

Honoured 631

Chapter 631: Marriage with the Death [1]

Zhao Tian and Li Jia stepped into the Alchemy Chamber and glanced at Yao Jing and Ji Shuang, who were waiting for them.

Turning her gaze to Zhao Tian, Ji Shuang smiled faintly "Then shall we leave... Tian."

"Mhm."

...

With a faint flick of their sleeves, the four figures ascended into the sky, leaving the chamber behind.

The rush of wind greeted them as they soared above the clouds, their robes billowing in the air.

The expansive landscape stretched beneath them as they continued flying.

Ji Shuang, flying slightly ahead, glanced back at Zhao Tian

Her purple hair streamed behind her, dancing with the wind as she spoke, her voice carrying effortlessly despite the rushing air. "We should reach the Imperial Jade Palace by evening. We can rest there for the night."

Her words lingered in the air as she added, "And tomorrow... will be your marriage."

Hearing this Zhao Tian nodded his head while Yao Jing's gaze squinted in thought.

They took rests in between and stopped to fill their stomachs as they continued their flight.

As they continued their journey, the atmosphere gradually shifted.

The sky deepened to hues of orange and crimson as the sun began its descent.

The shadows of the clouds stretched long and thin over the landscape, painting in orange.

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Ahead, the towering spires of the Imperial Jade Palace came into view, gleaming like polished emeralds against the fiery backdrop of the setting sun.

Li Jia's eyes quivered in awe looking at the palace "So this is the Jade Imperial palace."

As they descended toward the grand courtyard, the cool evening breeze carried the faint scent of blooming flowers from the surrounding gardens.

The courtyard itself was paved with polished jade tiles that shimmered under the golden glow of lanterns, and intricately carved stone fountains flowed with crystal-clear water.

Rows of servants, clad in immaculate white robes, bowed deeply as Zhao Tian, Ji Shuang, Li Jia, and Yao Jing landed.

The head steward, an elderly man with sharp eyes, stepped forward "Honored guests, the Imperial Jade Palace welcomes you. Your chambers have been prepared with utmost care. Please, allow us to guide you."

Ji Shuang nodded her head "Lead the way,"

The steward motioned for the group to follow as a small retinue of attendants fell into step behind them.

The palace's grandeur became more apparent as they walked through arched gateways and long corridors lined with towering columns of jade and gold.

The air was fragrant with the scent of lotus blossoms and incense.

Li Jia glanced around, her eyes flickering with amusement. "They certainly know how to make an impression," she muttered, her voice low enough for only Zhao Tian to hear.

Zhao Tian smiled faintly. "Yeah..."

They were led to an open-air pavilion nestled in the center of the palace gardens.

A tranquil stream wound through the lush greenery and the soft chirping of crickets filled the evening air.

The attendants stopped at the pavilion's steps, bowing once more.

The steward turned to address the group. "Master and Ladies, this pavilion has been designated for your evening rest. Individual chambers have been prepared for each of you, as well as a common lounge for your convenience."

He gestured toward a younger servant, who stepped forward with a deep bow. "This is Ming Xiu. She will attend to your needs tonight. If you require anything, do not hesitate to summon her."

Ming Xiu, a petite woman, bowed lower, her hands folded in front of her. "I am at your service, my lords and ladies."

The steward continued, "Additionally, a light supper has been arranged in the dining hall should you wish to partake. If you would like refreshments brought here instead, it shall be done immediately."

Ji Shuang waved a hand dismissively. "The arrangements are satisfactory. That will be all for now."

The steward and his retinue bowed deeply once more before retreating, leaving Ming Xiu standing quietly at the side, awaiting further instruction.

As they ascended the steps into the pavilion, the soft glow of lanterns illuminated the luxurious decor inside.

Yao Jing ran her fingers over the smooth lacquered surface of a side table and smiled faintly. "They truly spare no effort in hospitality."

Li Jia flopped onto one of the low-cushioned seats in the common lounge. "Well, at least it's comfortable. Though I still think we could've managed fine with less pomp."

Zhao Tian, standing near the open balcony that overlooked the gardens, chuckled. "You'd miss it if it wasn't there, Jia."

She gave him a playful glare but didn't respond, leaning back against the cushions instead.

Ji Shuang crossed her arms, her gaze drifting toward the horizon. "Rest well tonight. Tomorrow is a significant day for you Tian."

Zhao Tian nodded and he exchanged a glance with Li Jia, who sighed before rising to her feet.

"Let's rest, then. Ming Xiu, could you bring some tea to my chamber later?"

Ming Xiu bowed quickly. "Of course, Lady."

...

Zhao Hanyue sat cross-legged on a luxurious divan in her chamber, as she was immersed in the pages of the book in her hand.

Her focus was interrupted by a soft knock at the door.

She lifted her gaze and closed the book with a gentle thud as she set it aside on the table beside her.

"Come in,"

The wooden door creaked open, and a young maid entered, as she carried a large embroidered bag in her hands.

"My Lady. your clothes and accessories for tomorrow's wedding have arrived."

She approached the table in the center of the room, carefully placing the bag down before stepping back respectfully.

Zhao Hanyue's eyes flicked to the bag briefly before returning to the maid, "Is everything in order?"

"Yes, My Lady," the maid replied, bowing once more.

The maid hesitated for a moment before adding, "Master Zhao Tian has already arrived at the palace. Do you wish to have an audience with him?"

At the mention of Zhao Tian, Zhao Hanyue's elegant brows knitted slightly "No,"

The maid blinked in surprise but quickly recovered, bowing her head again. "Understood, My Lady."

As the maid began to retreat, Zhao Hanyue raised a hand, stopping her mid-step. "Wait,"

The maid froze, her head still lowered.

"Leave the tea set out. I'll prepare it myself later."

"Yes, My Lady." The maid hurried to set up the tea set on the low table near the window before bowing one last time and exiting the room.

Once alone, Zhao Hanyue let out a quiet sigh, her shoulders relaxing slightly.

Her gaze lingered on the bag for a moment before she rose gracefully from her seat and approached it.

Undoing the ties, she opened the bag to reveal the elaborate wedding attire within.

Zhao Hanyue reached out, her fingers brushing over the fabric and the texture was impossibly smooth.

Yet, as she stared at the garments, her chest tightened, and a complex emotion flickered across her face... one that was neither joy nor sorrow, but something in between.

She turned abruptly, walking toward the window.

Pushing it open, she let the cool night breeze wash over her. It carried the faint scent of blooming lotuses from the palace gardens below.

"Tomorrow,"

Chapter 632: Marriage with the Death [2]

In his private chamber, Zhao Tian was in the process of changing, his toned upper body exposed as he adjusted the fabric of his undershirt.

The soft rustling of clothes filled the room when a gentle knock on the door drew his attention.

"Tian..."

Opening the door, Yao Jing entered his room and saw Zhao Tian who was the middle of changing his clothes.

Turning to her, Zhao Tian smiled and his gaze drifted to the bag in her hands "What is it, Master?"

Yao Jing walked to him and placed the bag on the table "It is the clothes for your wedding tomorrow."

Oh? Zhao Tian was amused and opened the bag slightly to look at the white and blue royal robes inside it. "Hm, looks good."

Yao Jing looked at his face and smiled before leaning forward and placing a kiss on his lips.

Pulling back from the kiss, her gaze fell on his lips "Then, let's meet at the dinner table."

Zhao Tian nodded his head and she turned to leave.

But before reaching the door, she paused and abruptly turned around, walking to him hastily.

"Tian..."

She wrapped his hands around his neck and pulled him down, taking his lips in another deep kiss.

As she closed her eyes sinking into the kiss, Zhao Tian also reciprocated.

The kiss deepened as their breaths mingled, the room filled with the soft rustle of movement and the faint sound of their lips meeting.

A bit later, she retracted her lips and opened her misty eyes 'Instead of making him entranced by me.. I am getting more obsessed over him.'

"Your tongue... I want it."

Zhao Tian smiled and parted his lips and she immediately leaned in, letting her tongue slide in his mouth as their moist tongues entwined.

They pulled back the kiss a bit but their tongues are still intertwined as she sucked on his tongue, not letting it go.

After getting a good taste of him, she let go of his tongue and sighed into his arms "Tian..."

As she rested her head on his shoulders, Zhao Tian was confused about her antics and hugged her back "What happened, Master?"

