesome. Even if they managed to win against one of the weaker disciples by chance, everyone knew that Wu Qianyu would come out to get revenge. Nobody wanted to get embroiled in such a messy fight on the final day and ruin the futures of their disciples. Even the Tower of Swords and the Four Great Sword Sects understood this and focused on getting as many of their disciples as possible into the rankings instead of fighting tooth and nail with Ten Thousand Flower Valley.

The sun eventually set, bringing a close to this portion of the Convocation of Swords. The challenge tournament was finished and so were the free-for-all battles for the Mind Focusing Realm disciples. All three hundred and thirty-three entrants to the Forest of Swords had been determined.

All nine of Chen Wentian's disciples had made it through. A few dare-to-die opponents had challenged Su Xue and Su Yue near the end but they were able to hold on without additional assistance. Zhou Ziyun's combined strategy utilized their small roster and strong individuals to great effect. He could not have done it better himself.

"Hooray!" Lin Qingcheng cried out, spilling half of the contents of her cup in excitement, "Xue'er Sister and Yue'er Sister were amazing today! You beat those idiots until they couldn't speak anymore. Hehehe!"

The others shared the toast and soon, laughter and shouts filled the banquet room. Of course, they were not eating or drinking anything provided by the city. Chen Wentian had briefly gone back to the sect through the teleportation array and brought back fresh supplies that were untainted.

Chen Wentian watched their antics with amusement. Tonight was the last night they would be able to spend together for a little while. Tomorrow, they would all enter the Forest of Swords and face the unknown challenges within. He let them party and celebrate for a couple of hours before gathering their attention.

"Ahem, as you all know, the Forest of Swords opens tomorrow. Thus, I have a few words." He said.

His disciples quieted down and they all looked at him attentively.

"Firstly, as we have discussed before, I expect that Qianyu is the only one who will really benefit from these so-called sword truths. Apart from her, you all don't need to take unnecessary risks. It is enough for me if you use this opportunity to simply explore an exciting, strange land. You don't have to push yourselves too hard. You also don't have to feel obligated to team up and help her. I want you each to focus on yourselves."

"Yes, master!"

He smiled, "Good. Secondly, this Forest of Swords can be considered something that is commonly known in the cultivation, a secret realm. Since I have not been inside, I am not clear about the environment. However, I can be considered somewhat of an expert with regard to secret realms, having explored many during my days as a mortal cultivator. These places come in all shapes and sizes with various difficulties but there is one thing you must always remember.

"The most important thing and the most critical threat within is not the environment or the native beasts but other people, other cultivators like you. The darkness within human hearts is far more dangerous and unpredictable than anything you will encounter. Do not trust outsiders. Do not accept help thoughtlessly. Be wary of tricks at any moment. It is better to be alone than with a stranger. Understand?"

"Yes, master. We understand!"

"Mmm. Thirdly, supplies. It's better to be over-prepared than not prepared. Take out your spatial bags."

Obediently, they all took off their spatial bags for him to examine. With a series of rapid movements, he filled up each one up to the brim with the things he had prepared. He then handed them back for them to examine.

"Inside, you will find six months' worth of dried rations and one month's supply of fresh water. There are tents, bedding, towels, and extra sets of clothes. There are fresh bandages, basic treatment equipment, three different types of healing pills depending on the severity of the injury, poison resistance pills, cold resistance pills, heat resistance pills, and some others. There wasn't enough room to add too many extra weapons and armor so I have included a variety of useful talismans. There are message talismans, alert talismans, explosive talismans, water-breathing talismans, and many more. Take a look tonight and make sure you are familiar with them."

He paused his rant as he noticed that he was surrounded by astonished faces.

"What?" He asked.

Li Yuechan coughed awkwardly, "Master, we will only be inside the forest for two weeks."

He shook his head, "Just trust me, all kinds of crazy things can happen inside secret realms. Sometimes, the exit might disappear and you'll end up being trapped inside for a long time. It doesn't hurt to be prepared."

"I understand, master is wise."

"It probably won't happen but it doesn't hurt to fill your spatial bags. Anyways, Wushuang, Langyi, Xue'er, Yue'er, you four will have a choice as to which immortal treasure you each want to carry within the secret realm. You can use the Summer's Dance and Winter's Sun swords you are familiar with or you can use Tortoise Can Fly or the Cloudy Bronze Parasol." He said.

