

F Disciples 641

Chapter 641: Just Getting Started

"What happened?"

"Why did she break through?"

Nobody could understand what was going on. They were discussing Hong Mei's needle art. What did this have to do with Zhou Ziyun's cultivation? All she did was use her brain to comprehend a few things. Was there a cultivation art like this?

The four so-called geniuses were also dumbfounded. The gentle scholar, Deng Lun, was perhaps the most affected. He had been directly challenged and lost out on pure ability. And on top of that, he had been slapped across the face by his opponent directly breaking through in front of everyone. Not only was this the greatest defeat of his life, he had no idea how he had lost.

Little Devil Tang Liang's thoughts were also turbulent but for a different reason. She had befriended Zhou Ziyun because of instructions from the house master. She had heard some old rumors about this person but she had never really believed them. Cultivation through comprehension, nobody thought it was real but she had just seen it with her very eyes.

The other two had sharply contrasting reactions. The cool and calm Brilliant Blue Ming Yuqi glared at Zhou Ziyun as if she was the most dangerous person in the world. It couldn't be helped that the Eastern Light Clan already had some animosity with Ten Thousand Flower Valley. But the ever-confident Prince Huang, Huang Yaoying, was staring at Zhou Ziyun as if she was the most attractive woman in the whole world. All thoughts of Ming Yuqi were forgotten. He looked like he had suddenly found the most precious gem.

Zhou Ziyun didn't care about any of this. She barely even recognized her own breakthrough. The reason was that her spiritual sea was still buzzing with enlightened spiritual energy. Her mind was still filled with thoughts about the Great Dao.

She had been able to grasp the truth within another person's cultivation art. It had been amazing and unexpected. It had led to a small breakthrough in her cultivation. But she still wasn't completely sure if this was a one-time thing or not. She needed more information. She had to get confirmation and this stage was the perfect place to experiment.

She recalled the previous guests, their cultivations, and the advice they had received.

The first was an old man from the Falling Leaf Sect who wielded the Falling Leaf Sword Dao. Tang Liang had won that round. She had correctly identified the origin of the sword art and the matter was settled.

But was it really that simple? Was achieving the Great Dao so easy?

Thinking about this, Zhou Ziyun felt a burst of inspiration. She leaped to her feet and strode towards where the guests were seated. Shouts from the announcer and the event organizers followed but she ignored them. She found the old man among the sea of faces and pointed him out.

"Falling Leaf Sect! You do not have to return to your homes in shame!"

Her shout brought silence to the forest arena. If it was anyone else, they might have been met with jeers of displeasure. But the stage was still hers and she had not relinquished it.

"Miss Tang's analysis that your sword art originated from an immortal's sword art is indeed correct. Your sect's ancestor can be faulted for that but he can't be faulted for what he had done after that point. You see, simply going back to the Falling Leaf Sword Style from three hundred and fifty years ago is not the right path."

"Water flows downward but humankind strives upward. Your Falling Leaf Sword Dao has many flaws and missing pieces, that is all true. But it is still a sword art that countless members of your sect have studied and pondered for centuries. As a result, I have identified at least two movements where there have been substantial improvements from the original. Therefore, your sect is not without merit. You can be said to have improved an immortal's Dao and achieved your own contribution!"

"How... how..." The old man stuttered, unbelieving and unsure of what was going on.

Zhou Ziyun didn't relent and continued, "This is not something strange. An immortal may seem all-powerful and infallible to mortals but they can still make mistakes. After all, Immortal Autumn Leaf Liu Ye was just a Spirit Lord Realm cultivator. Why was he not able to make any more progress and reach higher realms? Simple, his immortal sword Dao still had many flaws and was not the complete truth!"

She paused for a breath and turned to a familiar face, "Now, I want to ask Miss Tang a favor."

"Me? Why?" Tang Liang's expression wasn't good.

It was natural since she had already won this round many hours ago. Nobody would appreciate a competitor digging up old matters. Even if she had been instructed by her father to befriend Zhou Ziyun, she wasn't so broad-minded.

Zhou Ziyun smiled lightly, "This involves an immortal sword art and whether or not it can be improved. Isn't this a great matter? For the metropolis and the subcontinent as a whole? You are the only one who can perform the original Falling Leaf Sword Style in its entirety. I sincerely ask that you can help and coordinate with me on this."

Tang Liang hesitated for a while before nodding slowly. She was still reluctant in her body language but it seemed that she had received fresh instruction from her superiors.

"Excellent," Zhou Ziyun said, "Your amazing memory will be essential to this demonstration. The original Falling Leaf Sword Style has ten forms and ten movements in each for a total of ninety-nine movements. The lesser Falling Leaf Sword Dao has eighty-eight movements. Do you remember them all?"

"Yes."

"Can you please replace the tenth movement of the Falling Leaf Sword Style with the ninth movement of the Falling Leaf Sword Dao and the fifty-third movement of the original with the forty-eighth movement of the other one?"

Tang Liang frowned, "Only these two?"

Zhou Ziyun nodded once, "Only these two. It is not easy to improve an immortal's sword art and they only managed to do so with these two."

Tang Liang's face became serious. She finally grasped the importance of the situation. All immortal arts were precious. The fact that this one resided in the central library meant that it could be learned by many. If such an art could be improved, it would mean an improvement to the overall strength of the people of the subcontinent that learned it.

"Alright, watch me!" Tang Liang declared and raised her sword.

She immediately began, her sword flashing and dancing to the same tune once again.

Experienced sword cultivators around the arena watched intently. They recognized the familiar movements one after another. Some were doubtful while some were eager to see what would happen.

When Tang Liang reached the tenth movement, she smoothly substituted it with the movement from the lesser sword art. Most of it was the same but there were some significant differences. She felt the change immediately and it almost threw off her concentration. The replacement movement felt smoother, quicker, and flowed better with the previous movement as well as the next one.

Pushing away doubts, she continued with the performance. When she got to the fifty-third movement, she once again experienced the same. The modified movement was much better and felt like it belonged more than the original.

Zhou Ziyun's smile widened. Although she was not some sword fanatic, she could see it clearly. There was no doubt that sword cultivators in the audience could see the same things as her.

Like the first time with the needle art, her mind and comprehension ability had revealed the truth of another cultivation art. Her words were true and this immortal sword art had really been improved!

Her spiritual sea surged once more. She felt un-suppressed excitement. She was just getting started!

Chapter 642: Keep Going

Two for two... Zhou Ziyun gave two pieces of advice and managed to defeat two of the young geniuses. The audience was losing their minds. They had no idea where she had come from. Few people paid attention to affairs outside of the metropolis and most had never heard of Ten Thousand Flower Valley.

Those in the know started to eagerly tell their neighbors everything. Truths and rumors started to fly at the speed of light.

"Immortal Sect Competition?"

"And the Golden Feather Hunt?"

"Really... the Convocation of Swords?"

Sect masters told their disciples. Disciples told their brothers and sisters. Everyone told their friends. It was chaos. And out of the hubbub, Zhou Ziyun stood tall and brilliant. Supported by her master, she didn't waver before the excited crowd and their myriad of spiritual energies.

Both Deng Lun and Tang Liang could not be considered ignorant. They knew about Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian and his sect. They knew of the fearsome disciples under his tutelage. Yet up until now, the name of Zhou Ziyun had never resounded so loudly.

What did she do? How did she do it? Questions raced through her opponents' heads. They couldn't understand it. They couldn't comprehend it.

And while they were still mulling their defeat, Zhou Ziyun was prepared to keep going. She knew that she had achieved some kind of breakthrough in her unique ability. Her mind was still buzzing with energy. She had to take advantage of the fortunate situation to the fullest.

"Master," She whispered, "Can I keep going?"

