Corrupted Fairy

Chapter 16: The Summons of the Immortal Alliance

Several days later, inside the main hall of the Moshan Dao Sect.

The atmosphere inside the hall remained oppressive, but compared to the initial panic of the disaster a few days prior, it was now imbued with a somber solemnity.

Senior Sister Wen Guanyu sat upright beside the main seat, her face beneath a black silk blindfold revealing no emotion. Her voice was calm yet carried an undeniable weight: "Based on the current situation and the limited information from the Southern Region Immortal Alliance, all the major immortal sects have suffered heavy casualties and their vitality severely damaged in this calamity in the Southern Region." She paused slightly, seemingly choosing her words carefully, "The Nascent Soul seniors within the Immortal Alliance have also been affected; most have announced seclusion and are unable to oversee the situation."

"Furthermore," she changed the subject, getting to the main point, "Tianxi City, one of the important immortal cities under the Immortal Alliance, is suffering an unprecedented beast tide attack, and the situation is extremely precarious. The Immortal Alliance has issued an emergency mobilization order to all sects, requesting them to send disciples to provide support and assistance in defense."

Her gaze swept over the crowd, and she slowly uttered the instructions Moshan Dao had received: "Our sect needs to dispatch two Golden Core cultivators, leading twenty Foundation Establishment disciples, to Tianxi City immediately."

Upon hearing this, the expressions of everyone in the hall darkened.

The Moshan Dao Sect had suffered heavy losses and was severely short-handed. Scrambling to spare two Golden Core cultivators and twenty Foundation Establishment cultivators was no easy task and would inevitably further weaken the sect's defensive capabilities.

Wen Guanyu's gaze finally settled on Zhao Wuyou and Ye Hongying, her voice clear: "As for the selection of personnel, I intend for Junior Brother Wuyou and Junior Sister Hongying to lead the team together."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Wuyou and Ye Hongying subconsciously exchanged a glance.

Since returning from the Desolate Valley, an invisible barrier seemed to have formed between the two, especially Ye Hongying, who consistently and intentionally avoided Zhao Wuyou.

Being singled out to carry out such a dangerous mission stirred complex emotions in both of them.

However, faced with the sect's mandate and the perilous situation of Tianxi City, they almost simultaneously suppressed their personal emotions and replied in deep voices:

"Yes, Senior Sister, we are willing to go."

Just then, Xuanjizi suddenly stepped forward, his tone carrying just the right amount of concern: "Senior Sister, the situation outside is chaotic and fraught with danger. It might not be appropriate for Junior Brother Wuyou and Junior Sister Hongying to lead the team alone. I, your humble junior brother, am willing to accompany you, so we can look after each other." He paused slightly, his gaze seemingly casually sweeping over Ye Hongying, and continued, "Or, Junior Sister Hongying and I could lead the team together, since I might have more experience in dealing with unexpected battles."

When Ye Hongying heard that Xuanjizi wanted to lead the team alone with her, her heart tightened, and she instinctively wanted to refuse.

However, Xuanjizi's seemingly gentle yet threatening gaze, and the immense pressure from him holding her shameful secret, made her swallow back the words that were on the tip of her tongue.

She bit her lower lip, her nails digging into her palms again, suppressing her humiliation and resentment, and whispered, "I... agree to go with Senior Brother Xuanjizi."

Zhao Wuyou witnessed all of this, and his heart was filled with mixed emotions.

Even if he were slow to notice, he could clearly sense the unusual, eerie atmosphere between Ye Hongying and Xuanjizi, an atmosphere tinged with coercion and repression.

Senior Sister Hongying's momentary struggle and eventual compromise, along with Xuanjizi's seemingly crucial yet increasingly aggressive stance, all filled him with doubt, and an indescribable sense of unease and worry welled up within him.

A slight hint of surprise flashed across Wen Guanyu's eyes at Ye Hongying's quick agreement to let Xuanjizi accompany her.

She pondered for a moment, then turned her gaze to Xuanjizi, her tone calm yet decisive: "The Immortal Alliance's summons clearly requires Junior Brother Wuyou to go. The defensive arrays of Tianxi City urgently need a formation master like him to maintain and even repair them." She considered briefly, seemingly agreeing that having more Golden Core cultivators would indeed be more reliable, and finally nodded. "Since Junior Sister Hongying has no objections, then it's settled. This trip to Tianxi City will be led by the three of you—Wuyou, Hongying, and Xuanjizi."

The final selection was made amidst this delicate and complex atmosphere.

Chapter 17: Moonlight on the Back Mountain

Night fell as dark as ink, silently enveloping the weathered Moshan Dao.

The bloodshed and chaos of the daytime seemed temporarily buried by the heavy darkness, leaving only the faint glow of the protective array swirling in the sky, like the weary breath of a wounded beast.

The familiar bluestone cliffs on the back mountain, bathed in the cool moonlight, appeared even more tranquil. The usual fragrance of bamboo leaves seemed to have faded somewhat, with only the night breeze bringing a touch of coolness.

On that smooth bluestone where they most often drank together, a fiery red figure sat alone, knees drawn up to her chest.

It was Ye Hongying.

Instead of her usual sharp, tailored outfit, she wore a looser, crimson silk dress. The soft fabric still accentuated her breathtaking figure—her full bust appeared even more prominent beneath her crossed arms, her slender waist seemed almost too delicate to be grasped, and the skirt flared out, subtly revealing her long, straight legs.

She carried a crimson wine gourd in her hand, but didn't drink it heartily; she merely sipped it intermittently. Her bright profile, bathed in moonlight, carried a rare air of melancholy and confusion, her lips glistening with the wine's moisture.

The sound of light footsteps came from behind.

Ye Hongying turned around alertly, and when she saw that it was Zhao Wuyou, a flash of panic crossed her eyes, like a startled deer. She instinctively wanted to stand up and flee this dangerous place.

However, a warm hand acted faster, firmly and powerfully grasping her wrist.

"!" Ye Hongying trembled, stunned and frozen in place by his sudden, proactive contact.

The force from his hand was undeniable, a stark contrast to his usual gentle and courteous demeanor.

In that instant, she seemed to be transported back to the eerie confinement of the Desolate Valley, the figure of "Zhao Wuyou"—the one who had been so forceful, affectionate, and proactive in embracing her in the illusion—overlapping with the person before her.

