

Honoured 581

Chapter 581 The Heaven sent child [7]

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"Huff... Huff..."

Zhao Tian's chest heaved up and down as he hovered amidst the tempest's dying echoes.

Blood streamed down his battered body, dripping from deep wounds, soaking his tattered robes.

His once-bright blue eyes were hollow, their brilliance dimmed by exhaustion.

He stared upwards at the clearing sky, where the furious storm that had sought to obliterate him moments ago was now dissipating.

The oppressive power of the tribulation was fading, leaving only silence in its path.

The 10th degree of the Heavenly Tribulation had come to an end.

Zhao Tian raised his head slightly as he looked at the skies, now streaked with faint golden hues of energy dissipating into nothingness.

The sky seemed so far away, an endless emptiness that swallowed his senses and he blinked slowly, his vision blurring as fatigue clawed at the edges of his consciousness.

His body screamed in protest with every twitch of his muscles, every feeble movement of his fingers.

The air felt heavy, and the faint remnants of lightning in the atmosphere stung his skin, making his battered body tremble.

"Is it... finally over?" Zhao Tian thought, though his mind was barely coherent.

Then, he noticed it: a faint glow in the air, golden and soft, like the final rays of a setting sun. But Zhao Tian couldn't comprehend it any longer and he closed his eyes, losing his consciousness.

His body went slack, and the faint glow of energy that had surrounded him flickered and died.

woosh His body began to fall, pulled downward by gravity.

The wind rushed past his ears, tugging at his shredded robes as he descended from the skies.

"Oh there, darling... you have to be careful."

The voice was warm, gentle, and filled with a teasing affection.

From the swirling vortex of energy, a figure emerged, her presence serene amidst the chaos.

Her white hair cascaded like silk, glowing faintly under the golden hues of the subsiding storm.

She extended her arms gracefully, her movements exuding elegance, and caught Zhao Tian as though he weighed nothing.

Her soft arms cradled him, holding him close to her chest with a care that seemed to shield him from the remnants of the storm.

The woman's gaze lingered on his face, her expression softening.

She raised her right hand, her slender fingers brushing against his blood-soaked hair and moved the strands gently, untangling them from the clotted blood that marred his forehead.

A faint yellow energy began to sparkle in her palm, illuminating her face with a soft glow.

The golden light seeped into Zhao Tian's battered body, healing his wounds with a nurturing warmth.

The deep gashes and burns that adorned his body began to fade, leaving behind unblemished skin.

Blood evaporated from his body, replaced by a refreshing coolness as she conjured a stream of water energy to cleanse him.

Her fingers lingered on his cheek, her touch feather-light yet filled with an almost possessive tenderness.

She traced the curve of his jaw, her golden eyes softening further as she leaned in.

Her lips hovered close to his, her breath mingling with his as she whispered, "My precious darling..."

With a gentleness that belied the intensity of the moment, she pressed her lips against his in a tender kiss.

Her eyes fluttered closed as she poured her emotions into the touch... affection, longing, and a quiet devotion.

When she finally pulled back, her lips lingered close to his, reluctant to part entirely.

She gazed at his face, her golden eyes glowing with affection as she murmured softly, "Happy birthday, darling... You're 22 years old today."

A playful smile curved her lips as her fingers caressed his cheek once more. "My first kiss... is your birthday present."

She cradled him closer, hugging his body tightly as if afraid he might vanish from her arms.

Her white hair brushed against his face as she buried her head into his shoulder, her warmth mingling with his.

"Haa... my darling," she sighed, her voice barely above a whisper.

She stayed like that, her arms wrapped around him protectively.

The remnants of the storm began to fade entirely, leaving behind a tranquil stillness.

Yet for her, none of that mattered.

The storm could rage again, or the world could crumble, but as long as he was in her arms, she felt complete.

She pressed her lips to his temple, closing her eyes as she whispered, "You belong to me now, Darling. Always and forever."

Her fingers gently brushed his blood-streaked hair as she gazed at his serene, unconscious face.

A sigh escaped her lips, filled with equal parts longing and satisfaction. "I should have punished you along with the Heavens as the Heavenly One," she mused, her tone growing wistful.

"But how could I ever hurt my dear..." *woosh* At this time, Ji Shuang dashed towards Zhao Tian her long robes billowing as she floated closer, but what she saw startled her.

A beautiful woman stood amidst the remnants of chaos, her white hair gleaming like moonlight against the backdrop of the sky.

Her golden eyes radiated an ethereal majesty, and in her arms, Zhao Tian rested, cradled like the most precious treasure in existence. Ji Shuang's breath caught in her throat and her thoughts scrambled in disbelief as a realization struck her like a bolt of lightning. S-She is...

Her knees threatened to buckle as her heart raced and she floated closer, her head instinctively lowering into a respectful bow. "Y-Your Grace," she stammered, her voice trembling with respect.

This is the first time Ji Shuang has met Qian Shi in person and as she expected, she is beautiful as the heavens.

Qian Shi raised her gaze to look at Ji Shuang, who was bowing "Good work."

Ji Shuang's body shuddered as this was the first time hearing her voice like this and hurriedly nodded "Thank you for your praise, Your Grace."

Still holding Zhao Tian in her arms, Qian Shi's expression grew thoughtful, her gaze turning toward the skies, now calm and clear after the fury of the tribulation.

"Things have just started..." she murmured, her voice filled with an certainty that sent a shiver down Ji Shuang's spine.

Qian Shi's golden eyes flickered as she continued, "There will be a great storm in the future—one that will shake the very foundation of the Astral Realm and even reach the High Stars. And at the center of it all..."

She lowered her gaze to Zhao Tian, her expression softening. "My darling will be the eye of the storm."

Her gaze lingered on Ji Shuang "And shuang.. I want you to assist my darling in all matters. Protect him, guide him, and ensure that no harm befalls him. Do you understand?"

Ji Shuang nodded her head "Yes, Your Grace..."

Chapter 582 The comfort after the storm [1]

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Zhao Tian's eyelashes fluttered weakly, his mind still feeling the echoes of pain and exhaustion.

A blinding white light consumed his vision, forcing him to squint as his blurry surroundings began to come into focus.

For a moment, he struggled to process his disorientation, his mind fogged with fragments of memory... golden lightning, and... falling.

His gaze finally cleared, only to be greeted by an unexpected sight... a pair of well-developed breasts softly pressed against his face, two pink nipples adorning them.

The warm, comforting cushion-like thighs beneath his head cradled him as if shielding him from the world.

He blinked in confusion, his cheeks faintly warming as he tilted his head slightly to take in more of his surroundings.

Before he could fully comprehend what was happening, a soft, melodic voice tickled his ears.

It carried a tone of amusement, tenderness, and something else... a weight of familiarity that felt oddly out of place.

"Oh, Vester..."

Zhao Tian looked through the pair of breasts and saw a breathtaking woman, her eyes covered by a black blindfold, her white hair cascading down her shoulders.

Her lips curved into a faint, knowing smile, as if she could feel the weight of his gaze even though her eyes were hidden.

There was a serenity in her expression, yet it carried an undercurrent of power that made Zhao Tian feel safe and comfortable in her arms.

His throat felt dry as he tried to speak, but the words caught, stuck somewhere between awe and excitement.

"Mother..."

The woman tilted her head slightly, her smile deepening.