The four looked at each other but it was Li Yuechan that spoke up, "Master, we have all used Tortoise Can Fly before but I don't think we have ever seen the Cloudy Bronze Parasol."

"You're right, my bad." He said and pulled the item out from one of their spatial bags.

He opened it up just like an umbrella and spun it around. The cloud-like patterns seemed to come alive as they exuded a protective aura. He activated the golden-bronze shield a few times before putting it down.

"Both Tortoise Can Fly and the Cloudy Bronze Parasol are defensive items. It can protect you from all dangers below the mortal realms easily. But from what I have heard, there is a strange suppression inside this secret realm that prevents flying, even with spiritual tools. I suspect that Tortoise Can Fly will be under the same restriction so it can only act as a shelter. Thus, if you choose one of these two items, it is still best to seek out your fellow sisters so that you will have some offensive power."

His disciples nodded in understanding.

"Oh, one last thing," He snapped his fingers and pointed to Li Yuechan, "Yuechan, give me Little Carrot. I need it for something."

"Little Carrot? Okay." She undid the Giant Mole Worm which was tied around her waist like a furry belt and handed it over.

He stored it away and said, "Don't worry, I already thought of you ahead of time. I included an additional surprise in your bag, did you see it?"

"Did you mean this?" She asked and pulled out a sword inside a gleaming blue scabbard.

"Yeah, take it out and give it a whirl."

Li Yuechan obeyed and drew the sword which was a classic, slender design with an engraved blade made of some kind of deep-blue metal. It exuded a sharp, icy aura and instantly, the room's temperature dropped by a great deal.

"This..." She muttered in wonder, barely holding back her excitement.

"I call it the Ageless Ice Sword. I found a good thing while we were shopping and managed to incorporate it into a good sword I had lying around. Although it is only at the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm, I will try to upgrade it to a Spirit Lord Realm weapon at the earliest opportunity." He said proudly.

"This sword is similar to master's other immortal items?" She asked.

"That's right. I will still be able to assist you in a pinch even though it is at the mortal domain."

Li Yuechan sheathed the sword and bowed to him.

"Thank you, master." She said.

"Alright, that's all for tonight." Chen Wentian said and stood up, "If you want to keep partying, you can. If you want to meditate and prepare for tomorrow, that's fine too. I'm going to bed, if anyone wants to join me, it's first come first served."

With a smirk, he quickly left the room, leaving a group of red-faced women behind.

Chapter 557: Forest of Swords (I)

The next day, the three hundred and thirty-three sword cultivators who qualified to enter the Forest of Swords gathered in the now silent arena. They were only joined by the sect masters from their respective sects, the hosts from the Eastern Sword Alliance, and the honored guests from other powers.

The morning was cold and dark. A thick fog had rolled in from the neighboring mountains during the night and refused to dissipate. If not for the aura of the twenty-five or so Spirit Lords that had gathered, the whole arena as well as the entrance to the forest would have been under a heavy, shadowy blanket.

Each sect stood around in its small huddle, waiting for the right time. The biggest group was the Tower of Swords with over forty disciples. Their dominance as the best sword cultivators of the subcontinent was undisputed. The next biggest groups belonged to the Four Greats; the Mount Yun Sect, the Mount

Xiong Sect, the Mount Huang Sect, and the Mount Tai Sect. They each had over twenty people and together, they formed an even bigger faction of close to one hundred.

After these big names were the third-rate sects with less than twenty disciples. They included the Legendary Fighter League, the Xiao Immortal Clan, Skycloud Temple, Myriad Castle, the New Horizon Sect, and the Virtuous Sword Villa. Chen Wentian's Ten Thousand Flower Valley could not be considered a part of this category because he had only brought nine disciples yet all of them managed to qualify.

Bringing up the rear were small sects with only one, two, or a handful of disciples. Nobody paid them much attention but they were proud nonetheless to have made it. These immortals were very old and the disciples beside them represented their last hope, the final legacy they would leave in this world before they passed.

Woosh!

There was a sudden surge of spiritual energy that was filled with the profoundness of the sword. Everyone looked ahead in awe as a shining circle of light appeared and slowly expanded in size.

"It's opening!" Someone shouted.

"Yeah!"