"Yes, whatever you want, I will support you!" Chen Wentian replied immediately.

"Great!" Zhou Ziyun's eyes flashed with determination. She clapped her hands once to get the attention of those around her. She then pointed out another person among the guests and spoke loudly, "You are Two Moons, captain of the Two Moons Mercenary Group? I have some important words for you that might help you in your future cultivation. Do you want to hear them?"

Her tone was filled with strength and a level of arrogance. She was directly challenging another one of the four geniuses.

"This..." Two Moons looked around nervously.

Having received guidance from Prince Huang, the older man didn't want to offend his benefactor.

At this time, Huang Yaoying spoke up with a smile, "Go ahead, I am also curious about Miss Zhou's insights."

Zhou Ziyun shot him a glance and then turned back to Two Moons. She didn't need permission from anyone. She cast aside the surge of annoyance and focused on the task at hand.

"Captain Two Moons, you indeed have many physical ailments. Regarding improving one's body and cultivating physical abilities, I am not a match for Prince Huang. However, I can give you a different insight. Improving your body has a limit and it does nothing for this saber art you have cultivated. In fact, it will actually be a detriment!"

Two Moons made an expression of disbelief. "Impossible, how can that be?"

"Very simple." Zhou Ziyun countered, "Your twin saber art is something you created yourself, correct?"

"Yes..."

"Like I thought, this saber art has grown along with you throughout your life. When you suffered your first permanent injury, you would have had to make changes to reflect your physical limitations. Even as you suffered more injuries, your cultivation continued to progress and so did your saber art. Given this situation, what do you think will happen if your body could recover by a large degree?" (f)ree

Two Moons' mouth was open and he was at a loss for words.

So, she answered for him, "Your body will be better but your saber art will suffer. You will once again have to make modifications, undoing many years of progress you have made. Instead, I suggest that you seek to improve your Dao by referencing other saber arts by cultivators with physical disabilities similar to yours. More specifically, a dual saber art by someone with a weaker left arm than their right arm."

This time around, the reaction was more muted. The young genius participants of the Dao preaching event could not refute her words but her suggestion also could not be proven. Where would anyone go to find such an art on such short notice?

To this, Zhou Ziyun turned to Tang Liang with a teasing smile, "Sister Tang, would you happen to know of something like this?"

Tang Liang wanted to cry. She did really know of one. How could she not? She had read countless cultivation books in various libraries to prepare for this event. Curse her perfect memory, she could reproduce every page and every word without fault. But now, her talent was being used for another's benefit!

"I... do." Tang Liang sighed in defeat, "There is one from around eight hundred years ago. There was a loose cultivator who left behind a saber art with the title Double Crescent Blood Moon. It was written that they managed to reach the lesser realm of Spiritual Formation. By all measures, this saber art was high-quality by ordinary measures. But it was never popular and it was buried under other saber arts. The reason was that its creator had a birth defect that resulted in a stunted and much weaker left arm. Thus, the two sabers were of unequal size and the movements and techniques were awkward for normal people."

Zhou Ziyun nodded in appreciation. She had taken a gamble and it had paid off. She knew of nothing to actually help Two Moons improve his strength and attack power. She couldn't exactly teach him the Flying Dragon Saber Art. Thankfully, the little devil and the House of Armament were willing to help her.

"Excellent, could you please demonstrate it for us? I think senior Two Moons, with his many years of expertise with the saber, will be able to pick out some inspirations."

Wordlessly, Tang Liang pulled out two sabers, one large and one small, and began. Her movements were a bit stiff but it was good enough. As someone experienced with all kinds of weapons from a young age, she at least had this basic amount of skill.

Two Moons watched it all with rapt attention. He muttered to himself as he twirled his sabers about to mimic what was being shown. All of his remaining doubts were slashed to pieces and he grew more and more excited.

Once Tang Liang was finished, Two Moons stepped up to the strength-testing totem with a smaller saber in his left hand. He let out a long breath and then leaped into action.

Killing intent developed over decades of bloodshed burst out. Saber intent surged. The two sabers in his hand became like blurs as they slashed down.

Ka!

The ghostly eager head shimmered from the impact. After a moment, six solid glowing balls remained, signifying an attack power at the 6th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm.

"Hahaha... Hahaha!" The mercenary burst out into joyful laughter, "It worked. It really worked. My saber art can finally progress. What a wonderful Double Crescent Blood Moon. Wonderful! Although the power is a little lacking now, it doesn't matter since I will definitely be able to increase my cultivation by combining my saber art with it!"

He then turned to Zhou Ziyun and knelt down, "Lady Zhou and Ten Thousand Flower Valley, please receive this one's bow!"

As his forehead touched the ground over and over, only Zhou Ziyun stood proud in the grassy meadow, a flower in full bloom.

Chapter 643: Another Point of View

This was what it meant to see the true path, the true Dao. Once the words left Zhou Ziyun's mouth, they were hard to refute. But if another person was asked to come up with those conclusions on their own, they would not be able to.

When cultivating, there were hundreds of variables and tens of thousands of variations. Some might get lucky through trial and error. Others might be misled down a false path. A high comprehension would be

able to narrow down the choices. An ability to comprehend the true path would allow one to point out the direction that was most likely to succeed.

In the vast world of cultivation, such an ability had never been known to be passed down from generation to generation. At least, that was as far as Chen Wentian knew. He reasoned that if such a thing could be passed down, the clan or sect that owned it would already be a supreme powerhouse at the upper immortal realms.

He had also tracked down Zhou Ziyun's ancestry through ten generations. All of them were locals of the Dragon Flower Province. Nobody had any inkling of having a hidden relationship with immortals. Thus, it was most likely that this was a lucky gift, bestowed by the heavens. It remained to be seen if it might be something that could be passed down to offspring. But after seeing her in action, he became more and more confident that she would be able to reach the Spirit Lord Realm.

Zhou Ziyun took a moment to bask in the cheers and applause. She could feel her master silently supporting her. She still had a little bit of energy left and she still had one more fish to fry. There was still one genius left that needed to be taught a lesson, one who came from the king realm sect that had chosen to antagonize them from the very beginning.

She gave Ming Yuqi a sideways glance. She had nothing against a more beautiful woman. The problem was that this person came from the Eastern Light Clan. How could she leave someone like that out?

"Sword Heroine Mu, I know you have already received some good advice but I was wondering if you want to hear another point of view." Zhou Ziyun asked.

Her voice was clear and firm. Several heads swiveled in her direction including Ming Yuqi. The guest surnamed Mu also stared at Zhou Ziyun intently. There was a glimmer of interest and no immediate refusal.

Zhou Ziyun continued, "Miss Ming Yuqi correctly analyzed your emotional trauma and I have nothing to add to that. We should all commend her for such an amazing emotional sense. Even I cannot reproduce it... However, the method she suggested for helping you heal may not be the best."

She paused for dramatic effect and studied the doubt on the older woman's face, "Sword Heroine Mu, think about it. Most common medicines that induce conception in older women will negatively impact their cultivation as well as health. You are effectively drawing upon your vitality to give to the child. Better quality medicine won't do this but they require ingredients rich in spiritual energy and healing effects. Such medicines are extremely expensive and precious even for immortal sects.

"If you accept the Eastern Light Clan's help, you will be heavily indebted to them. You are a loose cultivator but if you have a child with a man from their clan, you will no longer have the freedom to come and go. And who is to say if they will actually give you precious medicine or ordinary medicine that will have negative effects on you?"

"Nonsense!" Ming Yuqi interjected sharply. Her pretty face morphed into one of anger. "The Eastern Light Clan will naturally provide an honored guest with the best medicine we can acquire. How dare you slander my clan with baseless words?"