She gently raised a hand, her fingers brushing against his temple with a featherlight touch.

The sensation sent a calming warmth through his body, easing the residual pain that still lingered in his muscles.

"You're awake," she said softly, her voice echoing like a lullaby that could soothe even the most restless of souls.

"Good. I was starting to wonder if you planned to sleep forever while in my arms." Startled, the woman tried to speak but Zhao Tian quickly pressed her lips onto hers, tasting the soft texture of his mother's lips.

The suddenness of his action made her eyes widen beneath the blindfold and her hands instinctively pressed against his chest, trying to push him back. "Wha-stop..." she whispered between breaths, her voice faltering as he deepened the kiss, his desperation and fervor clear in every lip movement.

She remembered her first meeting where he did the same, pushing himself onto her.

Her initial resistance melted as his passion overwhelmed her.

Her hands, which had been pushing him away, slowly slid up to rest on his shoulders.

She hesitated for a brief moment, torn between chastising him and giving in.

His lips moved against hers with such intensity, such hunger, that she found herself unable to resist any longer.

As the kiss deepened, her body relaxed into his embrace, and her fingers curled around his shoulders.

Her initial surprise gave way to a faint smile against his lips, a soft sigh escaping her as she finally reciprocated, her own lips moving in harmony with his.

When they finally parted, both were breathing heavily, and Zhao Tian's gaze was locked onto her beautiful face, his chest rising and falling as he struggled to steady himself.

She looked at him for a long moment, and a faint blush painted her cheeks, though her tone remained calm and teasing.

"Well," she said softly, the blush on her face deepening.

"I suppose I can forgive your boldness... this time."

Zhao Tian's lips parted, his voice hoarse as he whispered, "You... you didn't stop me."

The woman's smile softened "Well, I am your mother... How can I refuse my child's wishes?"

Looking at the woman pinned below him, Zhao Tian's heart swelled with emotions, and he raised his hand to her face.

Gripping the blindfold, he tore it off from her face and her eyelashes fluttered open revealing her sky blue eyes, which shined just like Zhao Tian's eyes.

He quickly leaned down again, taking her lips in a soft kiss, making her tremble in surprise.

His hand moved upward, trembling slightly as he cupped her breast, and she gasped against his lips, her body stiffening for a fleeting moment before relaxing into his touch.

"Vester," she murmured breathlessly between kisses...

"You're... mmh... too bold... Haangh~"

But her words faltered as his thumb brushed over her sensitive peak, drawing a soft, involuntary moan from her lips.

Her hands, which had been resisting him moments before, slid around his shoulders, pulling him closer as she melted into the kiss.

Zhao Tian's hand tightened on her waist, his lips moving down to trail along her jawline and then lower to her neck.

She tilted her head back, her breathing quivering as she felt his lips explore the sensitive curve of her throat.

"Vester..." she whispered, her voice trembling.

But instead of pushing him, her hands threaded through his hair, encouraging him to continue.

Slowly, his kisses traveled lower, skimming the line of her collarbone and his tongue darted out briefly, tasting her skin, drawing a startled gasp from her.

"Mmngh~"

Her fingers, which had been lightly resting on his hair, tightened their grip, as if anchoring herself against the wave of sensations.

"Vester," she whispered again, her voice softer now, almost pleading, though she didn't pull away.

"You... You're too much..."

But her protests were half-hearted, melting into a quivering sigh as he pressed another kiss to her collarbone.

Zhao Tian's hands rested firmly on her waist, grounding her even as his mouth wandered.

The heat of his breath sent shivers down her spine as he kissed the curve of her neck, his tongue flicking out to trace a slow path along the sensitive line of her throat.

Her fingers tightened in his hair as if to pull him away, but instead, they remained there, trembling slightly, betraying her own hesitation.

"You're relentless, Vester,"

Chapter 583: The comfort after the storm [2]

"Nmngh~"

A soft moan escaped the woman's lips as Zhao Tian sucked on her tongue, their salivas mingling to form a rich taste.

A little later, he pulled back his lips forming a string of saliva connecting their lips and the woman's eyes softened in affection.

"You are still naughty..." she muttered with a sigh.

Looking down at her chest, she retracted her hands from his hair and grasped her own breasts, squeezing them in her fingers.

"Last time.. you drank a lot of milk, Do you want it again.. dear?"

Zhao Tian looked down at her pink nipples, and as she gave a tight squeeze, milk slowly began to ooze from her nipple.

Seeing this, Zhao Tian hurriedly leaned down, munching down on her right nipple.

"Hmng~" The woman closed her eyes in pleasure as she felt him sucking her nipple.

Zhao Tian grabbed both her boobs with his hands and squeezed them together as her creamy honey-like milk squirted out, but he positioned his mouth in such a way that not a single drop would be wasted.

The woman couldn't help but jerk her body, feeling her breasts were being overstimulated.

Zhao Tian sucked off her boobs one after the other as if he was trying to squeeze out all the milk as much as possible as he could.

"Aahnng~ gentle.. dear..."

The woman breathed and felt as if she was having a hungry baby feeding off her boobs.

After gulping down her sweet milk for a while, he took out her reddened boob from his mouth and lifted her hips as he kissed her toned stomach before licking them all over to suck up the milk that trickled down her stomach.

"Haa..." Taking a deep breath, he leaned forward, burying his face in her bountiful breasts, letting himself rest on top of her.

"Your milk is delicious like honey.. Mother." he uttered with a satisfied sigh.

The woman smiled faintly and raised her hand, patting his head "You finally calmed yourself down..."

Zhao Tian raised his gaze to look into her blue eyes "Yeah, whenever I am with you.. i have this urge to ravish you and taste you even more, Mother."

The woman raised her legs to coil around, their bodies blending together with no inch of space between them.

"Maybe because Vester... we both have the same blood."

Zhao Tian's heart pounded against his chest as he held her close, the sensation of her warmth seeping into every fiber of his being.

"Maybe. I can feel a certain familiarity with you... I feel so comfortable when you hug me like this, Mother."

The word 'Mother' slipped past his lips so easily, as if it was a term he had always known and never questioned.

He caressed his face on her cleavage and spoke "The last time I came here... I can't control myself. Now tell me about everything."

Hm? The woman smiled faintly, her fingers still patting his head "What do you want to know about me?"

A faint, knowing smile played on her lips, her hand shifting to cup his face as she gently tilted it upward, making him look into her eyes.

Looking at her, his eyes crescented in affection "What is your name? Where are we right now? What are you doing inside my mind?"

She tilted her head, her fingers still moving in slow circles along the edge of his jaw "Ah, you're full of questions," she said, the hint of amusement lacing her voice like a secret.

Her hand moved from his face to trace the curve of his collarbone, the touch sending a jolt of electricity through him.

Zhao Tian moved forward, pressing a kiss on her neck "Yeah, I am.. and you are calling me Vester, so you are the one who named me Vester Maverick?"

"Are you from the Maverick family... giving me to Zhao Ning?"

Hearing this, the woman shook her head, a gentle smile gracing her lips "No, your name is... Vester Alden Ravenscroft."

"And my name is Raphaela Celeste Ravenscroft."

H-Huh?

Zhao Tian was startled to hear this. Ravenscroft? What family is that, and I have a middle name?

Raphaela chuckled seeing his clueless face and continued "As for where we are right now, I am inside you... the place where your body meets your soul, the point blank."