Immortal Green Destiny Yang Kaitian stepped forward and faced the crowd to address them, "On behalf of the Eastern Sword Alliance and the Convocation of Swords, I welcome everyone to the secret realm known as the Forest of Swords. The entrance is opening and will be fully opened shortly in a few minutes. It will remain open for two weeks but only three hundred and thirty-three people at the mortal realms are allowed to enter. If you leave, it won't allow you back in.

"Inside, there are countless dangers but also tremendous rewards in the form of sword truths. As you all know, these sword truths grow randomly on the trees and appear as ordinary branches. They are the crystallization of a supreme cultivator's way of the sword, their understanding, knowledge, sword intent, sword spirit... You'll be able to sense them if are close enough but so can the indigenous beasts. Thus, each branch of sword truth is usually guarded by ferocious spirit beasts or deadly traps.

"I will remind you all that you will be on your own. This is a very dangerous place and you may end up seriously injured or even lose your life. Your masters won't be able to protect you and in case anything happens, it will be your own fault. That said, if anyone wants to give up, you may simply leave."

He stopped and looked around.

Nobody reacted. nobody wanted to leave. They had all worked so hard to reach this position. They were willing to risk it all for a chance at advancing their sword arts.

"Good." Yang Kaitian turned and glanced at the glowing entrance which was now around two meters wide but still expanding, "There's still a few more minutes to go. Everyone should make their final preparations."

There was a flurry of movement as the disciples gathered around their respective masters for some last words of advice and encouragement.

In the middle of the small army of the Tower of Swords disciples, sect master Peng Yuefeng stood in the middle of a small circle of his core disciples.

"Peng Shuya, I will entrust everything to you. You will be in charge within the forest." Peng Yuefeng said in a hushed voice. "The rest of you, listen to Shuya's orders. You know the plan. If anyone sees Wu Qianyu, immediately set off talismans to alert the others. She is very strong so don't try to take her on alone. When you strike, you must be swift and carry overwhelming power. She cannot leave the forest alive!"

"Yes, master!" The core disciples replied firmly.

"As for Xiling, that troublesome child, I really have no idea what he is thinking." Peng Yuefeng sighed and glanced in the direction of Peng Xiling who was standing by himself at the edge of the crowd, "Do not involve him in this matter. Let him do his own thing."

"Yes, understood!"

Across from the Tower of Swords, the sect masters of Four Greats met together with their most senior disciples. They once again reaffirmed the order to kill all the disciples of Ten Thousand Flower Valley inside the forest. Since the Yang Clan ancestor wanted this done, they would get it done. They had originally prepared to fight it out with the Tower of Swords but this was a much easier task. They had close to a hundred disciples so it shouldn't be hard to take out nine opponents.

As for Chen Wentian, he had already prepared for these kinds of plots in advance. He was an expert at cheating others within secret realms and he had never suffered a loss. If he let his precious disciples suffer a loss here, he would lose all face.

His disciples knew what they each had to do. Out of the nine, Li Yuechan, Song Wushuang, and Xu Lanyi would face the most uncertainty due to the nature of the items they carried. Li Yuechan only had a mortal realm sword. Although he could indeed help her in an emergency, it would require a huge amount of soul power to transmit his immortal intent through a mortal soul. The soul of the Ageless Ice Unicorn would also be damaged and take some time to recover. As for the other two, Song Wushuang had chosen Tortoise Can Fly and Xu Lanyi took the Cloudy Bronze Parasol.

Due to this, the first task for the three of them was to try and group up with others that carried proper immortal items. The others would send out special alert talismans at regular intervals to announce their position so that they could group up and offer each full protection. This way, he was sure that there was nothing that could threaten his disciples.

"Alright, come here." He said and pulled Lin Qingcheng in for a tight hug.

"Protect your sisters." He whispered in her ear.

"Yes."

He let her go and hugged Zhou Ziyun, "Watch out for tricks from the other sects."

"I know." She replied.

He then embraced Wu Qianyu lovingly, feeling her soft body melt into his. "Love you, be safe."

"I will and I love you too." She replied softly.

He went around and hugged the rest of his disciples in turn. He couldn't bear to part with them, even for two weeks. But he knew he couldn't shelter them forever. This was a good opportunity to see them face a strange environment and unknown dangers. He wouldn't intervene unless he absolutely had to.

The entrance to the Forest of Swords fully opened to more than five meters across. The gathered sword cultivators streamed in one group at a time. Chen Wentian looked on wistfully as his disciples finally disappeared into that circle of light.

