

PROTEGE 251

Chapter 251: THE PHOENIX COURTYARD: WEDDING AND TEA CEREMONY

"Whao! Cool! A unicorn!"

Enfield and Chatty exchanged wide-eyed glances "...."

"No way! That's not a unicorn! Unicorns are horses!" Mia jumped in with enthusiasm.

"You're absolutely right!" Chatty chimed in. "It's not a unicorn at all — it's an Enfield! A tiny, adorable fox!" Chatty explained, keeping it fun and simple for the kids.

"Yes! I want one so badly!"

"Me too! I'm going to ask my Grandpa to get me one! How awesome would that be?!"

The Enfield let out a gentle rumble, something between a purr and a chuckle. The children gasped.

"He just laughed!" Basti shouted. "Do it again! Say something funny!"

"Tell him your worst joke," Chatty encouraged.

Mia leaned close to the Enfield's velvety ear. "What do you call a sleepy dinosaur?" She paused for dramatic effect. "A dino-snore!"

The Enfield blinked slowly, then gave a faint sneeze that ruffled Mia's bangs.

"I think that means he's allergic to bad jokes!" Linh burst into giggles.

The children erupted in laughter, climbing over pillows and each other to get closer to the stage.

Nearby, parents smiled as the joyous cacophony echoed through the pavilion. Some regretted not bringing their children or grandchildren with them.

Ling Li, dressed in a high-collared red silk gown embroidered with rolling platinum clouds, sat beside a column wrapped in blooming wisteria. Her posture was elegant, her head slightly tilted as she watched her daughters, her lips gently curved in a way that suggested serenity, but her gaze shimmered with something else.

Something earned.

The kind of peace that only blooms after battle.

Her hands were clasped softly in her lap.

Chu Yan, standing nearby with a half-smile, watched her watch them — one hand resting loosely in his pocket, the other carrying a small velvet box he hadn't yet given her. His gaze softened every time one of the girls looked his way.

The Twins, hand in hand, followed by Lily, assisted by Chatty and Shun, gave away their birthday souvenir to their guests. Despite being in a wheelchair, Fatty follows behind them.

Ren, in a soft emerald evening gown, leaned over to Pharsa, whispering behind a fan, "Tell me again why our family celebrations always feel like mini state ceremonies?"

Pharsa blinked once, deadpan. "Because if we don't go big, we might go extinct."

"..."

Laughter.

The spell of the evening had not only held — it had begun to heal.

One whispered wish at a time.

As the birthday celebrations gently dimmed into the soft golden hours of twilight, a subtle transformation swept over the estate. A delicate chime sounded, and ushers in embroidered sashes began guiding guests — political dignitaries, business titans, and family elders — through a colonnade of floating lanterns toward the adjacent Phoenix Courtyard, now bathed in a warm, amber glow.

The scent of sandalwood and osmanthus floated through the air of the garden as guests stepped into a space untouched by time.

At the center stood a moon gate, haloed in jade branches and crimson silk, its arch wrapped with flowering wisteria that swayed with a breathless kind of reverence. Beneath its embrace was an open-air altar, canopied in white plum blossoms, their falling petals catching moonlight like snow suspended mid-fall.

In front of it, a ceremonial platform lay prepared with:

Twin crimson silk floor cushions, stitched with phoenixes in flight.

A bronze incense burner, smoke spiraling into the sky like prayers made visible.

Bowls of fruits, wine, lotus seeds, and glutinous rice cakes.

Two ornate tea trays, each engraved with ancestral characters and inlaid with jade handles.

Then, silence deepened.

Ling Li stepped into the courtyard, radiant not in opulence, but in authority and grace.

Ling Li wore a form-fitting crimson Qun Kwa, hand-embroidered with golden thread: phoenixes rising from flame, pearls dotting the cuffs like starlight, and tiny stitched clouds winding over her shoulders.

Her hair was swept into a celestial knot, held in place by a white jade comb that her mother had gifted to her.

Chu Yan walked beside her, no longer merely the groom, but her equal in spirit. He wore ceremonial robes of imperial cinnabar, the wide cuffs lined in midnight brocade, his shoulders unarmed and unadorned — his strength stripped of arrogance, steeped in humility.

Together, they knelt.