An indescribable sense of shame instantly surged through her cheeks, turning her ears red. She hurriedly tried to pull her hand back, burying her head deeply, unable to meet his gaze.

Zhao Wuyou didn't loosen his grip; instead, he tightened his hold slightly, his gaze calmly fixed on his senior sister, who was clearly avoiding him. His voice carried a barely perceptible weariness and persistence: "Senior Sister, tell me, did I do something wrong? Why have you been avoiding me ever since we returned from the secret realm?"

His voice wasn't loud, but it reached Ye Hongying's ears clearly, causing her struggling movements to pause slightly.

"No... no..." Her voice was barely audible, trembling with guilt. She kept her head tilted, her gaze shifting, refusing to look at him.

Seeing her like this, Zhao Wuyou sighed softly, but his tone grew even gentler, carrying a hint of guiding her to reminisce: "Senior Sister Hongying, do you remember? In the past, you were always the one who pulled me here, making me drink with you."

Upon hearing this, Ye Hongying finally slowly turned around and looked at him.

Moonlight spilled onto her flushed face, and her usually bright and captivating eyes were now brimming with complex emotions, as if she were truly drawn into those noisy, carefree memories of the past, following his words.

She pursed her lips, responded softly, a hint of nostalgia mixed with a deeper bitterness: "I... remember."

Seeing that she was softening, Zhao Wuyou's gaze became even gentler. He stared into her eyes, his voice low and pleading: "Then tonight... I feel a little sad. How about you keep me company while I drink?"

Ye Hongying abruptly raised her head, her beautiful eyes widening in disbelief as she stared at Zhao Wuyou.

These words… these words brimming with vulnerability and dependence, could they really have come from the mouth of her junior brother, whom she jokingly called "blockhead"?

She even blinked hard unconsciously, wondering if her heavy thoughts, coupled with the alcohol, had caused her to fall into some unreal illusion again.

The moonlight, like water, flowed quietly between the two of them.

Zhao Wuyou's gaze was gentle yet firm. He reached out, without using force, but with an undeniable air of authority, and gently took the vermilion wine gourd from Ye Hongying's trembling fingertips.

Before Ye Hongying could fully process what was happening, he tilted his head back, his Adam's apple bobbing, and without hesitation gulped down a large mouthful of the crisp liquor from where she had just been drinking.

A few drops of clear wine spilled from the corner of his lips, slid down his chin, and soaked into his collar, shimmering faintly in the moonlight.

"Junior Brother!" Ye Hongying's cheeks flushed crimson, a color spreading like a fiery sunset down to her neck. "That... that's what I just drank..." Her voice was filled with embarrassment and urgency, and a hint of indescribable flutter in her heart.

Zhao Wuyou put down his wine gourd, a smile playing on his lips—a smile she'd never seen before, tinged with a hint of mockery and deeper meaning—as he looked intently at her. "What? Just because Senior Sister drank some... doesn't mean I can't?" His voice was deeper than usual, slightly hoarse from the alcohol, striking a chord deep within Ye Hongying's heart.

"No... no..." Ye Hongying felt flustered under his gaze and quickly lowered her head, her voice weak. Her fingers unconsciously tightened around the loose fabric of her skirt, her full breasts rising and falling gently with her rapid breathing.

Zhao Wuyou stopped pressing her, instead raising his head to gaze at the night sky, somewhat hazy under the faint light of the sect's protective array. He seemed to be talking to himself, his voice carrying a rare, genuine sense of bewilderment and sorrow:

"Well... there's someone very important to me." He paused, his tone soft, as if describing a precious dream. "She always comes to see me every few days. She's very talkative and loves to drink... Sometimes, she especially likes to tease me, watching me freeze up..."

As Ye Hongying listened, her heart pounded faster and faster, and her head drooped even lower, almost burying itself in her knees. Only her bright red ears betrayed the turmoil churning within her.

"I don't know when it started... but I seem to have gotten used to her noisy presence around me." Zhao Wuyou's voice carried a faint smile, which then turned to melancholy. "But lately... that person suddenly stopped talking to me. I realized... I felt empty inside, a little... sad. It was then that I truly realized..." He took a deep breath, as if gathering all his courage, and clearly uttered the words, "Actually, in my heart... I've always had her."

After saying this, as if to conceal his surging emotions, he raised his gourd again and took a large gulp.

The more Ye Hongying listened, the deeper her blush became. Her heart was filled with a bittersweet mix of emotions; the overwhelming emotional surge made her tremble slightly, and she dared not look him in the eye.

Zhao Wuyou put down his wine gourd, finally turning his head slowly. His gaze fell on her again, a hint of uncertain probing in his eyes, and he asked softly, "But... I wonder... does that silly girl I've been longing for... have feelings for me?"

Before he could finish speaking, Ye Hongying abruptly raised her head, her eyes brimming with tears, and almost blurted out, with a voice trembling with sobs and unwavering certainty, "Yes!"

These two words were like the final release from a shackle.

A bright light flashed in Zhao Wuyou's eyes. He reached out, his warm fingers gently yet firmly cupping Ye Hongying's burning cheeks, forcing her to look up and meet his gaze.

In that instant their eyes met, the Zhao Wuyou in Ye Hongying's eyes—his features, his gaze, his gentle yet assertive demeanor—gradually and perfectly overlapped with the Zhao Wuyou she remembered, the one who had passionately kissed her in the pink dreamscape, leaving her mesmerized!

The line between reality and illusion blurred completely at this moment; emotions suppressed for too long burst forth like a flood, breaching all barriers of reason.

Unable to suppress her inner desire any longer, she let out a soft moan, and proactively stretched out her arms, her soft arms encircling Zhao Wuyou's neck like water snakes, pulling him slightly towards her. Then, she closed her eyes and pressed her trembling, wine-scented lips to his!

"Hmm..."

The moment their lips met, they both couldn't help but let out a satisfied sigh.

At first, it was just a hesitant yet eager caressing and pressing of lips, a tentative and confirming touch.

But soon, a deeper longing was ignited.

Zhao Wuyou tightened his arms, pulling her slender yet full body closer into his embrace. Through the thin silk skirt, he could clearly feel the softness and amazing elasticity of her breasts.

Ye Hongying obediently parted her teeth, allowing his alcohol-scented tongue to penetrate deeply, entwining with her soft, fragrant tongue, which had nowhere to escape.

"Hmm... Hmph..."