Zhao Tian's eyes squinted as he asked "So your soul is inside me?"

Raphaela shook her head "All of me and they are inside you."

They?

Only then did Zhao Tian remember the voices and the faint, fleeting images of other women with different hair colors that had appeared in the corners of his mind.

"Who are they?"

Raphaela's smile deepened, though her eyes carried a tinge of sorrow and she pulled him closer, her arms wrapping around him

"I know you have a lot of questions, my child," she said softly, her fingers tracing gentle circles on his back.

"But I can't answer them right now."

Zhao Tian snuggled even close to her "Why can't you... just tell me. If your soul is here, are you dead?"

"Who killed you? How did your soul enter me? And those woma-"

"Shhhh." she interrupted gently, pressing a finger to his lips to silence him

"I shall say everything to you later; for now, all you have to know is... that you have to grow stronger."

"I am so proud of you... you endured the 10 degrees of Heavenly tribulation. As expected of my son."

Zhao Tian closed his eyes, his body melting into her warmth "If you know I took the tribulation, are you always watching me?"

With a shake of her head, Raphaela replied "No, I just felt the presence of heavens and quickly understood that you are taking the tribulation."

As she spoke, she glanced at her hand, which is slowly fainting away "I guess, its time... Let's meet again later, Vester."

"Know that mother will always love you."

Chapter 584: The Heaven sent child [8]

"Haa..."

A soft sigh escaped Qian Shi's lips as she pressed a gentle kiss to Zhao Tian's forehead, holding him close in her arms.

His body lay still, his breathing steady but shallow, as he was still unconscious.

She gazed at him with a mixture of affection and longing, her golden eyes softening.

Her slender fingers brushed through his white hair, as though savoring every moment of contact.

"Even like this," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper brushing past the wind.

"...you never fail to steal my heart, Zhao Tian."

Qian Shi leaned down, her lips brushing his temple in a featherlight kiss "I wonder if you know what you do to me," she murmured, her tone carrying a hint of wistfulness.

"Every time I see you, every time I hold you... I feel like I could lose myself in you."

Floating nearby, Ji Shuang kept her head lowered, and she dared not interrupt the intimate moment.

A faint flush of warmth bloomed across her cheeks as she kept her gaze firmly averted, her hands clasped before her.

Qian Shi's gaze flickered toward her, an amused smile tugging at her lips. "Why do you keep your distance, Shuang?"

"There is no need to act so reserved."

Ji Shuang hesitated, her voice low and cautious. "I do not wish to interrupt... This is your moment with him."

"Hmm..." Qian Shi's smile deepened as she turned her gaze back to Zhao Tian, her fingers tracing the faint lines on his face.

"I suppose you're right. These moments are rare, and I should cherish them."

She shifted slightly, cradling him closer to her chest, her expression softening as she pressed another kiss to his forehead. "You have no idea how much I've waited for this," she whispered.

"To simply hold you without the world intruding."

"You're so stubborn, so reckless... but I wouldn't change anything about you."

For a while, she simply held him, savoring the weight of his body in her embrace, the quiet rhythm of his breathing, and the warmth they shared.

"I know you can't hear me, but I'll say it anyway. I love you, Zhao Tian. More than you'll ever know."

She tilted his head slightly and pressed another kiss to his lips, this time letting it linger, her heart aching with every second that passed.

"I wish I could stay like this forever," she said softly, her voice trembling.

"Just you and me, away from everything else."

Ji Shuang shifted uncomfortably, her eyes flickering between Qian Shi and Zhao Tian. "You... You truly love him, don't you, Her Grace?"

Qian Shi chuckled softly "Is it so obvious?" she asked, her gaze never leaving Zhao Tian's peaceful face.

"Yes, I love him, Shuang. More than he can possibly understand. He is my everything."

Ji Shuang nodded slowly, her expression softening a little "And yet... he doesn't know?"

"No,"

"Not yet. His heart carries too many burdens, and his path is not an easy one. I will wait until he is ready to hear it."

For a long moment, silence stretched between them, broken only by the sound of Zhao Tian's steady breathing.

Qian Shi's fingers trailed down to his cheek, cupping his face as her expression grew wistful.

"When he wakes, he won't remember this. But even if he forgets, I will remember for the both of us."

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"It's time for him to return," Qian Shi said gently, her arms tightening briefly around Zhao Tian before loosening.

"I've kept him here long enough."

Reluctantly, Qian Shi leaned down, pressing one last kiss to Zhao Tian's forehead and her lips lingered there.

Eventually, Qian Shi broke the silence, her gaze flickering to Ji Shuang. "Come closer, Shuang'er," she said gently.

"It's time for you to take him."

Eh? Ji Shuang hesitated, her expression uncertain. "Are you sure? You look..."

Qian Shi chuckled softly, though her eyes still held traces of longing. "I'm fine," she said, shifting her grip slightly.

"This moment was enough for me. For now..."

Ji Shuang hesitated but stepped forward, her hands trembling slightly as she accepted Zhao Tian's unconscious body. "I swear I will protect him,"

Qian Shi watched them for a moment longer, "Until we meet again, Tian... rest well."

As Ji Shuang turned to leave, cradling Zhao Tian in her arms, Qian Shi's body began to fade into golden shards.

...

Yao Jing stood on the shattered ground, her fists clenched tightly, nails biting into her palms as she kept her tear-filled gaze fixed on the skies above.

The remnants of Zhao Tian's tribulation storm cracked faintly, golden sparks flickering and disappearing.

"Tian'er..." she murmured, her voice trembling, filled with both regret and desperation.

Li Jia rubbed her tear-streaked face, refusing to look away from the skies.

The anguish in her heart was swirling between despair and fragile hope. "Tian..." she muttered.

woosh At this time, with a blur in air, Ji Shuang descended down the sky carrying Zhao Tian in her arms.

H-Huh?

Yao Jing was startled to see Ji Shuang and saw Zhao Tian lying unconscious in his arms.

As she landed on the shattered floor, Yao Jing appeared beside her in an instant; her usually steady hands trembled slightly as she placed them on Zhao Tian's shoulders.

"I-Is he..."

"TIAN!"

But this time another scream rippled through the surroundings, and Li Jia rushed to Ji Shuang.

"Tian, Tian, Tian..."

Wrapping her arms around his limp body, she pulled him close to her chest, her tears spilling freely onto his face. "Tian..." she whispered, her voice trembling.

"Don't leave me, you can't leave me like this... I won't let you."

The gathered sect members and disciples rushed forward, their faces pale and filled with disbelief.

Whispers rippled through the crowd like wildfire...

"He survived..."

"He endured the 9th-degree tribulation..."

"But at what cost?"

"Is he even alive?"

Qi Nue and Qi Xue pushed through the crowd, their faces etched with fear and worry.

gasp Qi Nue's hands flew to her mouth as she saw Zhao Tian's bruised body.

"Little brother..." she choked out, her voice breaking.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she clung to Qi Xue's arm. "He... he's alive, right? Please tell me he's alive..."

Qi Xue's expression was strained, her jaw tight as she forced herself to remain composed. "He's alive," she said firmly, though her voice trembled with uncertainty.

Yao Jing hurriedly checked his pulse and a deep sigh of relief escaped her lips "Tian'er..."

Ji Shuang raised her gaze to look at the sect disciples and the Wing Masters standing there as she raised her voice to speak.