Yao Jing let out a quiet sigh of relief, her voice softer now. "Nothing, Tian... you're very close to me, but I still miss you."

"I don't know... I have a bad premonition that something is about to happen."

Zhao Tian's gaze squinted and he hugged her tighter, "Don't worry, nothing will happen."

"Mhm..."

...

Lying on the bed, Zhao Tian looked at the ceiling and a soft sigh escaped his lips.

To both of his sides, Li Jia and Yao Jing are sleeping.

He glanced at Yao Jing who was sleeping sideways with her back facing toward him.

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"Jerk..."

A murmur broke the silence, drawing his attention to Li Jia on his other side. She was facing him, her delicate brows furrowing in frustration even in the dim light.

"Why is Elder Jing sleeping on the same bed with us?" Li Jia whispered, her voice low but sharp enough to carry her annoyance.

With a chuckle, he slid an arm around her waist, pulling her closer "Don't mind her, she is close to me after all."

Li Jia's eyes narrowed, and without warning, she raised her hand and gave him a light bonk on the head. "Idiot," she hissed, her tone mixed in irritation and embarrassment.

"I thought we could have some time alone... Maybe even some sex. And now look at this!" She gestured toward Yao Jing's sleeping form with a huff.

Still grinning, Zhao Tian shifted closer to her, his hand beginning to trace gentle patterns on her back. "We can still do it..." he mumbled, as his fingers moved to the tie of her night robe.

Li Jia gasped softly as he began to slide the fabric off her shoulders, revealing the smooth contours of her skin and the soft curves of her body.

Her cheeks flushed, both from his touch and the audacity of his suggestion.

"Tian..."

He leaned in, brushing his lips against her "Shh... We'll be quiet,"

As his hand slid inside her robe, her body stiffened feeling his palm groping her boob "You.. Horny idiot."

Hearing this, Zhao Tian grinned "Aren't you then the one who suggested for us to have sex?"

Li Jia blushed and glanced over at Yao Jing's back as she whispered "Idiot, let's go to the couch over there."

"If we do here... Elder Jing might wake up if the bed shakes."

Getting down from the bed, Li Jia quickly removed her clothes and became naked, moving to the couch "Idiot..."

However, Li Jia hesitated a bit and whispered "Tian, let's go to the artific-"

Zhao Tian grasped her and pinned her down on the couch "No, this is way more exciting..."

W-What?

Li Jia was surprised and before she could respond, Zhao Tian kissed her lips.

...

The morning light filtered through the room and Yao Jing woke up first.

She slowly pushed herself to sit on the bed, brushing her hair back and adjusting her robe.

Her eyes instinctively drifted to the other side of the bed, where Zhao Tian was nestled against Li Jia.

Her eyes darkened as she saw him snuggling against Li Jia's boobs, his arms draped possessively around her waist.

'This shameless man,' she thought, as she glared at him. 'He went and had the audacity to have sex with her in my presence, and now he's clinging to her like a needy child.'

Yao Jing huffed, crossing her arms and she couldn't help but feel annoyed and maybe a hint of jealousy.

Her gaze softened briefly as she saw Li Jia's sleeping face..

'She looks happy,' Yao Jing muttered to herself, though she quickly shook the thought away.

Her focus returned to Zhao Tian, who nuzzled closer to Li Jia with a lazy smile tugging at his lips even in sleep.

'Idiot,' she fumed inwardly, her cheeks flushing.

'The next time you come to me to suck my breasts, I swear I'll make you regret it. You won't get to touch me so easily, you shameless fool.'

Despite her irritation, Yao Jing couldn't deny the warmth that flickered in her chest as she watched him.

He was infuriating, yes, but he was also the man who had stolen her heart, piece by piece, with his stubborn charm.

Shaking her head to dispel the thoughts, she rose gracefully from the bed, careful not to disturb the sleeping couple.

Chapter 633: Marriage with the Death [3]

The morning of the wedding dawned with a serene glow, casting a soft light over the Jade Imperial Palace.

Unlike the grand and extravagant celebrations typical of royal marriages, this wedding was a private affair.

Only the most distinguished families and trusted allies were invited.

Inside the Hall, people are anticipating the wedding.

The hall is modest in grandeur compared to larger events.

Ivory drapes framed the tall, arched windows, letting in soft sunlight that bathed the room in a warm, golden glow.

The guests, a select gathering of nobles, sect leaders, and prominent figures, were seated in their designated places.

Each attendee received a personal invitation after all.

At the front, close to the ceremonial platform, Li Jia and Yao Jing sat together.

Li Jia leaned slightly against the armrest, her eyes flickering toward the entrance in curiosity.

Her hair was adorned with a simple yet elegant hairpin, a gift from Zhao Tian that she wore proudly for the occasion.

She sighed softly, murmuring to Yao Jing, "It feels strange seeing him marry someone else. Don't you think?"

Yao Jing smiled, "Strange, perhaps."

As the doors to the grand hall swung open, a wave of hushed whispers swept through the crowd.

All eyes turned toward the entrance, where the figure of Zhou Hanyue appeared.

Her figure was draped in deep crimson robes, the fabric flowing like liquid with each step she took.

The vibrant red contrasted sharply against her fair skin, the delicate stitching of gold threading through the hem and cuffs catching the light.

Her black hair cascaded down in sleek waves, tied delicately at the nape, with strands framing her face like an intricate curtain of silk.

Beneath the veil covering her face, her eyes flickered as she glanced around at the hall.

'In the same situation for the fourth time.. give me a break.'

As she reached the center of the hall, she paused, her gaze sweeping over the crowd.

"Another one," a voice murmured, too low for her to hear but loud enough for those around to catch it.

"She's been married three times, yet all her husbands met untimely deaths. How could anyone dare marry such a woman?"

"They say anyone who marries her dies," another whisper cut through the air, and this time, it was impossible to ignore.

"Is it really a curse? Or perhaps... something different?"

Gazing upon her, some felt pity.

How could a woman who had endured so much heartbreak, who had lost so much, still stand tall?

Others, however, looked at her with disdain. To them, she was a harbinger of death, an ill fortune that had befallen her past husbands.

They saw her as a woman tainted by grief, a widow whose luck had run out... no matter how beautiful, no matter how poised.

Their hearts hardened with the thought that any man foolish enough to marry her again was doomed to follow the same grim path.

Still amidst this, Zhou Hanyue stood there unmoved. 'Please finish this already...'

Li Jia and Yao Jing were amazed to see the beautiful woman. Stay connected through empire

Seeing her, Li Jia pouted her lips in exasperation "Why is she so beautiful..."

Yao Jing nodded her head with a sigh "She is indeed stunning."

As they continued to stare, Ji Shuang entered the scene, her graceful figure easily spotted among the guests.

She was accompanied by another woman.

The second woman was ordinary in appearance... brown hair, unassuming features, and simple attire.

Despite the lack of any outstanding physical traits, there was something about her presence that made her stand out, though it was hard to place exactly what.

Yao Jing was the first to speak up, breaking her gaze from Zhou Hanyue as she turned toward Ji Shuang with a warm smile. "Sister Shuang, where have you been? The ceremony has already started."

With a nod, Ji Shuang replied "I just went to get my friend."

As she spoke, she gestured toward the brown haired woman standing beside her "This is Shi, my friend."

Oh... Li Jia and Yao Jing glanced at the seemingly ordinary woman and smiled "Nice to meet you."

Shi smiled faintly and nodded her head "Same here. A pleasure to meet you."

creek As the whispers in the room gradually died down, the grand doors to the hall were opened once more.

The Jade Emperor and Empress had arrived.

The guests immediately fell silent, the room's atmosphere shifting.

Behind them, a group of attendants followed, some carrying gifts and offerings, while others guided them through the crowd, ensuring that the path was clear.

Among the crowd, the murmurings began once again, though this time the tone was far more respectful.

"Ah, here they are," Yao Jing whispered softly, her voice almost lost in the crowd's collective exhale.

Zhou Hanyue's eyes flickered in anger looking at her parents after so many years but that quickly disappeared beneath her stoic exterior.

The Jade Emperor and Empress, now at the center of the room, paused for a moment to acknowledge the guests around them.

Then, the Emperor's gaze landed upon Zhou Hanyue, his eyes narrowing ever so slightly as he observed his daughter.