The Three Bows (三拜之礼)

El Padre, standing beside the incense altar in a long scholar's robe of navy and bronze, raised a bamboo scroll and proclaimed in a clear, unwavering voice:

"First bow — to Heaven and Earth!"

In unison, Ling Li and Chu Yan turned toward the open sky. Their hands pressed together in front of their chests, heads bowed low until their foreheads nearly touched the floor — an offering of submission to the cosmos, and a plea for guidance beyond the veil of fate.

"Second bow — to the parents and elders!"

They pivoted, now facing two thrones on each side:

Old Master Li and his wife, dressed in traditional brocade, sat with measured pride — their expressions softening into something almost vulnerable as they watched their daughter kneel before them for the first time in a decade.

Mr. and Mrs. Xu, poised and weeping silently, received their son's reverence with awe.

The couple bowed deeply and remained in the kneeling position as both mothers stepped forward, sprinkling rice wine and red flower petals over their heads — a gesture steeped in history, meant to anoint them with prosperity, purity, and fertility.

"Third bow, to each other — husband and wife, bound by the stars!"

Ling Li and Chu Yan turned to face one another.

And this bow was different.

Their eyes met, and they did not break the gaze. They bowed slowly, deliberately, smiling through tears and fire, their foreheads tipping like two blades surrendering in peace.

The Tea Ceremony (敬茶)

Two attendants approached with jade-inlaid tea trays. Ling Li and Chu Yan shifted forward, still kneeling, and began the most intimate of rites.

They served in this order:

To Mr. Xu, Chu Yan offered the tea first, bowing his head low with trembling hands. His father accepted the cup, drank with both hands, and said only:

"Stand tall. You carry our name... but today, you begin carrying hers too."

To Mrs. Xu, Ling Li served with a calm smile. Mrs. Xu gripped her hands tightly after drinking, whispering blessings between tears.

Chapter 252: THE PARADE OF POWER AND PECULIARITY

To Old Master Li, Chu Yan knelt with her head bowed as he offered tea. The old master took the porcelain slowly, sipped from it, and placed it down with reverent silence.

Old Master Li then reached forward and gripped Chu Yan's forearm.

"You are her anchor now. Never forget who she is... even when she forgets herself."

Chu Yan nodded, voice breaking as he said-

"I won't. Not again."

To Madam Li, Ling Li handed her mother the cup with quiet grace. The older woman smiled, eyes glistening, and tucked a moonstone pin into Ling Li's sleeve before whispering-

"A daughter returns to us only once. This time... you brought us a son too."

The Final Blessing

As the tea cups emptied, both sets of elders rose and presented the couple with red silk pouches — each embroidered with gold dragons and cranes, tied with mystic knots. Inside were heirloom rings, imperial bonds of land, and handwritten blessings from three generations past.

El Padre stepped forward again, unrolling a red silk cord between his palms.

He circled it lightly around the couple's wrists, binding their hands together.

The red silk cord draped between their wrists fluttered as the last words of the blessing rang through the courtyard, solemn and eternal.

"By Heaven, Earth, and the ancestors as witness... this union is now blessed!"

In the distance, drums rumbled like distant thunder, followed by the lilting resonance of zithers trailing across the evening breeze. The sounds layered over each other — ancient, sacred, and soothing — as if even the heavens themselves paused to bear witness.

All around them, guests rose to their feet in a wave of reverent applause. Silk sleeves rustled, jade bracelets chimed, and voices murmured soft praises and toasts in a dozen languages.

Ling Li and Chu Yan stood in the center of it all, their hands still tied, their eyes locked.

They weren't smiling — they were glowing. Not with giddiness, but with something ferocious and rare: a promise no storm could unravel.

There was no altar behind them.

No signatures.

No performance.

Only conviction — and the echo of a vow that the world had no power to undo.

Then—

One by one, the line of guests began to move forward.

First came the Russian President, who bounded forward with theatrical flair. His gruff laughter filled the space before he even reached them.

"Ah! You finally marry her, Chu Yan!" he bellowed, giving Four Eyes a hearty slap on the back that made the jade dragons on his robe tremble. Then he turned to Ling Li and made an exaggerated bow, nearly tripping over his boots. "Madame Ling, you have more patience than an army of monks."

"Only for him," Ling Li said smoothly, lips curving.