Zhou Ziyun snorted. Her prey had finally taken the bait so she attacked, "Then tell me, will Sword Heroine Mu have to join your clan or is she free to leave if she chooses?"

Ming Yuqi crossed her arms, "Is my clan a prison? Don't be ridiculous. Sword Heroine Mu can come and go as she pleases. Though she will always be a welcome guest of mine!"

"Then, what about the child? Will you allow the child to leave?" Zhou Ziyun asked.

"This... yes, of course!"

There was only a slight hesitation. But that was all that was needed. Cultivators at the Spirit Initiate Realm were not cabbages. Someone like Sword Heroine Mu had seen countless things in her life and she could tell that it was a lie. She had been too excited to hear hope from Ming Yuqi that she had failed to see this trap. For a person without a background, even entering a Spirit Lord sect was a challenging affair, let alone a Spirit King one.

She turned to Zhou Ziyun with a frown and said, "Lady Zhou, you said you had a different point of view. I am willing to listen."

Zhou Ziyun covered her mouth and laughed, "Okay. What I am about to say may be a little shocking for pure ears but for an experienced woman such as yourself, I think you should be able to understand."

The older woman nodded.

Zhou Ziyun smiled and continued, "All you need is a child to get rid of your heart demons and move on with your life. In my opinion, your next man does not need to come from an immortal clan or even some famous mortal cultivation sect. That would only tie you down and add another burden. I suggest that you go south and head towards the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago. Have you heard of that place?"

"It is a land ruled by women. Women can marry multiple husbands and they are the rulers of their houses. Within this matriarchal society, a common custom is to use medicine to boost the yang energy in men so that they can help women conceive. In effect, they are doing the opposite of what is commonly done in this subcontinent. Instead of you receiving the medicine to improve conception and suffering the side effects, the burden is placed on the man instead.

"For someone who values their independence such as yourself, I feel that the southern regions will be a suitable new home. What do you think? The money you have earned until now should be enough to settle there and live the comfortable life of a wealthy matron. I'm sure plenty of men with strong yang will be willing to marry into your residence. Then, it will only be a matter of time before there's a baby. How does that sound?"

The other woman fell to the ground. She bowed and said emotionally, "Thank you... thank you. That sounds wonderful. Thank you, Lady Zhou for your truth and wisdom!"

Once those words came out, the arena exploded once again with noise. Four for four, Zhou Ziyun had completely the set and had swept the competition. This young woman from Ten Thousand Flower Valley was simply too formidable. Even cultivators at lesser realms doubted their ability to debate the Dao with her!

"You... you..." Ming Yuqi was utterly furious, "What are you trying to do?"

Zhou Ziyun didn't even turn around. She instead focused inwardly on her mind and her surging spiritual sea. "Nothing, I was just trying to break through..."

Boom!

10th Level of the Spirit Initiate Realm!

Chapter 644: A Bet (I)

That was the end of the Great Dao Preaching Convention for Zhou Ziyun. Chen Wentian took her and left the metropolis after the morning session was over. When the afternoon session commenced, the audience and participants were all perplexed as to the whereabouts of the strongest candidate for the title of Dao Genius.

But their worries would not be answered as she was already home.

"Hahaha!" Chen Wentian laughed as they emerged from the teleportation array, "Refreshing, so refreshing! Slapping people's faces and then leaving before they can even react. Ziyun, your way of doing things is great!"

The two of them stood in the middle of Thousand Flower City. A row of city guards hid them from view from the commoners around the city square.

Zhou Ziyun snorted at his words but also chuckled a little. It was her idea to ditch the Dao preaching event. She had already achieved what she set out to do and reached the peak of the Spirit Initiate Realm in the process. There was no point staying any longer and fighting over chicken scraps. She didn't care about the title.

She had always been chasing after talented people like her master, third sister Wu, and others. Those youngsters that participated in the event could be considered her peers by others but she did not consider her competition. They were just kids and she had already surpassed them.

"Well, we're back. What should we do?" He asked. "Since you've made great progress, I guess next on the list would be helping Lin Qingcheng and Bei Yingluo with their mysterious abilities. Which one should we start with first?"

"Actually, master, aren't you forgetting something?"

"Huh?"

Zhou Ziyun crossed her arms and pouted.

Seeing her expression, Chen Wentian finally pieced it together, "Oh, what would you like as a reward to celebrate your breakthrough?"

"That's better. I already had something in mind. Let's go, I'll tell you along the way."

"Alright,"

With that, he grabbed her by the waist and flew off toward the sect.

"A bet?" Chen Wentian asked.

This was the last thing he expected as he stared at his first two disciples. Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun stood side by side. The first sported a disappointed expression while the second was all smiles.

They were standing outside the new-constructed bathhouse. It was attached to the rear of the sect complex, nestled within a thick bamboo grove that provided total privacy. It had a cold pool, a hot pool, a sauna room, and plenty of space to lounge around and enjoy the scenery.

This was something Chen Wentian had always wanted and he finally got his wish. However, he didn't know what Zhou Ziyun intended. He certainly had some suggestions but this was her reward and he would only do what she wanted.

Zhou Ziyun explained, "Yes, Chengcheng and I made a bet on which one of us will reach the tenth level of the Spirit Initiate Realm first. Since she is still at the eighth level, that means I won and she has to play the penalty game."

Lin Qingcheng stomped her feet, finally not able to hold it in anymore, "Master, you're so unfair! You didn't tell me Sister Ziyun was going to gain so many levels in just a few days!"

Chen Wentian shrugged and threw up his hands helplessly, "Chengcheng, come on... It wasn't my fault. It's not like I could have predicted it. Ziyun just had a lucky breakthrough. It was almost all with her own effort. I barely did anything so you can't blame it on me being biased."

"Masterrrr!" She whined.

Zhou Ziyun hooked Lin Qingcheng's arm with her own, "Come on, Chengcheng, time to do what you agreed to. And besides, it's not going to cost you anything."

"..."

"So, what did you two have in mind?" Chen Wentian asked, brimming with curiosity. "You can't keep me waiting forever!"

Zhou Ziyun laughed, "Of course, since we're all here, it naturally involves the bathhouse. Naturally, we should commemorate its completion with just the three of us. I know you've wanted this since the beginning. Come on!"

She pulled Lin Qingcheng along and Chen Wentian followed. Together, they walked a short way along the stone-paved path and entered the bathing area.

The large hot pool was in the center. The water was pure and translucent, with a slight tinge of green due to the jade tiling. Steam filled the air, covering the whole area in white clouds. From one side of the clearing, it was difficult to see the bamboo groves on the other side except for the tallest tips.

Chen Wentian walked up and felt the water. It was a pleasant temperature, hot but not scalding. The jade tiles were inscribed with heat arrays and powered by spiritual crystals. Just by taking a bath, one could rejuvenate not just their body but their spirit as well.

"Master, do you like?" Zhou Ziyun asked.

"Mmm, it's great." He replied.

She laughed, "Not that. Why don't you turn around and look."

Chen Wentian did so and he was instantly stunned by the sight.

Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun were still standing side by side. But now, they were completely naked, their smooth white skin illuminated by the afternoon sun. They returned his heated gaze with bashful, fluttering eyes. Their arms made no effort to cover their perky breasts. Two beauties served up on a plate for him to savor.

They had very similar figures, almost like sisters. Lin Qingcheng was slightly taller. Zhou Ziyun had wider hips. Their chests were of similar size and they were hardly distinguishable. One was bare between her legs while the other sported a thin patch of dark brown hair.

"Master, do you like?" Zhou Ziyun repeated.

He nodded dumbly. What was there to not like about this?

"Master, Chengcheng and I will serve you together. But since I won the bet, Chengcheng is only allowed to serve you and you are not allowed to touch her. She is also not allowed to touch herself for her own pleasure either. We can touch each other. She can touch either one of us. But nobody is allowed to touch her."