Chapter 558: Forest of Swords (II)

With a flash of light, Lin Qingcheng reappeared. In the span of a split second, she had passed through the shining portal into a strange land. She was still in a thick forest but she could no longer see Everblade City. Even the portal was gone and she was surrounded by trees in all directions.

She became alert and crouched behind a large tree trunk. She spread out her spiritual sense to search for any threats. In the past, she would have been frightened to death in such a situation but she was learned a lot in the last two years.

After a short while, she relaxed. She couldn't sense any other human nearby. The other three hundred and thirty-two people that had entered the forest with her had disappeared. She was alone in this unknown place. There were also no large beasts around. She could sense some birds and insects that had been disturbed by her arrival.

Her master had told her the secret realm's environment would be different. Now, she fully understood what he meant. Compared to the normal mountain forest outside of Everblade City, this place gave her a strange sense of wonder. The air was cool but thick with an abundance of spiritual energy. The trees were huge and filled with vitality. The trunks were as wide as houses and the twisting branches formed a maze-like complex in the air.

She didn't know what kind of birds and insects were flying in the air. She couldn't identify any of the plants as their leaves and structures were beyond her knowledge. It was as if she had been transported to a different land, far away from the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent.

Indeed, this was a common occurrence among secret realms. The term secret realm had a wide interpretation and applied to any confined place in the world of an artificial construct. This Forest of Swords was left behind by a supreme expert of the sword. It was beyond the comprehension of even immortals at the lower realms. It was unknown if sword truths were the only things of value here but nobody had discovered anything else in many hundreds of years.

"Oh, right, the plan." Lin Qingcheng muttered to herself.

She had almost forgotten due to the excitement of arriving at this strange land. But late was better than never.

She looked around and then up the tree trunk she had been hiding behind. Sending spiritual strength into her limbs, she leaped and climbed straight up. After more than a few dead ends, she managed to reach the top. She retrieved a special message talisman and launched it into the air.

A streak of green fire shot up. After reaching its apex, it exploded with a great flash of green light which could be seen from dozens of kilometers away. After several seconds, another flash of green appeared near the southern horizon. It belonged to a fellow sister but she didn't know who.

She waited a long while but there were no other responses. This land was huge beyond her expectation. It was far larger than the verdant mountain range outside of Everblade City. But luckily, she was able to make contact on her first try.

"Alright, let's go!"

She quickly climbed down the tree and dashed towards that direction.

"Uhh, where is this?" Bei Yingluo grumbled as she stumbled and fell to her knees.

Her head hurt and her vision was blurry. There was a dull ringing in her ear that was slowly dissipating. She had been mentally prepared for the side effects of going through the portal but it was still too

much. As someone at the Mind Focusing Realm, she had no spiritual energy herself to offset the spiritual energy of the portal.

She eventually recovered and found herself in the middle of a grassy field. There was a stream winding through the middle and the whole place was ringed by dense forest. It seemed like an oasis in the wilderness.

"Xiao Hu!"

"Gather up!"

"Brother! Where are you?"

There were voices all around her. Unlike the Spirit Initiate Realm entrants, everyone at the Mind Focusing Realm had been deposited in the same place. Supposedly, this was the safest place within the entirety of the Forest of Swords. It would allow the weakest group a chance to survive and slowly explore if they were brave enough to venture out.

Bei Yingluo cleared her head and looked around. Thirty-two sword cultivators were around her. They all carried heavy bags and backpacks. Some who were of the same sect had already grouped up while others had unpacked their things and even started setting up tents. She was the only one that looked out of place, carrying nothing but the clothes she wore.

"It's Miss Bei!"

"Miss Bei, are you alright?"

Two figures approached her. She recognized them as the ones she had teamed up with during the free-for-all tournament. It was Chang Bo from the Myriad Castle and Chu Weifeng from the Red Peak School. Both of them were laden with bags like pack mules.

The three greeted each warmly. Due to their prior cooperation, there was already a sense of comradery between them. Bei Yingluo remembered her master's words of caution but she felt that she could still obey him while not acting like a grouchy loner.

"Sister Chu, Brother Chang, why are you and the others carrying so much? It seems a bit excessive for two weeks." Bei Yingluo asked.

Chang Bo laughed and waved his hand, "It's not entirely for me but for my seniors. Although the Forest of Swords is huge, this place is located right in the middle. It is not too difficult for them to find this place so these supplies are mostly for them."