"Ha! I knew it!" He raised a crystal goblet. "To patience, vodka, and survival!"

He toasted, drained it in one gulp, and promptly knocked the empty glass against his forehead with a satisfied grunt before staggering off, swaying to the music.

Next came the Cuban President, striking in white linen robes and sunglasses that he wore indoors, of course. He sauntered forward like a man in a music video, flanked by two silent attendants in turquoise uniforms.

He didn't offer a smile. Instead, he eyed Chu Yan from head to toe, then turned to Ling Li with a dramatic sigh.

"You really went through with it, querida?" The Cuban President asked in slow, stylized Mandarin.

Ling Li gave a patient nod. "Without hesitation."

"Hmm," he clicked his tongue, handing her a tiny carved box wrapped in cigar leaves.

"Then may you both burn bright... but not burn out."

Ling Li "...."

'Should I receive his gift or not?'

The Cuban President snapped his fingers and glided away, trailing cologne and mystery in equal measure.

Then came the Chinese President — the man who had once stammered through a speech in Ling Li's presence after mistaking her silk fan for a coded diplomatic weapon.

This time, though, he walked with more grace, though his cheeks still glowed a shade too red.

"Madame Ling," he greeted, his hands tight around a delicate cup of rose tea. "And... esteemed husband. Congratulations. The country rejoices with you."

"Even the Ministry of Protocol?" Ling Li teased, tilting her head.

The Chinese President laughed nervously. "Even them. Especially them."

He handed over a scroll embossed with imperial lacquer. He fled with the elegance of a man who'd practiced this exact interaction in a mirror.

The next to arrive walked more slowly, but with equal reverence.

Tutor Chen and Tutor Ma.

Tutor Chen had aged — his back slightly hunched, hair a storm of winter white. But his eyes burned sharp behind his round spectacles. He bowed low to Ling Li, then straightened with effort, nodding proudly.

"It took a phoenix some time to choose her sky," he murmured, voice rich with emotion.

"But I've never seen one fly so boldly."

Tutor Ma — quiet as ever — stood behind him, her expression unreadable until he stepped forward and placed a folded page of poetry in Ling Li's hand.

It was her favorite verse from childhood, copied by hand.

"Take your sky," Tutor Ma said simply. "And share it."

Ling Li pressed the poem to her chest for a beat, then tucked it into her sleeve.

El Padre and El Capitan approached together, arm in arm like bickering sentinels disguised in celebration.

"I told you this day would come," El Padre said, thumping Chu Yan on the chest. "And I told you it would hurt if you fumbled it. You're lucky I didn't follow through."

El Capitan raised a brow. "Tsk. He still deserves one kick in the ribs, to balance the narrative."

"Try it," Chu Yan muttered under his breath with a half-smile.

Ling Li sighed fondly. "Not during our wedding."

"Oh fine," El Capitan relented, then slipped a miniature blacksmith's token into her palm.

"For the battles ahead."

A Tide of Love Across the World

After that, came a parade of colors and cultures:

A desert queen from the Middle East, who gifted a sandglass with enchanted time to protect their household.

A Scandinavian tech lord, who offered two rings infused with micro-chips to track each other's vitals — "Just in case of more drama," he winked.

Cousin Mei and Uncle Chen, who wept openly while handing over a scroll of the Ling family tree, updated with gold ink.

And dozens more — friends, warriors, diplomats, eccentrics — each bringing a thread to stitch this day into forever.

Some offered quiet nods. Some clasped hands. Some smiled and stood aside, watching the couple like one might watch the sea at sunrise, not needing to speak to feel moved by it.

Chapter 253: THE LANTERN AND THE OMEN

The courtyard dimmed as the final notes of zither and drum faded like a sigh carried off by the wind.

All stood still.

In the center, Chin Chin and Kim Kim, their cheeks aglow with excitement, looked up at their parents with matching grins.

Kim Kim cupped her hands formally, face beaming.

"Papa, Mama," she said, voice trembling with joy. "We have a surprise."

Between their small palms, they held a single lantern—delicately crafted in the shape of a phoenix coiled with a dragon, its silk-sheathed ribs shimmering with golden filigree.

Inside, a tiny flame danced quietly, casting firelight across their rosy faces.

"Can we let it fly now?" Chi Chin excitedly asked.