Chen Wentian gaped at her, "This... was the bet between you two?"

"Well, just mine." Zhou Ziyun said, "I thought it would be fun... If Chengcheng had won, she had a completely different set of plans that sadly won't come to light now."

"Uhh..."

"Come, it's a bit chilly, let's go get warmed up!"

With that, Zhou Ziyun pulled Lin Qingcheng and the pair fell into the hot pool.

Chapter 645: A Bet (II)

Dreams were an interesting thing. Most people could dream but they couldn't turn them into real life. But for those at the immortal realms, they were provided the power and resources to make certain ones manifest into existence. It was why so many strived to break the shackles of mortality.

Chen Wentian had always dreamed of this scene before him. Lin Qingcheng was splashing around while Zhou Ziyun still held onto her. Their bare bodies were pressed against each other. Their limbs were tangled together like vines.

"Sis... ahh... stop!" Lin Qingcheng squealed.

"Hahaha, you can't run from me!" Zhou Ziyun shouted back.

The two of them went underwater. Their splashes caused more steam to fill the air. When they resurfaced, aquamarine water cascaded down their naked bodies.

They both noticed a heated gaze and glanced upward with bashful expressions. Droplets of hot water trickled down their bare skin. Their chests heaved slightly up and down, drawing attention to their perky, pink nipples. freeweb . com

Zhou Ziyun giggled, "Well? Don't just stand there."

Chen Wentian came out of his stupor. He grinned and discarded his clothes with a burst of flames. He then jumped in, causing a big splash and an even bigger puff of steam.

"Ahh!" Zhou Ziyun screamed as he tackled her.

He was really, really proud of his second disciple. Not only had she unlocked an aspect of her ability, but she also managed to drag Lin Qingcheng into a bet and a punishment game. Since she had come up with such a game, he would naturally play along.

He came back up and gave her a big kiss.

"Mmm..."

The two locked lips for a long time. She sat on his lap while he hugged her waist. They tasted each other and savored the moment.

"No fair..." Lin Qingcheng whined.

Feeling left out, she came up behind him and hugged him from behind.

"Master, kiss!" She begged, nuzzling his cheek.

The three of them had shared a bed a few times in the past. They were comfortable with each other's bodies. During these times, Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun always had a healthy competition for his attention and he always was mindful to satisfy both of them.

But this time around, he couldn't touch Lin Qingcheng intimately. This was the rule. He was interested in seeing how it would play out.

"No, Chengcheng. You already lost the bet so you have to behave!" Zhou Ziyun chided.

Lin Qingcheng pouted and hugged him tighter.

Zhou Ziyun laughed and rubbed his chest, "Let's get started. Let's give master a reward. Chengcheng, come help me."

She made him stand up. At his height, his erection was just above the water line. The two girls gathered in front of him and lowered their heads.

Zhou Ziyun went for the tip and engulfed it with her lips. Warmth surrounded him as well as a wiggling tongue that explored every nook and cranny. It felt amazing as always.

Lin Qingcheng, having lost the lead, rubbed cheeks with her sister as she nibbled on his shaft. She licked and peppered soft kisses downward until she focused on his balls.

"That's good..." He groaned as her small mouth closed around his tender flesh

It was a different feeling from pure pleasure but it was still a very sensitive area. He could feel her tongue and her lips as she sucked. It sent thrills up his spine and tingles through his body to his toes and his fingertips.

The two played like that for while before switching places. Lin Qingcheng took his cock and aggressively swallowed as deeply as she could. This left Zhou Ziyun no room and she could only giggle at the sight.

Lin Qingcheng shot her a glare and took more of her master into her throat. She hadn't done this in a while and she was a bit uncomfortable. But she pushed through for his sake if only to prove her sister wrong.

Zhou Ziyun thought nothing of it and went behind him. She collected handfuls of hot water and washed his balls gently, giving them a good fondling each time.

"Good girl, yeah..." Chen Wentian muttered.

He started gently thrusting his hips each time Lin Qingcheng pushed up to meet him. Her mouth felt divine. Her throat was tight and slippery. It was so amazing; he was already starting to feel the pressure build up in his groin.

Zhou Ziyun came up and kissed him again. At the same time, she rubbed his ass and squeezed him aggressively. Not to be outdone, he reached down and palmed her sex, rubbing her clit and enjoying the slippery arousal that was already starting to collect on her pussy lips.

"Mmm, I'm close." He warned.

The heat of the hot pool combined with the two naked bodies surrounding him only compounded the pleasure he was feeling. It was often not the actual sensations from the nerves but the complete experience of all senses that heightened moments of ecstasy to unforgettable levels. And this was one of them.

He was already doing his best to hold it back. It was made ever more difficult by Lin Qingcheng's continued attack on his cock.

Moments later, he was given a brief reprieve as Zhou Ziyun managed to pry the prize away from her sister. She gave him a coy smile and started rubbing his shaft with both hands.

"Master, are you ready?"

"Mmm... yeah..." He mumbled, fighting against the surges of sharp pleasure.

"Hehe," She kissed the tip of his cock even as she continued to jerk him off. "Come then, come on my face!"

"No fair, come on my face too!" Lin Qingcheng hugged Zhou Ziyun from behind.

Once again, the two disciples were cheek to cheek. Their eager eyes glimmered, filled with desire.

This sight was too much and he finally erupted. As delight exploded all across his body, the first load landed fully on Zhou Ziyun, across her nose and forehead. His cock jerked in excitement and a second spurt caught both of them on the cheeks. The third and fourth were shared between them, plastering their lips, chin, eyebrows, and everywhere he could aim at.

As he finally came down from the dizzying high, Zhou Ziyun dutifully caught the last few dribbles. She gave him a few more sucks for good measure and finally let go.

She looked up at him with a smile while still covered in his seed, "How was it?"

"Amazing..." He whispered.

The two stared into each other's eyes. Ever since the first time they met, his second disciple always found ways to surprise him. For her, she would always hold true to her first promise to him, that she would take care of his every need.

But it seemed Lin Qingcheng had other plans and she crashed their tender moment. Daringly, she licked her sister's cheek, taking away a large glob of spunk as her prize.

"Hey!" Zhou Ziyun complained.

Before she could react, Lin Qingcheng attacked again, licking her sister's chin and dangerously close to the lips.

Zhou Ziyun jerked away and squealed. "Chengcheng!"

She quickly retaliated by licking Lin Qingcheng's cheek.

"Sis! You meanie!"

Giggling wildly, the two tangled together and once again fell into the water.

Chapter 646: A Bet (III)

Water started flying. The two used their spiritual control and sent waves of hot water at each other. The way they were trying to drown each other, a stranger would have assumed that they were long-lost enemies.

"Chengcheng, stop!"

"Hahaha, take that!"

"You asked for it!"

It was amazing how much noise two young women could make together. The giggles and laughter combined with ear-piercing shrieks as they tangled together and started wrestling.

Their nubile bodies were a sight to behold. Smooth, wet skin. Breasts pressed against each other. The way those ass cheeks quivered after being slapped...

Chen Wentian felt his little dragon reawaken. He was once again filled with vigor and dived in to join the fun.

Splash!

"Ahhh!" Zhou Ziyun screamed.

She felt a pair of strong arms wrap around her. She also felt a dangerous, throbbing shaft nestled against her ass. Arousal surged through her body and mind. In an instant, she was completely drenched.

"Naughty girl, I still haven't given you your reward." He said and kissed her neck.

"Mmm... Master," She moaned and kissed him back, "Give it to me, I want it!"

He laughed at her enthusiasm and quickly obliged. He was ready and dripping. He roughly touched her between her legs and found her to be the same. Wasting no more time, he prodded her until she opened up and pushed himself in.

