Celestial Fairy's Fall

Chapter 56

"I wonder if Sister Qingyue has left yet..."

At the foot of Luoshui Mountain, a petite yet shapely young woman walked along the mountain path, murmuring to herself.

This person was none other than Ye Qingcheng, the daughter of the Great General.

She was known as an arrogant and haughty princess.

Ye Qingcheng had woken up very early and sat in the General's Mansion for a while before she suddenly remembered that she ought to go to Luoshui Residence to say goodbye to Sister Qingyue.

"Sister Qingyue, Sister Qingyue..."

Upon entering the inner chamber of Luoshui Residence and running toward the pavilion, Ye Qingcheng could not wait to call out in a clear, melodious voice, as sweet as a bell.

"Huh? It's you, you dog of a servant? Where's Sister Qingyue?"

Ye Qingcheng arrived at the pavilion and saw Old Wang sitting inside.

This lackey acts as though Luoshui Residence is his own. He was actually sitting in the spot where Qingyue usually sat!

But Ye Qingcheng was too lazy to pay him any attention right now, and quickly asked...

"This old servant greets Princess Qingcheng!"

Old Wang was overjoyed to see Ye Qingcheng arrive and quickly stood up to greet her.

The fairy had barely left when this busty princess showed up at his doorstep?

"Hmph! I'm asking you! Where is Sister Qingyue?"

Ye Qingcheng gave a soft snort.

"Your Highness, the fairy has just left."

"Oh, has Sister Qingyue already left?"

Ye Qingcheng felt a little disappointed and sat down alone on the stone bench in the pavilion.

Silence fell for a moment.

"Gurgle."

Old Wang stood beside Ye Qingcheng, his lecherous old eyes lingering condescendingly on her proud, large breasts. He swallowed hard, seemingly lost in thought.

"Hmm?"

"You dog of a servant! Where are your eyes looking?"

Ye Qingcheng looked up at Old Wang and found him staring at her chest with a look of greed.

Old Wang stroked his withered chin, his small, beady eyes darting around, a lewd look on his face, his mind filled with filthy, lustful schemes.

Now that the fairy was gone, he had nothing to worry about — especially considering her last words after she left...

"Princess Qingcheng, who can blame me when you're so beautiful and have such a wonderful figure! It's only natural that this old servant couldn't help but take a few more glances!"

"Princess Qingcheng, look at your unparalleled beauty! Which woman in the world can compare?"

"Don't talk nonsense! I'm not that good."

Ye Qingcheng's anger immediately subsided, replaced by a hint of shyness.

She knew she was pretty, but compared to her sister Qingyue, she was still a few points less attractive.

Old Wang said shamelessly:

"How could that be? Princess Qingcheng, look at your chest! How many people can compare?"

"Shut up!"

Ye Qingcheng was both embarrassed and angry.

"Princess Qingcheng..."

"W-what are you doing?"

"Do you remember the last time this old servant gave you a massage?"

Massage?

Ye Qingcheng recalled the time at the entrance of Luoshui Residence when this lackey had given her a massage. To be honest, it had been quite comfortable — but then this lackey had dared to grab her breasts!

Thinking of this, Ye Qingcheng's face flushed even more, turning a rosy red like a ripe apple, making her incredibly adorable.

"Princess Qingcheng... shall this old servant give you another massage?"

That lackey! Is he trying to take advantage of me again? But last time was quite comfortable... so how about another try?

"Then... then come on, but don't let this princess catch you having any ulterior motives!"

Ye Qingcheng said proudly.

"Yes, yes, yes, how could this old servant dare to harbor any improper thoughts toward Princess Qingcheng?"

Old Wang walked up behind Ye Qingcheng, and looking at her exquisite and alluring figure, he almost drooled.

A pair of experienced hands landed directly on Ye Qingcheng's shoulders.

Ye Qingcheng's delicate body trembled involuntarily.

Old Wang's old hands grasped Ye Qingcheng's shoulders, slowly and gently kneading them...

"Pfft!"

Old Wang pretended to press a few times, then his hands directly grabbed Ye Qingcheng's large breasts!

"Um... you lackey... um... what are you doing?"

Ye Qingcheng's breathing became noticeably more rapid, and her speech became intermittent.

"Princess Qingcheng, this old servant will give you a massage!"

"Massage? Does a massage mean massaging my breasts?"

Ye Qingcheng said angrily.

"Princess Qingcheng, don't you think it's more comfortable to press here?"

"I... hmph... um... press gently... I don't know!"

So soft!

Wow, that's huge!

As expected of a princess with large breasts!

Old Wang's hands were kneading Ye Qingcheng's large, proud breasts incessantly.

This caused Ye Qingcheng to groan involuntarily.

"Hmm... you dog, press gently..."

"You... hmph... be gentle... it hurts..."

"Princess Qingcheng, you also enjoy this old servant playing with your breasts, don't you..."

"Hmph... um... you dog of a servant... what nonsense are you spouting... what are you talking about... um... be gentle... you're just... giving this princess a massage..."

"Yes, yes, yes, did this old servant make Princess Qingcheng feel comfortable?"

This big-breasted princess, you're so stubborn! Wait until this old servant kneads those breasts of yours and loosens them up, then let's see if you're still so arrogant.

"Hmph! Hmm... hmm... it's just so-so..."

Ye Qingcheng remained aloof, but her beautiful eyes held a slightly dazed look.

"Hehe, then this old servant will have to put in a bit more effort!"

After Old Wang finished speaking, he suddenly increased the force!

"Ah... you... hum... it hurts..."

"Too much pressure, press lighter... ah... um..."

Ye Qingcheng cried out in pain, unable to hold back a groan.

"Are you comfortable, Princess Qingcheng?"

"It feels good... but... please be gentler..."

"That won't do. If I'm too gentle, Princess Qingcheng won't feel as comfortable as she does now!"

"You!... Hmph... Um... You dog of a slave..."

