CHAPTER 41: HIDE YOUR CRIES AMID THE SHARDS UNSEEN

Jian Shizhe's eyes shifted between Qian Shanyi and Wang Yonghao, narrowing down in suspicion.

"Who is this jade beauty, Yonghao?" he asked, his temper receding for a moment.

"It's - a friend, alright?" Wang Yonghao said, turning his gaze back to Jian Shizhe. "She's right, we have to leave -"

"Leave?!" Jian Shizhe scowled. "You dare speak to me like that? Answer for what you did here!"

"What **I** did?" Wang Yonghao scowled, "I saved people is what I did! What do I have to answer for?"

"You pathetic worm, do you even know who I am?! You've ruined *months* of my work - "

"Oh, little Shizhe, did you find some new friends?" A shout from behind them interrupted him, and he stiffened, his lips curving downwards.

As she glanced behind, she saw a cultivator, covered in gems, gold and silver. His hair was sculpted into a pair of long wings, golden wire keeping the structure in place, framing a young male face. His ears carried a pair of chandelier earrings, each a good foot long, and his robes were covered in an assortment of chains, rings, and ribbons, half a dozen rings shining brightly on his hands. It was a small miracle that none of it had ended up tangled together - which meant that either the jewelry was enchanted, or the man had practiced a special art for this sole purpose.

He was barely past twenty, if she were to guess, though already in the high refinement stage. Sigils around the sleeves and the front of his robes revealed him as belonging to the Flowing Scarlet River sect, though she didn't recall his face from the almanac. He had a sword on his back, as long as the one carried by Jian Shizhe, its tip dripping with fresh blood. Shards of glass were spinning around him in a small whirlwind.

"Aw, did we let this one fall through?" he said, passing the corpse of the felled demon beast, and kicking it in disappointment. "So what were you discussing?"

"Nothing that concerns you, Rui Bao," Jian Shizhe said through clenched teeth, his eyes glued to the young man.

“You are always so rude to me, little Shizhe.” Rui Bao pouted. His expression didn’t last, as he smiled at Qian Shanyi while passing her on his way to Jian Shizhe. “Yonghao, is that your wife? Why didn’t you tell us she was coming?”

“My - my *wife*?!” Wang Yonghao stuttered, his face growing white. Qian Shanyi raised an eyebrow.

“Well yeah,” Rui Bao said, throwing a hand over Jian Shizhe’s shoulder to mirror Qian Shanyi. Jian Shizhe stiffened further, and his scowl grew deeper. “Look at how closely you two are standing! I can recognise a man’s woman when I see her.”

“Yonghao said her name was Qian Shanyi,” Jian Shizhe said stiffly, pulling the Rui Bao’s hand off his shoulder, “Wang and Qian - they can’t be married.”

Qian Shanyi’s eyes flickered between the two cultivators. Based on Jian Shizhe’s demeanor, he was only a hair’s breadth away from challenging Wang Yonghao to a duel. She didn’t know who this Rui Bao was, but if Jian Shizhe was allowing him this much, then her best bet to extricate them from this sticky situation was to play them against each other.

Pretending she was anyone’s woman was *really* not the mask she preferred, but in the end, it was better to work with the preconceptions of others than against them - and they wouldn’t be staying in this town long enough for it to matter.

“Indeed, fellow cultivators, we aren’t married - but marriage is ever a question of timing, is it not?” She smiled, ignoring Wang Yonghao’s nails digging into her shoulder. “Could we be excused? Whatever happened, the demon beast is already dead - and I had a very long night.”

“Yeah, I could tell!” Rui Bao laughed, gesturing at the thin scar lines on her face. “Slipped on the glass fields? Happened to me many times, back in the day.”

“Something like that. Perhaps we could meet in a couple days, once I have acclimated to the town? I would be glad to share my cooking, if you would allow me.”

“Oh Heavens!” Wang Yonghao awkwardly gasped, thankfully realizing what she was doing and trying to play along. His acting left much to be desired. “I had some medicine with me - please, can you let me attend to my…friend? This hunt is already over.”

“Oh but of course!” Rui Bao laughed again, nodding and making all his jewelry tinkle slightly, turning to Jian Shizhe. “Jian Shizhe is the expert on this town - every time I come here, I learn something new from him! Isn’t that right?”