Ling Li's expression broke into a radiant smile. "Yes," she said softly. "Now is perfect."

"Papa," Kim Kim whispered, eyes wide, "is it time?"

Chu Yan looked at Ling Li.

She gave a single, elegant nod.

Together, the girls raised the lantern, their tiny fingers releasing it to the breeze. It wobbled for a moment, then rose.

Slowly. Gracefully.

It caught the current and lifted toward the heavens.

Silence followed it.

Even the politicians stopped muttering in the shadows. Even the entertainers paused their laughter. Everyone — everyone — everyone-watched the lantern float upward like a blessing escaping the bounds of earth.

It glowed like a small sun as it rose past the moon gate, above the marble colonnades and over the upper stories of the estate.

And they watched.

Ling Li, hands gently wrapped around Chu Yan's, tilted her face to the sky. Her expression was unreadable — not joy, not grief, but the solemn reflection of a woman who had outlived storms... and still dared to dream.

Chu Yan, eyes damp, lips parted, whispered something only the wind could hear:

"Thank you for waiting."

Pharsa stood behind them, hand at her chest, her features more relaxed than they'd been in years. Her usual mask of poise broke for just a heartbeat. In her eyes: pride and perhaps relief.

Shi Min, arms crossed but eyes moist, gave a single approving nod, as if etching this image into a corner of his memory reserved for miracles.

Ren and Lily, with arms around each other, leaned their heads together, smiling with the delicate vulnerability of daughters watching hope reborn.

El Padre muttered something poetic in ancient script, pretending to wipe the sweat off his brow when it was clearly a tear. El Capitan coughed beside him — loudly and with suspicion — before whispering, "Shut up, it's dust in the air."

The lantern ascended higher, a single light among stars.

And then—

The air shifted.

The temperature dropped a bit.

A low hum began—not mechanical. Not human. Something older.

The wind reversed direction.

Lanterns flickered.

From the highest balcony, a faint metallic chime rang once.

Then—

All heads turned.

And through the haze of mist that should not have been there, stepped Otako Sentoki.

Clad in layered samurai silks, the color of thunderclouds and bone, his presence seemed to part reality itself. His face, half-obscurd behind a porcelain oni mask carved with gold veins, gave no expression—yet every step he took echoed like prophecy.

Behind him, seven armored samurai moved in precise formation. Their armor was lacquered obsidian, etched with ash-gray runes. No weapons were drawn — but no one doubted they could kill in a blink if provoked.

The crowd rippled in hushed reverence and unease.

Some guests moved back instinctively.

Foreign dignitaries tensed, glancing at their guards.

The Chinese President nearly dropped his teacup.

Whispers flared.

"That's him..."

"The Specter General..."

"Is he here to challenge the groom?"

But no.

Otako stopped at the base of the moon gate.

He lifted a single hand.

Silence.

The samurai stopped behind him in perfect unison.

Then, Otako spoke — his voice low, rhythmic, and deeper than memory.

"Let it be known—on this day, in this place—Ling Li, born of House Li, Guardian of the Southern Clans, Shadow-Phoenix of the Eastern Border... is under my protection."

Gasps broke out from the edges.

"She and all members of her family are not to be threatened," he continued, "summoned, disrespected, manipulated, or used in game or war. She is hers. But should anyone reach for her, they will find my blade in their chest before they draw breath."

His gaze turned to Chu Yan.

A long pause.

And then... he flicked his hand.

A force suddenly pushed back Four Eyes, and he realized his vitality and strength had come back, better than before.

Almost imperceptibly, Otako inclined his head.

Chu Yan returned the gesture deeply.

Acknowledgment. Warrior to warrior.

Otako stepped back. The seven samurai followed. As swiftly as they had arrived, they vanished in a curtain of falling petals that had not been there moments before.

The courtyard remained stunned.

Then—

Kim Kim turned to Chin Chin and whispered loudly, "That person is so cool."

"Uh, I think he is too scary," Chin Chin replied.

Kim Kim looked at her twin sister only to realize Chin Chin is gripping onto her gown.

"..."

'She seems to be really scared.' Kim Kim thought.

The guests laughed, breath returned, and the music resumed.

But everyone-every-every every single person — knew now...

Ling Li was no longer just a wife.