In the stillness of the night, only the soft, wet sounds of their intertwined lips and tongues and their increasingly heavy, disordered breathing remained.

Ye Hongying's fragrant tongue initially flinched shyly, but under Zhao Wuyou's gentle yet persistent pursuit and teasing, it gradually began to respond awkwardly, intertwining tightly with his, sucking at each other's sweet saliva mixed with the aroma of wine.

Her body completely softened in his arms, as if melting into a pool of spring water, leaving her powerless to lean on him, feeling the intoxicating, tingling pleasure spreading from their joined lips and tongues to every corner of her body.

After an unknown amount of time, until their lungs were almost empty, the two reluctantly and slowly parted.

A thin, ambiguous strand of silver thread broke between their parted lips, shimmering with a lascivious luster in the moonlight.

Their foreheads touched, both breathing heavily, their chests heaving.

Ye Hongying's cheeks were flushed, her eyes misty and watery as she gazed intently at Zhao Wuyou, who was so close to her, as if trying to imprint his image deep into her soul.

Zhao Wuyou gazed at her with equally fervent eyes, his gaze filled with the ecstatic joy of receiving a response and an overwhelming, unwavering affection.

Ye Hongying didn't speak again, but simply leaned her entire weight against Zhao Wuyou's firm and warm chest.

She closed her eyes, listening to his steady, strong heartbeat, feeling the comfort of his embrace, as if all the grievances, fears, and anxieties of the past few days were melting away in this moment of tranquility.

Zhao Wuyou tacitly refrained from pressing further, simply holding her tighter, his chin gently resting on the top of her head. The two remained silently nestled together under the cool moonlight, letting time flow by.

After a long while, until the night wind brought a deeper chill, Zhao Wuyou finally spoke in a low voice, his tone carrying an undeniable seriousness: "So, Senior Sister... are you willing to tell me now what exactly happened?"

Ye Hongying, leaning against his chest, stiffened almost imperceptibly for a moment.

Her mind flashed back to the unbearable entanglement with Xuanjizi within the forbidden area, and the humiliating images of being coerced, forced to serve him with her mouth, and even forced to swallow filth... Overwhelming shame and fear, like ice water poured over her head, instantly brought her to her senses.

No, she couldn't say!

She bit her lower lip hard, her heart churning with inner turmoil.

She was terrified. She was afraid that if she revealed the truth, her beloved junior brother would look at her with disgust and coldness, deeming her filthy and never daring to approach her again.

This fear overwhelmed everything.

She shook her head slightly in his arms, her voice muffled, carrying a deliberately feigned arrogance of her former bright and cheerful senior sister, yet unable to conceal a slight tremor: "It's... it's all your fault, you blockhead! I... I was so proactive, but you remained as silent as a mummified gourd, completely oblivious..."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Wuyou's face immediately showed a hint of embarrassment and annoyance. He subconsciously raised a hand to scratch his hair, seemingly reflecting on his own slowness.

Taking advantage of his distraction, Ye Hongying quickly changed the subject. She looked up, her eyes flickering, but tried to make her tone sound natural: "Then... what about Senior Sister Gu Yue? I know she... feels differently about you too." As soon as she asked the question, her heart tightened involuntarily.

Zhao Wuyou tightened his grip on her arms noticeably, as if trying to meld her into his own body.

He paused for a moment, seemingly choosing his words, before finally looking honestly into her eyes, his voice low and sincere: "Hongying, Senior Sister Gu Yue… she is equally important to me. She asked me a similar question before, only this time it was you. And my answer was the same." He took a deep breath, as if making a firm decision, "I know clearly how good you two have been to me, how much you hold in

my heart. I… I simply cannot let either of you down, and my feelings for you are so deep that I cannot sever ties with either of you."

This frank, almost "greedy" confession left Ye Hongying momentarily stunned.

She bit her lip, experiencing another brief internal struggle and bitterness, but ultimately, all these complex emotions dissolved into a soft sigh that seemed both relieved and resigned.

Suddenly, that familiar, slightly mocking, and flamboyant smile returned to her face, as if she had transformed back into the fiery and radiant Flame Princess of the past. Only a barely perceptible dimness lurked deep within her eyes: "Hmph, what can we do? Who told us... to both fall for such a 'playboy' junior brother?" She deliberately drew out her words, emphasizing the phrase "junior brother," her tone reproachful yet subtly indulgent.

Zhao Wuyou's cheeks flushed at her words, and he could only chuckle awkwardly a few times, his heart filled with immense warmth and an indescribable sense of happiness.

Just then, Ye Hongying suddenly moved.

She wrapped her arms around Zhao Wuyou's neck, and then, surprisingly, flipped over and straddled his lap!

This daring position brought their bodies even closer together. Her full, high breasts, through the thin crimson skirt, pressed tightly against Zhao Wuyou's chest without any gap. Their astonishing softness and elasticity, and the subtle sensation of their tips hardening, were clearly transmitted through the thin fabric, bringing a thrilling stimulation.

Zhao Wuyou was startled by her sudden initiative, his breath catching in his throat. His body tensed instantly, and he instinctively grabbed her waist, his voice hoarse with uncertainty: "Senior... Senior Sister?"

However, Ye Hongying didn't give him any more time to think.

She leaned down, her hot, wine-scented breath brushing against his face. Her beautiful, misty eyes gazed deeply into his, and then, once again, with an almost resolute passion, she kissed his lips.

This kiss was deeper and more lingering than before, carrying a fiery intensity that seemed to burn them both to ashes.

The quiet back mountain, bathed in the cool moonlight, witnessed the fusion of intense ambiguity and profound affection between this loving couple after overcoming their initial barriers.

That night, amidst their passionate kisses and rising body temperatures, they slowly made their way to the depths of their being.

The following day at noon, inside the Crimson Flame Abode.

The heatwave was intense, several times greater than usual.

Ye Hongying felt as if she had been thrown into a furnace; every limb and bone was burning with unbearable pain, and the karmic fire surging through her meridians was about to burst out of her body uncontrollably!

Her originally fair skin was now flushed an unnatural red, and fine beads of sweat constantly seeped out, completely soaking her thin red gauze dress, which clung to her body, clearly outlining her full, high breasts, her slender waist, and her round, pert buttocks.

The fabric, damp with sweat, clung to her skin, becoming almost translucent, subtly revealing the alluring flesh and curves beneath.