"Ah, I understand." She replied.

"What about you, Sister Bei?" Chu Weifeng asked after she unloaded her bags, "Didn't your master tell you about this place, you didn't bring anything, not even your pudaο."

Bei Yingluo smiled, "Actually..."

She held out her hand and the Jade Tusk Spear appeared. Immediately, the surrounding was filled with a heavy and mighty aura. She stabbed the dull end into the ground and retrieved several more items including a tent.

"This..." Chang Bo was stunned.

"You have a spatial bag?" Chu Weifeng asked in astonishment.

"Yup." Bei Yingluo replied simply.

She didn't need to explain but the other two already understood. They had underestimated Ten Thousand Flower Valley far too much. Even after their envious performance the previous three days, nobody knew their true strength.

"Sister Bei, I was wondering," Chu Weifeng asked excitedly, "Can I team up with you? We can help each other when exploring the forest."

Before Bei Yingluo could reply, Chang Bo made the same request, "Sister Bei, can I join too? Just like old times?"

Bei Yingluo laughed lightly, "For mundane matters, we should take care of ourselves and be self-reliant. But for facing the dangers of the forest, I don't mind if we worked together."

"Great!"

"Agreed!"

Chapter 559: Black Clouds

All three hundred and thirty-three entrants made it into the Forest of Swords and the shining portal disappeared. Not a single trace was left behind. Beyond where the portal had been, the trees swayed slightly under a weak breeze as if waving goodbye.

Nothing else would happen here until two weeks later. At that time, all the entrants that had gone in would be deposited outside by the mysterious energy that controlled the secret realm. During this time, these disciples would have to rely on themselves for their successes and failures.

The immortals that had gathered to send off their disciples remained behind in a loose group. Some that knew each other started chatting. They shared their recent achievements and spread gossip.

"Brother Hou, we have two weeks to wait, let's get drunk!" Someone said excitedly.

"The Gulf of Giant Tortoises is located in the neighboring province, does anyone want to explore it with me?" Another person shouted.

"Oh, that sounds interesting!"

"Count me in!"

Amidst the conversation, Chen Wentian stood alone to one side and nobody paid him any attention. His eyes were closed as if he was pondering something.

One immortal finished exchanging pleasantries and chose to leave first. He was ancient and frail. He seemed to have half a step into the grave already. He probably wanted to return to close-door meditation as soon as possible to preserve his life energy.

He rose into the air quickly. As he shot into the fog that rested above the arena, there was a sudden burst of spiritual energy followed by a dull roar like thunder.

The limp figure of the old immortal fell out of the clouds. His clothes were in tatters and he was covered in what seemed like ash. He was about to crash into the stone tiles of the arena but a couple of immortals caught him and brought him over.

"What happened?"

"Is Old Luo dead?"

"What is going on?"

Immediately, the remaining immortals, that now numbered twenty-four, became alert. The victim, named Immortal Ghost Sword Luo Ye, was still alive but only barely. His breathing was ragged and he was coughing up blood.

Something in the clouds had done this, something powerful. This astonished many of the immortals. The cultivation world was dangerous but few expected such dangers deep within human territory. At least, a being that could injure someone like Mo Ye to this extent should not have appeared.

Everyone spread out their spiritual sense into the clouds and their expressions quickly became even gloomier.

"It's a trap!"

"I sense a strange domain surrounding us."

As soon as those words were said, there was another surge of spiritual energy around them. The thick clouds they had assumed to be mountain fog suddenly darkened several shades. Following this, the black clouds above descended while the walls of clouds on all sides pressed in.

In just a few short breaths, the tall stands of the convocation arena had disappeared and the only place that remained safe was the square platform in the center. It became as dark as the night, silent and ominous.

"What!"

"Impossible!"

"This is a domain attack!"

The group of immortals looked around in all directions, unsure of what to do. The enemy was unseen and unknown. Nobody dared to act first.

Chen Wentian looked around and furrowed his brow. He had expected something to happen but not to this extent. The demon forces behind Qin Shui'er had a huge appetite, wanting to swallow so many human Spirit Lords at the same time.

Immortal Ardent Duchess Su Tan drew a gleaming golden blade that was over two meters long and launched a series of probing attacks into the surrounding fog. Following her lead, many other immortals launched their own attacks. Chen Wentian also joined in with several bursts of blue flames that burned away the darkness with flashes of blue light.