She was untouchable.

"Are you alright?" Ling Ling asked Four Eyes.

Four Eyes replied, "Um, he gave me back my strength, even more."

Ling Li shook her head, smiling, "So that brat had a conscience and gave you a gift," She said, knowing it was Butler Oda under Otako's mask.

The evening had taken on a gentler rhythm now. The tide of power and ceremony ebbed into quieter laughter, softer conversations, and the occasional clink of glasses. The lanterns overhead glowed warmly like a constellation stitched for celebration, their reflections dancing across the polished marble floor of the Phoenix Courtyard.

Ling Li and Chu Yan stood arm in arm near the moon gate, the red silk cord that once bound their wrists now tucked respectfully into the folds of their sleeves, as a symbol rather than tether. Their presence radiated newly forged unity — steel softened by grace.

Guests had begun offering their final farewells, one after another, still murmuring about Otako Sentoki's arrival like it had cracked open history. They bowed, toasted, embraced, and slipped away into sleek cars waiting like starships beyond the gate.

Then, walking with stately poise and years of authority, Old Master Li and Madame Li approached.

Chapter 254: TO THE BRIDAL CHAMBER

"Ling," Old Master Li began, his voice low but resolute, "your mother and I will be going back tonight with your brothers."

Ling Li turned quickly, brows lifting. "Dad, Mom... are you not staying for a couple of days and spend time with us?" There was a note of yearning in her voice, rare, unguarded.

Old Master Li exhaled like a general burdened not by war but duty. "No need. I've been re-elected again as the President of the Chinese Chamber." His expression twisted into a mix of pride and weariness. "I don't think they'll ever let me retire from that post."

Ling Li laughed, warmth spilling over her expression. "Ha ha, that's because you're too outstanding, Dad!"

"Hmp, you—" Old Master Li narrowed his eyes and pointed a finger at her. "Before I forget, let me remind you to control your temper."

Ling Li blinked. "Excuse me? Dad?"

"I know your first marriage was a disaster," he continued, folding his arms.

"But not all men are scumbags like your ex-husband. This new son-in-law of mine is kind, patient, and decent. If you lose this one, I'll personally drag you home by the hair."

Ling Li "..."

'Am I your daughter or my husband is?'

"I know, Dad," Ling Li said sheepishly, cheeks flushing. "It won't happen again."

Old Master Li snorted, then turned to Chu Yan, who stood quietly beside her, posture respectful.

"Chu Yan," he said sternly, "my daughter has been spoiled by us all her life, and she's — well — a little hot-tempered. I hope you'll be patient with her."

"Dad! I'm not!" Ling Li whined, scandalized.

"You Are! Hmp! Just look at you. You're pouting already!"

Chu Yan stifled a smile, bowing slightly. "She's perfect, Sir. Her temper only proves that she still fights. I consider it an honor to be her peace."

Madame Li gently placed a hand on her husband's arm, her lips twitching into a fond smile. "Come on now, don't ruin the mood with your lectures."

She turned to the couple, eyes misting. "Things didn't start well today... but they ended beautifully. That's what matters."

She opened her arms. "Come here, both of you — give your Mom a hug."

Ling Li and Chu Yan stepped forward in unison, enveloped in their mother's soft embrace as Old Master Li watched with quiet pride.

It was not just a hug.

It was a closing of wounds. A seal upon blessings.

The warmth between them wrapped the air like fine silk as the final rays of lantern light flickered across the edge of the courtyard. A few remaining guests drifted politely toward the exits, casting admiring glances as the newlyweds stood beside Old Master Li and Madame Li, the night still cloaked in quiet celebration.

Ling Li brushed a hand gently over her mother's sleeve. "Then Mom, Dad... Chu Yan and I will come to visit you on the third day."

Madame Li waved her hand dismissively, her jade bangles chiming faintly with a fond sigh. "But it's too far! We are family — there's no need to be so formal."

Old Master Li shifted slightly on his feet, his expression carved in affectionate resolve. "If you think you should come home, then come. We always welcome you. You haven't been home for a long time, Ling. I won't force anything. But if you're ready... We'll be waiting."

"Yes, Dad," Ling Li said softly, her voice steady, a faint glint of longing beneath her composure.