"Princess Qingcheng, this old servant has something even more comfortable here, would you like to try it?"

Ye Qingcheng's delicate body trembled. Could there really be something more comfortable than this?

"What... is it?"

"That's because Princess Qingcheng took off that cumbersome skirt! Let this old servant give your big breasts a proper massage!"

"You..."

"You dog of a slave! Don't even think about it!"

Ye Qingcheng immediately retorted angrily.

"You want me to take off my skirt? What's this lackey thinking? Is that even possible?"

This princess is of noble birth; how could I possibly remove my clothes in front of an old and ugly man like you?

"Hehe, is Princess Qingcheng feeling unwell?"

Old Wang grabbed Ye Qingcheng's nipples and squeezed them hard!

"Ouch... it hurts! What are you doing, you dog of a servant?!"

"Are you comfortable, Princess Qingcheng?"

"Want to be more comfortable?"

Ye Qingcheng hesitated, yet was also somewhat eager to try. She licked her lips with her small, fragrant tongue and stammered, tilting her head back, "Then... then... we'll do as you say..."

"Hehehe! This old servant obeys!"

Old Wang's old hands, which had been playing tricks on Ye Qingcheng's large breasts, reached for the ribbon at her waist...

With a gentle pull, her top opened wide, revealing a red bodice.

"Princess Qingcheng, take off your top."

Old Wang lifted the loosened garment, gesturing for Ye Qingcheng to cooperate.

Ye Qingcheng's delicate face was flushed, making her incredibly alluring.

Ye Qingcheng raised her delicate hand, helping Old Wang remove the cumbersome garment, which then fell to the ground.

At this moment, Ye Qingcheng was only wearing a red bodice, which was stretched taut by her proud, large breasts!

Old Wang's experienced hands reached around her jade-like back, untied the knot, and gently tugged.

As expected.

As the red bodice hit the ground, Ye Qingcheng's large, proud breasts bounced out!

"Gurgle."

Old Wang couldn't help but swallow.

So big! So white! So tender!

Finally, he got a glimpse of this busty princess's breasts.

So next...

He was going to have some fun with these big breasts!

Chapter 57

"Princess Qingcheng, your breasts are truly exquisite!"

Old Wang couldn't help but sigh, then he knelt down, opened his mouth wide, and began to bite and gnaw at her breasts haphazardly...

"You dog of a slave! You.... Ah~ Uh ah~"

Her breasts, never before licked or kissed, were now being intimately touched by Old Wang. Ye Qingcheng could feel a head rubbing against her breasts, a wet, hot tongue roughly tracing every inch of her soft flesh. The fiery, tingling sensation was enough to make her unable to resist, and she moaned repeatedly.

"Hmm... Ah... Hmm..."

Just as his tongue reached her nipple, Ye Qingcheng let out a seductive moan. Old Wang immediately understood, and continued to tease her nipple with his tongue until it was completely wet with saliva.

"Princess Qingcheng, is it comfortable?" Old Wang asked while licking Ye Qingcheng's nipple.

"Comfortable..." Ye Qingcheng's voice was soft, yet clear.

"Where does it feel comfortable?"

"Hmm... ah... this is it..."

"You mean the nipples, Princess Qingcheng?"

"You... ah~ umm... yes... lick here more..."

"What a slutty princess! Her tits are so big, they're just made for people to play with!"

"You! Hmph... Shut up! Um... I'm not..."

At this moment, Ye Qingcheng's eyes were glazed over, her usual arrogant demeanor completely gone.

"Princess Qingcheng, this old servant has made you so comfortable, shouldn't you make this old servant comfortable too?"

As Old Wang spoke, he stood up and pulled down his pants!

"Slap!"

The already erect, massive penis suddenly sprang out, instantly striking Ye Qingcheng's delicate face.

"Ah!!!!"

The sight of such a horrifying thing in her line of sight frightened the innocent girl, who had never seen a man's genitals before, causing her to turn pale. Ye Qingcheng subconsciously covered her eyes with her hands, not daring to look any longer.

Her heart raced, she felt dizzy, and almost unconsciously, Ye Qingcheng made a small opening between her jade-like fingers, her beautiful eyes peeking out through it.

Old Wang's penis was as thick as a strong man's forearm, over forty centimeters long, with bulging veins and intertwined blood vessels. The dark shaft was connected to the skin and flesh, and due to his morning erection, it was exceptionally thick and powerful, as hard as an iron rod, and as hot as if branded with fire. The purplish-red glans looked like the head of a giant python flicking its tongue, and the urethral opening was already secreting drops of clear mucus.

This sight caused Ye Qingcheng's legs to tighten. She felt a strange warmth flowing between them, and beneath her flat, soft abdomen, waves of heat emanated — a gentle, fiery warmth, like the melting of snow in winter...

Her body felt weak and limp, as if all her strength had dissipated with the strange fragrance in the air. Even lifting her hand felt like a complete drain on her strength.

"Princess Qingcheng!"

Old Wang, panting heavily, exclaimed excitedly, "This is this old servant's penis!"

"Meat... stick?"

Ye Qingcheng's voice trembled, but she slowly lowered her hand, her eyes fixed on the incredibly thick and long penis.

"Yes! You can also call it a penis... or..."

"Or call it a cock!!"

"Cock... cock?"

The proud young princess had no idea about any of this. Dizzy and disoriented, she stared at the man's genitals, her usually bright and clever mind going completely blank.

Yet instinctively she felt ashamed... it seemed she shouldn't be so vulgar and rude.

Hearing the eldest princess utter such obscene words, the unprecedented stimulation caused Old Wang's penis to throb several times, seemingly growing even thicker, startling Ye Qingcheng into another blush.

"Come, Princess Qingcheng, properly serve this old servant's phallus!"

Old Wang's words were like a seductive demon, frightening and instilling fear in Ye Qingcheng, yet also strangely stimulating — even... a sense of indulgence.