Jian Shizhe glared at the three of them, his scowl deepening, before he turned all his wrath on Wang Yonghao.

“You cowardly, pathetic, sniveling worm, unworthy of even being a footrag for a true cultivator,” he said, “this is just an excuse for you to run away from the mess you made, isn’t it? Honorless wretch, you expect me to simply forget this?!”

Wang Yonghao stepped forwards, ready to respond, but she tightened her arm around his neck to keep him back.

“Just take the insult,” she whispered in Yonghao’s ear, keeping her eyes on Jian Shizhe with a slight smile. “Trust me.”

She felt Yonghao stiffen, and then relax.

“Sorry about the spider,” Wang Yonghao said, bowing slightly, “hope you will find another one!”

“Oh they practically grow on trees here,” Rui Bao said, trying - and failing - to pull Jian Shizhe away from them.

Wang Yonghao turned around and she let go of his neck, following after.

“Hey! You think you can simply walk away from this?” Jian Shizhe shouted after them. “Even if you climbed up into the Heavens, you wouldn’t escape me!”

Qian Shanyi sighed, and stopped, turning around. Jian Shizhe didn’t seem willing to throw a challenge down with this Rui Bao around, but it was best to give him something positive to walk away with.

“Honorable cultivator Jian.” She bowed deeply. She needed a compliment, and an open request, to give some control back to him, but ideally without forcing them to interact later. With how he dressed - perhaps something old-fashioned? “The beauty of your town is only eclipsed by that of your own, much like the prosperity of your family eclipses the stars. I haven’t seen my fiance in ages -”

Behind her, she heard Wang Yonghao stumble.

“- and every second we could spend together, strolling these streets, would be a balm upon my soul. I hope you could find it in your soul to grant this humble cultivator this gift?”

She batted her eyelashes at Jian Shizhe to sell the performance. He scoffed at her, but the corner of his mouth twitched upwards, and he finally waved them off. She turned around, and caught up with Wang Yonghao, putting a hand on his shoulder.

“So, my ‘dear fiance’,” - she chuckled grimly - “I hope you know of a tavern in this town, where we could conduct our…spousal affairs?”

“Please don’t joke like that.” Wang Yonghao shuddered. “I still remember what you looked like with your arms buried in that bear’s midsection, or when you butchered that fish.”

“Fine, fine.” She snorted. “You think I like it myself? As if the only reason I could even exist is as an accessory to you. It was just more convenient to play along, and not give Jian Shizhe an opening.”

“You know this guy?” Wang Yonghao looked at her strangely. “I’ve only gotten here two days ago. How long have *you* been here?”

“I’ve only just arrived, Yonghao,” she said. “Do you truly think I would have simply skulked around in the shadows for days, observing you, without even coming around to say hi?”

“Yes?”

“Fine, I *might have*, but I didn’t.” She rolled her eyes. “I know of him from the cultivator almanac. He challenges others to duels over any little insult - you dodged a flying sword there, thanks to me. I wouldn’t worry much about his insults - everyone already knows how hot-headed he is, so they carry little weight.”

Wang Yonghao rubbed his forehead.

“What in the netherworld’s name is a cultivator almanac?”

“Hm,” she hummed, “I suppose you not knowing about it would explain a fair bit. Not much to it - I have only learned of it myself quite recently. I’ll show you later - but first, an inn? Let’s not talk out in the open.”

Wang Yonghao sighed, and led her down the streets of town built on glass.

The tavern in Reflection Ridge, not pressed for space like the one in Xiaohongshan, was a single-story building in the shape of a square, encircling a bountiful garden. The garden itself had a dozen delicate domes of glass stretching above it - like a frozen flower, panels keeping rain away from the paths, matte glass giving shade to small pavilions here and there, yet still leaving plenty of gaps for rain to fall down on the plants and for wind to bring fresh air in. In any other town, only a town lord or a large sect could afford something of this scale - but here in Glaze Ridge, she supposed both the glass and the cultivators who could shape it were in abundance.

Every room in the tavern was more of an apartment, wide and inviting, with a fireplace large enough to fit a cooking pot, and even a small attached washroom - though the baths were still communal. The cost, appropriately enough, was high - a whole yuan per day - but after working for Wu Lanhua, she was no longer quite as strapped for money as before. They paid for a week - enough time to not be suspicious, and for them to get their bearings, with the possibility of

extending their stay. There were cheaper options, but she had plans, and felt that the extra space would more than pay for itself.