"Zhao Tian has endured the 9th degree of Heavenly Tribulation and survived."

"This Heaven sent child is... alive."

Chapter 585: Aftermath of the storm!

The soft rustle of curtains stirred faintly as a gentle breeze drifted into the room, carrying the faint scent of herbs and incense.

Zhao Tian's eyelids fluttered slightly, his consciousness teetering between sleep and wakefulness as he slowly woke up.

The first thing he registered was the warmth... the soft, calming warmth enveloping him.

His body felt heavy, but the softness of the mattress beneath him provided a strange comfort.

His fingers twitched, brushing against silk sheets, and the steady sound of breathing near him stirred his awareness further.

His eyes finally opened, heavy-lidded and slightly blurry, and the ceiling above was unfamiliar.

It took a moment for his vision to focus fully, and as he turned his head to the side, he froze.

Li Jia was lying beside him, her head resting on the edge of the bed, her long black hair cascading over the sheets like a waterfall.

Her expression was peaceful, her features softened by sleep, but the faint streaks of dried tears on her cheeks told a different story.

Zhao Tian let out a soft sigh as he took in her disheveled state.

Her robe was slightly crumpled, and her hand rested lightly on his arm, as though she had been holding onto him even in her dreams.

"Jia..." he murmured, his voice hoarse and barely audible.

The sound stirred her, her eyelashes fluttering before her eyes slowly opened.

For a moment, she seemed disoriented, her gaze searching until it landed on him.

"Tian!" she exclaimed softly, her voice trembling with relief as she sat up abruptly.

Her hands flew to his face, cupping his cheeks and tears welled in her eyes once more, threatening to spill over. "You're awake... You're really awake,"

Zhao Tian managed a weak smile, though his voice was still raspy. "Yeah..."

Before he could say more, Li Jia threw her arms around him, pulling him into a tight embrace.

Her face buried in the crook of his neck as she held onto him as though she'd never let go.

Her shoulders trembled, and he felt the warm, wet trail of her tears against his skin.

"You damn... fucker," she choked out, her voice muffled against him. "I hate you so much."

A soft sigh escaped Zhao Tian as he returned her hug, his arms wrapping around her with care. "Forgive me for making you wor-"

"Shut up, bastard," she interrupted, her voice trembling with both anger and relief.

"Just shut up... I fucking hate you. Don't talk to me."

He fell silent, his throat tightening as he felt her trembling arms tighten around his neck.

For a long moment, they simply held each other, the room filled with the sound of her muffled sobs and the steady rhythm of his breathing.

He didn't try to defend himself, nor did he attempt to calm her.

After what felt like an eternity, her sobs quieted, leaving only the occasional hiccup as she tried to steady herself.

She pulled back slightly, her face still flushed with emotion, but she refused to meet his gaze.

"I thought I had lost you," she muttered, her fingers clutching the fabric of his shirt tightly.

"You were reckless, Tian. So reckless."

"I know," he replied softly, his voice filled with guilt.

"I will be more careful. I promise."

She finally looked up, her tear-streaked face glaring at him. "You better be. If you pull something like that again, I swear I'll kill you myself."

Zhao Tian reached up, brushing a stray tear from her cheek, his touch gentle.

"I'm sorry," he said again, his tone earnest.

Li Jia huffed, crossing her arms but not moving away. "You're an idiot. A stupid, reckless idiot."

Zhao Tian's gaze softened looking at her, and he glanced down to see that he was wearing a different set of robes.

His eyes squinted in thought and turned his gaze to Li Jia "Jia, how long was I unconscious?"

With a faint nod, she replied "For a day."

"I see..."

Zhao Tian closed his eyes to recollect his thoughts...

Raising his hands, he brushed his hair back, the strands falling loosely around his face and with a practiced motion, he tied it into a neat man bun.

"Where are we right now?"

"In Sect Master's private quarters..."

Hm? Hearing this, Zhao Tian raised an eyebrow and asked "Jia, tell me what happened after the tribulation."

With a nod, Li Jia filled him with the details of how he crossed the 9th tribulation and fell unconscious.

Later was brought here by Yao Jing and Ji Shuang.

Huh?

Zhao Tian was quite confused 'I am sure I crossed 10 degrees, but they only saw until 9th? They failed to count or something else happened?'

Li Jia placed a hand above his "You must be exhausted. You haven't eaten anything in a day. Let's go and get some food. You need to regain your strength."

"Alright..."

He swung his legs over the side of the bed, as he tested his strength and his body felt lighter than he expected.

Before he could rise fully, the door creaked open, and Yao Jing stepped into the room.

She was carrying a tray with a basin of water covered by a pristine white cloth, clearly intending to tend to him.

H-Huh?

However, seeing Zhao Tian sitting upright, the tray wobbled in her hands for a moment before she quickly placed it on the nearby table and rushed to him.

"Tian'er."

With a big smile on her face, she jumped to his lap and hugged him tightly in her arms "Haa.. Tian'er."

Zhao Tian couldn't help but chuckle softly, his arms coming up to hold her waist. "You idiot..." he murmured.

"You scared me, Tian'er..."

Zhao Tian rested his chin lightly on her head, his hand gently stroking her back in soothing circles. "Well, I'm alright now..."

Pulling back the hug, she reached out and pinched his cheek "Don't ever pull stunts like that.."

Zhao Tian chuckled softly, rubbing his cheek where she had pinched him. "I'll keep that in mind."

Li Jia who has been sitting there awkwardly, finally chimed in "U-Uhm.. Elder Yao Jing, Tian just woke up... so please don't stress him and get down from his lap."

Oh? Yao Jing turned her head toward Li Jia, an amused smile curling her lips, and she remained perched comfortably on Zhao Tian's lap, showing no sign of moving.

"Oh? Aren't you adorable, little Jia, worrying so much for your lover, are you?" she teased, her voice carrying a playful lilt.

Li Jia's cheeks flushed immediately at Yao Jing's words. "H-He's not my-" she began, but Yao Jing cut her off with a laugh.

"Tian'er, you don't know, but little Jia has been crying since yesterday and constantly asking me when Tian will wake up."

"She was always beside you, taking care of you."

Zhao Tian raised an eyebrow, glancing at Li Jia with a faint smile. "Really?"

Hearing this Li Jia's face turned an even deeper shade of red and she fumbled for words, her voice rising slightly in defense. "L-Look who's talking! You were just as desperate. You were crying too, Elder Yao Jing."

Huh? Explore new worlds at empire

Yao Jing froze for a moment, her teasing smile faltering as a faint blush crept onto her cheeks. "H-Huh? I wasn't crying." she retorted quickly, her voice a little higher than usual.

"I had complete confidence in my disciple! I knew he would win!"

Li Jia crossed her arms, her embarrassment momentarily forgotten as she shot Yao Jing a knowing look. "Oh, really? Then what about when you grabbed his hand and kept muttering, 'Tian'er, don't leave me,' over and over?"

"I-I was simply... encouraging him." Yao Jing stammered, turning her head away as if that would hide her flushed face.

Zhao Tain shook his head helplessly, though a small smile appeared on his lips.

Chapter 586: In the bathtub [1]

The soft glow of lantern light bathed the room in a golden hue as steam rose lazily from the water, curling around Zhao Tian.

He lay submerged in the tub, his arms resting on either side, his head tilted back against the edge as he stared at the ceiling in deep thought.