"Haa... haa..." She leaned against the cold stone wall, panting heavily, each breath hot and heavy, her chest heaving violently, her soft, snowy breasts, tightly wrapped in her soaked clothes, undulating in breathtaking waves.

Between her legs, in that most private and secluded valley, a strong, empty itching sensation, like thousands of ants gnawing at her, spread relentlessly, causing her to instinctively close her legs and rub them together gently in unbearable discomfort.

"How could this be... there are already signs of an outbreak..." Her eyes were glazed, filled with disbelief and panic, her voice hoarse with passion and heat, "There should still be several months..." The passionate kiss with Zhao Wuyou involuntarily flashed through her mind—last night on the back mountain, the warmth of his embrace, the entanglement of his lips and tongue... "Could it be... because of what happened with my junior brother last night...?"

The thought made her feel even hotter and more restless. A surge of heat uncontrollably seeped from the depths of her body, soaking her innermost undergarments and leaving a shameful, sticky, and slippery feeling.

She struggled to support her limp body, leaning against the wall, and staggered towards the quiet room used to suppress the karmic fire.

However, at that very moment, outside the stone gate of the cave came a voice she least wanted to hear, a voice tinged with mockery and an air of unquestionable authority—

"Junior Sister Hongying, your senior brother... has come again to ask for your help in relieving the 'pain'."

Xuanjizi!

Ye Hongying's face instantly turned deathly pale, and her knuckles turned white from the force of her grip on the wall.

She spoke with difficulty, her voice trembling with suppressed emotion and desperate resistance: "Today... not today! You... you must leave!"

Xuanjizi outside the door seemed to chuckle softly, his tone still relaxed, yet carrying a chilling threat: "Junior Sister, wouldn't you like to... think about it some more?"

Inside the cave, Ye Hongying was torn between two conflicting emotions.

The sweet warmth of last night's passionate confession and intimate kiss with Zhao Wuyou hadn't yet faded, but now she was faced with this nauseating coercion.

She bit her lower lip hard, almost tasting blood, but ultimately, the deep-seated fear of losing Zhao Wuyou overwhelmed everything.

She suddenly raised her hand and, with all her might, broke free of the stone door's protective barrier.

The stone gate swung open with a deafening roar.

Xuanjizi casually stepped into the cave, his gaze instantly locking onto Ye Hongying, who was leaning against the wall, clearly not in a good state.

Looking at her alluring figure, soaked to the bone and revealing her curves, at her flushed cheeks, glazed eyes, and rapid breathing, a flicker of understanding and a deeper, more intense interest crossed his eyes.

"Junior Sister seems unusually 'enthusiastic' today?" He approached slowly, his tone laced with nauseating amusement.

Ye Hongying suppressed the urge to burn him to ashes, forcing out the words through clenched teeth: "You... you... how do you plan to 'relieve' it this time?"

Xuanjizi stopped in front of her, his gaze, like a viscous liquid, sweeping over her proud breasts, tightly wrapped in her wet clothes and rising and falling with her breath, finally settling on the faintly visible outline of her peaks.

He licked his lips and spoke in a hoarse voice:

"Ever since I last saw Junior Sister's pair of snow-capped peaks, I've been consumed by longing for them, unable to sleep at night..." He deliberately dragged out his words, his voice laced with naked desire, "Today, I only wish... to admire them once more."

Ye Hongying trembled with rage, her karmic fire surging wildly within her, almost uncontrollable.

A fierce killing intent flashed in her eyes, her voice shrill with extreme anger: "You... you've gone too far! Believe me, I'll risk my life to..."

"Hehe..." Xuanjizi chuckled, interrupting her threat. His tone suddenly turned cold, carrying undisguised ruthlessness. "Then Junior Sister should think carefully. Regarding your... 'little secrets,' I've already sealed them within a 'heavenly puppet' using a secret technique. As soon as I perish, that puppet will immediately deliver all the images and records to Junior Brother Wuyou, exactly as they were."

He leaned slightly closer to Ye Hongying, looking at her face, which had instantly lost all color, and said, word by word, "Guess how heartbroken and devastated Junior Brother Wuyou would be if he saw his pure and innocent, passionate Senior Sister Hongying, in private, behaving so... dissolutely, even forced to kneel and swallow filth...?"

These words were like the most vicious curse, instantly draining Ye Hongying of all her strength and will to resist. The flame in her eyes went out, leaving only endless despair and utter desolation.

Ye Hongying bit her lower lip hard. Her usually fiery eyes were now brimming with tears of humiliation as she stared intently at the hypocritical beast before her.

Ultimately, under the invisible threat posed by the person she cared about most, all her pride and resistance crumbled.

With trembling hands, she slowly and laboriously untied the ribbons of her red gauze dress, already soaked with sweat and clinging tightly to her skin.

Her clothes slipped down to the sides, revealing her snow-white, delicate, full, and perky breasts, along with the two dark red metal nipple rings piercing her tender nipples. They were exposed, trembling, to the warm, erotic air, and to Xuanjizi's greedy, burning gaze.

Ye Hongying abruptly turned her head away, closed her eyes, unwilling to look at Xuanjizi's repulsive expression, her voice trembling with suppressed humiliation: "This... this... are you satisfied now?!"

Xuanjizi's gaze was fixed intently on the pair of snow-white breasts that swayed gently with her rapid breathing, especially against the backdrop of the dark red nipple rings, which accentuated their breathtaking, decadent beauty.

His Adam's apple bobbed, his voice tinged with a morbid obsession: "Every time I see those... unique 'playthings' on my junior sister's chest, I can't help... wanting to have a good time playing with them..."

As he spoke, he reached out, his fingertips slightly cool, and precisely grasped the dark red metal ring, pulling it downwards with an extremely slight movement!

"Ah—!"

A sensation, a mixture of subtle tingling, but mostly unbearable, intense tingling, numbness, and itching, exploded like an electric current from the pulled nipple, rapidly spreading throughout the body!

The sensation came so suddenly and intensely that Ye Hongying was caught off guard, and a soft, alluring moan escaped her throat—a moan she herself hadn't anticipated!

The groan startled even herself!

She jolted awake, her cheeks instantly flushing crimson, like the most vibrant sunset. She stammered incoherently, her voice trembling with tears, "No... no! This... it's not what you think! It's... it's because of the karmic fire... I..."

However, Xuanjizi wouldn't listen to her explanation.