She gave the money to Wang Yonghao and had him pay, not wanting to leave any name on the documents, but in the end, the innkeeper didn't even ask for their seals. He was even kind enough to sell her some rice and vegetables.

Once they were left alone in their room, she placed her bags on the floor, stretched out her tired hands, and closed her eyes. She was still drenched from the rain, dripping all over the floor, but after that hellish river crossing, simply being able to put her things *down* was rapturous.

"So um," Wang Yonghao said, and from the shuffling of wool and groaning of wood, she knew he was sitting on the edge of the bed. His voice was tense. "Did you find my message?"

"I did," she said, opening her eyes to glance at him. He was staring at his feet. "Getting it was… very exciting. But let's set up some formations first. My luck has been rotten as of late - you will forgive me for being paranoid."

She went over to her knife chest, flipped open the lid, took out two leather talisman pouches, and handed them to Wang Yonghao.

"Here," she said, "and start a fire, if you wouldn't mind? I would like to cook something."

Perhaps she was simply stalling. The heavenly vow in her mind quieted down now that she found him, but she had, at best, a couple days before it would force her hand - if the man himself didn't do so earlier. She wanted to spend these days preparing for the inevitable tribulation, but she couldn't explain how she found him without mentioning the vow, and he would rightly want to know.

But what was she supposed to do? She wasn't *ready*. Even in a good town like this one, even if Wang Yonghao would help her - she didn't envy her chances of survival.

While Wang Yonghao was setting up the formations, she took out her sewing set, and walked over to the window. It was a single panel of glass in a solid frame of wood, opening out into the gardens, and shutters that could be locked from the inside, but she wanted to add a tripwire.

She closed the shutters, and then took out the thinnest needle she had, tore off a single hair from her head, and threaded it through. Very carefully, she made a couple miniscule holes on the underside of the shutters, and passed the hair through them, tying it into a knot - if someone managed to open the window from the outside, the hair would tear in half, and then at least she would know they had been snooping through the room. She did much the same with the window itself.

By the time she was done, a fire was roaring happily within the fireplace, and Wang Yonghao had finished setting up both of her formations. She glanced over his work and nodded approvingly.

The first was a standard set of talismans for gathering spiritual energy. When put in correct positions, they would form a whirlpool, sucking it from the environment, and marginally raising the concentration of the energy inside the formation. The increase was not very large, but every little bit counted for a loose cultivator or for a device operated by spiritual energy, and so these formations were fairly common.

Of course, with access to Wang Yonghao's energy-dense inner world, that was useless for her. Instead, she was after the side effect of using this formation: this whirlpool of spiritual energy disrupted spiritual energy senses of cultivators. She could already feel it starting to pull on the cilia of her spirit, an uncomfortable tug that made them shrink back instinctively. If someone wanted to, they could of course force their cilia across the boundary and sense what was happening inside; but doing so would be a grave invasion of privacy, and not something to be done casually. Merely putting up the formation would mean that practically all cultivators would know to turn their senses away - and that meant that they could open up the entrance to Wang Yonghao's inner world with no fear of discovery.

The second formation was one that muffled sound crossing its boundary. The drain on it was fairly small, but she still wasn't sure if there would be enough ambient spiritual energy to power it the whole day long, even with the gathering formation working hard to supply more. Mostly, she purchased it as an excuse - if anyone asked why they have been so quiet within their room, she could point to the muffling formation.

"There we go," she said, "now, even if there is a cultivator in the next room, they shouldn't sense anything amiss. You can open up the entrance."

"And the fire?" Wang Yonghao nodded at it, shifting awkwardly. "If you wanted to cook, it'd be easier to do it inside."

"It would be suspicious if we stayed in the room but never even lit a fire," she said, "the innkeeper saw how drenched I was in the rain, and I bought rice and vegetables from him - this way, he would see smoke coming out of our fireplace, and make all the wrong assumptions."

She pulled out her silk rope, and offered one end to Wang Yonghao.

"Let's go," she smiled, "I am getting hungry."