'Raphaela Celeste Ravenscroft'

His gaze squinted in thought 'And I am Vester Alden Ravenscroft? Until now, I thought she was the Maverick who gave birth to me and my real mom.'

'So... my father is Maverick? And my mother is Ravenscroft? I need to ask Yixian if she knows any Ravenscroft family back in Astral Realm.'

His gaze dropped to the rippling water, his reflection distorted by the tiny waves 'So she gave birth to me.. but later handed me and Ying'er to Zhao Ning, who came to Earth from the Astral Realm and gave us to her sister, Zhao Suyin.'

'Wait a minute...'

His hand glowed faintly as he retrieved two small rectangular golden plates from his storage ring and saw the names engraved on them.

His thumb traced over the engraved letters as a faint smile tugged at his lips

'Vester Maverick.. Elayne Maverick.'

'Then Big Sister must also have a Ravenscroft name?'

(A/n: Check chapters 76 and 77 if you are confused.)

As he was thinking, the door to the bathroom creaked open, and he turned his gaze to look at the woman who just barged in.

"Oh, Master?"

Yao Jing had a playful smile on her face as she leaned to the doorframe.

Without a hint of hesitation or modesty, Yao Jing strolled into the room barefoot, as she approached the edge of the tub

"Don't look so grumpy, Tian'er." She chuckled softly, bending slightly as she sat on the edge of the tub.

Her delicate hand dipped into the water, scooping up a handful before splashing it playfully onto his face.

--

Zhao Tian blinked as droplets trickled down his cheeks, "What are you doing here, Master? Can't you see I'm bathing? Why are you barging in... and peeping on your disciple?"

Yao Jing feigned a look of innocence, though her smile betrayed her amusement. "Peeping? Don't flatter yourself, Tian'er. I was just curious."

She emphasized the last word with a teasing lilt of her head, swirling her fingers lightly in the water as if testing its temperature.

Zhao Tian leaned back against the tub, letting out a long, weary sigh. "Curious? You call barging in on me... curiosity?"

With a soft chuckle, she replied "Of course, I'm your master, after all. It's my duty to ensure you're not drowning in your bathwater."

Zhao Tian shook his head helplessly "If you're going to invade my bath like this, at least do it properly. Come naked so I can admire your beautiful body."

Eh? Yao Jing was startled to hear this but she couldn't suppress her laugh and reached out, pinching his cheek "What an audacious and indecent disciple you are?"

He winced at the pinch, swatting her hand away. "Look who's talking. You're the one indecently interrupting your disciple's bath. A fine example of a master you are."

Yao Jing tilted her head, "Indecent? Tian'er, after everything we've been through, do you really think I care about something as silly as that?"

She leaned in slightly, her voice dropping to a softer, more teasing tone. "Besides, it's not like I haven't seen your 'thing' down there."

Huh?

Zhao Tian's gaze narrowed as he looked into her teasing green eyes "What do you mean?"

Her grin widened as she reached out, her fingers brushing lightly down his neck before tracing along his chest. "Well," she began, her voice dripping with amusement,

"...didn't you notice you were wearing a different robe when you woke up?"

Zhao Tian's eyes darkened slightly, his body tensing under her touch. "Go on,"

"I cleaned your body. Thoroughly, and afterward, I dressed you myself. You were in no state to do it, after all."

Wha-

His eyebrows twitched in frustration and she licked her lips "I have to say... it was quite tasty."

What is?

What the fuck did she do to my body?

"Pfft!"

Yao Jing burst into laughter, the sound echoing through the room and she leaned back, clutching her stomach as she laughed uncontrollably. "Oh, Tian'er! Your face right now... hahaha! Priceless!"

Wiping a tear from the corner of her eye, she waved a hand dismissively. "Relax, I didn't do anything... weird. I just cleaned your body. Someone had to, you know."

"Thoroughly?"

Yao Jing smirked, leaning forward again. "Very thoroughly. I even scrubbed behind your ears. You're welcome."

He sighed, running a hand over his face as if trying to wipe away the sheer absurdity of the situation. "Master, you are... impossible."

"And you're fun to tease," she shot back with a grin.

"It's a perfect balance, don't you think?"

"You're lucky I am not in the mood to kick you out right now," he muttered, reclining back in the tub.

Yao Jing chuckled, clearly unbothered by his threat, "Oh, I'm not worried; you wouldn't dare hurt your beloved master, would you?"

She tilted her head, looking at him for a moment before her playful demeanor softened slightly. "You know," she said, her tone quieter now, "I was genuinely worried about you during the tribulation."

Her sudden shift caught him off guard, and he raised an eyebrow. "Were you?"

"Of course I was." She crossed her arms, looking almost offended by his doubt.

"Do you think I barged in here just for fun? Well, okay, maybe a little for fun. But mostly because I wanted to make sure you were okay."

Upon hearing this, a smile appeared on Zhao Tian's face "Oh, is that so? Well, if you care about me that much, Master..."

Without warning, his hand shot out, gripping her wrist firmly.

"Tian'er, what are you-"

Her words were cut short as he pulled her toward him with a swift motion and the momentum caused her to lose her balance, her bare feet sliding against the slippery edge of the tub.

"Wait, wait-"

SPLASH!

Yao Jing landed in the steaming water, her clothes immediately soaking through as they clung to her figure.

Her hair cascaded over her face in wet strands, and she gasped as the warmth of the water enveloped her.

"Ahh! Tian'er!" Read exclusive chapters at [empire](#)

Chapter 587: In the bathtub [2]

"Tian'er!" Yao Jing shrieked, flailing for balance, though her indignation was met with a burst of deep laughter from Zhao Tian.

"Hahahaha... who's indecent now, Master?" he teased as he leaned back, thoroughly enjoying the sight of her sputtering and struggling to regain composure.

"You-! I can't believe you just-" Yao Jing paused, her wet hair plastered to her face, her green eyes narrowing dangerously.

"You're dead, Tian'er."

Smiling, he replied "Dead? I'd like to see you try."

Yao Jing's lips curled into a sly smile as she lunged forward, her hands aiming for his shoulders to shove him under the water. "You think you can humiliate me and get away with it?"

But Zhao Tian was faster and grabbing her wrists, he twisted slightly, effortlessly pulling her into his lap.

splash Water sloshed over the edge of the tub as she let out a startled yelp.

"Haa..."

With a chuckle, he teased her again "Careful, Master, you wouldn't want to hurt yourself."

"You—" she began, but her words were cut off as he splashed water directly into her face.

"Hahahaha" Zhao Tian laughed, his voice echoing through the bathroom as Yao Jing wiped her face, her eyebrows twitching in anger.

"Tian'er..." she growled, her hands darting out to return the splash.

splash

"Ah, you idiot.."

"Take this too..."

"Stop."

splash

For several moments, the two of them devolved into a childish water fight, the once-serene atmosphere of the bath now filled with laughter and splashes.

"I'll show you losing," she muttered, leaning forward to grab a handful of water and dump it directly over his head.

The warm water cascaded down his face, and Zhao Tian froze for a moment before shaking his head like a drenched dog. "Alright, Master, now you've done it." Stay connected with empire

Before she could react, he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her slightly, dunking her halfway into the water.

"Ahhhh!" Yao Jing let out a high-pitched squeal, her legs kicking wildly.

"Stop! Stop, you idiot! Hahaha..." she shouted, though her laughter betrayed her protests.