His eyes blazed with lust, and his other hand eagerly followed, its heat burning, its entire palm firmly enveloping one of her soft, snowy breasts, kneading it forcefully and playfully!

"Ugh!" The moment that calloused palm completely covered her sensitive spot, Ye Hongying shuddered violently as if electrocuted!

A tingling, itchy pleasure, several times stronger than before, mixed with the burning heat from the restless karmic fire, swept over her faltering sanity like a tsunami.

Her slender waist twisted uncontrollably and wildly, trying to escape the maddening stimulation, her voice filled with panic and helplessness: "You... you mustn't... let go!"

The more she struggled, the tighter Xuanjizi's arms tightened around her waist, almost snapping her slender frame and holding her firmly in his embrace, preventing her from escaping even a fraction.

"Ah... ha... no... don't rub anymore..." Ye Hongying's resistance gradually became fragmented under Xuanjizi's continuous, sometimes light, sometimes heavy rubbing.

The sensitive flesh of her breasts was wantonly reshaped under his palms, the nipple rings rubbing against the delicate openings with each movement, bringing wave after wave of strange pleasure that penetrated to the bone.

The pent-up karmic fire within her seemed to have found an outlet, turning the two teased nipples on her chest into amplifiers of sensation, infinitely magnifying and concentrating all her senses on those two points.

Her breathing grew heavier and more rapid, tinged with an irrepressible, sweet, and seductive quality.

Her body, already burning with the heat of karmic fire, now felt its temperature soar even higher, and she was drenched in sweat.

Especially in the deepest, most private valley, streams of heat surged uncontrollably, the sticky nectar already soaking through her underpants, even sliding slowly down her trembling, folded thighs, leaving trails of glistening, erotic fluid.

Xuanjizi suddenly stopped his wicked hand on her chest.

Ye Hongying suddenly felt as if all her strength had been drained, leaning limply against him, panting heavily. Her chest heaved violently, and her sweat-soaked gauze dress clung to her skin, outlining her alluring curves.

Her eyes were glazed over, still not fully recovered from the intense sensory shock she had just experienced.

Xuanjizi's gaze, however, shifted playfully downwards, landing on the ground between her feet. There, a small, noticeable puddle of water had formed, reflecting a lewd sheen in the cave's light.

"Tsk tsk tsk..." Xuanjizi clicked his tongue in an infuriating manner, his tone full of mockery, "Junior Sister's 'water'... seems to be flowing even more profusely and turbulently than last time in the secret realm..."

Ye Hongying followed his gaze and looked down, instantly becoming so ashamed she wanted to disappear. Her cheeks burned like fire, and even her neck flushed crimson.

"No... no, that's not how it is!" she protested weakly, her voice tinged with unspeakable shame, trying to close her trembling legs. "Today... is this enough for today?!"

"How can that be enough?" Xuanjizi scoffed, leisurely loosening his belt.

That familiar yet ferocious behemoth sprang forth once more, its veins bulging, its glans enormous, radiating scorching heat and a strong masculine aura, standing erect before her.

"My true 'pain' is something my junior sister hasn't even begun to alleviate yet."

"You... you!" Ye Hongying trembled with rage, pointing at him, but unable to utter a complete sentence.

Xuanjizi calmly straightened his back, bringing the terrifying weapon even closer to her lips, his voice carrying an undeniable command: "Junior Sister, please."

Tears of humiliation welled in her eyes, but thinking of the leverage that could destroy her relationship with Zhao Wuyou, Ye Hongying ultimately closed her eyes in despair.

She trembled as she reached out her small hand and grasped the hot, hard penis. The instant she touched it, the pulsating life force sent a shiver down her spine.

With difficulty and humiliation, she opened her soft, crimson lips again and took it into her mouth.

However, unlike the pure nausea and resistance she felt last time, this time the karmic fire within her was raging wildly. That burning heat and emptiness originating from the very source of life seemed to make her body unusually sensitive and… yearning.

The initial awkwardness and stiffness gradually disappeared; her eyes became hazy under the scorching heat of the karmic fire, and her mouth movements unconsciously became more practiced.

She began unconsciously licking the thick shaft with her soft tongue, tracing the bulging veins, sometimes sucking hard on the large glans, making blush-inducing "tsk tsk" sounds.

Even more astonishingly, her small hand involuntarily slid down to the already muddy valley between her legs, and through her soaked underpants, began to urgently press and rub her swollen, fragile clitoris.

"Uh... mmm..." Soft, sweet moans escaped uncontrollably from her lips, which were now filled.

Xuanjizi felt the unprecedented wetness, warmth, and skillful care from below, and seeing this beauty, usually so fiery and passionate, now displaying such wanton and seductive behavior beneath him, a huge, twisted sense of satisfaction and desire for conquest welled up within him.

He never dreamed that, driven by the karmic fire, Ye Hongying would reveal such an alluring side!

This was an unexpected delight; it was as if he had discovered yet another, even more deadly secret that could control her even more.

As Ye Hongying's hand and mouth movements became increasingly intense, her body began to tremble violently, and uncontrollable, intense spasms and contractions emanated from deep within her flower-like opening.

"Ah—!" She jerked her head back, letting out a long, suppressed scream, her body tensing like a bow as she reached the peak of her climax.

Sticky nectar gushed out as if she had lost control of her bladder, completely soaking her underpants and even splashing onto the ground beneath her.

At the very moment she climaxed, Xuanjizi let out a low growl, pressing down hard on the back of her head, firmly fixing her mouth to his crotch. His scorching yang energy, like a floodgate bursting, violently and unreservedly poured into the depths of her throat.

Ye Hongying was still immersed in the afterglow of her climax, her body sensitive and numb. He held her down so firmly that she had no strength to resist, and could only passively and laboriously swallow all the thick, fishy-smelling liquid.

When Xuanjizi finally withdrew from her mouth, satisfied, a sticky strand of saliva stretched and broke between his glans and her swollen lips, a scene of extreme lewdness.

Ye Hongying felt as if all her bones had been removed. She supported herself with one hand on the ground, the other limply resting on her thigh. Her body convulsed slightly, she coughed violently, and tears of primal urgency welled in her eyes.

Strangely, however, after this near-frenzied release and climax, the restless karmic fire within her seemed to have calmed considerably. Although still scorching hot, it no longer possessed that terrifying feeling of being about to burst forth from her body.