As they descended down into the inner world - Wang Yonghao, walking on air, and she, one leg secured in a loop tied to his belt - Qian Shanyi felt tension lift off her mind. The same place that tried to kill her so many times now felt safe, comfortable, like returning back home from a long

trip. Ever-present sunlight warmed her skin, the dense spiritual energy in the air rushed into her meridians, and she knew that at least here, she didn't need to hide.

From the air, the world fragment looked like a perfectly round green plate of grass. As she looked over it, she quickly noted the changes from her last visit. Wang Yonghao had dragged the lathe table off to one side, and the center of the world fragment was now occupied by a dozen chopped off tree trunks. The drying cabinet on the chiclotron looked complete, and something of a kitchen had been set up above the fire node next to the bath - all the cutlery arranged close together, with a stone foundation built above the node hatch, for easy access to the fire. The bath itself was surrounded by a fence as tall as a person - nothing more than thick, long wooden stakes hammered into the ground, blocking it from sight down on the ground.

"You walled off the bath?" she chuckled, as they landed and headed towards the kitchen.

"Yeah. It felt awkward to bathe in the open." he shrugged.

"In the open? You live alone." She raised an eyebrow, looking back at Wang Yonghao.

"It was still awkward," he grumbled, "all this open space? Even if nobody can see me, it still *feels* like I am exposed."

She hummed. It would certainly make it easier to cohabitate - she remembered how painfully awkward the man was around nudity, back in the forest.

She quickly changed out of her drenched robes and into a fresh set - these ones brilliant white with silver thread, and a thin leather belt - hiding behind the bath out of courtesy to Wang Yonghao, and squeezed as much water out of her long black hair as she could.

She was already looking forward to taking a good bath after all this, but first, she needed food. She checked the pots - all of them perfectly clean, and free of rust - picked up a small one, and poured out two portions of rice to wash and cook.

They quickly descended into silence only interrupted by the sound of rice swirling in water. Wang Yonghao broke it first.

"You said you got my letter?" he asked, biting his lips. "Did anything…happen there?"

She collected her thoughts before responding. Back in Xiaohongshan, she was furious when she read his message, but her anger had abated in time.

"When I left you, I visited a postal office, and then went on to sell one of our swords," she finally said casually, "the merchant seemed interested, and offered a good price, but then I made a mistake, and he sent spirit hunters after me."

Wang Yonghao made a whining noise, and she waved him off.

“It’s fine. I handled it,” she said, straining out the rice from starchy water with the edge of her knife, before refilling the pot and putting it on the fire, and adding some salt. She wiped her hands, and turned back to glare at Wang Yonghao. “But I did have to sneak back into our room in the middle of the night like some cheap robber, just so that I wouldn’t be spotted. I spent the entire night huddled inside of a fireplace, coughing up soot. *That* was *not* fine. If you wanted to cut me off, why didn’t you just tell it to my face?”

“I didn’t want to cut you off!” he said, wringing his hands, “It’s just…”

“Just what?”

“It’s dangerous!” He shrugged. “I… I wrote about my friend, didn’t I?”

“You did,” she said, her glare softening a fraction, “But by then, I’ve already figured that something like that must have happened in the past. It changed little. It also has *nothing* to do with refusing to speak to me directly.”

“Well what was I supposed to say?”

“The truth,” she snorted, “That you were afraid, that I’d be in danger, which I already knew. I would have, of course, told you to shove your concerns because the path of cultivation is *always* full of dangers - but if you didn’t want anything to do with me, then I’d have grudgingly conceded, no matter how stupid that decision would have been. I told you as much in the forest.”

Wang Yonghao looked away.

“I was hoping you’d just go back to your sect,” he sighed, “it’s your home, you have family there. Why should you throw your life away?”

“Yonghao, I *can’t* go back,” she sighed, unpacking her knife chest, and preparing to dice up the vegetables she got from the innkeeper. Perhaps a stir fry?

“What?” he asked slowly, “but you… You *do* have family in Golden Rabbit Bay, right?”

“Last I checked,” she said, pushing down her spike of worry, “though I can no longer be sure, not after those demonic cultivator attacks on the day you left the city. But that isn’t the problem. I wrote a… rather scathing message to my sect, saying I would not be returning. They would not welcome me back with open arms.”