He finally released her, letting her sit back against the opposite end of the tub and her hair was a dripping mess with her robes clinging to her skin.

Yao Jing glared at him, though the corners of her lips twitched as if she couldn't decide whether to stay mad or laugh. "You're lucky I like you, Tian'er. Otherwise, I would have killed you for this."

Zhao Tian leaned back against the tub's edge, his arms resting lazily on the sides as he looked at her with a smile. "Its fun to tease you..."

She huffed, crossing her arms over her chest. "Fun isn't the word I'd use."

He tilted his head, keeping his smile "Oh? Then what would you call it?"

"Annoying," she shot back, though the faint blush creeping up her cheeks said otherwise.

Zhao Tian just chuckled faintly, his eyes closing as he leaned back in the tub "Now.. go and undress, join me in the bath."

Huh?

Yao Jing gripped her palm "You perverted disciple.. so this is why you drenched me in water?"

Zhao Tian's lips curled into a faint smirk, and he opened one eye lazily to look at her. "Not exactly... that was an impulse."

"Furthermore, isn't it unfair that only you have seen me naked?"

splash Yao Jing stood up, her movements sending ripples through the water, and her drenched robes outlined every curve of her body, the fabric clinging to her like a second skin.

The outline of her shapely figure was impossible to miss... the curve of her hips, the delicate swell of her breasts, and the strength in her posture as she glared down at him.

She took a deep breath and glanced over at Zhao Tian as a faint blush crept over her cheeks "Idiot disciple...."

Muttering under her breath, she stepped out of the bath and walked to the shower place "Well, I haven't bathed since yesterday," she said, tossing her damp hair over her ear.

"So... I think I can join you."

Zhao Tian raised an eyebrow, his smile widening as he watched her walking to the shower area.

She tugged at the curtain, pulling it shut.

From behind the veil, he could hear the soft shuffle of her clothes being removed, the faint hiss of fabric sliding against skin.

His gaze lingered on the curtain for a moment, his expression thoughtful before he leaned back into the water, his arms stretching lazily along the rim of the tub. "Don't take too long, Master,"

A few moments later, the curtain shifted, and Yao Jing stepped out.

She was wrapped in a pristine white towel, the soft fabric clinging to her damp skin and her tan skin glowed under the warm light, and droplets of water glistened along her collarbone and thighs.

Zhao Tian's eyes roved over her with no shame as he looked at her beautiful body.

"Nice legs. But I thought you would come naked."

Yao Jing's lips twitched, and she shot him a glare that was more amused than angry. "Don't push your luck, brat,"

She approached the tub, her bare feet making soft taps against the wet floor and when she reached the edge, she hesitated for a moment before raising one leg, dipping her toes into the warm water.

The movement caused the towel to shift slightly, revealing more of her smooth skin and Zhao Tian grinned "You got a hot body, Master."

-- Eh? Hearing his comments, she was even more dumbfounded.

"Honestly," she began, glancing down at him, "I wonder how you treat other women. Some might hate you for being so blunt."

"Why worry about how I treat other women, Master?" he teased, his voice carrying a low, sultry undertone.

"Right now, you're the only one in front of me."

Yao Jing rolled her eyes, though the faint blush dusting her cheeks betrayed her. "Flattery won't get you far, Tian'er. You're still an audacious brat."

Chapter 588: In the bathtub [3]

Zhao Tian's gaze drifted lazily from her face to her long, toned legs as she tested the water with one foot.

The way the light glinted off her tan skin made her seem almost ethereal, and he couldn't help but whistle under his breath. "You know, Master, you've got great legs. Makes me wonder why you're hiding the rest with that towel."

Yao Jing's lips parted in mock outrage, her blush deepening as she splashed water at him. "You really want to die, don't you?"

He raised a hand to shield his face, laughing even as droplets hit him. "What? I'm just stating the truth. Isn't honesty one of the virtues of a good disciple?"

"Honesty, huh? More like shamelessness. If that's a virtue, you'd be a saint."

Yao Jing sighed dramatically, stepping fully into the tub as she avoided looking directly at him.

The water swirled around her calves as she moved to the opposite side of the tub, intending to sit as far from Zhao Tian as possible.

But before she could lower herself onto the smooth surface, Zhao Tian's hand shot out, wrapping gently but firmly around her wrist.

"Come here."

"Ah!" she gasped as she lost her balance, the motion sending a small wave of water sloshing over the edge of the tub.

His arms instinctively wrapped around her waist to steady her, and her towel loosened slightly, though it miraculously stayed in place.

Splash.

The sound of water settling back into the tub filled the room as Yao Jing blinked in surprise.

She tilted her head to glance up at him, her damp hair brushing against his collarbone. "Tian'er! What do you think you're doing?"

Zhao Tian smiled shamelessly. "Making sure you're comfortable, Master. This side of the tub is much cozier."

"Cozier?" she uttered in a tone of disbelief and annoyance. "You mean your lap is cozier?"

"Exactly, and now I don't have to shout across the tub to talk to you. It's efficient."

taking a deep breath, she replied "You should thank the heavens I'm patient," leaning back against his chest.

"Most women would have slapped you for comments like that and the stunt you pulled just now."

Zhao Tian tilted his head, his smile softening. "And yet, here you are, bathing with me instead."

She shot him a warning glance, though there was no real anger in it. "Don't read too much into this. I haven't bathed since yesterday, and you've already drenched me. I might as well make the most of it."

He chuckled, resting his chin on her shoulder. "Whatever you say, Master."

For a moment, there was silence between them, broken only by the soft sound of water rippling around them.

Zhao Tian's hands rested lightly on her waist, his thumbs tracing slow, idle circles against the fabric of the towel.

"Tian'er," she said softly, breaking the silence.

"Hm?"

Her eyes opened, and she looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and exasperation. "Do you always talk to women like this? So blunt and bold?"

Zhao Tian shrugged, "Only to the ones I like."

She blinked, her cheeks growing warmer as she looked away. "You're too much."

Zhao Tian's laughter echoed in the room, "If you say so, Master.. and when are you going to remove your towel?"

Yao Jing stared at him, her lips parting slightly as if to retort, but no words came out.

Instead, she sighed and leaned back, letting her head rest on his shoulder, her gaze drifting to the ceiling.

"You really don't know when to stop, do you?"

Zhao Tian smiled, his expression softening. "Not when it comes to you."

The tenderness in his voice caught her off guard, and for a moment, she felt a flicker of something she couldn't quite name.

Shaking her head, she splashed water on his face again, breaking the moment.

"Idiot disciple," she muttered, though there was a hint of fondness in her voice.

Zhao Tian smiled, wiping the water from his face. "And you're an idiot master for putting up with me."

"Yeah, yeah..."

Zhao Tian rested his chin lightly on Yao Jing's shoulder, his arms loosely wrapped around her waist as the warmth of the bathwater enveloped them both.

Yao Jing closed her eyes, allowing herself to relax.

A few moments later, she opened her eyes and turned her gaze to look at Zhao Tian, who was staring at her chest.

A dry smile tugged at her lips. "At least try to avert your gaze when I catch you. You're shamelessly ogling my chest, disciple."

Zhao Tian didn't even flinch, his eyes still fixed on the soft curve of her cleavage where the towel clung, barely holding its shape.