There was no warmth in his look, nor any sign of affection.

Zhou Hanyue, standing at the front of the hall, offered a slight bow in their direction, though it was clear that her stance was one of formality rather than true reverence.

As her parents took their places, a silence fell over the hall.

Some whispered that her marriages had been orchestrated by the Emperor himself, perhaps as a means to secure political alliances or to quiet the unrest within the Dynasty.

Others believed that the Emperor had cast her aside, seeing her as a failure.

As the atmosphere in the hall began to settle, someone entered the hall.

Those who had been speaking in quiet whispers suddenly fell silent, their attention drawn to the figure that had just stepped into the room.

Zhao Tian entered, and the effect was immediate.

His white hair, like threads of silken snow, cascaded down his back, glowing faintly in the dim lighting of the grand hall.

His striking blue eyes, as deep and endless as the ocean, swept across the room with a quiet confidence that seemed to freeze time for a moment.

The shock that rippled through the guests was palpable.

They couldn't help but stare, the sight of him leaving everyone momentarily speechless.

His handsomeness was beyond compare... his features were sharp yet perfect.

"Who is he?" came a voice, hushed and trembling with awe.

"So he is the Heaven sent child? He indeed looks impressive."

"What the hell.. such a fine man is going to die because of her misfortune?"

H-HUH?

Zhou Hanyue raised her gaze to look at him and her eyes shrank in shock as she didn't expect the man to be this handsome.

'He is... breathtaking.'

The woman standing beside Ji Shuang, smiled gently as her eyes softened 'How can I miss your wedding, darling?'

Chapter 634: Marriage with the Death [4]

'He is breathtaking...'

Zhou Hanyue's gaze quivered in surprise, as she didn't expect the man she was going to marry to be this handsome.

'This is the man I'm supposed to marry?'

She had prepared herself for disappointment, for another political pawn who would sneer at her or pity her because of the curse that surrounded her name.

But instead, she was faced with someone so extraordinary that it left her momentarily speechless.

She turned her eyes to look at her so called father, disdain flashing in her eyes 'Ruining his life just because you need the prodigy tied to the family...'

'In the end, you still see me as a political asset, you shit ass old man.'

Her hands tightened slightly beneath the long sleeves of her ceremonial red robes, though her expression remained serene.

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Not only her, but everyone in the room is surprised by the groom's entry, as they can't tear their gaze away from him.

"Such a man, marrying Zhou Hanyue? What a waste..."

Some felt envy as such an extraordinary man was getting married to a cursed woman, while others felt pity for his life.

Li Jia shook her head helplessly "Look at him showing off..."

Ji Shuang glanced at Qian Shi who was standing beside her in disguise and a sigh escaped her lips.

The Jade Emperor glanced at Zhao Tian and his gaze squinted 'So this is him...'

The Empress, seated beside him, maintained her poised demeanor, though her gaze lingered on Zhao Tian with a hint of approval.

Zhao Tian went to the front and stood beside Zhou Hanyue.

He inclined his head slightly, his blue eyes meeting hers through the delicate veil she wore.

The officiant stepped forward, an elder of the Jade Dynasty Sect with a long beard and a dignified air.

He carried a ceremonial scroll and a small jade tablet, the symbols of unity in their culture.

"Today," the officiant began, his deep voice reverberating through the hall, "we gather to witness the union of two souls, bound by fate and sealed by the heavens."

"Zhao Tian, of unparalleled talent and strength, and Zhou Hanyue, of unmatched beauty and grace, shall become one under the watchful eyes of the Heavens."

The ceremonial drum resounded and the steady beat of the drum filled the hall marking the beginning of the sacred rites.

Zhao Tian and Zhou Hanyue were guided to the ceremonial altar, where a golden brazier burned brightly.

The officiant handed each of them a strip of red silk, which they were to hold together as a symbol of their shared destiny.

As they held the silk, Zhao Tian raised his gaze to look at the beautiful woman once more and smiled in his heart.

The officiant continued, "The heavens have witnessed your union, and now you must bow to the heavens, to your ancestors, and to each other."

The couple turned and bowed first to the heavens, a gesture of respect to the entity that governed their world.

Then, they turned and bowed to their ancestors, represented by a carved jade tablet placed on the altar.

Finally, they turned to each other.

For a brief moment, as they bowed, Zhou Hanyue caught a glimpse of Zhao Tian's expression, calm, steady, and... perhaps a touch of warmth?

It was fleeting, but it was enough to make her chest tighten unexpectedly.

The officiant rolled the scroll tightly and declared with a resounding voice, "With the heavens as witness, and under the blessings of the Jade Emperor and Empress, this union is sealed. Zhao Tian and Zhou Hanyue are now husband and wife. May their bond be steadfast and eternal."

The hall erupted in applause, though it was tinged with unease and tension.

Many of the guests clapped reluctantly, still unsure how to feel about the match.

Zhao Tian turned to Zhou Hanyue and extended his hand.

Huh? Why is he asking for my hand?

She wanted to refuse him, but as she looked into his eyes, she sighed, and she didn't want to shame him in front of others.

She hesitated for a heartbeat before placing her hand in his.

His grip was gentle, and they walked together toward their seats of honor.

At that moment, the whispers resumed, but Zhou Hanyue's mind was elsewhere.

As she stole a glance at Zhao Tian, she couldn't help but wonder if he, too, was silently cursing the strings of fate that had brought them together.

'Does he regret this? Does he hate me? Or does he truly not care at all?'

The officiant raised his arms, silencing the room. "Let the feast begin! May the heavens bless this union and grant prosperity to both families!"

As the feast began, attendants moved gracefully through the hall, serving dishes.

The aroma of roasted beast, spiced lotus root, and fragrant wine filled the air.

The chatter of guests grew louder mixed with the polite conversation and whispered gossip.

Zhao Tian sat beside Zhou Hanyue at the table of honor with a faint smile on his face.

Zhou Hanyue, could feel the weight of countless eyes upon her.

The veil she wore offered little comfort, as she could still sense the judgment radiating from the crowd.

She glanced at Zhao Tian out of the corner of her eye.

"Eat," Zhao Tian said softly, his voice low enough that only she could hear.

Startled, she looked at him directly for the first time.

His gaze was gentle and his hand gestured subtly toward the dishes before them.

Realizing she had been sitting stiffly without touching her food, Zhou Hanyue nodded and picked up her chopsticks.

As she tasted the first bite of golden crab dumpling, a surprising burst of flavor momentarily distracted her from her thoughts.

"Good," Zhao Tian muttered, as though praising her for doing something right.

At another table, Ji Shuang and Li Jia watched the scene unfold with different reactions.

With a faint chuckle, Li Jia spoke "Look at him. He's probably enjoying the attention."

Qian Shi glanced at Yao Jing and Li Jia for a moment before she continued to eat her portion of the food.

Chapter 635: Marriage with the Death [5]

As the ceremony progressed, performers stepped into the center of the hall.

Dancers dressed in flowing robes moved with grace.

Musicians played melodies on guzhengs and flutes, captivating the audience.

Zhao Tian turned to Zhou Hanyue and asked in a gentle voice "Do you enjoy such performances?"

Caught off guard by his sudden question, she hesitated "Uh.. I.."

As she stayed silent, a moment of awkwardness lingered, and Zhao Tian sighed in his heart.

'I can't really hold a conversation with her...'

Looking at him in the corner of her eyes, Zhou Hanyue hesitantly whispered "I... don't dislike them."

Getting an answer Zhao Tian showed a faint smile "Not a fan of crowds, then."

Zhou Hanyue stayed silent for a few moments before responding "I find them... exhausting."

Zhao Tian nodded, as if he understood completely. "Then endure a little longer. After noon, this will all fade into the background."

As the day wore on, the time came for the final ritual.

Finally, as the hour grew late, the officiant stepped forward once more, holding a small golden chalice filled with wine infused with herbs.

"The final act of unity," he announced, "is the sharing of the wine. By drinking from the same cup, you seal your bond and share the burdens and blessings of life together."

The chalice was presented to Zhao Tian first.

He took it without hesitation, as he sipped the wine.

Then he handed the chalice to Zhou Hanyue.

Zhou Hanyue hesitated, as she could feel the eyes of the entire hall upon her, waiting to see if she would falter.

With a deep breath, she raised the chalice to her lips and took a sip, the bitter-sweet taste lingering on her tongue.

