

# Immortal Only Accepts Female Disciples

## #Chapter 1: Immortal Blue Dragon - Read Immortal Only Accepts Female Disciples Chapter 1: Immortal Blue Dragon

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A young man wrapped in blazing blue spiritual energy flew aimlessly in the sky. Below him was a fertile land filled with farming communities and thriving townships situated along river plains. The people residing across this land didn't know yet but they had gained a new lord.

His name was Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian. At twenty-five years old, he had just recently ascended to the Spirit Lord Realm, perhaps the youngest human to ever do so. He was now one of the rare transcendent existences, an immortal.

In this boundless world of cultivation where countless different souls resided, living beings were separated into two great domains, mortal and immortal. The difference between the two was like heaven and earth. One could soar across the skies while the other was shackled to the ground. One was like a deity in the other's eyes.

But as a brand-new immortal, Chen Wentian was still a tiny existence. The Spirit Lord Realm was only the first realm among many. He had to follow the rules of The Immortal Association, a vast organization that governed human immortals, for certain benefits he could not gain anywhere else.

For instance, this nameless province had been gifted to him by the association. He now owned the land, the resources, and could rule over all living things within it as he wished. In exchange, the association stipulated two prime directives. The first was to protect the land and its people from deadly spiritual beasts and evil demons. The second was to create his own immortal sect.

Chen Wentian slowed his flight with a burst of blue flames and descended toward a lively farming town. In order to create a sect, he needed to find disciples. This place looked as good as any other to start his search.

"What is that?"

"Ah!"

"Look!"

The residents of the town screamed in shock and excitement. His arrival was like flames descending from the heavens, a divine blessing for this insignificant place.

Chen Wentian came to a halt and hovered over the town square. He ignored the astounded stares and gaping mouths as well as the hordes of people stampeding toward him from all directions. He faced the largest building that lined the square and waited patiently.

A few moments later, a frightened middle-aged man stumbled out and fell to his knees.

He kowtowed and said with a trembling voice, "Welcome to Lin Town, Sir Immortal. This insignificant one... this one is named Lin Qinghong, the mayor of this humble place. I am at your command."

Chen Wentian nodded lightly. "Very good. I am Immortal Blue Dragon Chen Wentian. I am going to create a new sect. Those that are destined and fortunate will become my first batch of disciples. I want to conduct an examination in Lin Town. Mayor Lin, make arrangements for me."

The expression on Lin Qinghong went through many changes in a few short seconds. Finally smiling widely, he stood up and gestured towards the building behind him, "Immortal Chen, please take a rest in my residence. I will spread your announcement and have everything ready for you shortly!"

"Mmm." Chen Wentian consented and landed before the mayor with a wave of spiritual energy. "Please, lead the way."

"Lord Chen, please."

As they walked away together, the crowd that had gathered burst into excited whispers.

"He's actually an immortal?"

"What's an immortal?"

"He looks so young!"

"So handsome!"

Chen Wentian held back a smile. He didn't think he was a vain person but it still felt good to be praised. There was even a slight spring in his steps.

The news of an immortal seeking disciples quickly spread across the town. In no time at all, a large crowd had gathered in front of the mayor's residence. Mayor Lin did his best to maintain order as he sent the strongest cultivators the town had toward the front of the line.

Chen Wentian sat at the front of the meeting hall as townsfolk of all ages passed by at a steady pace. He only needed to extend his spiritual sense to evaluate their age and cultivation level.

"Age thirty-three, 7th level of the Body Refinement Realm, fail!"

"Age thirty-seven, 9th level of the Body Refinement Realm, fail!"

"Age forty-one, 10th level of the Body Refinement Realm, fail!"

He slumped in his chair as he quickly realized how stupid his idea for seeking disciples had been. He had been too eager.

The mortal domain contained the three great mortal realms. The first was the Body Refinement Realm where people bashed their heads and punished their bodies in the name of refining their weak bodies. Next was the Mind Focusing Realm where they cultivated every cell in their brain to achieve various enlightenments in the ways of the mind. After developing their body and mind to the peak, they unlocked the ability to sense and utilize spiritual energy, to enter the Spirit Initiate Realm. This was where they had to form and understand their connection to the spiritual energy that connected heaven and earth and that which empowered all living things.

He had hoped to find one or two talents at the Mind Focusing Realm but there wasn't a single soul at that realm in this town. At worst, he could consider accepting a youth with great potential even if they were at the Body Refinement Realm. Yet all the candidates were useless or too old or both.

He suddenly had a suspicion that he had been swindled. Those old farts of the Immortal Association already owned the best provinces with the most resources and most talented populations. What kind of province would be left to him, a junior immortal with no connections or influence?

He scowled as he remembered the geezers and grandmas of the association. Cultivation was a long and arduous journey, only a few could break their shackles of mortality and touch the immortal realms. The result was that a majority of immortals only managed to break through near the end of their life, resulting in an inordinate amount of really, really old people in the immortal population.

Despite being ancient and decrepit, immortals were powerful with filled with vitality. Their bodily functions were unperturbed and they were sexually active. And as a rule, they all preferred younger partners.

As he thought about this, he suddenly felt a phantom pain in his buttocks. It had been a frightful scene at his ascending ceremony where hordes of grandmas showed up to proposition him for sex. Some disguised themselves as stunning twenty-year-old

goddesses while others didn't even bother. They all wanted a taste of his little fresh meat. One particularly audacious witch even pinched his ass!