No... this can't be... he's just a lackey... how can he let me, the princess, serve him...?

These words echoed in Ye Qingcheng's mind.

"How... shall I serve you?"

But when Ye Qingcheng's beautiful eyes fell upon the enormous penis, her lips trembled unconsciously as she asked.

Looking at Ye Qingcheng's innocent and naive face, Old Wang pressed his enormous penis down, causing it to fall straight onto Ye Qingcheng's fair and full breasts.

The two breasts, one on the left and one on the right, resembled two towering mountains, with a deep ravine between them. Now, this ravine was filled with a bulging, monstrous penis, like a divine weapon descended from the sky, completely filling it.

"Princess Qingcheng, listen to this old servant, raise your hands and clamp... clamp here!"

Old Wang gave the instructions, directing the operation as he had always imagined it to be.

In fact, all of these actions today were things that Old Wang had been fantasizing about.

After all, even Luo Qingyue had never given him a "milk cannon."

But in practice, it was so pleasant, just like in his imagination.

Under Old Wang's direction, though unwilling and overwhelmed with shyness, Ye Qingcheng still lowered her gaze slightly, supporting half of her breasts with both hands, one on each side, and slowly squeezing them together.

Under Ye Qingcheng's deliberate pressure, her breasts rose high, the layers of white flesh slowly enveloping the central penis, like a flood, the flesh almost completely submerging it...

"Is that so?"

Ye Qingcheng was puzzled. As she squeezed her hands together, the breasts pressed inward, and from deep within Old Wang's open throat came a series of comfortable sighs.

"Ohhhhhhh."

Seeing this, Ye Qingcheng was puzzled and couldn't help but ask herself some questions.

Will it really be that comfortable?

Thinking it over carefully, she inadvertently noticed that as Old Wang tilted his head back to exhale and then slowly lowered it, the penis "buried" in her breasts began to move on its own.

They began to slowly thrust in and out, one stroke after another.

"Princess Qingcheng, it feels so good... Your big breasts feel so good squeezing this old servant..."

For Old Wang, experiencing breast sex for the first time was like the first time he entered Luo Qingyue's chrysanthemum; an indescribable feeling spread through his heart, surging and bubbling, the layers of breast flesh rippling like waves around his penis.

"So good, big-breasted princess, squeeze tighter, yes, so good..."

Old Wang continued thrusting while simultaneously giving instructions.

There were well over a hundred thrusts; even Old Wang himself had lost count of how many times he had entered and exited Ye Qingcheng's large breasts.

"Your Highness, this old servant is tired. It's your turn now!"

"You! Don't call me that!"

Ye Qingcheng blushed deeply.

"Hehe, who told you, Princess Qingcheng, to have such big breasts? Come on, clamp down on this old servant's cock and start moving back and forth!"

Ye Qingcheng's face flushed crimson, but she still lowered her gaze slightly, cupping one breast in each hand and slowly squeezing them together.

The moment the thick, long penis was clamped down, the only feeling Ye Qingcheng experienced was heat — or rather... scalding!

The first time she used her breasts to hold a man's penis, she couldn't say it was disgusting, but the feeling was still quite strange.

"Ohhhhhhh."

"Yes! Clench tight, then move back and forth, give this old servant a good 'milk cannon'!"

"You! Shut up!"

Ye Qingcheng let out a soft, angry cry.

"Hiss... that feels good..."

The purplish-red phallus and the pale breasts were two starkly contrasting extremes, yet at this moment, they blended together perfectly.

Her full, firm breasts tightly enveloped Old Wang's thick, long penis.

From Old Wang's perspective at this moment, his thick, long penis had just slumped limply into Ye Qingcheng's breasts. The pink, tender flesh, like tofu, firmly enveloped his penis — firm, soft, and smooth, yet with a touch of elasticity.

"Big-breasted princess, don't just clamp down, move up and down!"

Old Wang directed Ye Qingcheng, enjoying her service.

Hearing what Old Wang said, Ye Qingcheng, who was holding her breasts with both hands, began to move up and down. Her full breasts, gripping Old Wang's penis, rose and fell, and the feeling of her smooth breasts stroking against his shaft made every pore on Old Wang's body open up.

This was the first time he'd ever felt such exhilaration from masturbation; the sensation transmitted back through his penis was enough to send his very soul soaring to heaven.

When the fairy returns, she must give this old servant a good "milk cannon."

The fairy is so serious about everything she does.

I really want to see the fairy's calm and composed expression as she gives this old servant a milk cannon!

At this moment, Ye Qingcheng was also looking down at her breasts. With each up-and-down movement, Old Wang's glans would occasionally peek out from between her fair, tender breasts. The purplish-red glans truly resembled a turtle poking its head out, but the scalding heat left Ye Qingcheng unsure of what to do.

Even as Ye Qingcheng's breasts rose and fell, the penis would tremble, and with each tremor, Ye Qingcheng's heart would tremble as well.

This was the first time she had ever served someone, and a particularly old and ugly one at that.

Serving Old Wang in this position, and hearing the sounds of pleasure emanating from him, Ye Qingcheng felt both shy and surprised. Could it really... feel that good?

Judging from Old Wang's expression, he seemed to be thoroughly satisfied, and he kept urging, "Hurry up... hurry up!"

A strange feeling of being controlled welled up in Ye Qingcheng's heart.

As the daughter of a great general, Ye Qingcheng had been raised in a high position, and everyone treated her with the utmost respect.

This also fostered Ye Qingcheng's arrogant and haughty personality.

But in Old Wang's eyes, no one had ever been so rude to her, not only forcing her to do such a shameful thing but also speaking so vulgarly!

He even called her "Big-Breasted Princess"!

"Big-breasted princess, squeeze tighter! Faster!!"

Hearing Old Wang's words, Ye Qingcheng's pretty face flushed even more, and her hands, which were supporting her breasts, moved even faster...