She sipped it delicately before lowering the chalice and handing it back to the officiant.

"With this, the ceremony is complete," the officiant declared. "May your union be blessed with harmony, strength, and prosperity."

The hall erupted into applause once more... while some clapped enthusiastically, others politely, and a few reluctantly.

Zhao Tian turned to Zhou Hanyue, offering her his arm.

Huh? He is asking for my hand again?

She accepted it tentatively, and together they rose, walking toward the exit as husband and wife.

As they left the grand hall, the whispers and gazes followed them.

...

As Zhou Hanyue and Zhao Tian stepped out from the ceremonial hall into the quiet of the outer courtyard, the festive music and murmurs of the gathering faded behind them.

Stepping out, Zhou Hanyue instantly withdrew her hand from his arm and looked at him "I am sure you are very well aware of why we got married."

"And you should already know my curse; don't come close to me or talk to me. This is just a formality."

Before Zhao Tian could utter a word, she turned sharply on her heels as her robes swirled around her, and she began to walk away. "I'm leaving for my quarters,"

However, Zhao Tian stopped her "Wait..."

Zhou Hanyue stopped and turned her head to glance over her shoulder, "What is it now? Don't expect us to be lovey-dovey and be couples..."

With a shake of his head, Zhao Tian took a beautiful ring from his storage ring "This ring, I mad-"

Before he could finish, Zhou Hanyue cut him off, her eyes narrowing. "I don't want any of your pleasantries or gifts to coax me."

Zhao Tian's hand, still holding the ring, lowered slightly and a sigh escaped his lips "Alright then..."

Zhou Hanyue's gaze lowered and she nodded her head "if there is nothing else, I will leave."

With that, she left there and Zhao Tian looked at her back as she faded into the distance.

"So much for an arranged marriage."

He wanted to get along with her but she seems distant.

...

Inside the hall, the atmosphere remained lively, with countless guests mingling and exchanging pleasantries.

One of the elders stepped forward to speak "Esteemed guests, to honor this momentous occasion, there will be a grand banquet this evening."

"All present here are invited to join us in celebration. Let the night be filled with joy, fine wine, and performances befitting such an event."

The Elder raised his hand to quiet the crowd before continuing, "Until then, enjoy the hospitality."

Servants moved gracefully through the room, offering refreshments and guiding guests to their accommodations until the evening's festivities.

...

As the day turned into late evening, the Moonlit Pavilion, located on the terrace overlooking a serene lake, began to get decorated.

Lanterns of every color were hung along the pavilion's carved beams, their glow reflected in the still waters below.

Tables laden with delicacies were arranged meticulously.

Servants bustled about, ensuring every detail was perfect.

Musicians tuned their instruments, and performers rehearsed their routines in the open courtyard nearby.

The scent of blooming flowers, carried by a gentle breeze, mingled with the rich aroma of roasted meats and fragrant teas.

...

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In her quarters, Zhou Hanyue sat by a dressing table, staring at her reflection in the mirror.

Her maid fluttered around her, arranging her hair and adjusting her attire.

She wore a flowing gown of pale lavender embroidered with silver flowers.

But despite the finery, her heart felt heavy.

The maid noticed her distraction. "My lady, did you speak with Master Zhao Tian? He looks really better than I expected. Both of you would make a great couple."

Zhou Hanyue's eyes flickered to her maid in the mirror, "It's all worthless anyway."

...

"Haangh~ Haangh~"

Zhao Tian pressed Li Jia's face onto the pillow and continued plunging his cock from behind, his other hand tightly holding her waist

"Ugh.. Jia..." He grunted in pleasure feeling his dick squeezed by her tight squishy muscles, and sighed in delight.

Li Jia's fingers curled on the mattress as she slightly turned her head to speak "Angh~~ jerk.. I-isn't it.. already.. Mngghhh!~ l-late?"

He leaned down and kissed her as his hand went up to squeeze her breasts, eliciting a moan out of her lips.

"Mfngh~~'

pakh *pakh* Li Jia's eyes rolled up as she felt her mind flying to heaven and she leaned on the bed flatly.

Li Jia's mind is consumed by his dick as she let out her tongue.

"Yessshh.... Angh~"

pop Zhao Tian pulled his dick out and grabbed her thighs, rotating her body as her back hit the bed, making her look at him "Jia..."

Li Jia raised her legs, wrapping them around his waist and Zhao Tian placed his dick on her dripping cave.

squeach He pushed it deeper in one push into her slippery squishy hole "Tian... haanhh-"

Chapter 636: Marriage with the Death [6]

As the evening descended, the Moonlit Pavilion stood as the pinnacle of celebration.

Lanterns of varying hues floated in the night sky, their soft glow reflecting on the surface of the lake.

The light rippled like liquid fireflies, adding a great touch to the grandeur of the banquet.

Servants moved around, carrying trays laden with exotic dishes.

The aroma of roasted meats and fragrant spices filled the air.

The first course was a platter of Azure Petal Salad, a mix of delicate flower petals.

Following that came the Roasted Beast Drumsticks, golden and crisp, paired with a sauce made from Heavenvine berries.

Then came the dumplings, small parcels filled with a mix of lotus paste and silver jade essence.

These were a specialty of the Jade Dynasty and a symbol of good fortune.

As the banquet progressed, servants carried out dish after dish, each more exquisite than the last.

Once the guests had enjoyed the first courses, the entertainment began.

A troupe of dancers entered the center of the pavilion.

The musicians followed suit, their melodies weaving through the pavilion like a gentle breeze.

Zhao Tian observed the performances quietly, as he occasionally glanced at Zhou Hanyue, who was sitting beside him at the banquet.

She also just sat there silently, her hands resting delicately on her lap.

Midway through the banquet, The Jade Emperor stood up, holding a golden goblet encrusted with jewels.

"My esteemed guests, tonight we celebrate not only the union of two souls but also the strength and unity of our Dynasty."

He raised his goblet higher. "Let us drink to their union and to the prosperity of the Jade Eclipse Dynasty!"

The guests raised their cups in unison, echoing the toast. "To the union! To prosperity!"

Other elders and prominent figures followed with their own toasts.

As the banquet continued, Zhao Tian leaned slightly toward Zhou Hanyue. "Are you comfortable?" he asked, his tone quiet enough not to draw attention.

She glanced at him briefly before responding, "This is a public event. Comfort doesn't matter."

Zhao Tian didn't press further, as her indifferent response only made him sigh.

He sipped his wine, contemplating the weight of their situation and the steps he might take to bridge the gap between them.

But he felt like no matter what he does, it will be futile.

Still, he can't easily give up...

Even though this is an arranged marriage, she is still his wife, so he will try his best to get close to her.

As the banquet came to an end, guests began to rise and offer their final congratulations to the newlyweds.

Zhao Tian responded with nods and faint smiles, while Zhou Hanyue maintained her poised demeanor, offering only brief acknowledgments.

After that, the newlyweds left the banquet...

The faint hum of conversations within the hall gradually subsided, and the guests began to take their leave, their laughter and farewells echoing softly through the night.

One by one, the dignitaries, elders, and sect masters departed, their richly adorned carriages rolling away under the starry sky.

Servants moved swiftly to clear the remains of the feast, the air still heavy with the mingling aromas of spices and wine.

...

Back on the terrace arranged near their private quarters, melodious laughter echoes in the air.

Li Jia, Yao Jing, Zhao Tian, Ji Shuang and Qian Shi are sitting on the couches around the table and drinking wine, having their private after-party.

Qian Shi leaned back on her couch, swirling her cup of wine thoughtfully as she looked toward Yao Jing. "So, you're his Alchemy Master?" she asked, a faint smile playing on her lips.

Yao Jing chuckled, brushing a strand of hair away from her face. "That's right," she said, raising her cup in a mock toast.

"Not that he listens to me all the time. Zhao Tian tends to have his own way of doing things."

Hearing this, Qian Shi's gaze flickered to Li Jia, who was snuggling on Zhao Tian's lap while holding a bottle of booze in her hand.

"Tiann..." *hick* Li Jia let out a small hiccup, her cheeks flushed from the booze.

Her eyes were hazy and clouded with mist as her body swayed.

She abruptly leaped forward, pressing her lip against Zhao Tian in a clumpy kiss.

A low chuckle escaped his lips as his fingers slid to her nape and he held her gentle, reciprocating the kiss.