She abruptly raised her head, her eyes rekindling with the flames of humiliation and rage. A burst of karmic fire erupted from her body once more, not as intense as in its prime, but still terrifying enough.

With her last ounce of strength, she hoarsely roared, "Get out!"

Xuanjizi knew he had reached his limit. He slowly tidied his clothes, a satisfied yet meaningful smile on his face, and turned to walk out of the cave.

Just before the stone gate closed, he turned back, leaving behind an utterance like a demonic whisper:

"I'm really looking forward to... the trip to Tianxi City."

These words, like the coldest shackles, instantly plunged Ye Hongying back into the abyss of despair.

She collapsed helplessly to her knees on the cold ground, staring at the puddle of fluids mixed with her own. The brief happiness and warmth of her embrace with Zhao Wuyou under the moonlight last night seemed to have been shattered and vanished without a trace in this instant…

Chapter 18: Farewell in the Snow

At the same moment, inside the cave at Lonely Sword Cliff.

The chill remained, yet it seemed to have been subtly softened by a certain alluring warmth.

Zhao Wuyou leaned against the cold, icy wall, while Gu Yue, unusually, let down her guard and nestled softly in his arms.

Their lips intertwined, their tongues locked, producing soft, blush-inducing sounds.

Zhao Wuyou's hands, burning hot, slowly roamed over her seemingly slender yet curvaceous body. Through the plain white sword robe, he greedily savored her slender waist, the slightly undulating back, and her buttocks—not as full and voluptuous as Ye Hongying's, but equally pert and beautifully shaped.

Tomorrow they would depart for the perilous Tianxi City, with no return date in sight. Zhao Wuyou's heart was filled with reluctance and longing; he only wished to absorb as much of the unique aura and warmth of his aloof senior sister as possible in this moment.

After a long while, until they were both struggling to breathe, the two slowly separated.

A silver thread broke between her lips, and a flush of emotion touched her otherwise icy face. She breathed softly, pressing her burning cheek against Zhao Wuyou's chest, listening to his strong heartbeat. Her cool voice carried a hint of hoarseness and barely perceptible concern: "You... seem much better today." She paused, her tone calm yet resolute, "Did you... talk things out with Junior Sister Hongying?"

A hint of embarrassment at being caught red-handed flashed across Zhao Wuyou's face. He scratched his head and said, "Nothing... can be hidden from you, Senior Sister."

Gu Yue slightly raised her eyes, glancing at him. Her gaze remained clear and sharp, yet carried a rare, almost coquettish tone: "You blockhead, whatever's on your mind is practically written all over your face." She paused slightly, her cheeks seeming to flush even more, and her voice lowered, "And... that tongue just now... was much more skilled than last time..." Her voice trailed off, almost a whisper, as she shyly turned her head away, revealing her beautifully sculpted, fair neck.

Zhao Wuyou's ears burned at her words, feeling both sweet and guilty. He briefly recounted how he and Ye Hongying had confessed their feelings and reconciled the previous night on the back mountain, naturally omitting the more intimate details.

Gu Yue listened quietly, and finally spoke softly, "On many things, perhaps it's difficult for Junior Sister Hongying and me to reach an agreement." She raised her eyes to look at Zhao Wuyou, her icy eyes filled with complex emotions, yet carrying a clear hint of agreement, "But on this matter... I do quite agree with her view."

Zhao Wuyou didn't react for a moment, and subconsciously asked, "Which matter?"

The blush on Gu Yue's face hadn't faded, but her expression was deliberately stern. In her characteristically cold voice, she said, word by word, "'The philandering junior brother'... that matter."

Before Zhao Wuyou could show any embarrassment or attempt to explain, Gu Yue had already tilted her head back again, sealing all his unspoken words with her cool, soft lips.

This kiss lacked the haste of before, replaced by a lingering tenderness and reluctance, as if trying to infuse all the sorrow of parting into the intertwining of their lips.

After a few more tender moments, Gu Yue gently rose from his embrace.

She took a necklace from her bosom; the pendant was a teardrop-shaped, translucent, ice-blue crystal that emanated a pure yet gentle chill.

She personally placed the crystal on Zhao Wuyou's chest; the cool crystal brought a strange sense of tranquility.

"This 'Tear of Ice Heart' is a protective magical artifact." Her voice had regained some of its usual coolness, but the worry in her eyes was hard to conceal. "It can automatically protect your heart and soul when you encounter mortal danger… I hope you won't need it on this trip."

Feeling the cool touch against his chest and hearing the deep concern in her words, Zhao Wuyou felt a surge of warmth in his heart. He grasped her slightly cool hand and said sincerely, "Senior Sister, don't worry, I'll be fine."

Gu Yue didn't pull her hand away, but let him hold it. The two embraced silently, gazing at each other in the chill of the icy cave and the warmth of their mingled bodies, as if trying to etch the other's image into their hearts.

The next morning, as dawn broke.

Zhao Wuyou straightened his robes and stood at the entrance of the cave at Lonely Sword Cliff.

Gu Yue, still clad in pure white, stood there silently, like a jade figure sculpted from ice and snow.

However, a hint of reluctance and worry, rarely shown to outsiders, was clearly revealed in her usually frosty eyes and brows.

"Senior Sister, I'm leaving," Zhao Wuyou said softly, looking at her.

Gu Yue nodded slightly, her icy face revealing an even stronger sense of reluctance. After a moment of silence, she spoke solemnly in her clear, cold voice, tinged with a barely perceptible tremor, "You... you must come back safely."

Seeing the deep longing hidden in her eyes, Zhao Wuyou made up his mind, nodded firmly, and promised, "I will! Senior Sister, wait for me to come back."

Having said that, he gave her one last, deep look, as if trying to memorize her appearance, then turned and transformed into a ray of light, disappearing into the brightening morning light and swirling mountain mist.

Gu Yue stood alone before the cave entrance, gazing in the direction he had departed, motionless for a long time. Only the "Tear of Ice Heart" pendant against his chest seemed to retain a trace of her scent and warmth.

At the foot of Moshan, a massive spirit boat slowly rose into the air, carrying Zhao Wuyou, Xuanjizi, Ye Hongying, and twenty Foundation Establishment disciples, breaking through the clouds towards Tianxi City.

During the voyage, Xuanjizi repeatedly tried to find opportunities to approach Ye Hongying and bring up the matter of "relieving pain."