She would curiously lower her head, gazing at the thick, fleshy penis nestled within her breasts. With the pressure of her breasts, this ugly thing would occasionally be submerged by her white flesh. And with the up-and-down movements of her hands, Ye Qingcheng could clearly feel the penis throbbing within her breasts. And with each thrust, aided by Old Wang's heavy breathing, the penis gradually grew even thicker.

Besides its large size, the hot shaft was also trembling slightly.

"Princess... this old servant is coming!"

Old Wang, panting heavily, looked down at Ye Qingcheng beneath him. His penis, held between her pink and white breasts, began to tremble, a clear sign that he was about to ejaculate. Old Wang's waist also gradually began to feel numb.

"Hiss..."

"It's firing! It's firing!"

Finally, Old Wang gasped, and his enormous penis suddenly thrust hard between Ye Qingcheng's breasts. The next second, the penis trembled, and a series of scalding bursts gushed out as Ye Qingcheng, caught completely off guard, lay there.

"Um....."

Hot semen gushed from Old Wang's penis, hitting Ye Qingcheng directly. Ye Qingcheng was terrified and turned her head away, tightly clenching her breasts. Her fair, full breasts blocked the flow of semen, which was then sprayed between them. Her chin was sprayed with the hot semen, and she was terrified, turning her head away and tightly clenching her breasts.

"Whoosh..."

But why did Old Wang's ejaculation end so quickly?

Old Wang pulled his penis out, turned Ye Qingcheng's delicate face back, and then aimed his penis at...

"Pfft! Pfft! Pfft!!"

A foul-smelling, cloudy white semen spurted from the urethra, its target Ye Qingcheng's pretty face!

"Pfft! Pfft!..."

Sprays of filth landed on Ye Qingcheng's soft breasts, her long, flowing hair, and her exquisite face...

~Puff puff puff!!~

The amount was so large that Ye Qingcheng felt as if she were immersed in semen.

"Plop! Plop!"

Ye Qingcheng instinctively closed her eyes, held her breath, and pressed her cherry lips tightly together, trembling as she received the thick semen that would have terrified any woman.

With each spurt of semen hitting her body, Ye Qingcheng involuntarily trembled.

"Pfft! Pfft! Pfft!!"

The violently gushing semen stung her face as it hit her.

Ye Qingcheng trembled all over, yet remained motionless, like a beautifully sculpted white jade statue, except that this white jade was covered in the foul-smelling, filthy, white semen ejaculated by the man.

At this moment, Ye Qingcheng's beautiful hair looked as if it had been completely washed with semen, and her chest and neck were covered in this white, cloudy liquid. Most noticeable was her stunningly beautiful face...

Ye Qingcheng's face was covered in semen; the white, cloudy liquid, like a pure white mask, perfectly outlined the girl's exquisite beauty, making her appear both holy and utterly lascivious.

Chapter 58

"You dog of a servant! What are you standing there for? Quickly take this princess over there to wash up!"

Ye Qingcheng's face was covered in thick semen, and her eyes were almost closed.

After a brief moment of shock, Old Wang snapped out of it and quickly picked up Ye Qingcheng.

"What are you doing, you dog of a slave?"

"Of course, it's to help the Eldest Princess wash herself!"

Old Wang took it for granted.

"Hmph! Don't you dare call me that!"

"Hehe... Big-breasted princess! Big-breasted princess!"

"You! Shut up!"

Old Wang carried Ye Qingcheng, whose body was covered in semen, toward the pool.

Only a ruined pavilion remained.

If Ye Qingcheng turned around, she would suddenly find her dress, red undergarment... and Old Wang's shorts scattered in the pavilion...

This scene was so similar to something she had witnessed earlier on the mountain road...

I wonder if she would still have the nerve to call other people cheap prostitutes then?

In the small pond.

Old Wang made various excuses to get Ye Qingcheng to serve him again.

Until Old Wang ejaculated his thick semen all over Ye Qingcheng's body again.

This inhumane and obscene act finally came to an end.

After all, this was something a proud fourteen-year-old princess did with a man in his sixties...

After that, Ye Qingcheng never came to Luoshui Residence again, spending all her time hiding in the General's Mansion, sometimes lost in thought, sometimes with a flushed face, seemingly pondering something.

This surprised Ye Yifeng greatly; when had his proud and arrogant princess sister become so well-behaved?

Meanwhile, Old Wang, having tasted the sweetness of this doting princess, eagerly awaited Ye Qingcheng's arrival every day...

However, after waiting for several days, Ye Qingcheng still hadn't appeared.

Old Wang returned to living alone, but it was much better than before. Before, he had lived in a dilapidated house, never having enough to eat or wear; now he lived alone in Luoshui Residence, with good food and comfortable accommodations, and the imperial kitchen delivered ingredients to him regularly every day.

The only slight drawback was perhaps the absence of the owner of Luoshui Residence.

Twenty days passed in the blink of an eye.

The capital of the Northern Star Divine Dynasty.

Today was the end of the year.

The year-end celebrations of the Northern Star Divine Dynasty were an ingrained, palpable excitement.

Red lanterns hung from one end of Zhuque Street to the other, like a string of brightly burning flames, making the bluestone pavement appear even hotter.

The old man selling sugar paintings swung his small copper ladle, the syrup dancing on the bluestone slab, transforming in the blink of an eye into a sugar dragon soaring through the clouds. Children in tiger-head shoes circled his bamboo basket, their silvery laughter mingling with the sweet aroma of candied hawthorns that drifted far and wide.

Under the eaves of the restaurant hung loads of braised meat and cured fish, their glistening oil swaying in the wind. The owner, dressed in a brand-new brocade cotton-padded jacket, stood on the threshold, calling out, "New Year's banquets, book now!" His voice was so loud it could drown out the gongs of the street performers on the corner.

Over there, the monkey trainer was directing a small, hairy-faced, thunder-mouthed monkey to somersault, while cheers erupted from the crowd, and the crisp sound of coins falling into a gong echoed through the air.