Pulling back the kiss, Li Jia's eyes shook and she again kissed his lips "During the wedding night, you're out here celebrating with us instead of being with your wife. That's... that's laughable. Hahaha!"

Zhao Tian sighed helplessly, though a faint smile tugged at the corners of his lips. "You're drunk, Jia," he said gently.

Li Jia huffed, settling herself more comfortably on his lap, both knees on either side of his thighs, "So what if I'm drunk?" she said with a playful smirk, her voice dropping to a sultry tone.

With an almost feline grace, she shrugged off her outer robe slightly, revealing the delicate curve of her collarbone and the swell of her cleavage.

Her grin turned wicked as she leaned closer and whispered teasingly "Don't worry, Tian. I'll take care of you tonight... Hehe, shall we start now?"

Zhao Tian gently grabbed the bottle from her hand and took it "You are already drunk... so let's stop it."

Li Jia pouted her lips "No.. give me more booze."

Zhao Tian shook his head, his hand gently prying the bottle from Li Jia's grasp. "You've had enough," setting the bottle on the table out of her reach.

"Nooo," Li Jia protested, her lips forming a dramatic pout. "Give me more booze!"

"Yeah, yeah..."

Zhao Tian sighed, gently crouching as Li Jia leaned into his shoulder, her drunken murmurs fading into soft breaths.

Draping her securely over his shoulder, he turned toward her quarters.

The terrace was bathed in soft moonlight, and the chatter from the others faded behind him as he made his way through the quiet corridors.

Reaching her room, he nudged the door open with his foot and stepped inside. Experience more tales on empire

Zhao Tian carefully lowered Li Jia onto the bed, adjusting her so she rested comfortably against the silk pillows.

She stirred slightly but didn't wake, her lips parting in a soft sigh.

Taking a moment, Zhao Tian pulled the quilt over her, tucking it around her securely.

A small smile tugged at his lips as he leaned down, brushing a gentle kiss against her forehead before his lips briefly pressed against hers.

Quietly, Zhao Tian turned and left the room, closing the door behind him with care.

As he made his way back to the terrace, the sound of laughter greeted him once again.

However, it was quieter now, as the wine and late hour had dulled the group's earlier exuberance.

Just as he was about to sit back down, Yao Jing stood up, wobbling slightly as she stretched her arms out wide. "Tian'er," she called out, a sly smile spreading across her face, "me too. Carry me."

Zhao Tian paused, one brow arching in amusement "You too?"

Yao Jing took a deliberate step toward him, her arms still outstretched. "Come on, don't make me beg," she teased, giggling softly.

With a resigned sigh, Zhao Tian walked over to her and turned his back toward her, crouching slightly. "All right, Master, hop on."

Yao Jing didn't need a second invitation.

With surprising agility for someone who had been drinking, she climbed onto his back, wrapping her arms loosely around his shoulders. "Hmm, you're always so reliable," she said, resting her cheek against his back.

Zhao Tian chuckled as he carried her down the hall toward her room. "If only you were this well-behaved during lessons,"

Yao Jing giggled again, her breath warm against his neck. "You like me just the way I am, Tian'er. Admit it."

When they arrived at her room, he shifted her weight slightly to open the door and stepped inside.

Zhao Tian carried her to the bed and leaned forward to let her slide down onto the mattress.

However, Yao Jing suddenly wrapped her arms tightly around his neck, refusing to let go. "Mhmmm.. Tian'er,"

"Master, let go," Zhao Tian said with a shake of his head, though there was no real irritation in his voice.

Instead of releasing him, Yao Jing pouted, finally letting go as she flopped onto the bed.

Before he could adjust the quilt around her, she grabbed his hand and pulled him forward slightly.

"Good night, Tian'er," she said with a grin, her other hand reaching up to ruffle his hair.

Zhao Tian smiled faintly, shaking his head as he pulled the quilt over her.

However, before stepping away, he raised his hand and gently squeezed her breast "Good night, Master,"

Yao Jing's cheeks flushed a deeper shade of pink as she swatted his arm half-heartedly. "Brat," she muttered, though her lips curled into a small smile as she settled under the covers.

...

Sitting on the couch, Qian Shi glanced at Ji Shuang, who was sitting beside her and whispered, "Leave..."

Huh? Ji Shuang was surprised and looked at her "Your Grace?"

Qian Shi's gaze narrowed and she gestured her finger "Leave... I want to be alone with my darling."

A faint blush rose to Ji Shuang's cheeks as she quickly stood, smoothing her robes to maintain her composure. "Y-Yes, Your Grace," she stammered, bowing deeply before retreating.

Chapter 637: A talk with Shi

After settling Yao Jing in her room, Zhao Tian returned to the terrace and saw that Qian Shi was the only one sitting there, still drinking.

His eyes squinted slightly 'She is Sect Master's close friend... right?'

With such thoughts, he walked to her and smiled faintly "Miss Shi.."

Qian Shi turned her head to look at him and returned the smile "Ah, Zhao Tian. Decided to return to my company, have you?"

Letting out a low chuckle, he settled himself beside her, maintaining a respectful distance. "Still not feeling sleepy, Miss Shi?"

She responded with a small nod, reaching for the wine bottle in front of her. She tilted it gracefully, pouring a generous amount into an empty cup before sliding it toward him.

"Care to continue drinking with me, newlywed?"

Hearing this, Zhao Tian chuckled faintly and reached out taking the wine cup "Sure."

With a nod, Qian Shi replied "Thank you..."

Zhao Tian took a bite of the still-warm barbecue meat from the side dish platter.

The smoky flavor paired perfectly with the red wine, and he savored the combination in silence for a moment.

Qian Shi gave him a sidelong glance before asking "As Li Jia said earlier..." she began, swirling the wine in her cup, "why are you here? Shouldn't you be spending the night with your new bride?"

Zhao Tian smiled dryly "Give me a break. She's been giving me the cold shoulder since the ceremony. I can barely get a few words in with her."

"She made it clear from the start that this marriage is just a formality to her. She wants nothing to do with me."

With a thoughtful nod, she asked "Seems like you want to be close to her. Aren't you scared of the rumors..."

"That her past three husbands died..."

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Zhao Tian let out a sigh "I kind of think that the three deaths might just be a coincidence and this whole curse is just a misunderstanding."

Hearing this, Qian Shi's eyes crescented "Maybe... this is all just a big misunderstanding."

Taking a sip of his wine, Zhao Tian replied "Mhm.. I tried to get close to her, but..."

Qian Shi raised her hand and placed a hand on his shoulder, making him turn to look at her.

"You have to be patient... you can't do everything in one day."

Qian Shi's smile faded slightly, replaced by a contemplative expression.

She withdrew her hand, leaning back in her seat "Fear can be a powerful thing. It can make people push others away, even when what they truly want is connection."

He took another sip of wine, letting the warmth of the drink settle in his chest. "But how do you reach someone who doesn't want to be reached?"

Keeping her smile, Qian Shi replied "You can't force someone to open up. But you can show them that you're not like the others... that you're willing to stay, no matter how high she has built the walls around her."

"Slowly try to get close to her and break the ice. She will surely open up to you..."

Qian Shi reached for the wine bottle and poured herself another cup. "Patience, Zhao Tian. If you truly believe in her, then give her time. And in the meantime..."

She raised her cup in a mock toast. "Keep yourself alive, just in case those rumors turn out to be true."

"And don't give up on her."

Zhao Tian let out a chuckle as he raised his own cup, clinking it lightly against hers. "Noted."

They both drank, the atmosphere between them lightening as the conversation shifted to less serious topics.

The two of them sat in silence after that, the only sounds coming from the gentle rustling of the night breeze and the faint chirping of crickets in the distance.

Eventually, Qian Shi glanced at Zhao Tian, who was getting dizzy because of the alcohol and getting sleepy.

She gently set her cup down and rose from her seat.

"I think I've had enough for tonight," she said, stretching slightly.

"Thanks for indulging me, Zhao Tian. You're a surprisingly good drinking companion."

Looking up at her, Zhao Tian shook his head to clear his drowsiness and mumbled "Likewise..."

"Mhm.." With a nod, she walked to her private chambers for the night.

Placing the cup down, Zhao Tian also stood up and made his way towards his room.