“What?” he said faintly, taking his head in his hands, “No, when would you have had the time -”

“You *saw* me write it, Yonghao.” She glared back at him. “I meant every word in that letter, but the fact remains - I cannot go back, not as I am now. I can’t even write to find out if my *parents* are still alive - the sect would track the return address, I am sure. And yes, perhaps I should have told you what *kind* of letter I was writing, but it was my own business. I am sorry I kept quiet, but you would have found out *anyways* if you simply *asked* me, or even simply mentioned wanting to split, instead of making assumptions.”

Wang Yonghao sat down on the grass, looking faint.

“So… What now?” he asked.

“What is in the past is in the past,” she sighed, “please do not pull something like that again - if you still do not want to travel with me, then let us figure something out calmly, so that I could split off without being left with the law at my heels.”

There wasn’t enough space near the first fire node to place a pan of diced up vegetables. She would have to expand it somehow - build a proper stove with multiple burners, perhaps - but for now, she simply headed off to another fire node. Running between them would be a chore, but she’d manage.

“Besides, don’t you think we work well together?” she asked, carefully positioning the shield that served as their pan on top of a pair of wooden logs, just high enough above the fire node to fry the vegetables, but not so high that all the heat would be gone. It’s a shame that Wang Yonghao only built a single foundation. “Without my advice, you’d be dueling Jian Shizhe right about now.”

She looked at the pan in front of her, stirring it with a wooden spatula Wang Yonghao must have carved while she was away, and frowned. Something was missing. Innkeeper sold her some carrots and onions, but with only salt and pepper on hand, that would be a bit too flat.

“I wish I had thought to bring more spices,” she sighed, “Wu Lanhua had such a good collection, and she wouldn’t have missed me taking some samples…”

“I have some,” Wang Yonghao said, and she raised an eyebrow at him in surprise. He motioned for her to follow, and led her to the drying cabinet on the chiclotron.

When she showed him her plans for the chiclotron, the drying cabinet was already included in her designs - she figured they could use it to dry clothes after washing them, or to preserve food for later. It was merely a tall chimney above a fire node that passed through a large box, warming it and giving it plenty of airflow. They hadn’t had the time to finish building it before Wang Yonghao ran away, but it seemed that he had finished it on his own.

She rapped her knuckles on the smooth planks, enjoying the solid, dull sound. There was a door on the side, locked with a complex latch, and when she popped it open, she saw neat

shelves, full of ingredients. The smell of dry herbs hit her in the face, and she breathed deeply, savoring it.

“Good job building this,” she said, running her hand along the inside wall. “Great job on maintaining the entire world fragment, really - finishing the chiclotron, adding a kitchen, and the walls to the bath. You put yourself down so much I was worried you wouldn’t keep it in order.”

“I thought you said the walls were a waste?” he asked, uncertainly, but his mood did seem to improve somewhat.

“I didn’t say that,” she shook her head, “it just seemed strange to me, is all. But if you feel more comfortable that way, then it is good. At the end of the day, a house should be built to serve its inhabitants.”

She turned her gaze to the contents of the cabinet, quickly adding them to her mental catalog of what was available.

“Good selection,” She said, impressed, going through the shelves. “Garlic, slothenleaf, even some sparkberries… Not stolen, I hope?”

“No,” he said, shifting awkwardly, “you left a couple spirit stones behind. Money doesn’t stick around me, so I figured… I should buy something useful, right? Sorry for using it up.”

“I am not here to give you grief over a couple spirit stones, Yonghao.” She snorted. “I want a long term, productive relationship. Besides, we’d both be eating this. It was a good purchase, though we’d have to take some of them out of the cabinet before it ruins the taste entirely. Some of these ingredients prefer the cold, others need more air moisture... But you couldn’t have known, and it’s not a big deal.”

“I can’t store them outside, so that leaves the chiclotron,” he sighed, “the rosevines eat everything I leave out. Maybe I’ll make a second box.”

“Those are still a problem?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah, they hide underground, but they can’t get into the box, not with the latch,” he said, “I have to sleep inside of that hunting shack we dug into the ground, or they will try to strangle me at night.”

“I am glad it ended up being handy eventually,” she smiled, and went back to the ingredients. At the bottom of the cabinet, one shelf caught her eye - it held a large cut of mushroom sponge, faintly suffused with wood-type spiritual energy.

“Is this from that mushroom spirit you fought off?” She asked, curiously.