Outside the vermilion gates of the palace, the imperial guards, clad in gold-trimmed armor and swords at their waists, stood ramrod straight, yet their joy was undeniable — after all, today, even the Emperor would remove his court robes to celebrate this moment of family reunion with his officials.

The air was filled with the scent of pine branches and spices wafting from within the palace walls, as palace servants prepared for the year-end sacrifices. The wisps of smoke rising from the incense burners mingled with the lively atmosphere of the marketplace, weaving a warm and intricate net that enveloped the entire Northern Star Divine Dynasty in the festive spirit of bidding farewell to the old year and welcoming the new.

Deep in the alley, every household had upside-down "福" characters pasted on their windows. Skilled women were cutting out paper-cut decorations for "年年有余", and with each scissor movement, the fish on the red paper seemed to come alive, about to swim into the pot for the New Year's Eve dinner.

The men were busy pasting up Spring Festival couplets; the fresh scent of ink mingled with the stickiness of the paste, as they meticulously etched the hope for "a new beginning and a fresh start" onto the door panels.

As dusk settled, the first Kongming lantern rose from the south of the city, its orange glow trailing behind it as it drifted into the night sky. Then, a second, a third... countless lanterns lit up like stars, forming a dazzling Milky Way above the imperial palace.

In the distance, the crisp crackling of children's firecrackers drifted in; with each pop, the dust of the old year was gently swept away, and the anticipation of the new year quietly took root and sprouted amidst the lively atmosphere of the streets.

The residence of the cabinet ministers at Luoshui Residence.

Old Wang lay naked on Luo Qingyue's bed, one hand holding a pure white undergarment to his nose and smelling it, the other stroking his penis.

"It smells so good! Fairy, why aren't you back yet!"

"This old servant misses you so much, fairy..."

The once spotless bed was now haphazardly piled with various fairy dresses, pure white bodices, and even women's undergarments...

These once pure white clothes were now covered in a murky, foul-smelling liquid, much of which had even congealed, emitting a pungent odor.

This was proof of Old Wang's outbursts toward the fairy these past few days...

"Fairy, this old servant misses you so much, do you know how much this old servant misses you..."

"Fairy, this old servant wants you to lick my cock..."

Old Wang continued uttering obscene words while incessantly masturbating.

"Fairy, this old servant... I really want to fuck you..."

As he vigorously masturbated, the old man couldn't help but feel a pang of pleasure...

"Ahhhhh... whoosh... ahhh!"

"It's... it's coming out..."

"Pfft! Pfft!..."

Streams of foul-smelling, whitish liquid spurted from the penis, finally landing on the pristine white dress on the bed. The loose bodice and underpants scattered on the bed were also inevitably stained with fresh, thick semen.

"Whoosh..."

After venting, Old Wang let out a long sigh of relief. He lay on the bed, savoring the moment for a while, then got dressed, left the room, and left behind a messy bed...

The General's Mansion.

"Brother, it's almost the end of the year. Do you think Sister Qingyue will come back?"

"I... don't know either..."

Ye Yifeng's face was filled with complex emotions, his expression etched with longing.

I wonder if Qingyue has broken through yet. She said she'd be back before the New Year...

"Qingcheng, let's go to Luoshui Residence and see if we can wait for Qingyue to return..."

Ye Yifeng said to Ye Qingcheng.

Ah... the mere mention of Luoshui Residence caused Ye Qingcheng's delicate face to flush with a blush, as if something had come to mind...

That damned lackey, last time he actually made me, the princess, serve him like that...

"Qingcheng, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing... Brother, let's go..."

The inner pavilion of Luoshui Residence.

Old Wang stood in the pavilion in a daze for a while, then saw two figures walking toward him.

It's General Ye... and the Eldest Princess...

"This old servant greets General Ye, and greets... Princess Qingcheng."

Old Wang hurriedly stood up and bowed, almost blurting out the words "Eldest Princess," but quickly corrected himself.

"Hmm."

Ye Yifeng gave a faint reply.

Ye Qingcheng naturally understood the meaning of the large character at the beginning!

That lackey!

Ye Qingcheng rarely showed a hint of shyness, even excitement...

Her beautiful eyes involuntarily drifted to Old Wang's crotch...

Just then, a delicate fragrance wafted from the pavilion. This scent was quite unique; just this one aroma was enough to relax the three of them considerably.

Upon smelling the delicate fragrance, Old Wang's heart leaped with joy, and he turned around. He could never forget this scent; this unique fragrance belonged to his fairy, to the Fairy Qingyue.

Following the delicate fragrance came a graceful figure.

All three shared the same feeling: it was too beautiful...

A young girl suddenly appeared, dressed in a pristine white gown, not a speck of dust on it, a ribbon fluttering in the wind around her wrist, like the moon reflected in water.

Her legs, subtly revealed beneath her dress, were perfectly proportioned, while her slightly full breasts sparked endless fantasies.

A cascade of jet-black hair, a pair of smooth, jade-like white arms exposed to the elements, and a face sculpted as if by nature's finest artistry — all these spoke of the girl's exquisite beauty.

If she hadn't taken a few more steps toward the pavilion, the three of them probably wouldn't have been able to come to their senses for a while.

Luo Qingyue was even more beautiful than before; her ethereal face was as serene and tranquil as the bright moon, as if nothing in the mortal world could affect her.

Especially her temperament, pure and serene like the moon.

The three of them gradually came to their senses, and Ye Yifeng hurriedly ran over: "Sister Qingyue..."

"Sister Qingyue, you've become even more beautiful!"

Ye Qingcheng quickly ran over and hugged Luo Qingyue's hand.

Old Wang stood there, completely dazed. Was this still the fairy who had helped him swallow semen and drink urine?

Old Wang had a surreal feeling. Would this fairy-like woman really willingly strip off her clothes, kneel on the ground, and lick his penis just because of a single word? Would she even tie a ribbon around her neck and let him walk her like a dog?