"Ohhh, yeahhh!" She shuddered at the feeling.

His thick shaft stretched her apart deliciously and stabbed against her deepest and most sensitive places. They were finally connected and it was the most thrilling thing in the world.

She leaned back against him, pushing her ass into her hips. She wanted it faster and harder. She was so aroused.

"Ahhh, yesss!"

Chen Wentian thrust up to meet her. Wet skin slapped together; the sound dulled by the steam around them. She was so wet that every time he thrust in, it created a loud squelching sound that he had never heard before. These mixed together with her moans to create the smuttiest symphony.

"Hehehe, great job, master!" Lin Qingcheng's delighted voice joined in.

She was the odd one out but she kept herself busy by hugging Chen Wentian's back. Her hands roamed over his well-toned body even as she rubbed her own chest against him. She kissed his neck, his cheeks, and his earlobes.

She drove him crazy even as he was driving Zhou Ziyun to new heights. He could feel her hard nipples scrape against his skin. They left tingling, pleasurable trails similar to those from her soft fingers. It was all too maddening.

Chen Wentian soon felt that Zhou Ziyun was approaching her limit. Wanting to give her something special, he turned her around and lifted her into the air by holding her thighs. She grabbed onto his neck by instinct and hung on for dear life as he plunged back inside her.

"Ahh! Ohh, wowww!" She really screamed this time around.

The weight of her whole body came down on his cock, pushing it even deeper inside her. Her pussy was crushed and stretched to the limit. A mix of pain and sheer pleasure drove her crazy.

"Ahhh!"

"Hahaha! Ahhh!"

She bounced up and down in his arms. He held her securely, supporting her weight just enough while giving himself enough space to move his hips furiously. She was so close and he going to give her his all.

Zhou Ziyun was losing her mind. In this position, she had nowhere to go and nowhere to run. She could only take it and love every moment of it.

"Ahhhhhhh..." Her cry turned into one long song.

"Go sis, go!" Lin Qingcheng urged.

Chen Wentian, his ears ringing from their voices, cursed several times and kept going.

Zhou Ziyun finally melted in his arms as stars exploded in her vision. She saw white as everything became white hot. She buried her face into his and kissed him hard. She even bit his lip as her orgasm reached the most intense peak.

"Ow!" He yelped but she seemed unawares.

She was panting heavily and still lost in a haze of ecstasy. There were no thoughts in her mind, only pleasure. Even her spiritual sea was shaking.

Still full of vigor, Chen Wentian came up with something even better to torment her. She had just come but he wasn't about to let her go. He felt that it wasn't enough and he still wanted to reward her.

"Chengcheng, come help me. Hold her for me."

"Huh? Wha..." She was cut off as Zhou Ziyun's limp body was dumped on her.

Zhou Ziyun's head lolled slightly and Lin Qingcheng had to hug her sister tight to not fall over.

Chen Wentian went behind Zhou Ziyun and spread her legs apart. Her pussy lips were red and abused but he had a different target this time. He spread her ass cheeks and took aim at her other hole. His cock was slick from her juices. It took him a few tries before he managed to the tight entrance.

"Eeee!" Zhou Ziyun yelped from the rude awakening.

She felt the foreign object pushing up her ass. She couldn't move because she was still quite weak from the orgasm. Lin Qingcheng was also holding onto her and not letting go.

"Hey!" She cried out again, "Asshole!"

"If you say so!" Chen Wentian laughed and pushed harder.

Zhou Ziyun groaned. The feeling was different compared to her pussy but the pain was quickly subsiding. They had done this before; she was just surprised.

He got about halfway and started a steady rhythm. She was very, very tight. It wasn't smooth going but the friction only magnified every sensation. The pressure and resistance from all directions were simply unparalleled.

"Mmmm... Ahhh... Damn it..." She also started cursing.

Pleasure mixed together with weird feelings. It was as if he was pushing against her stomach from below. His cock was seemingly intent on rearranging her insides. It felt both weird and wonderful.

"Ahh... fuck..." She moaned.

Her body felt weak. Another orgasm was fast approaching. She didn't want to lose so quickly but she couldn't do anything to stop it.

Lin Qingcheng watched the thrilling scene. She felt both left out and excited. She was sad that she wasn't getting the attention but she also felt euphoric that her sister would get to have another amazing orgasm.

Unwittingly, she started rubbing her chest against her sister's. Their breast pressed into each other. Their erect nipples mashed together like grindstones. They said she couldn't pleasure herself but this was her loophole. She could pleasure her sister while giving herself pleasure at the same time.

"Ahh... Chengcheng... stop it..." Zhou Ziyun protested weakly.

Lin Qingcheng didn't listen. She hugged Zhou Ziyun tight even and started to nibble her sister's neck. She tasted her sweat and the herbal fragrance from the hot pool.

Assaulted from behind and from the front, Zhou Ziyun was already lost. Her master's cock was already fully sheathed in her ass. She had never felt so full. She had no strength to push Lin Qingcheng away nor did she want to. She had never felt so good.

Then, as she was close to unraveling, she felt a new sensation between her legs. Lin Qingcheng had stuck an arm between for some unknown reason. Their bodies sandwiched her forearm right above their public area. Just simply being there put a surprising amount of pressure on clit. And as Chen Wentian pushed into her ass at a steady pace, he couldn't help but push her into Lin Qingcheng's arm, making her sensitive nub explode with pleasure with each movement.

"Ahh... nooo..." Zhou Ziyun moaned helplessly. "Lin... stop it..."

"Sis... sis..." Lin Qingcheng mumbled.

She was also lost in the moment. Her arm was teasing her sister's clit and it was also teasing her own. After so many arousing scenes in succession, she needed very little stimulation and what little she was getting was just enough.

"Ahh!" Zhou Ziyun cried out.

"Mmmm... ahh!" Lin Qingcheng wailed.

Chen Wentian finally noticed just how tightly they were clinging to each other, he was utterly astonished, unbelievably aroused, and all of the above. It was the hottest thing he had ever seen. He instantly tumbled towards the edge. Shamelessly, his arms found Lin Qingcheng and pulled her in, sandwiching Zhou Ziyun in the middle.

Three naked bodied writhed together, hurtling towards a glorious peak in unison.

They seemed to move as one; thrusting, rubbing, kissing...

Until finally, they reached ecstasy together.

Chapter 647: Side Story: Banishment

A young man in peach-colored robes hurried through the brightly lit corridors. He avoided greeting others and swept past as if in a bad mood. Eventually, he arrived at a nondescript door and unlocked it. Once inside, he let out a long sigh and slumped into a nearby chair.

"Welcome back, Master Deng." A youthful voice greeted him.

It belonged to a boy of around eleven or twelve. He was dressed simply and had a bright, intelligent expression. There was no one else in the large living area that was occupied by bookshelves and several desks covered with stacks of scrolls and papers.

Deng Lun, the one who had just come into the room, glanced at the boy briefly before waving his hand, "Xiao Shu, are there any letters for me."

The one named Xiao Shu was not Deng Lun's disciple but a servant assigned to him by the Lotus Tower. He would have preferred a cute servant girl but the rule within the tower was that servants were not allowed to be female. Disciples like him were still allowed to have relations with other women aside from Immortal Gentle Lotus but they had to do it outside of her domain.

The boy nodded and handed over a letter, "Congratulations, Master Deng. I heard the news already. Dao Genius, that's so amazing. I wish I could have been there to see you defeat the other three geniuses. From now on, you are the undisputed leader of the younger generation within the Eastern Sanmu Metropolis!"

Xiao Shu had a sweet mouth. His flattering words would have satisfied even an immortal but he was too unlucky.

Crash!

An expensive teacup smashed into pieces against the stone floor.