“You know about that?” Wang Yonghao asked, surprised.

“I know many things, Yonghao.” She snorted. “Good job defending the ordinary people.”

“Well… yeah,” he said, and even despite her compliment, she could tell that his mood had dropped like a stone. “I thought maybe I could cook it - but it was too tough to eat, no matter how much I fried it, so I just left it here. But if you know about it… Were you following me? How did you manage that?”

“I have my ways.” She laughed, deflecting the question. “Don’t worry, I think I know how to cook this mushroom. It would be a good compliment to the rice.”

“No, really, this doesn’t make sense,” he said, suddenly scowling, “Shanyi, I know what I am doing. When I don’t want to be found, people almost *never* find me. My luck is cursed, but it grants me this much - I get into *new* problems, but *out* of old ones. And I *was* trying to run away from you - so how did you manage to find me?”

She stared at him, and considered deflecting again. There were ways to do it… but he deserved to know, especially if she was going to count on his help with the tribulation.

“I made a heavenly vow,” she said quietly, “the heavens were kind enough to help me find you in turn - I suspect you are their favored son, for whatever reason.”

“*You?*” Wang Yonghao raised an eyebrow, “*You* made a *heavenly vow?*”

“I was all out of options,” she scowled, blushing in shame, “you think I liked kissing the hands of butchers?”

“Uh huh,” he said, his eyes narrowing in suspicion, “and what kind of vow was that?”

She opened her mouth to respond, to say that they should discuss this *after* dinner - in case mere discussion broke it off - but stopped herself. Something didn’t feel right.

It took her a moment to realize what she felt - or rather, *did not* feel - and her eyes widened in shock. The heavenly vow in her mind had gone completely silent.

She could still feel it in her mind, inert though it may be, but it had ceased to poke at her thoughts, as if it had fallen into deep torpor. In all her time with it, this has not happened even once.

Back at Wu Lanhua’s estate, mere minutes after she made it, it was already active, pushing her along - and casting her mind back, it still was when she met Wang Yonghao, though it had calmed down significantly. Even while they were setting up the formations in their room, she could still feel it pressing down on her awareness.

So why would it go to sleep now?

No. Not *now*. She realized that she hadn't felt it move ever since they entered Wang Yonghao's Inner World.

She glanced upwards, to the very top of the spherical world, where the entrance to it had closed.

Could the Heavens simply…not *see* what was going on here? After all, the vow reflected their opinion of her - if it had gone silent, then had Heaven's watchful eye been closed?

That seemed like the only sensible explanation - the only concrete thing that could have changed between then and now - and yet it made no sense at all. If her theory was correct - and everything so far had pointed in that direction - then Wang Yonghao was the favored child of the Heavens, and his luck related to them in some way. But why would the Heavens give him a way to hide from their sight?

Was their sight limited within *all* world fragments, or only this one? She didn't know, and her research so far was too rudimentary to say for sure, but if any such limitations existed, she hadn't *heard* of them before.

Was this a trap? No, that made no sense - if the Heavens wanted to kill her, they could have broken off the vow at any time. If they did so while she was crossing the glassy fields, she would have died for sure.

That meant it couldn't be a trap… Or at least, not a trap for *her*.

"It was…a calculated vow," she said carefully, testing the waters.

Nothing. The vow stayed dormant.

"One that I would never have made, before I met you," she said, her lips slowly stretching out into a grin.

Not even a blip.

"One that, in fact, I would have said I should go back on," she said, starting to laugh. Wang Yonghao looked at her suspiciously.

"And in fact… It is a vow I never intended to fulfill in the first place!" She laughed in full, turning her eyes to the skies. Wang Yonghao went white as death, but the vow in her mind stayed *silent*, unmoving, and no tribulation lightning struck her down. "A vow of a liar, worthy of those it was given to!"

“Why are you laughing?!” he asked, his hands shaking a bit, “if you made a vow, you should know how dangerous it is to break it off! It’s a miracle they didn’t do so just now, after what you said!”