The fairy became even more beautiful after her breakthrough, and her temperament became even more ethereal and aloof...

Does she still need me to help her experience the trials of the world?

Oh, and that wooden stick...

Looking at Luo Qingyue, whose expression was calm and composed, sitting serenely on the stone bench.

Old Wang's heart skipped a beat.

Given the length and thickness of that wooden stick, how could the fairy possibly sit so calmly on the stone bench...?

Has the fairy already removed the wooden stick?

"Sigh..."

Old Wang suddenly felt conflicted and uncertain.

Unbeknownst to Old Wang, the moment Luo Qingyue sat down, her delicate brows furrowed slightly, but she quickly concealed it...

"Sister Qingyue, let's go out for a stroll! The capital city is so lively right now!"

"Sister Qingyue, Qingcheng is right... and the Emperor is hosting a banquet in the palace tonight..."

"Okay."

Luo Qingyue smiled broadly.

The three of them got up and walked outside.

Only Old Wang was left standing in the pavilion, lost in thought.

"Fairy... don't you want this old servant anymore?"

Old Wang looked distressed. The fairy had returned and was chatting with General Ye and Princess Ye Qingcheng the whole time; she hadn't said a single word to him.

"Fairy, don't you know how much this old servant misses you?"

"Fairy, you belong to this old servant!"

As Luo Qingyue was about to leave the pavilion, she seemed to sense Old Wang's thoughts. She quietly turned back to look at the lonely figure in the pavilion, a faint smile curving her lips...

The bright moon startles the snow on the branches, a gentle breeze carries fragrance in the middle of the night.

A crescent moon already hung high in the sky, and from the highest point of the back mountain, it felt rather lonely at that height.

In the backyard of Luoshui Residence.

"Fairy... Fairy..."

Old Wang sat on the bed, staring intently at the portrait in the center.

"I wonder if the fairy has returned? Fairy, this old servant misses you so much..."

With that, Old Wang finished dressing, went out the door, and headed toward the front yard.

This short distance took Old Wang quite a while to walk before he slowly peeked out.

From a distance, the house appeared completely dark, as if no one was inside.

"Could it be... that the fairy hasn't returned yet...?"

Old Wang's mood sank even lower as he thought about it.

Chapter 59

Old Wang was momentarily distracted and didn't notice a fragrant breeze drifting down from behind him on the night wind.

The fragrant breeze, seemingly aided by the moonlight, appeared as if from nowhere, without making a sound.

A figure, resembling a celestial maiden descending to earth, floated slowly down from the sky and landed gracefully behind Old Wang.

Luo Qingyue had just returned from the palace. Her return was rather rushed; after dining with the Emperor, Empress, and ministers, she had hurriedly used her magic to return.

She had just returned when she saw the figure that compelled her to rush back.

That familiar, lecherous old man was now intently observing her dwelling.

Even when she was right behind him, Old Wang still didn't react!

With a flick of her sleeve, Luo Qingyue sent a surge of spiritual energy, carrying a fragrant breeze, past Old Wang's ear, illuminating the candlelight in his dwelling. Instantly, the warm glow of the candles filled the surroundings, creating a strangely cozy atmosphere in the cold snow.

Old Wang was finally startled by the magic, instantly snapping him back to his senses. Looking at the increasingly bright room and smelling the lingering fragrance that had just vanished, Old Wang knew — the fairy had returned!

Old Wang immediately turned around and saw the figure he had been longing for.

He suddenly choked up, a mixture of emotions — excitement, panic, and grievance — filling his old face.

"My fairy... you've finally returned, this old servant..."

"Hmm."

Luo Qingyue's voice was as clear and cold as the bright moon as she stepped into the room.

Old Wang quickly followed.

Just as Old Wang reached the door, it slammed shut, blocking him out!

"Fairy..."

Is the fairy trying to distance herself from me?

Is the fairy trying to shut me out?

Suddenly, Old Wang felt unwell again.

Inside the room, Luo Qingyue looked at the mess on the bed, and a long-absent blush rose on her usually cool and aloof face.

How many shots did this old man actually take here during the time he was away from his clan?

And who knows how much of it got on my fairy dress and underwear...

Luo Qingyue snapped out of her reverie, stopped looking at the bed, and walked to the dressing table to sit down...

"Fairy..."

Old Wang remained standing outside the door, hoping the fairy would open it and let him in...

"Chirp!"

As if heaven had heard Old Wang's call, the door to the room opened from the inside out...

Luo Qingyue's figure reappeared in front of Old Wang!

"A fairy!"

Old Wang looked up in surprise.

Luo Qingyue, dressed in a simple white gown, was so aloof and stunningly beautiful, like the bright moon illuminating mountains and rivers, an ethereal immortal descending to earth.

The only difference was that Luo Qingyue's long, flowing black hair was now styled in a bun, revealing her flawless, ethereal beauty.

This was the first time Old Wang had seen the fairy with her hair styled in an updo; it had a unique charm.

Why did the fairy put her hair up in a bun?

"!!!"

Then Old Wang suddenly realized something!

This!!

Old Wang still remembered what he said to the fairy that night when they were "shopping" together...

Could it be?!

Bathed in moonlight, Luo Qingyue's slender hands reached for the ribbon at her waist, gently pulling it. Her dress fluttered to the ground, followed by her pure white bodice... and her intimate undergarments... and then she knelt on the ground!

"Qingyue... pays her respects to Uncle Wang."

Luo Qingyue's cool voice pulled Old Wang back to reality.

"A fairy!"

Old Wang was overjoyed; all the gloom he'd felt all day vanished instantly!

The fairy is still the same fairy!

It was true before! It is true now! And it will be true in the future!

"Fairy, do you know how afraid this old servant is of you distancing yourself from me?"

Old Wang said excitedly.

"Fairy... you're so beautiful!"