His intense gaze made her cheeks flush a deeper shade of pink, heat rising not just from the bath but from the way he was looking at her.

"I...", she began, trying to find the words to break the moment, but her voice faltered.

Averting her gaze, she muttered, "I'm not even that beautiful... and my skin color is strange. I thought you'd look at me differently. Why would you even find me attractive?"

Her voice was quieter now, tinged with a vulnerability she rarely showed.

Hm?

Zhao Tian raised his gaze to look at her "What are you saying... are you insecure about your skin color?"

Yao Jing's eyelashes quivered as she turned her head away, avoiding his eyes. "I mean... isn't it obvious? I look different from most people here. My skin is darker, and... it just sets me apart. I know people notice it. I've always noticed it."

Zhao Tian hugged her closer. "Well, I don't really care about that. You look beautiful in my eyes."

A deep sigh escaped her lips "I am glad my disciple likes me.. but I am not really fond of this skin color as it reminds me of my past."

Zhao Tian raised an eyebrow "Your past?"

Yao Jing hesitated, her fingers lightly gripping the edge of the tub. "Well... I'm not actually from this star."

"The people from my star... we all have this skin color. It's normal there, but it marked me as different when I arrived here. I tried to ignore it, but... it's hard not to feel out of place sometimes."

Yao Jing scratched her head, thinking whether to tell him or not "Let me tell then..."

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As she continued her story, Zhao Tian listened to her intently as she spoke about her experiences.

"Eventually," she continued, her voice softening, "I was rescued. By Sister Shuang."

"She found me when I had nothing left. I was on the brink of death, and she gave me a second chance. She took me in, brought me here, and gave me a new name. A new identity. She said it would help me forget my past."

Zhao Tian's arms tightened around her once more, his fingers brushing lightly against her damp skin. "What was your name? Before?"

Yao Jing hesitated for a moment, then let out a quiet chuckle. "It's not Yao Jing. That's the name Sister Shuang gave me. My real name is Makena. Makena Hafsatu."

"Makena..."

Yao Jing let out a giggle "It is kind of embarrassing when you say my name..."

Chapter 589: In the bathtub [4]

Zhao Tian's gaze stayed on her, the soft curve of her jawline, the faint blush that lingered on her cheeks, and he couldn't help but smile.

"Makena," he said softly....

Yao Jing's eyes snapped open, and she turned her head, sharply to glare at him. "Stop calling me that," she huffed, her lips forming a pout.

"I told you, it's embarrassing."

Zhao Tian leaned forward, his chin resting on her shoulder as his lips curled into a playful smile. "But it's such a beautiful name," he murmured, his hot breath brushing against her ear.

Her eyelashes quivered slightly, and he moved a little forward in the tub, his cheek brushing with hers "Does it remind you of your past?"

Yao Jing shook her head gently "No.. it just feels embarrassing... because I am your Master and like.. I don't know how to say, when you call me with that name... like we are friends?"

Zhao Tian let out a sigh "Then shall I call you Yao Jing? Jing? Jing'er?"

She raised her hand and pinched his cheek, tugging playfully. "Call me Master as always. That's the proper way to address your superior."

"Yes, yes, Master..."

As he spoke, his left hand slid gently under the water, brushing against her thigh.

His fingers grazed her smooth skin, and Yao Jing's eyes narrowed as she shot him a pointed look.

"And you should stop trying to molest your Master, idiot," she uttered, though her voice lacked real anger.

Zhao Tian grinned unabashedly, his hand pausing only briefly before he squeezed her thigh lightly. "I already told you, Master, you have such a nice body. It would be a shame if it went unappreciated. Let me enjoy it for a bit."

Her lips twitched, caught between amusement and exasperation. "What are you even saying? I'm your Master, you perverted idiot."

He gave a faint nod, "Yeah, yeah I know... But just because you're my Master doesn't mean I can't admire you. Besides..."

"We are this close and yet you are having that towel. If only you could remove it, we could have skin-to-skin bath, increasing our kinship as Master and Disciple."

Yao Jing's jaw dropped slightly, her lips parting in disbelief before she reached out and pinched his nose. "You've gotten so bold, haven't you?" she said, her voice rising slightly as she tried to suppress a laugh.

Zhao Tian's hand lingered under the warm water, his fingers tracing gentle circles on her thigh.

"Mng..." Yao Jing's body stiffened slightly at the touch, her breath hitching as she shot him a glare over her shoulder.

"You're pushing your luck, idiot disciple," she muttered, though the faint tremor in her voice betrayed her resolve.

He chuckled softly, his other hand coming to rest on her shoulder. "Am I? Or are you just too shy to admit you enjoy it?"

His fingers pressed gently, kneading the tension from her muscles as he leaned closer, his breath warm against her neck.

Yao Jing's lips twitched as she glared at him. "Bold words for someone who might drown in this tub if I get annoyed."

Zhao Tian just smiled, his lips brushing lightly against the curve of her shoulder.

"You are such a troublemaker..." she muttered, but she didn't move away.

Instead, her body seemed to relax under his touch, the gentle caress of his fingers sliding further down her thigh, sending a shiver up her spine.

"Then why are you letting me stay this close?"

He lowered his head, his lips brushing against the sensitive skin of her neck, just below her ear. "You could've kicked me out of the tub already."

Yao Jing swallowed hard, her heart racing as the sensation of his warm breath against her skin sent a jolt through her. "I... I was just trying to be nice,"

"Nice?" Zhao Tian repeated, his lips curving into a playful smile as he kissed the side of her neck.

Her fingers twitched as if to push him away, but instead, they rested on his arm. "I should throw you out," she muttered, her tone half-hearted as his kisses grew more deliberate, traveling down the slope of her neck.

"But you won't," Zhao Tian murmured against her skin, his hand sliding back up to her thigh and squeezing gently.

Yao Jing's face turned crimson, her body tensing again as she tried to compose herself. "You... arrogant... shameless disciple!" she stammered, her voice rising slightly before she exhaled deeply.

"Haa..." She broke away from his touch and stood up abruptly, water cascading off her glistening skin.

The towel still clung to her body precariously, damp and loose, emphasizing her curves rather than concealing them.

Zhao Tian leaned back slightly, his eyes hovering over her plump body, a playful smirk dancing on his lips. "Getting shy?"

Ignoring him, Yao Jing stepped forward and she gently placed her right leg on the edge of the tub.

Her toned thigh hovered tantalizingly close to Zhao Tian's face, droplets of water tracing languid paths down her skin.

His gaze flickered upward, meeting hers briefly before returning to her leg.

Without hesitation, Zhao Tian leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss on her thigh "Now, are you trying to tempt me, Master?"

Yao Jing narrowed her eyes, raising her leg slightly before placing it against his face, her toes brushing his cheek. "Tempt you? You're the one who's shamelessly taking every opportunity."

Feeling her foot on his face, Zhao Tian replied "I don't particularly have a foot fetish you know..."

"Are you sure?" she asked, sliding her foot down his face and letting her toes trace along his lips.

Zhao Tian kissed her toes gently and looked into her eyes "I am pretty sure..."

Yao Jing's blush deepened, and she pulled her leg back, only to place her foot lightly against his chest. "You talk too much," she muttered, applying gentle pressure.

"Maybe I should just push you under and be done with it."

Zhao Tian chuckled, his hands instinctively resting on her ankle as her foot pressed lightly against his chest.