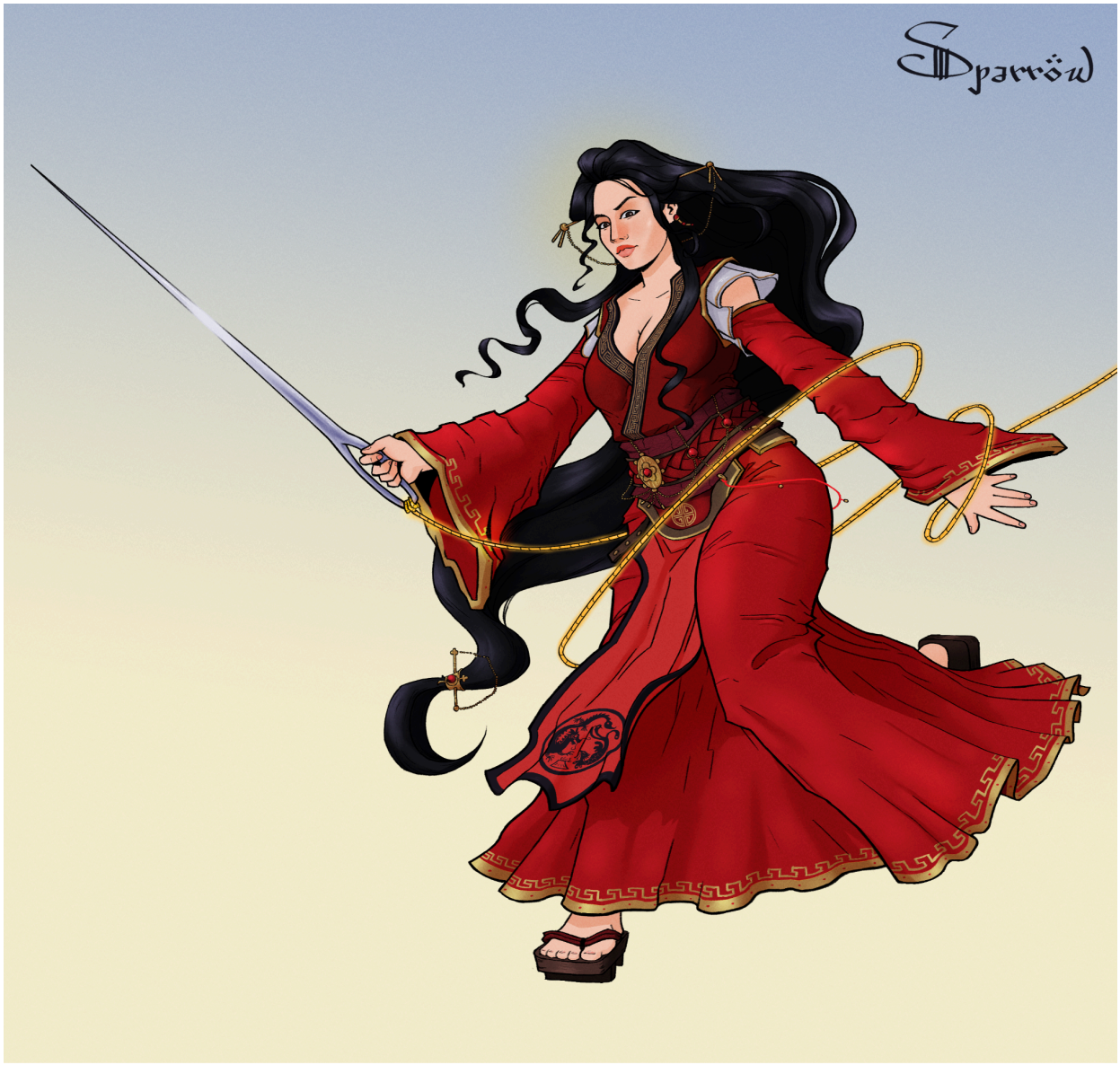
“Oh, Younghao, but why shouldn’t I laugh?” She laughed louder, “I have just discovered that the Heavens, sanctimonious bastards that they are, have made a *mistake*.”

She let her malice fill her grin, like old wine filling a crystal glass.

“And mistakes are made to be *punished*.”

Author Note: One of my artist friends needed money for doctor stuff for their cat, so I paid for a commission piece of Qian Shanyi. Those of you who are on my discord would have already seen it, but the other patrons can enjoy it below. The artist’s nickname is Sparrow, and you can find them on discord under Sparrow#3589, if commissioned art is your thing.

(Her sword is not yet, as of this point in the story, a needle)


Sparrow