Zhao Tian's steps were unsteady as he walked down the dimly lit corridor, the effects of the wine weighing on him.

As he approached his room, he paused, his gaze drifting to a slightly ajar door of Yao Jing's room.

Zhao Tian pushed the door open gently, the wooden frame creaking softly as he stepped into Yao Jing's room.

A soft smile appeared on his lips, looking at the beautiful figure of Yao Jing in the dimly lit room.

The wine had dulled his usual clarity, but still, he managed to walk to the bed.

With a quiet sigh, he sat on the edge of the bed, careful not to disturb her.

"Master," he whispered again, reaching out to brush a stray lock of hair away from her face.

His fingers barely grazed her skin, but even that small touch sent a warmth spreading through him.

Yao Jing stirred slightly, her lips parting as if to speak, but no words came.

She shifted on the bed, turning onto her back, the quilt slipping slightly to reveal the delicate curve of her neck and collarbone.

Smiling, he gently moved, lying beside her on the bed, as the mattress dipped slightly under his weight.

He raised his hand, gently hugging her from behind as he moved closer, burying his face onto her neck.

Inhaling her sweet scent mixed with wine, Zhao Tian sighed "Master..."

Meanwhile, Yao Jing's body shuddered faintly as she felt his arms around her waist 'I-I am not your Master.. Zhao Tian.'

Her purple eyes trembled in embarrassment as she turned her head to look at Zhao Tian's face 'I am your Sect Master...'

Chapter 638: I am not your Master!

Ji Shuang's body stiffened, her mind racing as her purple eyes fluttered open.

She had been faking sleep moments earlier, thinking he would quietly leave after ensuring she was comfortable.

But now, feeling the steady weight of his arm around her and the warmth of his breath on her neck, her heart began to race.

'I-I am not your Master, Zhao Tian...' she thought, biting her lip to suppress the small gasp that threatened to escape.

Her cheeks flushed a deep crimson as she lay there, torn between pulling away and staying still.

'W-What should I do? Should I wake him up? I think he misunderstood me for Jing'er.'

The faint tickle of his breath against her neck sent shivers down her spine, her usually composed demeanor crumbling under the intimacy of the moment. 'I am your Sect Master,'

Gathering her courage, she turned her head slightly, her purple eyes meeting his half-lidded gaze. "Zhao Tian..." she whispered.

Her lips parted as if to say more, but the words caught in her throat.

The sight of him so close, his blue eyes softened by a mix of drowsiness and affection, made her chest tighten.

"Master..."

Ji Shuang's body tensed further as Zhao Tian's arm remained wrapped around her, his warmth seeping through the thin layers of her night robes.

'I-I am not your Master... You're mistaking me for Jing'er, aren't you?' she thought, biting her lip as her cheeks grew hotter with each passing moment.

Her purple eyes flickered with a mix of emotions as she glanced down at him. His face, usually sharp and full of confidence, now seemed soft and unguarded.

"Master..."

Her resolve wavered, but she managed to muster her voice. "Zhao Tian,"

She hoped the sound of her voice would jolt him from whatever dreamlike state he was in. "You're... mistaken. This isn't right."

But instead of pulling away, Zhao Tian's arm tightened around her waist.

His head shifted slightly, his face pressing against the curve of her neck.

The soft brush of his lips against her skin sent another shiver racing down her spine, and she froze, her thoughts scattering.

"Master..." he repeated, his voice muffled but filled with a quiet affection.

"Where are you going... you idiot."

Eh? Idiot?

"Zhao Tian..." Her hand hovered hesitantly over his shoulder, torn between shaking him awake and allowing the moment to continue.

"You've had too much to drink. You... don't know what you're saying."

Zhao Tian's eyelashes trembled in annoyance "Shut up..."

Huh?

Gathering her courage again, she placed a hand gently on his shoulder, her fingers trembling slightly. "Zhao Tian, you're drunk, and you're acting impulsively. Let go and return to your room before this goes any further."

Zhao Tian who was annoyed by her constant nagging, muttered "Shut up... Master or else..."

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As his voice trailed off, he raised his right hand, cupping her breast over the thin fabric of the nightdress and squeezed it tightly.

gasp Ji Shuang's eyes widened in shock and the blush on her face deepened as she felt his warm fingers squeezing her overflowing breasts.

Zhao Tian greedily molded the majestic boob, which was overflowing from his palm as he enjoyed the suppleness.

H-Huh?

She was startled to see this and hurriedly raised her hand to stop his hand "W-What are you..."

However, Zhao Tian didn't stop and continued squeezing her buns as he placed a kiss on her neck.

Ji Shuang struggled, wondering what to do but his soft kisses and his fingers on her breasts made her mind hazy.

As he gave a tight squeeze, a moan slipped past her lips "Mfngh-" but she hurriedly closed her mouth with her hand, suppressing the moan.

Zhao Tian's hand trailed up as his fingers curled up in the fabric of the nightdress and he tugged it down, letting her right breast pop out.

'N-Nooo...'

Ji Shuang screamed in her mind as she saw her bare breast jumping out of her clothes with her inverted nipple and he opened his fingers, taking the whole breast in his palm.

Her lips parted for another moan 'Master... Tian... his hand is so hot...'

'B-But he is Her Grace's man... how could I?'

But before she could think any further, his fingers gently caressed her areola and he tenderly pinched her hiding nipple.

'M-MASTER TIAN.. STOP...'

She already has massive L-sized breasts and it is already sensitive, and now, under his constant teasings, she couldn't hold it in.

'Wait.. wait wait wait.. it is coming out.'

Her right nipple trembled as it got hard and slowly poked out of her areola.

She looked down at her nipple and was extremely ashamed as her cheeks grew even hotter.

'No...'

"Master..."

As his hot breath hit her ear, she closed her eyes in pleasure 'Master Tian... don't whisper.. it really tickles...'

Zhao Tian slowly twisted her body and Ji Shuang glanced at him, who was still drunk with misty eyes.

With his half-lidded eyes, Zhao Tian glanced at the breast within his palm and he leaned, bringing his face forward.

H-Huh? Ji Shuang saw him bringing his face close to her breast and her heartbeat quickened, wondering what he is going to do this time.

Without hesitation, he opened his lips and let out his tongue, licking the sweet nipple that popped out just now.

'As I thought...'

She closed her eyes and bit her lower lip, feeling his moist tongue rolling on her perky nipple.

"Mmng..." A muffled moan slipped past her lips and her eyelashes trembled as he continued licking her nipple.

She doesn't care to stop him anymore, as she was lost in the pleasure of getting sucked by him.

However, she noticed the suction force behind his tongue and lips is getting slower.

A few breaths later, she noticed that he had fallen asleep 'E-Eh? What?'

The blush on her face even deepened when she realized he is sleeping with her nipple inside his mouth.

Slowly, she moved her breast from his nipple and saw the saliva drooling over her areola.

Looking at this, she gulped down before she gently raised her massive boob, bringing her own nipple to her lips.

With slight hesitation, she opened her lips before sucking on her own nipple, tasting the exquisite taste of her nipple along with his saliva.

Retracting her lips, Ji Shuang covered her face with her palm, her cheeks burning with embarrassment. 'What the hell am I doing?' she thought, scolding herself internally.

Her heart was racing as her emotions felt like a tangled mess she couldn't untangle.

Taking a shaky breath, she hurriedly straightened her disheveled clothes, smoothing the fabric with trembling hands.

She glanced back at the bed, where Zhao Tian was now peacefully sleeping, oblivious to the storm of emotions he had stirred within her.

'I need to clear my head,' she decided, as she quickly left the room.

With the thought of getting some fresh air, she hastily walked down the corridor, reaching the balcony.

However, at the time she reached there, she saw an unparalleled beauty standing there leaning on the balcony railing, the moonlight casting soft glow over her beautiful face.

Qian Shi, who has already removed her disguise, turned her golden eyes to look at Ji Shuang.

"So... did you enjoy it?"

Chapter 639: Did you enjoy it?

Qian Shi's silver hair fluttered in the gentle night breeze and she turned her gaze towards the corridor just as the sound of hurried footsteps echoed softly through the still night.

Ji Shuang was walking down the corridor to the balcony where she was standing.

H-Huh? Ji Shuang was startled to see Qian Shi standing there and her heartbeat quickened in panic.

'H-Her Grace... what is she doing here? Don't tell me...'