"Age thirty, 5th level of the Body Refinement Realm, fail!"

"Age forty... fail!"

"... fail!"

Chen Wentian silently brooded with his arms crossed as the sea of hopeful candidates trickled past him.

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On the outskirts of Lin Town, away from the controlled chaos caused by Chen Wentian, a young lady wearing pale-yellow clothes stood in front of two shabby men. Her hands were on her hips. Her legs spread slightly apart in a fighting stance. Her aura was righteous and pure.

"Are you two members of the One Arm Gang?" She asked, "Are you the ones extorting these people?"

She waved one of her hands around. She gestured to their surroundings which consisted of wooden shacks and dirt huts. This was considered the slums of Lin Town.

One of the men sneered and took a step towards her, "Little lass, don't talk about things you know nothing about."

"Hehe, why don't you come with big uncle, I will teach you a good lesson." The other one added, his eyes leering all over her body. novel

The young lady took several steps back in fright before composing herself. She glared back and shouted, "Guards!"

She thrust a finger at the two dirty men, "Take them!"

At her command, four uniform figures appeared from the shadows and from behind the corners. They quickly beat the two miscreants into submission and tied them up ruthlessly. Just as she was about to gloat over her victory, a frantic shout interrupted the scene.

"Chengcheng! Chengcheng! What in the heavens are you doing here? I've been looking all over for you!"

A middle-aged, matronly woman stormed over from across the street. At a glance, her bright, colorful attire was glaringly out of place in such a run-down area.

"Ah, mother..." The young lady stuttered, looking around frantically as if there was anywhere to hide.

Her mother grabbed her hand, "Silly girl, how old are you? Why are you still playing around all day? You're lucky it's not too late yet, come on! Hurry!"

She pouted and argued, "I wasn't playing! I was helping the poor people!"

But her arguments fell on deaf ears and she was dragged away.

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Within the mayor's manor, Chen Wentian was still suffering the consequence of his poor decision. A whole afternoon had passed by and he had yet to find a disciple. The stronger ones had already been rejected so those left in line were youths below the age of twenty.

"Age fifteen, 1st level of the Body Refinement Realm, fail!"

"Age eighteen, 2nd level of the Body Refinement Realm, fail!"

He resisted the urge to roll his eyes. If the adults were hopeless, would the youths be any different?

"Age seventeen, 3rd level of the Body Refinement Realm..."

"Wait!" Chen Wentian said suddenly, making everyone almost jump out of their shoes.

All things considered, a person at the third level at that age wasn't considered too bad. He had enough methods and resources to rebuild their foundation and guide them along the correct paths of cultivation.

The mayor spoke excitedly, "Immortal Chen, this one is named Yue Wuque, a young master from a prominent merchant family. His talent is one of the best in Lin Town. He has even gone to the city to learn martial arts."

Chen Wentian studied the candidate, a young man with an annoyingly handsome face. He had an innate smugness that was nauseating. It was probably due to constantly being the center of attention. Born into a wealthy family, born with a pretty face, born with talent; such a person reminded Chen Wentian of his own shortcomings in the past, of countless gloomy memories and unhappy experiences.

Despite his best efforts to suppress his feelings, his spiritual aura billowed out like a firestorm. People's heads swiveled about like frightened chickens as the whole room trembled. The lanterns hanging from the ceiling swung wildly. Nobody dared to utter a peep, fearing they would be crushed like ants by this unfathomable being.

In contrast to his current state of might and glory, Chen Wentian was the definition of unremarkable growing up. He had a plain face that let him fade into the background. His simple black hair, slightly above-average height, and lack of talent never endeared him to anyone. There was no need to mention his family background. He was never given special treatment. Girls paid him no attention. Every day was a reminder of the unfairness of life.

As he raised his cultivation and traveled the world, he encountered more of the same. There were too many wealthy young masters, handsome princes, and heaven-defying geniuses. Every jade beauty he developed a crush on, every goddess that stirred his heart, He had no chance with any of them. He was ruthlessly defeated every time; in talent, cultivation, charm, looks, wealth, and all the above.

What was even worse was that these men were all lustful and philandering beasts. They cheated maidens of their innocence only to throw them away afterward. They were despicable yet women still flocked to them. It was almost unbearable.

"Uh... Immortal Chen?" The mayor asked with a trembling voice, "What do you think of this candidate?"

A sea of anxious faces surrounded him. They had been waiting for his decision for a long time. Yue Wuque looked about to burst from the pent-up expectation.

"Fail!" Chen Wentian said firmly.

"Ah!"

"No!"

The whole room deflated. Yue Wuque, with a wronged and devastated expression, was pushed away by the guards. But his spirit wasn't the only one that had been crushed. If someone like him couldn't become this immortal's disciple, then there was no hope for anyone else.

Chen Wentian smirked to himself. It was finally time for his counterattack. Since he had to create a sect, he would use it to erase the failures of his past and achieve his dreams. This boundless world was filled with beautiful, talented women waiting for him to guide them along the paths of cultivation. He would treat them right and treasure them forever. In turn, they would help him fight off the hordes of granny immortals and fill every moment of his life with joy.

He made up his mind.

No dirty men were allowed in his sect.

This immortal only accepts female disciples!