"Get out!" Deng Lun shouted. His hand which was clenching the half-open letter was shaking uncontrollably.

"Master..." The boy was stunned.

This was the first time Deng Lun had lost his temper like this. He was usually calm and kind. It was a pity that the boy didn't know the reality of what had happened.

"Shut up and get out!" Deng Lun threw another cup which shattered against the far wall.

The door opened and slammed shut. Quiet returned to the room. Deng Lun stood, slouched over, breathing heavily. The letter was still in his hand, now crumpled into a ball.

He was furious... at himself. The anger, and the letter, were the result of the same thing. His title of Dao Genius was such a joke. He didn't deserve and he knew it. The news had not traveled too far but by this time tomorrow, the whole city would agree with his sentiment.

The Dao Genius of the younger generation was supposed to be Zhou Ziyun. She had beaten all of them and conquered the title in a single morning. Yet she had abandoned the Great Dao Preaching Convention without care, humiliating all of the participants there and even the organizers.

But who could do anything? Her talent of comprehension had stunned everyone to the point of disbelief. Who could complain? Her master was the undisputed troublemaker of the subcontinent. He even dared to go up against Spirit Kings. Who was bored enough to make trouble this pair of master and disciple?

The title had been reluctantly awarded to Deng Lun in the end. It was a wholly unconvincing victory. He wasn't proud of it. Nobody was.

And to add to the misery, there was this letter... this letter from his master. He flattened out the piece of paper and read it again just to make sure he wasn't hallucinating.

"Xiao Lun, I am sending you to the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago. Your performance during the Great Dao Preaching Convention was fine and I don't blame you for losing to that Zhao girl. However, I didn't need you purposefully antagonize her. My affair with Chen Wentian is my own business. I have told you all time and time again. I don't need you or the other disciples trying to stand up for me on this matter."

"You can stay at the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago and learn from my junior sister's daughters. You are smart enough that you don't need my guidance to reach the tenth level of the Spirit Initiate Realm. But as punishment, you don't have to return until you have reached the first lesser realm of Spiritual Growth. These are my orders. You can leave tomorrow morning."

Deng Lun stared at the paper blankly and then slumped into a chair.

"Why... master, why..." He muttered to himself.

Being banished to the southern archipelago was a famous punishment among the disciples of the Lotus Tower. It was often reserved for those that offended the immortal greatly but their crime was still redeemable. It often lasted decades and those that got sent away would almost never have a chance to regain her favor.

"Don't act so glum." A female voice interrupted his thoughts.

"M... master!" Deng Lun scrambled out of his seat and knelt down before the person that had suddenly appeared.

Immortal Gentle Lotus Gong Liyun looked down at the young man who she had favored for the last few years. Her gaze was impassive but still contained a hint of disappointment. To someone of her status, Deng Lun wasn't worth much but she held onto a little bit of hope.

"It's not like I am sending you to die." She said lightly, "The Sapphire Mystic Empire gets a bad reputation around here but it can be a good place for you to cultivate if you are willing to give it your all. Don't misunderstand me. I am not really sending you away because you offended Ten Thousand Flower Valley. I don't really care if my disciples do that but you were too arrogant."

"Although you like to pretend to be gentle and cultured, you let my favor get to your head. You haven't realized it but your cultivation has already started to stagnate and I have no use for someone like that. My junior sister won't mistreat you too badly and it is also an opportunity. Remember the story of your second senior brother, Immortal Lotus Hero Qiao Fengyi. He not only survived his banishment but emerged as an immortal that can stand by myself for the rest of his life."

Deng Lun nodded obediently. Every disciple knew of the second-ranked disciple, Qiao Fengyi. One of five Spirit Lords under Gong Liyun's command and the second strongest.

The rumors about Qiao Fengyi were as numerous as they were unbelievable. Some said that he was able to single-handedly slay a thousand ferocious deep-sea beasts during the last war there. Others said that he had laid with a hundred daughters of the southern queen in a single evening and managed to satisfy all of them. Whatever the story was, the reality was that he was one of the few that managed to survive the banishment and emerge even stronger.

However improbable, becoming the next Qiao Fengyi was his only chance for redemption. The Gentle Lotus was notorious for being finicky. She had so many handsome and talented men vying for her attention. He had no other choice.

Gong Liyun let out a small sigh, "You may think I am cruel. The reality is that the cultivation world is even more ruthless. You have to fight for everything, for the right to simply live and survive. I fought my way up from nothing to where I am now. My junior sister, who is now queen of the Aiqin Mystic Archipelago, also fought her way up for nothing. She's even better than me. She didn't want to bow down to the Immortal Association so she delved into untamed lands by herself and established a human territory. She even defeated two Spirit Kings in the process."

"People of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent have grown too weak and contented. Disciples like you of the Lotus Tower are no different. The way you are now, you won't be able to achieve anything by my side. Only once you have achieved something for yourself can you come back. Do you understand?"

Deng Lun bowed down, striking his forehead against the floor, "Yes, master!"

"Hmm. Good, come." Gong Liyun strode towards the adjacent bedroom and beckoned him to follow, "Since I might not see you again for a long time, let's make some lasting memories."

She laughed at her own joke and leaped onto the bed.

Deng Lun could only obey, putting away his reluctance one final time and steeling his heart for an uncertain future.

Chapter 648: Side Story: Clan Election

Today was a special day for River East City. All morning, many important guests from far-flung provinces entered the city walls with large entourages. As parades of luxurious horse carriages and powerful guards made their way through the streets, the citizens peeked out of their windows to satisfy their curiosity. Something big like this hadn't happened in many months, if not over a year.

Ever since Thousand Flower City was established further upriver and closer to Ten Thousand Flower Valley, the status and prestige of River East City in the region quickly fell off. There was no way they could compete. That was the new capital of the province. The economic opportunities there were simply unmatched.

However, there was still one thing that kept River East City going. Every resident was clear about what it was... the Zhou Clan.

After Zhou Ziyun left to join the immortal lord, the Zhou Clan prospered and rapidly expanded. Their old rivals and enemies could only watch and lament their misfortune as the clan became the strongest and wealthiest in the city. Even the city lord was just a figurehead that had no power.

And obviously, today was all about the Zhou Clan, a special event known to outsiders only as the clan election.

It was something that didn't exist before, something that Zhou Ziyun had recently implemented to drive her clan toward the future. While she had started calling her clan a branch sect, they still did not behave like one. They were still a business entity focused on profits and not cultivation. They had elders that managed various economic departments but they didn't have anyone focused on cultivation.

Whether it was obtaining and curating cultivation arts and martial arts, sourcing medicinal ingredients and creating medicine, dealing with weapons and armor, or other matters... the goal of this clan election was to choose new elders that would focus on these aspects. The goal was to turn the clan into a true cultivation clan with a long future.

The carriages that stopped in front of the Zhou Clan manor didn't seem to end. While the clan had spread across several provinces in recent years, River East City was still their origin. It was where their ancestral hall was located and tradition dictated that important matters had to be conducted here.

Within the hall, the senior members were already gathered at the front. Zhou Ziyun sat in the foremost position as she was the official clan head. Her father, Zhou Tong, sat to one side of her. He could be considered the retired clan head and still retained a large amount of power when she was absent. Although he preferred to spend his time drinking tea and collecting various artworks these days, she relied on him during important times.

Her other side was occupied by Zhou Lai. He was her granduncle. He was only second to her father in effective rank. He was very old and frail-looking but he was still filled with energy.

The three of them conversed quietly as each clan member arrived to take their seats. Aside from the old guard, there were also some new faces that had made a name for themselves during the clan's recent expansion.

One notable person was Zhou Guanming. He was another grandson of Zhou Lai. After Zhou Guanyu had proved to be a disappointment and was removed from his position, Zhou Guanming was appointed to take over as the governor of Black Rock City in the Cloudy Mountain Province.