At the same time, the confidence of the group returned. There were so many Spirit Lords gathered here. Even if the enemy was a Spirit King, they wouldn't lose easily. With twenty-four Spirit Lords, they could contend against two Spirit Kings and not suffer a loss if they worked together.

However, after the heavy barrage of attacks, the fog domain seemed to have suffered no damage. Everything was absorbed with a single sign of daylight. They didn't even know what they were aiming for so naturally, their attacks were useless.

"Alright, stop, everyone stop!" Su Tan shouted, taking charge of the situation.

Since she represented the Immortal Association, everyone listened to her implicitly without complaint.

Su Tan heaved a sigh and continued, "We can all see, something is scheming against us, trying to keep us here. I think there is at least a Spirit King behind this so we can't take this domain lightly. During the previous round of attacks, I tried to sneak several emergency message talismans through but they were all destroyed by the domain."

"What do we do then?" Someone asked.

Su Tan's twirled her sword as she thought for a moment, "Regardless of the enemy's plan, we still have so many immortal brothers and sisters. They haven't attacked and are only defending because they are afraid of our numbers. If not, if this is actually a Spirit Emperor, we would have all died already."

Her analysis was on point. Many nodded their heads in agreement. Even Chen Wentian had thought of the same.

Su Tan continued, "All we have to do is force our way out of the domain and send off emergency talismans. When our Spirit Kings come, we will have nothing to fear. To do so, I think everyone has realized, it's quite simple."

She paused and pointed her sword straight up, "We all charge up. We maintain a close formation and launch attacks indiscriminately to protect all angles. We don't stop until we break through and see the sun."

"Alright!"

"Good!"

"Let's do it!"

In an instant, the fighting spirits of the gathered immortals rose. Each one of them had experienced countless battles to get to their current position. They weren't paper tigers.

"Gather your strength. I will give you a minute to prepare to fight for your lives. If anyone dares to not give it their all, I will punish you and your sect with the full authority of the Immortal Association!"

"Yes!"

"Of course!"

"Hel... heuhh!"

Suddenly, amidst the enthusiastic cheers, there was a strangled shout.

Before anyone could react, one of the immortals in their midst spewed a mouthful of black blood and collapsed.

Chapter 560: Black Blood

"What happened?"

"Old Yong!"

Cries of astonishment rang out. The immortal that had fallen was another old specimen, Immortal Mountain Spring Yong Kaishan. Like the previous one, this one was also old as fart and among the weakest present. Nobody expected much from him but they didn't expect him to just keel over before the fight had even started.

Su Tan flashed over and examined Old Yong. He was still alive but his spiritual energy was a mess.

"This is demonic poison!"

Amidst the gasps, she leaned down and smelled the black blood that had been thrown up.

"I know this. This is the handiwork of a shuimu!" She confirmed.

"A shuimu?"

"One of the strongest water demons?"

Su Tan stood back up and glanced around. The surrounding shadow cloud domain hadn't moved yet and the enemy was still waiting patiently. Her expression became grave.

"The Immortal Association has been hunting this shuimu for a long time. It has caused a lot of trouble already. I didn't expect it to bring an ally and go all out today." She said.

Su Tan left many words unsaid but Chen Wentian already knew the truth. Qin Shui'er had already caused many losses to the association in the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis. The simple fact was that this demon was too slippery and nobody could do anything, not even Spirit Kings. Her ability to sneak around and assassinate people was akin to his shadow fox.

At this point, Peng Yuefeng stepped forward and spoke, "Forget it. We can't do anything about a water demon if it doesn't want to come out. We should just break out of the domain quickly!"

Su Tan clenched her sword and nodded, "But we can't leave behind Old Luo and Old Yong to be demon food. Hurry, someone take them both and we will set off immediately!"

But as soon as she finished talking, there was another strangled cry as another person fell. This time, it belonged to Immortal Flying Dagger Zhang Mei. She wasn't considered too old or too weak but even she could not resist the demon poison that had festered inside her body for many days.

"What is going on!"

"What?"

"Sister Zhang!"

One was a coincidence, two was a conspiracy. Now, three immortals out of the gathered twenty-five had fallen. Their strength had sharply fallen and nobody could remain calm. If any more were lost, their chances of escaping a domain set by a Spirit King Realm demon would decrease to null.