Then Old Wang squatted down, looking at Luo Qingyue's beautiful face and sighing.

Then, those withered old hands reached toward Luo Qingyue's soft breasts...

"So soft! I haven't played with these breasts for over twenty days!"

"Come... fairy... let this old servant taste your breasts!"

Old Wang suddenly opened his mouth wide and began to grope and bite at her breasts...

"You... Ah~ Mmm~"

Old Wang's tongue roamed between Luo Qingyue's soft breasts, his hot tongue roughly tracing every inch of soft flesh...

"Hmph..."

Just as his tongue reached her nipple, Luo Qingyue let out a seductive moan, unable to contain herself any longer. Old Wang immediately understood, and continued to tease her nipple with his tongue until it was completely wet with saliva.

"Fairy, does it feel good for this old servant to lick you? You want this old servant to keep licking your breasts like this, don't you?"

Old Wang deliberately used vulgar and obscene language to provoke Luo Qingyue, teasing her to moan and say what she wanted, which gave him a different kind of pleasure.

"Hmm..."

Luo Qingyue seemed to be moaning, or murmuring unconsciously.

"Fairy, does it feel good?" Old Wang continued to ask while licking Luo Qingyue's nipple.

"Comfortable..." Luo Qingyue's voice was soft, yet clear.

"Fairy, have you missed this old servant during this time?"

Old Wang suddenly bit down on the nipple!

"Ouch... it hurts! Don't... bite..."

"Have you missed your old servant?"

"Hmm... I've thought about it..."

"What do you want from this old servant? Do you want my cock, or do you want me to play with your tits?"

"I... um... want both!"

Luo Qingyue couldn't help but groan, her pretty face turning bright red.

"Then, fairy, you'd better give this old servant a good licking of that big cock you've been longing for!"

Old Wang stood up, pulled down his shorts, and his enormous penis sprang out.

The forty-centimeter-long penis was so thick and long that it poked directly into Luo Qingyue's cherry lips!

Luo Qingyue's snow-white, naked body trembled, and her delicate earlobes flushed red.

"Fairy, aren't you going to say something?"

Seeing Luo Qingyue's shy expression, Old Wang felt a great sense of accomplishment.

"Qingyue... lick... Uncle Wang's... cock!"

Luo Qingyue's breathing became noticeably more rapid, and her speech became intermittent.

After saying that, her slender hand grasped Old Wang's enormous penis, and her cherry lips kissed it.

"Tsk tsk... hiss... tsk... hiss hiss..."

"Chirp... chirp..."

"Ah, that feels good, fairy, lick this old servant well, let this old servant see if you've gotten rusty lately!"

"Hiss..."

"Fairy, don't just lick my cock, use your tongue to wash my scrotum..."

"Hiss, hiss..."

"Fairy, do you know how much this old servant loves watching you calmly and naturally lick my cock!"

"You... you're vulgar..."

Luo Qingyue bit her lip, her tone slightly reproachful, filled with shame...

"Keep going, fairy, don't stop!"

"Chirp... chirp..."

"Tsk tsk... hiss... tsk... hiss hiss..."

"Ah, that feels so good!"

"Fairy... why did you put your hair up in a bun...?"

Suddenly, Old Wang's mind raced, and his crazed old eyes fixed on Luo Qingyue's slender, swan-like neck...

"I..."

Luo Qingyue's fair body trembled, a strange feeling welling up inside her.

Of course she knew what Old Wang was talking about!

And she knew why she had put her hair up in a bun...

But the thought of Old Wang staying alone at Luoshui Residence for over twenty days softened her heart...

She just wanted to make it up to him!

"Fairy, why did you put your hair up?"

Old Wang continued to ask.

"Let's go... shopping..."

Luo Qingyue's clear, cold voice trembled slightly as she spoke, her words falling haltingly into Old Wang's ears, filling him with immense joy!

Just as he expected!

"How does a fairy go shopping?"

"Uncle Wang... took Qingyue... shopping..."

Luo Qingyue groaned, the words practically squeezed out between clenched teeth.

"Does the fairy want this old servant to lead you by the neck through the night market?"

"I... am!"

"What is it?"

"Uncle Wang... is leading Qingyue... through the night market!"

"That fairy, how about you lick this old servant's cock on the street later?"

"Okay... okay!"

Luo Qingyue's fair face was flushed, a strange thrill and shame flashing through her heart... her heart pounded faster and faster, and her neck grew increasingly red.

Old Wang picked up the ribbon from the ground.

The ribbon was wrapped around Luo Qingyue's jade-like neck once, then tied into a knot tightly...

"Hmm..."

"Fairy, is it too tight?"

"No..."

Luo Qingyue shook her head softly.

"Fairy, let's go."

Old Wang tugged at the ribbon in his hand...

"Hmm."

Luo Qingyue was filled with shame, her voice barely audible.

Old Wang took two steps, holding the ribbon in his hand. Luo Qingyue knelt down and crawled two steps after him, her hands on the ground.

Chapter 60

Not long after, Old Wang, holding a ribbon and leading Luo Qingyue, walked out of the gate of Luoshui Residence.

Bathed in moonlight, Old Wang turned around and saw Luo Qingyue crawling naked on her knees, her once cool and beautiful face flushed crimson.

He immediately felt a great sense of accomplishment!

The fairy should put her hair up in a bun; that way, her shy expression will be clearly visible...

"Huh?"

Old Wang suddenly looked at Luo Qingyue's pert, snow-white buttocks; there seemed to be a red string underneath?

Old Wang quickly ran behind Luo Qingyue.

"Fairy, stick your butt out a little higher!"

Luo Qingyue was filled with shame, but she still obediently and slowly raised her buttocks.

Only then did Old Wang see clearly that a red rope, about five centimeters long, was connected to Luo Qingyue's anus.

"This???"

Is the wooden stick still stuck in the fairy's anus?

The fairy hasn't taken it out yet?

Old Wang grabbed the red rope and pulled it outward...