"Push me under?" he asked, his fingers gently tracing the curve of her ankle.

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"If that's what Master wants, I'll gladly drown, as long as it's in your presence."

Yao Jing rolled her eyes, her lips twitching as if suppressing a smile. "Do you ever stop talking?"

He leaned forward, brushing his lips against the arch of her foot in a soft kiss. "Not when I have a goddess standing over me, looking like this."

Her foot jerked slightly, and she pointed a finger at him, her face turning red. "Flattery won't save you when I decide to throw you out of this tub, brat."

Zhao Tian laughed, his hand sliding up to rest on her thigh as he looked up at her. "Then throw me out, Master. But I should warn you..."

"If you do, I might take this towel with me."

Yao Jing's eyes widened, and she leaned forward slightly, her hands on her hips. "You wouldn't dare."

He raised an eyebrow, his hand tugging lightly at the edge of the towel. "Wouldn't I?"

Her foot pressed against his chest with a little more force, pushing him back into the water. "You shameless brat!" she huffed, though the smile on her lips said another story.

She retracted her leg and stepped out of the bath as she made her way to the showering area.

Zhao Tian looked at her back, his gaze landing on her shapely ass "Master, you have a nice ass too; next time let me squeeze it."

"Shut up, brat."

Chapter 590: In the bathtub [5]

Steam wafted through the bathroom as Zhao Tian sat on a low stool, his hair damp and unruly after the soak.

Yao Jing, who was wearing robes, walked to the side and retrieved a towel as she walked to him.

"Honestly, you're like a child sometimes," she murmured, stepping closer.

Yao Jing draped the towel over his head and with delicate motions, she began to dry his hair.

Her fingers worked through the strands, brushing them back as she moved the towel gently, soaking up the excess water.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," she muttered, lifting a section of his hair to start brushing.

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"You're perfectly capable of drying your own hair."

Smiling, he glanced at her "But your hands are much gentler... spoil me."

"Yeah, yeah, stay still."

He obeyed, leaning forward slightly to give her better access and her hands moved lower, carefully brushing away the droplets of water clinging to the nape of his neck.

She lingered there a moment, her fingers smoothing over the strong curve of his neck before continuing.

As she worked her way to his shoulders, she paused, marveling at his muscles.

She pressed the towel gently against the broad expanse of his back, "You got great muscles..."

Her movements softened as she wiped his shoulders and arms, tracing the contours of his muscles as she worked.

Moving to his chest, Yao Jing carefully pressed the towel against his skin, soaking up the moisture that clung there.

Her gaze lingered for a moment, looking at the rise and fall of his breath before she continued down to his arms.

She lifted each arm gently, drying them with the same care, her hands smoothing over the firm lines of his forearms.

There was comfortable silence between them, the sound of the towel against his skin, and the occasional drip of water filling the air.

Finally, she returned to his hair, this time brushing it out with her fingers.

The strands were soft and slightly wavy, and she combed through them carefully, straightening them with each pass.

"There," she said quietly, stepping back to admire her work. "All dry."

Zhao Tian tilted his head to look up at her, his eyes softening in affection "Thank you, Master,"

Yao Jing waved a hand dismissively, but the faint blush on her cheeks showed her real feelings "Just don't expect me to make this a habit,"

A teasing grin spread across his lips as his gaze swept over her from head to toe. "Well, if you ever want, I can return the favor. Dry you next time... thoroughly."

Yao Jing paused mid-step, turning slightly to glance back at him with narrowed eyes and stuck her tongue out at him "In your dreams, pervert."

She turned to leave, her robes swaying slightly as she began walking away.

But before she could take another step, Zhao Tian, reached out and spanked her ass.

plah The sound echoed briefly in the warm, misty air of the bathroom, followed by the subtle jiggle of her ass cheeks.

"Ah!" Yao Jing let out a startled yelp, her head whipping around to glare at him.

But before she could say anything, Zhao Tian's hand remained boldly where it had landed, fingers spreading as he gave her a good squeeze.

His hand molded to the curve of her ass cheek, and he hummed appreciatively, "Oh, nice.. so firm, yet so plum."

Yao Jing's lips twitched and turned around, grabbing his head and shaking him "You, you.. you.. "

"Hmph." Scoffing under her breath, she hurriedly stepped out of the bathroom.

Despite her exasperation, she couldn't deny that Zhao Tian's antics, though maddening, carried a charm that was uniquely his own.

...

clank At the dinner table, Li Jia looked at the maids arranging the dinner on the table, with a soft smile on her face.

The soft golden glow of the chandelier illuminated her facial features as her eyes lingered on the variety of dishes, roasted herb-crusted chicken, creamy mashed potatoes garnished with parsley, vibrant roasted vegetables, a platter of grilled salmon with lemon butter sauce, and a selection of freshly baked bread rolls accompanied by small bowls of flavored butters and dips.

"What? She also has three elementals?"

Hearing a voice, Li Jia turned her head and glanced at Zhao Tian and Yao Jing walking to dinner, with Zhao Tian's arm around her shoulder.

Yao Jing let out a chuckle and nodded "Mhm, Sister Shuang has three elementals. Light, ice and Wind."

Zhao Tian was quite surprised "Well, she is the sect master for nothing."

Yao Jing playfully nudged his chest with her elbow, a grin tugging at her lips "She's probably the one who healed you with her light energy after your last stunt."

The two shared a laugh, their chemistry evident in the way Yao Jing leaned into him, her voice laced with teasing affection.

Li Jia's eyes crescented looking at their intimacy 'Aren't they a bit too close?'

The maids, sensing that their work was done, bowed politely and exited the room, leaving the trio alone and Li Jia walked to Zhao Tian "Tian, dinner is ready."

Looking at her Zhao Tian nodded his head "Mhm, let's eat."

As Zhao Tian sat on the chair at the dinner table, Yao Jing pulled the chair out and sat close to him.

Hm? Li Jia raised an eyebrow seeing this, but she didn't say anything and served the food for them.

She carefully placed the roasted chicken, vegetables, and a generous amount of mashed potatoes onto Zhao Tian's plate, then did the same for Yao Jing, though perhaps with a bit less enthusiasm.

The quiet clatter of utensils filled the air as the three began to eat.

Zhao Tian, mid-bite of a perfectly tender piece of salmon, glanced over at Yao Jing "Master, where's the Sect Master? I thought she'd be here since these are her quarters,"

Yao Jing paused, her fork halfway to her lips, before letting out a soft sigh and shaking her head. "It's all because of you, you idiot."

Zhao Tian blinked, caught off guard. "Me?"

Yao Jing set her fork down and leaned back slightly, crossing her arms as she gave him a pointed look. "You reaching the Ninth Degree has caused quite the commotion."

"You understand that no one has done this, right? Every dynasty in the Jade Eclipse Star is buzzing about you. Sister Shuang had to leave to meet with the Jade Emperor himself to... smooth things over."

Her voice softened as she added, "They're already calling you the 'Heaven-Sent Child.'"

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Huh? Zhao Tian could only smile dryly. If anything, the Heavens are against him.

Taking another bite, he spoke "Then I am leaving for my dorm after the meal... it is already night."

Yao Jing's eyes narrowed "No, Tian'er, stay here.. the Wing Masters are already vying to get you under their wing."

"And if you went out right now, a battle between all wing masters would happen. So you better stay here for a while or until Sister Shuang returns."