Then, as if their worst fears had come to life, another immortal fell down in a pool of black blood, followed by yet another. One by one and two by two, these proud immortal lords of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent succumbed to the fearsome demon poison.

When it finally came to an end, only eight immortals remained standing. The rest were a sorry sight, without a trace of the arrogance of mighty lords of the subcontinent. Some were unconscious. Many were moaning and writhing in pain. A few were sitting cross-legged in meditation, not willing to give up.

Chen Wentian had also joined the miserable immortals on the floor. Although he was totally fine, he pretended to be poisoned and spouted mouthfuls of fake black blood in the form of soy sauce with every labored breath. He obviously wasn't going to stick his head out in this situation. The tallest grains of wheat would be reaped first so he would wait and understand the whole situation. Only then would he make his move.

The eight immortals still in fighting shape included Su Tan, Peng Yuefeng, the immortals of the Four Greats, the guest from the Martial Brilliance Continent, Yang Maoda, as well as Qiu Chuyi from the Beast God Sanctum. Outside of the four swordsmen, the other four could be considered the strongest Spirit Lords present so that wasn't much of a surprise.

Peng Yuefeng wiped away the blood from his mouth and looked around, "Shit! How did everyone get poisoned?"

He had also been affected but his innate strength was substantial. He was able to temporarily suppress the demonic powers of the poison with his sword energy. But this didn't mean he was fine and he was just putting up a front.

Su Tan furrowed her brow, "This is really serious. It must have been the food or drink. I always bring my own things to eat so I didn't realize. I should have caught it sooner!"

"Lord Su shouldn't blame herself," Qiu Chuyi said evenly, "It was my fault instead. I noticed something was funny with the food but ignored it. I had built up a lot of resistance against demon and beast poisons over years from fighting in the Eastern Wilderness so I didn't care about it. I didn't think this shiumu's skill would be so potent."

The three of them turned to the four sword brothers with questions. These four were considered useless in their eyes so they all wondered how they were still standing. Under their glares, none of them dared to speak up. They all looked towards the strange Yang Clan ancestor for help.

Immortal Yellow River Yang Maoda coughed and said, "My apologies. My situation is similar to Brother Qiu. This bit of demon poison wasn't worth my attention. I didn't think too much of it and asked my hosts to source the food and drinks from a different place. They followed my instructions and also followed suit for themselves."

What he was half true and half false but nobody had the energy to dig into it. They were still in a perilous situation. Once they had a grasp of each other's condition, they had to think of a way to fight back.

Su Tan sighed heavily and hefted her golden sword, "Even though there are eight of us, I think we still have a chance. We will have to leave the others behind but if we give it our all and put our lives on the line, I think we can still break out."

Yang Maoda nodded in agreement and was about to say something but Qiu Chuyi cut in excitedly.

"Wait, let me try something. I think can bring everybody away without any losses. Cover me!"

Without additional explanation, he summoned his spiritual energy and began to transform. His robes ripped into shreds as his upper torso enlarged and became furry. His arms lengthened and grew huge white claws that were as long as swords. Even his face was covered in fur and looked akin to a beast. True to his name, this was his beast transformation art that turned into a half-man, half-badger.

He tested his sharp claws against each other and then attacked the floor. The stone tiles were turned to pebbles without much effort and he quickly disappeared into the ground. With dirt flying out behind him, he rapidly dug downward to create an escape route.

The others watched with rising spirits. Even though the shadowy cloud domain around them could restrict all movement above ground, it could do nothing below. It seemed like they could all get out of here alive.

But they had celebrated too soon because a few moments after Qiu Chuyi had disappeared, the ground rumbled as if there was an earthquake. A great fountain of liquified dirt and rocks exploded out of the hole that had just been dug. His ragged body was blown out as well and landed in a sorry heap near the poisoned immortals.

"Not good!"

"Qiu Chuyi!"

Su Tan dashed to his side and so did the rest.

"What happened? Qiu Chuyi? What happened?" She asked in a panic while trying to stabilize his spiritual energy.

Qiu Chuyi's face was ashen and covered in blood. His beast transformation was already gone and his body was shredded with deep wounds. He tried to gasp for air but blood filled his mouth.

"Mines... underground..." He finally managed to say weakly, "Thunderfire... mines..."

With that, his head lolled to one side in a dead faint.