However, Ye Hongying seemed to have become Zhao Wuyou's shadow, following him closely day and night, whether discussing the itinerary, checking the formations, or even simply having meals and resting.

Even at night, she went straight into Zhao Wuyou's cabin, showing no intention of leaving.

This blatant avoidance and attachment made Xuanjizi's face so dark it was almost dripping with water.

He stared at the tightly closed hatch, a cold glint in his eyes.

Ye Hongying was determined not to give him any chance whatsoever.

"Hmph," he sneered inwardly, suppressing his surging anger, "There's no need to rush. Once we reach Tianxi City, when the situation is chaotic, opportunities... will inevitably arise."

The massive spirit ship pierced through the clouds, and the outline of Tianxi City finally appeared on the horizon. However, the scene that unfolded before their eyes made everyone's hearts sink.

The once prosperous immortal city had now become a desolate battlefield of ruins.

The towering city walls had collapsed in many places, covered with charred marks and congealed dark red bloodstains.

The protective array surrounding the entire city flickered unpredictably, like the labored breathing of a dying beast, as if it would collapse completely at any moment.

Scattered around the city were numerous mangled corpses, including the limbs of various grotesque and terrifying monsters, as well as countless remains of cultivators dressed in the robes of different sects. Some were even gnawed beyond recognition, and the heavy stench of blood and burnt flesh could be faintly smelled even from high above.

In the sky, spirit ships from different sects were arriving one after another, rushing into this desperate battle like moths to a flame.

Zhao Wuyou held Ye Hongying tightly by the waist, standing at the very front of the spirit boat, his face grave as he gazed at the horrific scene below.

Nestled in his arms, Ye Hongying gazed at the hellish scene before her, her delicate body trembling slightly. Her lips, bitten white by her teeth, turned pale, and her voice trembled with a barely perceptible sob: "How could it... be so serious..."

Zhao Wuyou sighed heavily, his arms unconsciously tightening around her, as if trying to meld her into his very bones to protect her: "Many years ago, I also came to Tianxi City for training... Back then, it was a prosperous and bustling place, teeming with people..." His voice was filled with a poignant sadness at the transience of time.

Just then, a chilling roar echoed once more from the distant horizon!

Another massive, dark tide of beasts, like a black flood bursting its banks, surged towards Tianxi City and the surrounding spirit ships!

Several enormous flying demonic birds with bony wings on their backs broke away from the main flock, bringing with them a foul stench and their sharp claws gleaming coldly, and charged straight at the spirit boat where Zhao Wuyou and his companions were!

"Be careful!" Zhao Wuyou shouted sharply, instantly releasing Ye Hongying. He formed hand seals, fully activating the spirit boat's own defensive formation, while simultaneously directing the accompanying Foundation Establishment disciples to immediately form a battle array to meet the enemy.

Xuanjizi also symbolically unleashed a few harmless wind blades, which struck the demonic bird's hard scales, sending sparks flying, but his gaze remained subtly fixed on Ye Hongying.

Facing the surging demonic birds, a fierce glint flashed in Ye Hongying's eyes!

Instead of retreating, she stomped heavily on the deck, her fiery red figure shooting forward like an arrow, charging headlong into the onrushing horde of demonic birds!

"Burning Flame, Break!"

With a sharp cry, crimson flames erupted from her body, instantly engulfing her in flames!

The tight-fitting, fiery red outfit, under the extreme heat and intense movements, seemed to merge with the flames, clinging tightly to her exquisite, curvaceous body.

With each punch, each leap, her full, covered breasts swayed violently, her slender waist twisted in an alluring arc, and her rounded, pert buttocks, outlined in the firelight, exuded a wild, untamed tension.

As she swung her fists, the karmic fire condensed into substantial fist energy, like two shooting stars, and unleashed a devastating attack!

"Boom! Boom!"

The two demonic birds charging at the forefront were instantly blasted apart mid-air by the blazing fist energy, transforming into two enormous fireballs, their shattered flesh, bones, and scales scattering in the flames!

Her figure darted and weaved among the demonic birds, as swift as a ghost.

Wherever the fiery afterimage passed, karmic fire, like a raging dragon with life, coiled, pounced, and exploded!

Her long, straight legs kicked through the air in sharp arcs, the tight-fitting trousers outlining the taut, beautiful muscle lines of her legs; her jade-like arms stretched out, each punch causing her full breasts to ripple alluringly, beads of sweat sliding down her slender neck, evaporating into wisps of white steam before they could drip.

Like a goddess wielding flames descending to earth, or a spirit dancing wildly in blood and fire, she used the most domineering and fiery methods to eliminate the threats threatening the spirit ship one by one, forcefully carving out a temporary vacuum zone in the beast tide.

The sheer power, combined with the breathtaking curves of her body and the unconscious allure she exuded during battle, created a scene that was both brutal and strangely captivating.

After clearing out the demonic beasts that had attacked the spirit ship, Ye Hongying swayed, her body still radiating heat and a faint smell of burning, and lightly landed back on the deck.

Her chest heaved as she gasped for breath, fine beads of sweat covering her forehead, the tip of her nose, and even her long neck, soaking a few strands of her crimson hair, which clung to her unnaturally flushed skin.

Although the raging flames that had once surrounded her had subsided, wisps of uncontrollable fire still flickered and danced on her skin, causing the air around her to distort slightly and radiate an astonishing heat wave.

Zhao Wuyou immediately stepped forward, his brow furrowed, his eyes filled with worry.

He keenly sensed that the restless energy within her was far more turbulent than usual.

"Senior Sister, what's wrong?" he asked in a low voice, a hint of barely perceptible tension in his tone. "The karmic fire within you... seems stronger than ever before."

Ye Hongying waved her hand, trying to dispel his worry and suppress the deeper burning desire within her, stirred by the carnage and the horrific scene before her.

"It's nothing," her voice was slightly hoarse from the battle, her eyes deliberately avoiding his probing gaze, "It's just that seeing this scene, I... for a moment, lost control of my strength." She felt a strange emptiness and throbbing between her legs; the burning of the karmic fire seemed to be affecting not only her meridians but also stirring the deepest, most hidden parts of her body.

After clearing away the threats surrounding the spirit boat, the group was finally able to land at the battered gates of Tianxi City.

The sounds of battle still echoed throughout the place, with sporadic fighting continuing amidst the ruins.