With slow steps, she walked to Qian Shi and instantly kneeled on the floor in dread "Your Grace..."

"Hm..." Qian Shi just hummed looking at Ji Shuang who was kneeling on the floor and a sigh escaped her lips.

"So... did you enjoy it?"

Upon hearing this, Ji Shuang's breath hitched and her heart raced faster as cold sweat began to bead on her forehead.

She struggled to keep her voice steady as she stammered, "F-Forgive me, Your Grace... I did something I shouldn't have."

"I-I-I... with Master Tian."

Qian Shi's gaze squinted slightly "I don't want any of that... did you enjoy it or not."

'Huh? Enjoy it? Is she testing me? Judging me?'

Her throat tightened, and she bit her trembling lip. W-What to say?

"I-I..." Ji Shuang's voice faltered as shame and fear battled within her.

She clenched her fists, nails digging into her palms, and squeezed her eyes shut. "I-I did enjoy it,"

Her body shook as she continued, "Even though it was short... I-I liked Master Tian's touches."

She decided to be honest, as she knew Qian Shi had some kind of ability that let her see through everything.

Qian Shi gave a faint nod and muttered "Stand up..."

Ji Shuang blinked in surprise 'Huh? Is she not angry?'

Her mind churned with confusion, but she didn't dare question the command.

Slowly, she rose to her feet, her head still bowed low, unable to meet Qian Shi's eyes.

Qian Shi's gaze flickered to Ji Shuang's figure, taking in the sight of her disheveled appearance.

Her thin nightdress clung to her body, outlining the full curves of her body.

Her eyes lingered on Ji Shuang's chest, where her large, overflowing breasts stretched the delicate fabric.

A trace of envy passed through her eyes seeing them.

Her own body is excellent with all perfect curves and a G cup, which she has meticulously molded all these years for Zhao Tian.

On the other hand, Ji Shuang's is just too big. Her massive, natural proportions were hard to ignore

Her gaze squinted in thought 'Darling does like big breasts.. well, he likes as long as it fits in his palms and mine is good to squeeze with great suppleness. But I am still scared of this massive lump of meat on her chest.'

'And hers is inverted right?'

Meanwhile, not knowing Qian Shi's real thoughts, Ji Shuang was still panicking, thinking what punishment she was going to receive for her blunder.

Letting out a sigh, Qian Shi asked "Shuang... do you like Tian?"

Ji Shuang panicked even more and hurriedly shook her head like a cat "No, No.. Never.. Your Grace. I wouldn't dare to-"

Hm? Qian Shi's eyes narrowed as she looked at Ji Shuang coldly "What? Are you telling me that my darling is not worthy of getting your affection and attention?"

Guh! Ji Shuang's gaze dropped upon hearing this, What?

She had completely misunderstood Qian Shi's question, and now her rejection seemed like an insult to Zhao Tian.

"No, No, NO! YOUR GRACE! I am the one who is not worthy of Master Tian's affection..."

With a soft chuckle, Qian Shi replied "I was just teasing.. I know what you meant."

Ji Shuang exhaled shakily, her shoulders slumping with relief. "Thank you, Your Grace,"

Her heart was still racing, but at least she wasn't about to face Qian Shi's wrath.

Looking at her, Qian Shi asked "Though, tell me.. what do you think of Tian."

Hearing the question, Ji Shuang's gaze trembled and with a nod, she spoke "He is really a charismatic person... and he has a really great, likable personality."

"He has a way of drawing people to him without even trying."

"And he is very... considerate. He seems to take good care of Jia and Jing'er. It's clear that he values his close ones and treats his lovers with deep affection."

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Qian Shi smiled gently "If you ever come to like him.... Go for it. Don't restrict your feelings for me."

"Don't use me as a reason to not love him."

Ji Shuang hesitated, her gaze faltering before she finally found the courage to look up at Qian Shi. "Your... Grace," she managed to say, her voice trembling.

A dark glint passed through Qian Shi's eyes which made Ji Shuang shudder as she spoke in a possessive tone "Because I know... he will love me the most, no matter how many wives he has."

"That will never change. So, I won't mind having you as my sister."

'Sister?' Ji Shuang thought, her chest tightening.

She wasn't sure if she felt honored, intimidated, or both.

For a moment, she considered protesting, but the look in Qian Shi's eyes made her think better of it.

Seeing Ji Shuang's silence, Qian Shi let out a soft sigh, stretching her arms above her head in a graceful arc. "Haa... Well, anyway, I'm heading back."

"I wanted to see my darling's first official wedding and I am very satisfied. I shouldn't intervene any further."

Just as she took a step forward, Ji Shuang suddenly bowed deeply, her voice hurried and filled with guilt. "Your Grace... I still apologize for not stopping Master Tian from... from entering my bed."

Qian Shi paused mid-step, a faint smile tugging at her lips.

She shook her head, the silver strands of her hair catching the soft moonlight. "No, it's alright... Shuang," she said gently, though her thoughts betrayed the serenity in her tone.

'After all, I made him do it.'

The Honored One Physique was immune to ordinary intoxication, so Qian Shi had gone to great lengths to procure a rare, potent wine during her private drinking session with Zhao Tian.

The wine, laced with a subtle enchantment, had been enough to dull even his extraordinary senses, leaving him just disoriented enough to mistake Ji Shuang's room for Yao Jing's.

With a faint chuckle, she waved her hand dismissively. "Well then, I'll take my leave. Take good care of my darling for me."

Ji Shuang lowered her head and Qian Shi disappeared from there.

With a deep breath, Ji Shuang slowly returned back to her room 'Take good care of Master Tian...'

Ji Shuang entered her chamber and closed the door behind her, leaning against it as she tried to calm her racing heart.

As she moved toward the bed, she looked at Zhao Tian who was still lying there, his breathing steady and calm as he slept soundly.

Ji Shuang stopped at the edge of the bed, her gaze lingering on him.

Biting her lip, Ji Shuang hesitated before crouching slightly, her fingers brushing a stray lock of hair that had fallen across his forehead.

The warmth of his skin surprised her, and for a moment, she froze, afraid she might wake him.

When he remained still, she exhaled softly and gently tucked the strand behind his ear.

Her hand lingered near his face, her eyes tracing every detail—the curve of his lips, the faint stubble on his chin, the serene look on his face.

She couldn't help but smile faintly.

'He is really.. so handsome.'

The thought sent a flush of warmth rushing to her cheeks.

She bit her lip again, trying to steady her nerves, but before she could stop herself, she leaned in.

Her heart raced wildly, her breath hitching as her lips softly pressed against his cheek.

The warmth of his skin against hers sent a jolt through her, and she quickly pulled back, her face burning.

'What am I doing?' she scolded herself, clutching her chest as she tried to calm her erratic heartbeat.

Her cheeks were burning, and she couldn't bring herself to meet his sleeping face again.

Finally, she let out a shaky sigh and climbed into bed beside him.

She lay on her side, facing away from him, though she couldn't help glancing over her shoulder every so often to make sure he was still asleep.

Her blush deepened as she whispered softly to herself, "Master Tian... you're going to drive me insane."

Pulling the blanket over herself, she curled up slightly, her mind replaying the brief kiss on his cheek.

Despite her initial embarrassment, a small smile tugged at her lips.

There was something comforting about being this close to him, something that made her feel...

Chapter 640: Flowers [1]

"Urgh..."

A grunt escaped Zhao Tian's lips as he curled on the bed. Feeling the sunrays on his face, his eyelashes fluttered open.

A sharp pain crossed his head and he squeezed his eyes as he slowly woke up, sitting upright on the bed.

"Oh, you woke up?"

Hearing a familiar voice, Zhao Tian squinted his eyes and looked at the blurry figure of a woman moving around the room.

Huh? He blinked a few times, trying to bring her into focus.

He shook his head to gain some clarity, willing the fog in his brain to clear, and Ji Shuang's face came into his view "Sect.. Master?"

Ji Shuang glanced at him and gave a nod "mhm, seems like you are sober now.. Good morning."

"Good morning...?" Zhao Tian muttered, his voice trailing off.

His mind was still trying to piece together the events of the previous night, though the memories were frustratingly fragmented.

A hazy image surfaced... the soft sensation of a warm embrace, the feeling of his lips on smooth skin.

Suddenly, an image of him groping Yao Jing's chest and... sucking on her breasts flashed in his mind.