The reports from recent months had been very good. By all measures, Zhou Guanming was good at managing people and delegating tasks. He was fair to the common people and just when dealing with other factions. He also had potential as a cultivator as he had managed to raise his level within the Mind Focusing Realm a few times within a year.

Zhou Ziyun raised an eyebrow as Zhou Guanming's gaze met hers. There was ambition and confidence there. But there was also a hint of coldness. She instantly felt that this person wouldn't be reliable in the future. It wasn't that she was biased against his brother, Zhou Guanyu, who had been a total prick. It was just an instinctual judgment.

She hoped that she was just being paranoid and moved on to another person of interest. Her name was Zhou Fengluo and she was in her early thirties. In the past, she had been considered Zhou Clan's number one beauty. She had attracted a lot of attention within River East City and had married into another merchant clan to strengthen business ties.

However, when the clan started to experience pressure from all sides, Zhou Fengluo wasn't able to pull much support from her husband's family. In the end, her behavior and continued loyalty to the Zhou Clan caused her husband to disown her and sent her back to the clan in disgrace.

That had been a titillating event several years ago. The various enemies of the Zhou Clan celebrated it and constantly used it to make fun of the clan. Now, her former husband's clan no longer existed in the city anymore and nobody would dare to make fun of her anymore.

This change wasn't just because of the clan's new status but also her own ability. She had gone to Divine Blazing Province to expand the Zhou Clan's business. Not only had she done an excellent job setting up a branch in a completely new province, she also managed to establish a close relationship with First Elder Fen Lin of Divine Blazing Mountain who had firm control of the former immortal sect.

It was widely known that Fen Lin was impotent. Thus, it remained a curious mystery how this Zhou Fengluo managed to keep him wrapped around her finger. But it was also natural to reason that a woman's charm not only included her ability to open her legs but her charm, intelligence, and personality. Regardless of what really happened, it was undisputed that Zhou Fengluo was a capable person and a rising star within the clan.

In fact, in each of the provinces that the Zhou Clan had expanded to, there were bright and ambitious people rising up the ranks. The need for personnel allowed the younger generation to face challenges that would have been reserved for elders in the past.

In the same fashion as Zhou Fengluo in Divine Blazing Province, numerous young men of the clan had gone to Glacier Province in hopes of snagging one of the precious Glacier Palace disciples. After all, out

of the ten top disciples that had followed Long Yifei in the past, a majority of them were still single. Whoever could match up with one of them would surely have a bright future in the province and within the Zhou Clan.

In other places such as Red Bamboo Province, the competition was even stronger. This province was the first one the clan expanded to and they had the greatest number of people aside from their home in Dragon Flower Province. They were involved in all kinds of businesses such as the trade of medicinal herbs, spiritual crystals, and other spiritual resources. It was also the most profitable out of the rest.

When noon arrived, the ancestral hall was a sea of faces. Zhou Ziyun had invited over a hundred names to this clan election and they had all shown up without a single one missing. They all stared up eagerly at this young woman who still carried a hint of immaturity in her cheeks. Regardless of what they thought of her, she was their undisputed leader.

Zhou Ziyun stood up and her voice rang through the hall, "Members of the Zhou Clan, welcome to our clan election. In past, such events were held occasionally to fill one or two senior positions. They were attended only by the clan head and the elders. Today, I have invited not only elders and senior members but also those from younger generations that have contributed greatly to the clan."

"The clan will continue to expand. My master has already informed me that he needs our presence in the southeast region in the aftermath of the demon attack. We will all the help we can get regardless of age. As long as you are capable, as long as you are loyal to Ten Thousand Flower Valley and the Zhou Clan, everyone has an opportunity to grow and achieve great things."

"Today, we will be electing eight new elders to focus on cultivation matters. Each person present will have one vote. I will still have the final say for each position but I will not reject the majority's choice unless I can give you all a satisfactory explanation. Understood? Good, then let's begin!"

Chapter 649: Side Story: A Curious Couple

To the sword cultivators of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, there were only four places worth mentioning and worth visiting at least once in their lives. They were known as the four sword grounds and considered the best places to cultivate and find inspiration for their sword Dao. They were the gathering places for well-known sword practitioners throughout the subcontinent.

The first sword ground was Dugu's Cavern located to the northeast. It was a mysterious underground tunnel system that tested talent in sword cultivation. It was beneficial to the lowliest of cultivators and popular among beginners.

The second was the Forest of Swords, a secret realm that produced tree branches known as sword truths capable of enlightening the wielder with the profoundness of the heavens. Controlled by the Eastern Sword Alliance, it benefitted those at the upper levels of the Spirit Initiate Realm who wanted to cultivate toward the immortal path.

The third was less popular than the first two. It was located within the ruins of an ancient civilization that had long since fallen. It lay to the far northwest of the subcontinent and on the border with the Northern Wasteland. This region was extremely dangerous and only the strongest cultivators at the lesser realms of the Spirit Initiate or a few early-stage Spirit Lords would try their luck here. It was where Chen Wentian obtained Dugu's Tenth Sword, beating out many competitors in the process including the now-deceased Immortal Desolate Sword Peng Yuefeng.

The fourth and final sword ground was the most popular and also the least rewarding. It was located somewhere within the Great Hui Desert that covered the southeast region of the subcontinent. It was a vast land of great sand dunes, desolate canyons, and dry plateaus. It spanned an area equivalent to seven or eight provinces, all inhospitable to humans except for the occasional settlement around an oasis or river.

Everyone knew the fourth sword ground was somewhere here but they didn't know exactly where. In the entire history of the Eastern Sanmu Subcontinent, the sword ground had only ever been found one time. It happened roughly a hundred years ago and the person's name was Peng Yuefeng.

The locals all knew the story and passed it down generation by generation as a folktale. Over a hundred years ago, Peng Yuefeng was a lowly disciple of the Tower of Swords with no future prospects. His talent was bad and his background was even worse. Desperate for a breakthrough and a future in the sect, he risked it all and went to the desert in search of the fourth sword ground. Nobody had ever found it before and it was known back then as a fool's journey.

Nobody knew how he did it but he defied all odds and managed to find it. The proof was his massive increase in cultivation and also the Spirit Lord Realm heavy sword that he carried out with him. The Desolate Sword became famous across the land and became his namesake. It was proof that the fourth sword ground existed.

However, this Peng Yuefeng never told a soul where the sword ground actually was. Even after becoming a Spirit Lord and taking over the Tower of Swords, he never returned to the southeast region. Even so, countless people have been coming to the desert ever since then to try their luck. They all dreamed of finding the sword ground again. If someone like him could come from nothing and become the sect master of a famous immortal sect, then anyone could do it!

"Damn it! I will be the next Peng Yuefeng!" A heavy fist slammed into the table made of clay. "Fuck, I will do it!"

A clay bowl shattered and the commotion drew curious gazes. Within the small tavern, the culprit of the outburst was a thickly built man with a huge sword strapped to his back. At a glance, the weapon weighed at least as much as him.

The person who had been telling the tale was the owner of the tavern. An old man with a head full of white hair and a weather-beaten face, it was something he did to sell more food and wine. And it always worked.

"Brother Butcher Sword, you are the strongest sword cultivator I have seen this season so far. If anyone can do it, it will be you!"

The one known as Butcher Sword laughed at the praise, "Hahaha, good! Get me another tankard of wine!"

"Coming right up!"

The burly man downed the last of the wine in the remaining cup and looked around. The interior of the tavern wasn't large. There were about ten tables with accompanying chairs, all made out of mud bricks and stone. A few groups that had been listening in to the story quickly looked away, avoiding his gaze.