Then Old Master Li turned to Chu Yan, his gaze sharp but kind. "And you, son — bring the twins. Let your little princesses run wild in our courtyards."

Chu Yan bowed his head respectfully. "I will, Sir."

"Call me Dad. And take your parents with you," Old Master Li added, his tone half-commanding, half-hopeful. "Let them see what our country truly holds. Not the world they hear about, but the one we live in."

Chu Yan nodded, hands folded properly. "Thank you, Dad. I'll invite them to join us. I think... they'd be honored."

Madame Li placed both palms lightly over Ling Li's cheeks, kissed her forehead, then moved with a mother's quiet grace toward the departing line of state cars.

And as their silhouettes disappeared into the velvet night—

Ling Li turned to Chu Yan.

"Do you think your parents will say yes?"

Four Eyes smiled at her, soft and certain. "If I tell them what kind of in-laws they're visiting? They won't dare say no."

Ling Li chuckled. "Right," she said.

And with that, the whole family headed home in a long convoy of gleaming cars, the white limousine gliding at the front like a swan leading its brood.

When the vehicles finally came to a stop at the grand front entrance, the mansion's façade was bathed in the soft lantern light. Servants dressed in ceremonial attire stood at attention.

Without hesitation, Four Eyes stepped out, straightened his collar, and turned to her. His glasses caught the light as he leaned in with a slow, deliberate smile. "At last," he murmured, voice husky with something between mischief and reverence, "to the bridal chamber."

Before Ling Li could respond, he swept her into his arms.

Her gasp was barely audible, drowned out by the collective hush that fell over the onlookers. Her cheeks flared crimson — not just from his words, but from the immediate awareness of dozens of eyes following their every step. Her body stiffened instinctively, and she gripped his shoulder for balance, her fingers trembling.

Four Eyes adjusted his hold with practiced ease, his expression unreadable beneath his glasses, yet the slight curl of his lips revealed his quiet satisfaction. Ling Li turned her face partly into his chest, attempting to shield herself from the audience. However, she still felt the weight of their glances, their whispered commentary — curiosity from the more immature twins, knowing smirks from their friends, and a few teary smiles from her in-laws, already reminiscing about their own bridal nights.

The path from the mansion's threshold to the chamber was lined with ornate crimson banners and drifting petals. Each step seemed slower, heavier, as if the moment itself resisted being rushed.

As they neared the door of the bridal suite — a pair of heavy lacquered panels painted with twin phoenixes — Ling Li lifted her gaze, meeting Four Eyes' eyes for just a second. What she saw in them made her pulse throb: determination, protectiveness, and something softer, almost shy, that startled her.

Chapter 255: TONIGHT IS OURS

***** WARNING ***** R18 ***** MATURE CONTENT *****

The chamber doors creaked open, revealing the candlelit warmth of their new life—ritual incense already trailing through the air, a pair of wedding slippers neatly arranged by the bedside.

And yet, before stepping inside, Ling Li whispered, barely audible, "Everyone's watching."

Four Eyes paused just enough to reply, "Let them. Tonight is ours."

And with that, he carried her over the threshold, the door closing behind them with a gentle but final thud, sealing off the cacophony of outside eyes.

The candlelight flickered softly against the carved wooden panels of the bridal suite, casting warm pools of gold over the crimson silk sheets. Ling Li's breath caught as Four Eyes laid her gently onto their bed, his movements reverent yet trembling with excitement.

Four Eyes' gaze, darkened by emotion and wine, lingered on her face. "Honey, Ling," he said in a husky whisper that curled around her like smoke, "you are finally my wife."

Ling Li blinked up at him, her lips parting slightly. "Um..." was all she could muster, breathless under the weight of his words. The deep timbre of his voice soaked into her bones, making her feel drunk on something more potent than wine — affection, anticipation, vulnerability.

Four Eyes hovered above her for a heartbeat, then groaned softly as he fumbled with the intricate knots of her ceremonial robe. "Let me help you take off your clothes," he muttered with a mix of reverence and impatience. His fingers tugged at the layers, frustrated. "I can't believe how many layers our ancestors wore every day. It's such a hassle in times like this."

Ling Li let out a soft laugh, watching him with twinkling eyes. His brows were furrowed in concentration, lips pressed into a comically defeated line as he faced the fortress of fabric.