Huh? His gaze darted around the unfamiliar room, taking in the minimalist decor, the neatly arranged furniture, and the faint fragrance lingering in the air.

Ji Shuang, sensing his confusion, spoke without turning around. "Now you're in my room. Last night, you stumbled in here instead of going to your own."

Oh.. So that's what happened?

His hand instinctively moved to brush the disheveled strands of hair from his forehead 'Then, was that a dream.. sucking Jing's nipple.. huh?'

His gaze flickered toward Ji Shuang, who now stood with her back to him, "Yesterday... when I came here, I didn't do anything weird, right?"

Ji Shuang paused for a moment, then tilted her head slightly to glance at him over her shoulder. "No," she replied indifferently. Explore stories on My Virtual Library Empire

"You just silently came in and fell asleep. I didn't bother to disturb you."

Relief washed over Zhao Tian, though it was accompanied by a pang of embarrassment "I see..."

Ji Shuang turned back to the desk, picked up a bottle of water, and casually tossed it to him. "Here. Drink some water."

Catching the bottle, Zhao Tian opened the lid and took some gulps

The cool liquid felt soothing against his parched throat, though it did little to ease his lingering headache.

Then Ji Shuang took a cup of hot tea and brought it to the lamp table near the bed "Here is ginger tea, drink this. It'll help clear your head... and settle your stomach."

Zhao Tian blinked in surprise, glancing between the cup of tea and Ji Shuang. He hadn't expected such consideration from the usually aloof Sect Master.

A flicker of warmth touched his chest, and he nodded appreciatively. "Thank you, Sect Master."

Ji Shuang gave a curt nod, her gaze briefly meeting his. "You're welcome."

After a moment of silence, she took a step back. "I'll be leaving then," she said, her tone as composed as ever.

"...Yeah."

thud

As soon as Ji Shuang stepped out of the room and shut the door behind her, her carefully maintained composure began to crack.

A soft crimson blush bloomed on her cheeks, quickly spreading to the tips of her ears.

She pressed her back against the door, as fragments of last night flashed vividly through her mind.

She looked down at her chest which now looks normal, hiding her massive breasts, and the image of him sucking her breasts appeared in his mind.

The way his tongue rolled around her areola and the way he licked her nipple... she still remembers it.

Her hand instinctively brushed against her collarbone as if trying to dispel the phantom sensation of his touch.

Her fingers touched her lips, recalling the brief yet daring kiss she had planted on his cheek.

The memory of leaning over him, tugging the strands of hair away from his face, and seeing him so utterly vulnerable brought a new wave of heat to her face.

"Ah..." Ji Shuang let out a soft exhale, a mixture of frustration and embarrassment.

She couldn't believe her own audacity.

She, the Sect Master of the Jade Eclipse Sect, known for her poise and unshakable resolve, had not only allowed such an intimate moment to happen but had also... taken advantage of the situation herself.

Her steps faltered as she moved away from the door, her movements hurried and almost clumsy... something utterly uncharacteristic of her.

'I just did that in the heat of the moment.. waahhhhh.'

She wasn't oblivious to Zhao Tian's charm...

But she had always prided herself on being above such distractions, on keeping her heart guarded and her emotions in check.

And yet, last night had been different.

As she reached the end of the corridor, Ji Shuang paused, leaning against the cool stone wall to steady herself.

Her hand moved to her chest once more, as if trying to suppress the erratic thumping of her heart.

'He was drunk... it didn't mean anything.'

But even as she tried to rationalize it, her cheeks burned hotter.

The image of him lying there, so close and so unguarded, wouldn't leave her mind.

And the way he had looked at her earlier, with those slightly hazy eyes full of confusion and vulnerability...

She took a deep breath, closing her eyes to center herself. 'You're overthinking this, Shuang. He doesn't even remember. To him, it's nothing but a blur.'

But the truth was, it wasn't nothing to her.

'Take care of my darling for me...'

Qian Shi's parting words echoed in her mind, and for a fleeting moment, Ji Shuang's resolve wavered.

Taking care of him?

A tiny part of her found the idea oddly... comforting

...

"Hm.."

Standing in front of the shop, Zhao Tian hummed softly, as his gaze swept over the array of flowers displayed outside.

The colorful blooms swayed gently in the breeze, their scents mingling to create an intoxicating fragrance.

Li Jia, stood beside him, her eyes darting between the various flowers as she carefully evaluated each one.

"Tian, look at these Frostblooms," she said, pointing to a cluster of delicate blue flowers resting in a frosted vase.

Each petal shimmered faintly as if dusted with a thin layer of ice.

Zhao Tian's eyes followed her gesture, and he tilted his head slightly, intrigued.

"Oh, they're not bad," he murmured as he walked closer, his fingers brushing against the edge of a petal.

"I could buy these for you."

Li Jia rolled her eyes and lightly swatted his chest. "Idiot. I don't need flowers," she said, though her tone was affectionate.

"We're here to pick out something for your new wife, remember?"

Zhao Tian chuckled "Ah, right. That."

Nearby, the shopkeeper, a spry old man with a warm smile who had been listening to their conversation leaned over the counter, "Young man, if you're still unsure of what to choose, why not let me make a recommendation?"

Zhao Tian turned to the old man, his lips curving into a smile. "I'll take you up on that offer. Please, show me what you think would be best."

The shopkeeper chuckled knowingly, "A fine choice, lad. But fair warning... it won't come cheap."

Zhao Tian waved his hand dismissively, "Money isn't an issue. Show me the best flowers you have."

The old man's grin widened. "Very well, then. Wait here."

He shuffled toward the back of the shop, his steps quick and eager.

Zhao Tian and Li Jia watched as he disappeared into the inner storeroom, the faint sound of rustling and muttering drifting back toward them.

After several moments, the shopkeeper returned, carrying an intricately bound bouquet in his hands.

The flowers were velvety violet that seemed to drink in the light around them.

At the center of each bloom rested a crystalline dewdrop-like formation that glinted in the sunlight, casting tiny rainbows.

Li Jia's eyes widened in surprise, "Is that... Starlace Violets?" she asked, her voice tinged with awe.

The old man's laughed heartedly "You've got a keen eye, young lady. Yes, these are Starlace Violets."

He held the bouquet up for them to look "These beauties don't wilt for an entire year, so long as you water them properly. And their scent... well, one whiff and you'll understand why they're so prized."

Li Jia leaned in slightly, and she inhaled softly, her expression immediately softening. "It smells like... starlight."

The shopkeeper chuckled. "These flowers are special. They only bloom in very specific conditions within the Great Tianhe Forest, and even then, they're difficult to find."

"No one's been able to cultivate them outside their natural habitat, so they're as scarce as they are beautiful."

Zhao Tian nodded thoughtfully, his gaze lingering on the flowers "I'll take them."

The old man blinked, momentarily startled. "You mean... this bouquet?"

"Yeah, I mean all of them. The entire bunch."

The shopkeeper glanced at him, momentarily speechless. "Young man, these flowers are... expensive. One bloom alone costs 100 High-Grade Astral Stones. There are twenty in this bouquet."

Li Jia's eyes widened slightly, and she glanced at Zhao Tian. "Tian, are you sure? That's a lot of Astral Stones."

Zhao Tian simply smiled "It's fine. I said money isn't an issue."

The old man hesitated, his hands tightening slightly around the bouquet. "That's... two thousand High-Grade Astral Stones. Are you certain?"

Zhao Tian gave a small nod. "Yes. Please wrap them up for me."

The shopkeeper stared at him for a moment longer before breaking into a wide grin. "You've got good taste, lad. And clearly, you know how to treat a woman right. Give me a moment... I'll prepare them for you."

As the old man moved to package the flowers carefully, Li Jia crossed her arms "You're going all out, huh?"

Zhao Tian shrugged. "It's only right to give something special. She is my wife after all."

Li Jia smirked. "She'd better appreciate it, or I'll come back there and take one of these for myself."

He chuckled. "I'll make sure she does."

A short while later, the shopkeeper returned with the Starlace Violets carefully wrapped in silk paper, and tied with a silver ribbon.

Zhao Tian handed over a small pouch with Astral Stones, the weight of which made the old man's hands tremble slightly.

"Thank you for your business," the shopkeeper said, bowing deeply. "These flowers are in good hands, I'm sure of it."