

# Immortal Only Accepts Female Disciples

## *Chapter 10: Meaning of Immortal*

Outside the small examination room, the rejected candidates did not leave but stayed to chat and socialize. The Disciple Seeking Ceremony had been going on for almost two hours so the city lord had arranged for light refreshments to be served. At first, while most of the people had not been tested yet, the atmosphere was tense and serious. But as the number of rejects grew, they found solace in each other.

The great hall became more and more lively. Laughter and giggles could be heard from the attendees. Their prior disappointment at being rejected by the immortal was forgotten in favor of interest in each other. It was rare to have such a large gathering of young men and women, the very best that River East City had to offer. They were all talented. They were all beautiful and handsome. They were all from notable backgrounds. Even if they could not become an immortal's disciple, this current situation wasn't bad either.

These young people were filled with enthusiasm, the males especially. Due to various circumstances, there was a discrepancy. There were fewer young men compared to young women. This was a rare occurrence in social gatherings and it created an interesting dynamic.

These young masters took advantage of the situation to the fullest. There seemed to be a silent alliance among them to not compete with each other. Every person had the attention of at least one or two ladies. The young ladies who usually had chaperones were in their element, preening and laughing coquettishly at the most unfunny jokes. They dialed up their flirtatious charm, jostling for attention from the most handsome and talented potential husbands.

There were also a few fearless fellows who dared to approach Lin Qingcheng. She was the most attractive young lady, extremely eye-catching and tempting like a freshly blossomed lotus. It wasn't just in terms of looks but because of her unassailable status. Their thoughts were all the same. If they could obtain her affection, they would become the immortal's disciple-in-law. Wasn't that the same as becoming a disciple?

Lin Qingcheng sat there stiffly, surrounded by three or four people. She nodded and smiled politely at their flowery words and charming attempts. She didn't respond much, not because she was trying to be rude but because she was shy and didn't know how to deal with these people. She grew up in a backwater town so there was a natural sense of uncertainty in front of these young lords and young masters.

However, there was no chance her heart could be moved by these cheap words and cheap faces. She wasn't the same naive girl as before. These people wanted to sweep

her off her feet but they didn't know that she had already been swept away by her master. He was so strong, so reliable, so gentle, so handsome. Her crush on him was as massive as a mountain. Her thoughts filled with him and she paid no attention to anyone else.

The side door opened and the last candidate exam finally finished. The curious gazes of the crowd swept over as Zhou Ziyun and Chen Wentian came out. Everyone wondered why they had taken so long.

Zhou Ziyun had cleaned up carefully after their affair. Her face was flawless once again, the red slap mark long gone. Her dress was mended and spotless. There wasn't a single sign of what had happened inside.

Chen Wentian headed to the front of the hall. Zhou Ziyun, instead of joining the rejects, followed directly after him. There was a surge of excited murmurs. Those young ladies that had fought with her previously suddenly all had bad premonitions.

Chen Wentian saw that Lin Qingcheng still had a few insignificant flies buzzing around her. He felt a flash of anger in the pit of his stomach. These people dared to snatch treasure from the mouth of a dragon?

Then, he remembered that he was supposed to be a respectable immortal and calmed himself. These young men were annoying but they had done nothing except open and close their mouths. They had not disrespected Lin Qingcheng in any way.

"Master!" Lin Qingcheng called out, her voice filled with relief.

Her suitors quickly scurried away like rats. Seeing this made him feel much better. Her brilliant smile as she rushed to his side sealed the deal and made him forget about the prior matter.

Chen Wentian went to the front of the hall to address everyone. Zhou Ziyun stood to his left with a proud and confident expression. Lin Qingcheng was to his right. All eyes were on them and not a whisper could be heard.

"River East City, this Disciple Seeking Ceremony has come to an end. Luckily, fate has brought me another disciple." He gestured to Zhou Ziyun and continued, "Zhou Ziyun of the Zhou Clan, she has a great innate talent for cultivation. I have already examined her thoroughly and found her suitable to be an immortal disciple. Her intellect and knowledge are tremendous and unmatched. She is a noble lady that has completely met my requirements. The Zhou Clan has raised an excellent young lady."

Chen Wentian was extremely pleased with his new disciple for obvious reasons so he exaggerated as much as possible. When he finished, he expected applause but was only met with discontented murmurs.

"Impossible..."

"How can it be her!"

"Why..."

The shrill voice of the first buxom beauty, Xu Jing, managed to overpower the rest, "Sir Immortal, please reconsider! This Zhou Ziyun is so ugly and weak. How can you select her?"

"Immortal Lord! My cultivation talent is twice as good as hers! Please reconsider!" A young man added loudly.

Chen Wentian was taken aback by the reaction. But before he could respond, the complaints got even louder.

"How can that bitch be chosen?"

"Maybe she sold her body."

Xu Jing's eyes shone with viciousness, "That's right! The Immortal Lord was studying our bodies with such lust-filled eyes. I think she gave in to his desires. That's the only way!"

Chen Wentian was astonished. He had thought that he had been discrete. How did they know he was ogling them? He was an immortal, he shouldn't have been caught.

However, since he was an immortal, he wasn't going to take insults from a bunch of mortals. Even if what they had said was pretty much the truth, he couldn't let people idly slander himself or his new disciple.

Chen Wentian's expression became serious. He extended a hand filled with spiritual might and slowly pressed down. Without a sound, a cloud of sky-blue spiritual energy crashed down from the ceiling, pressing against everyone's skulls and making them feel as if their heads were being crushed by a vice.

Young ladies and young men throughout the grand hall collapsed to the ground clutching their heads. Their eyes bulged and were about to pop out. They were suffocating and couldn't breathe. Their complaints were replaced with painful cries and miserable moans.

He let them suffer for a few minutes. He let the feeling of pain and terror teach them a good lesson before letting them go. Afterward, they all remained on the floor, gasping for air with anguished expressions. They dared not raise their heads or offer any signs of resistance. The vile women that insulted Zhou Ziyun looked especially pathetic, their hair and makeup a total mess.

Chen Wentian stood there expressionlessly. This was what it meant to be an immortal. It was an existence that looked down on all mortal souls. These people of River East City had never interacted with an immortal before. They were simply seeking death.

He shot a glare at the city lord, "You need to educate your people better."

The city lord dropped to his knees in fright, "Yes Lord Chen! Yes Lord Chen! This insignificant one failed to educate my daughter. Thank you for sparing her life. Thank you."

Chen Wentian replied with a cold snort and straightened his robes. He spread his spiritual cloak around Lin Qingcheng and Zhou Ziyun and flew out of the hall.