They were all sword cultivators from their attire and the weapons they carried. They came from various cultivation sects and they were obviously here for the same thing, the fourth sword ground. They were his competition so he wouldn't treat them kindly.

Still, they were all quite strong. He was confident in his own strength but taking them on would be problematic.

He then noticed a curious pair of men sitting by the half-open window. One person wore a plain gray outfit while the other one wore an eye-catching blue. Instead of sitting facing each other like men, the two were sitting side by side like a couple.

The man frowned and squinted his eyes. These two were truly strange. The one that dressed like a rich playboy did not have a face to match. He could be considered above average but not too handsome. The other one was the complete opposite. His plain gray clothes could not suppress a dazzling handsomeness that took one's breath away. It was so astonishing and attractive that even Butcher Sword, who considered himself the manliest of men, who had never had a single improper thought toward his fellow man in his whole life until now, started to doubt his sexual preferences.

What bothered him even more was how the two were acting. They were sitting so close that their shoulders and hips were touching. The playboy in blue leaned into the other one in a teasing and intimate manner. He was whispering to the handsome man without a care as if they were the only people in the tavern.

Butcher Sword spat out a mouthful of wine. He had traveled across many provinces and seen countless things. He had heard of sword cultivators with this specific preference... men who liked to cross swords with other men in the bedroom.

He shuddered. The mere thought made him irrationally angry.

"Damn it!" He shattered another cup and stood up. "I've had enough!"

If there was one thing he hated most in the world, it was this type of sword cultivator!

He whirled towards the pair by the window and pointed a thick finger towards them, "You bastards, you're ruining my good wine and destroying the scenery. If you don't scam right now, I will chop off your dicks to feed the crows!"

Chapter 650: Side Story: Love and Acknowledgement

Chen Wentian and Peng Lingxi both stared at the loud-mouthed person. They had simply been sharing a bottle of the local wine while having a good time. Then out of nowhere, someone started shouting nonsense at them.

Master, I think he is talking about us. She whispered.

I know. How did we find such a nosy person? So unlucky! He replied.

To this, Peng Lingxi let out a giggle that could be clearly heard by everyone in the tavern.

Damn sissy, you dare laugh? Come here and laugh in front of this granddaddy's face!

Crash!

Butcher Sword drew his massive sword and cleaved the nearby table into two. He stood over the wreckage like a war god, ready to battle. The other occupants in the room all scrambled to their feet and fled for the exit. The owner had already disappeared into the back, not daring to show his face.

Chen Wentian continued to ignore this insignificant person and poured his newest disciple another cup.

Lingxi, what type of man do you prefer?

Hmm?

Do you prefer a cool-headed and refined man who can resolve simple problems without bloodshed? Or, do you prefer a hot-blooded warrior who will fight for your honor and your love?

Peng Lingxi let out a scoff but her face told him she was pleased.

Their relationship was still new so they had not done anything besides kisses and light touches. He could have already slept with her if he asked. He was sure she would not have said no. But he decided to take a different approach and get to know her better first.

Master, if you want to be cool-headed, then I will like it. If you want to be hot-blooded, I will also like it. If you want me to take care of this little problem, I will like it as well. She finished with a smile.

She was so unique. Sometimes, she awed him with her easygoing personality. She was sharp and capable but also agreeable. She did everything he asked and she was always happy. Her brightness gave him a warm feeling whenever he was around her.

Lin Qingcheng could be silly and needy. Zhou Ziyun was so smart that she sometimes made him feel dumb. Wu Qianyu would often become sad and moody for no apparent reason and he would have to coax her out of it.

The others also had their own quirks. He always had to work hard and be ready to react and take care of their needs. In contrast, Peng Lingxi asked nothing from him. She simply wanted to be with him, Chen Wentian, the person she had first met many years ago. If he went east, she would follow. If he went west, she would clear the way.

It was so refreshing.

Chen Wentian gave her a small nudge with his shoulder against hers, Then, why dont you show me your amazing problem-solving ability?

Peng Lingxi chuckled and stood up.

Seeing this, Butcher Sword swung his sword toward her in a battle stance, What? You want to fight? Dont ask for mercy later!

Peng Lingxi walked towards him and drew her simple, slender sword, Is it any of your business who I choose to love?

The burly mans face contorted with fury, I gave you a chance to scam. Youll regret it for being so arrogant! Take this!

He raised his huge sword and brought it down with tremendous force. A great gust of wind swept through the tavern, upending the tables and smashing everything.

This guy named Butcher Sword practiced a type of sword Dao that incorporated the wind-attribute spiritual energy. It was a common sight in the desert regions. Facing most opponents, he would have been a formidable foe even against someone one or two levels higher in the Spirit Initiate Realm.

However, Peng Lingxis strength far surpassed him. She deftly dodged all the invisible sword blades that came at her. At the same time, her sword turned into a beam of light and carried her body forward. She rushed past the large man with barely any reaction. But that was all it took.

His oversized sword shattered and a small nick on the side of his neck started to bleed slightly. Shock, he clamped a hand on his neck and backed away in fright.

Who who are you? He shouted.

If that sword had been a few hairs deeper, his life would have been over.

You can leave. Peng Lingxi said simply.

You fine!

Moving quicker than a fleeing rat, he disappeared out the door without a second glance.

Chen Wentian laughed at the scene. Out of the entire tavern, only his section was unaffected. It was as if nothing had even happened. He even poured himself another cup of wine, fully embracing the playboy persona.

Peng Lingxi pouted slightly and walked back to him, Master, I dont know why you wanted me to wear male clothes. All of this could have been avoided.

He pulled her down onto his lap and gave her an approving look, How can I do that? Youre so beautiful, youll attract even more trouble from dirty men. It is better like this. I am a selfish person; I want to be the only one who can see your true appearance.

Good, I feel the same. She wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned in.

He obliged and gave her a soft kiss.

It left a sweet smile on her face and flashes of joy in her eyes.

Ill miss you while I am gone. She said.

Me too!

They werent here for no reason. Peng Lingxi had set a mission for herself to seek out the fourth sword ground which was hidden somewhere within the desert. She saw it as a final tribute to her previous master as well as a potential way to reach the immortal realms quicker.

At first, she was content to practice her sword at the valley. But after learning about Jasmine as well as his own breakthrough to the Spirit King Realm, she didnt want to be left behind. Coming here was all her own idea and he fully supported her.

I have yet to prepare a Spirit Lord Realm item for you so youll have to make do with Tortoise Can Fly for now. Chen Wentian said and transferred the flying carriage to her spatial bag, Just use it to protect yourself in case of danger. I suspect that flying around with it wont be too useful as Senior Dugus legacy obviously likes to hide. So many immortals have searched the deserts and have found nothing. Even Peng Yuefeng never managed to find it again.

This was the truth of the matter that Immortal Desolate Sword Peng Yuefeng never revealed to anyone except his closest disciples. Peng Lingxi was among them and had also been told everything about how

to find the sword ground. Even so, no other disciple had ever succeeded and her chances were equally low.

However, she was never a person to sit still. Her way of the sword was to continue walking forward and face whatever challenges head-on. This was her only way to stay by her loves side.

Master, I should get going.

Mmm, one last thing. Chen Wentian opened his palm and presented a small object.

It was in the shape of a flower, a tulip, carved out of gray steel and polished smooth. It represented deep, unconditional love, a perfect kind of love that she uniquely represented. She started loving him all those years ago when he was still a mortal. She would continue loving him unconditionally across the immortal realms.

Peng Lingxi took it and nodded silently. She understood the meaning and her heart surged with indescribable happiness. She didnt care if he wasnt ready yet, she didnt need him to return her feelings. Far from it, this kind of acknowledgment was perfect for her.

Thank you She whispered and leaned in for another kiss.