She touched his cheek lightly, her fingers grazing the flushed skin. "You're losing to a bunch of centuries-old stitches."

His face twisted with mock despair. "This is sabotage," he said dramatically, slumping beside Ling Li for a moment, puffing out a breath. "Clearly, the ancients didn't plan for nights like this."

All Ancestors above "...."

Ling Li leaned over, her hair falling like a curtain between them, and planted a kiss on his temple. "Luckily, I'm here to help you win your historical battle."

They shared a quiet moment — a blend of laughter, stolen glances, and the rustle of silk slowly unraveling under their joined efforts — each layer revealing not just their body, but their growing intimacy, stitched together by history and the tender urgency of the present.

As the final layer slipped away, the bridal chamber grew still — so still it felt as though the centuries had paused to watch. The hush that followed wasn't just silence; it was sacred, weighted with history, longing, and the quiet thunder of two hearts laid bare.

Ling Li's fingers reached for Four Eyes' hand, hesitant but drawn to him like a flame to warmth. She didn't pull away. Instead, her touch lingered — fragile yet charged with the kind of electricity born from anticipation and unspoken devotion. Four Eyes paused mid-motion, the flicker in his gaze betraying the calm mask he wore. He wasn't just looking at her—he was reading her, line by line.

"You're trembling," he murmured, his voice barely above the rustling silk.

Ling Li's gaze didn't falter. "I'm not afraid," she said, her voice a hush against the candlelit silence. "Just... overwhelmed."

He leaned closer, their foreheads meeting in a tender arc of intimacy. The heat of his breath mingled with hers, grounding them both. "So am I," he whispered, his words landing not like confession, but communion. "Ling, I love you."

Four Eyes kissed Ling Li so gently as if it were their first time. He kissed her until she was almost out of breath, kissing her down to her neck.

His soft, warm breath made Ling Li curl her toes, "Hhhmmmmmm..."

Four Eyes slowly made it to her bosom, capturing it with his mouth like a hungry child. Sucking, licking, and biting its nipples. While his one hand kneaded her other bosom, the other hand cupped and squeezed her buttocks.

When Four Eyes was satisfied, he kissed Ling Li down to her navel and finally reached his destination, her wet pus*y.

Ling Li gripped the sheets "aaahhhhhh..."

Four Eyes licked and sucked her wet pussy, while his thumb rubbed her clit.

It didn't take long for Ling Li to cry, "Honey... I'm coming..."

Four Eyes made sure to continue sucking and licking harder and faster.

"Hhhmmmmmm...."

After making sure Ling Li was done, Four Eyes wiped his mouth and hovered above Ling Li. He could see the sweat and the crimson tint on her face; the scent of her cum invaded his nostrils, which made him so intoxicated.

While looking at Ling Li deep in her eyes, Four Eyes let his hard cock play at Ling Li's wet fold, creaming it with his pre cum.

"Do you like it?" Four Eyes asked while deeply looking at Ling Li's eyes.

"Um... yes, please..."

"Hm? How do you like it?"

"Chu Yan! Fuck me! Fuck me! Hard... Fast and strong," Ling Li said with a hint of impatience.

Four eyes chuckled, "As you wish, my wife..."

Four Eyes, without hesitation, plunged his hard cock into Ling Li and started to thrust deep, fast, and strong, not wanting to let down his wife.

"Chu Yan... yes... Aaahhhhhh..." Ling Li whimpered.

"Ugghhhhhh... come for me wife..."

Ling Li cried and moaned under Four Eyes. Just before she reached her climax, she transformed into her true form.

Her silver hair and translucent skin came to life, and Four Eyes lost it... he wanted to cum later, but seeing his wife's ethereal beauty made him explode.

"Aaahhhhhh... Hhhmmmm..."

"Ugghhhh... wife, I'm coming with you... Ugghhhhhh..." Four Eyes made his thrust into Ling Li until the last drop of his cum.

"Wife, I need more..." Four Eyes said, pulling Ling Li towards him before flipping her over, Four Eyes held Ling Li's ass towards him, "Wife... I'm coming in..."

Four eyes charged his hard cock into Ling Li; he was so hungry for his wife.

They tossed and turned all night.

Outside, the wind whispered through crimson banners and carried petals like drifting prayers — silent blessings cast upon their threshold.