The red rope seemed to be firmly fixed in place by the anus, and the wooden stick inside didn't move an inch.

This caused Luo Qingyue to let out a groan.

"Hmph... um... don't move..."

"Fairy! You still haven't taken the wooden stick out?"

Old Wang was also somewhat shocked.

It was hard to imagine that this thick, long wooden stick had been inserted into the fairy's anus for over twenty days!

"Yes!"

"Fairy, aren't you uncomfortable?"

How could I not feel terrible?

So thick! So long!

Every time I sit down, it feels like this nasty thing pierces my stomach!

However, it must be said that after these twenty-odd days, Luo Qingyue had gradually adapted...

"Because it was... Uncle Wang... who inserted it!"

Luo Qingyue said shyly.

"Oh? So, if this old servant inserted it, the fairy won't take it out?"

"Yes..."

"If this old servant doesn't help the fairy remove it, does the fairy intend to keep it in for the rest of her life?!"

"Hmm."

Luo Qingyue was filled with shame, her voice barely audible.

"That won't do! With the wooden stick stuck in, how can this old servant possibly fuck the fairy's asshole!"

After Old Wang finished speaking, he tugged at the ribbon.

He led Luo Qingyue down the mountain.

It was almost the end of the year, after all, and the streets were bustling with activity!

Tonight, he must take the fairy to thoroughly explore the bustling streets of this capital!

With a thought, Luo Qingyue conjured a spell that automatically covered Old Wang's lower body, the ribbon, and herself.

Luo Qingyue had broken through to the Dao Seed Realm; her spells could now be generated with a single thought!

There were no more than twenty people at the Dao Seed Realm across the entire continent.

Basically, only the sect leaders of top-tier sects or the sect's old monsters were at the Dao Seed Realm.

Luo Qingyue, having reached the Dao Seed Realm at the age of eighteen, possessed a talent that could be described as one in ten thousand years!

As for the Tribulation Transcending Realm, it had become a legend on the continent.

The Tribulation Transcending Realm, also known as the Land Immortal, possessed incredible abilities; they could move mountains and overturn seas, arriving at any point on the continent in the blink of an eye!

The entire continent had not seen a Tribulation Transcending Realm expert for five hundred years.

As for Luo Qingyue, with her flawless divine body, although she had just broken through to the Dao Seed Realm, her strength was already comparable to that of veteran Dao Seed Realm cultivators.

Compared to the Spiritual Essence Realm, Luo Qingyue was dozens of times stronger...

With each step Old Wang took, Luo Qingyue crawled one step along with him.

Soon after, the two arrived at a bustling main street.

Although night had long since fallen, today was the end of the year.

The noise in the streets didn't lessen; instead, it was tinged with a sense of eager anticipation.

People carrying lanterns hurried home in twos and threes, their food boxes filled with newly bought New Year's goods. Their footsteps crunched on the snow, but the sound couldn't drown out the laughter that filled the town.

The watchman on the city wall struck his clapper, its distant sound echoing through the layers of houses, landing behind every lit window —

There, people always stayed up late on New Year's Eve, waiting for the moment of transition between the old and new year, hoping that the bustling activity in the streets would translate into a prosperous year ahead.

The taverns and pavilions along the street were already adorned with peachwood charms, and the revolving lanterns hanging from the eaves spun merrily, depicting scholars and beauties in paintings that seemed to move with the flickering lantern light, as if echoing the bustling street scene.

Vendors carrying their wares weaved through the crowd, their voices ringing out: "Sticky candy — sweet to the core!" "Freshly baked rice cakes, still warm!" Children clutched their newly bought glass toys, weaving through the crowd, the tassels on their new clothes tracing delicate arcs as they ran, occasionally bumping into an adult and eliciting a playful scolding.

"Late-night snack... late-night snack... beef noodles..."

Even the innkeeper's waiter, unusually, came out to call out.

Because it was the end of the year, the boss was paying triple wages, so naturally, he had to work harder to attract customers at the door.

Old Wang walked down the street, hand in hand with Luo Qingyue, occasionally glancing back at the shy blush on her beautiful face, feeling incredibly proud!

"Gurgle..."

Suddenly, Old Wang's stomach growled.

He was hungry!

He had spent the entire day in worry, fearing the fairy would distance herself from him, and he hadn't even eaten lunch or dinner!

Hearing the waiter's calls, Old Wang felt even hungrier.

So, he led Luo Qingyue toward the inn.

"Hey, isn't this Old Wang? Still dressed so sloppily even though it's almost New Year's Eve..."

The waiter, still annoyed by Old Wang's arrogant attitude last time, immediately mocked him.

Despite the waiter's mockery, Old Wang remained completely unfazed.

If you saw me strolling down the street hand in hand with the reigning princess, I wonder what your expression would be?

"I came in to eat! Give me a bowl of beef noodles!"

Old Wang shouted arrogantly, and led Luo Qingyue into the inn.

"Uh..."

The waiter was speechless. Old Wang had money for food, and although he was annoyed, he couldn't say anything; after all, everyone who came in was a customer.

This old man Wang can only afford a bowl of beef noodles around the Lunar New Year...

That's what the waiter thought.

Although the streets were bustling with activity, only two or three of the dozen or so tables in the inn were occupied; after all, it was the end of the year, and many people had gone home to reunite with their families.

As Old Wang entered the inn, the diners frowned upon seeing his appearance, but since it was the end of the year and he was there for a meal, they didn't say anything.

Old Wang, completely unconcerned, led Luo Qingyue to a table in the corner and sat down.

The people at the inn stopped paying attention to the old man.

"Fairy... how are you feeling?"

Old Wang looked at Luo Qingyue kneeling beside him and asked.

"I... don't know."

Luo Qingyue answered softly.

"Come, fairy, lick this old servant's cock!"

Luo Qingyue remained silent, her naked body crawling under the table, burying her head between Old Wang's legs...