Just as they arrived, the previously crumbling city-protecting array, as if in a final burst of energy, suddenly erupted with a powerful burst of spiritual light, temporarily repelling the approaching beast tide and buying them a precious opportunity to enter the city.

Upon entering the city, a blood-soaked city guard staggered forward, his face showing both relief and respect for those who had survived the ordeal: "You must be seniors from the Moshan Dao Sect? Thank you so much for your help earlier; otherwise, the casualties would have been far greater." After completing the simple formalities, he led them to the Moshan Dao Sect's stronghold within the city.

It was a relatively intact courtyard, but the air was still thick with tension and the stench of blood.

"Esteemed seniors, please rest here for a while." The city-guarding disciple said respectfully, then turned to Zhao Wuyou: "Senior Zhao, our city lord has invited you here, presumably to discuss the repair of the city's protective array."

Upon hearing this, Zhao Wuyou had no choice but to remove his hand from Ye Hongying's waist.

The departure of that warm touch left Ye Hongying with a strange emptiness in her heart, as if she had lost something to rely on.

He looked at her, his eyes gentle yet firm: "Senior Sister, you should go and rest first. The battle just now was quite taxing. We don't know when the next beast tide will arrive, so conserving your strength is important. I'll return as soon as possible."

After saying this, he hurriedly left with the disciple.

Almost the instant Zhao Wuyou's figure disappeared, Xuanjizi, who had been silently following behind, suddenly felt an uncontrollable surge of ecstatic joy flash across his eyes!

He forcibly suppressed the urge to smile, thinking to himself, "The opportunity... has finally arrived!"

Ye Hongying glanced at Xuanjizi almost instinctively, just in time to catch a fleeting glint in his eyes, a glint like a viper locking onto its prey.

A strong sense of restlessness and unease instantly gripped her heart.

She could clearly feel Xuanjizi's sticky, greedy gaze unabashedly fixed on her heaving chest, and on the curves of her waist, hips, and legs, tightly wrapped in her sweat-soaked, almost transparent clothing.

His gaze seemed to possess a tangible penetrating power, making her feel as if all her defenses had been stripped away, leaving her completely naked and exposed to his gaze.

The already restless heat within her, fueled by karmic fire, seemed to be stirred even more violently under this nauseating gaze. A familiar, shameful heat began to spread uncontrollably from the depths of her inner valley between her legs…

Chapter 19: Nightfall in Tianxi City

Night fell, enveloping the ruined Tianxi City. Inside a relatively intact room, temporarily assigned to a true disciple of the Moshan Dao Sect...

In the flickering candlelight, a lewd scene was unfolding.

A woman lay supine on a simple bed, her upper body completely naked, exposed to the cool air and greedy gazes.

Her skin, flushed with passion, was an alluring pink, as delicate as the finest mutton-fat jade, yet now it was covered in fine, fragrant sweat, shimmering with a crystalline luster in the candlelight.

Her two proudly erect, snow-white breasts, perfectly shaped like inverted jade bowls, full and firm, trembled slightly with her somewhat rapid breathing, tracing breathtaking arcs.

What was particularly striking was that each of her two erect, delicate nipples, like newly blossoming red plums, wore an exquisite dark red metal nipple ring, its surface engraved with intricate flame patterns. These rings swayed gently with the movements of the man pressing down on her, reflecting a faint, eerie light.

A man was on top of her, his head buried between her breasts.

One of his hands vigorously kneaded one of her full, snowy breasts, the soft flesh peeking out between his fingers revealing its astonishing elasticity and weight; his other hand lingered and caressed her smooth waist and flat stomach.

His lips greedily sucked and licked the other nipple, his tongue occasionally brushing against and even gently tugging at the dark red nipple ring, bringing waves of sensation mixed with a subtle stinging pain and a deep, tingling itch.

"Mmm..." The woman involuntarily let out a suppressed moan, her delicate brows furrowing slightly, her face a mixture of obvious resistance and unspeakable pleasure.

She tried to turn her head away, wanting to avoid the suffocating kiss, but the man's lips followed her relentlessly, precisely capturing hers and silencing all her protests.

His nimble yet domineering tongue forcefully pried open her pearly teeth, capturing her soft, moist, and sweet tongue, which had nowhere to escape. He forced it to intertwine tightly with his own, sucking and exchanging saliva mixed with desire, producing blush-inducing "tsk tsk" sounds.

Her body trembled slightly under the man's skillful teasing. Her hands, which had initially tried to push him away, became weak and powerless, eventually resting limply on his shoulders, her fingertips slightly curled.

Beads of sweat trickled down her forehead, neck, and even between her deep cleavage. The bedsheet beneath her was soaked with a small patch of the sticky, uncontrollable flow of her desire, leaving dark watermarks and emitting a unique and decadent warm fragrance.

No one could reconcile the woman on the bed now, panting heavily, her eyes glazed, her body trembling with sensitivity, allowing the man to wantonly fondle her most private parts, with the fiery, domineering Flame Princess who, during the day, had been like a fire goddess descending to earth outside the city, incinerating all evil with a wave of her hand.

Yes, this woman was indeed Ye Hongying.

It turned out that shortly after Zhao Wuyou was summoned away, Xuanjizi, like a wolf smelling blood, immediately sought her out.

It was the same nauseating rhetoric, the same irresistible threat. Half-heartedly, or rather, under the combined influence of her raging inner fire and the coercion of her weakness, she offered almost no effective resistance before Xuanjizi pushed her down once more onto this unfamiliar bed, reducing her to this state.

"Why... why did this happen..." she screamed desperately in her mind, her thoughts in utter chaos.

Guilt towards Zhao Wuyou, hatred for Xuanjizi, shame over her uncontrollable desires, and fear of that invisible shackle intertwined, threatening to tear her apart.

However, her body's most primal reactions relentlessly eroded her reason.

The tingling sensation from the domineering, entangling tongue in her mouth, the strange pleasure from the sucking and kneading of her breasts, especially the tugging at her nipple rings, and the increasingly

intense, almost unbearable emptiness and itching between her legs—all these surged like rising tides, wave after wave crashing against her faltering will.

Gradually, the relentless sensory stimulation overwhelmed her ability to think.

She gave up struggling, gave up thinking, and allowed her body, driven by instinct, to slowly sink into this despairing vortex of desire.

Her initially stiff body slowly softened, and she even began to unconsciously arch her back slightly, welcoming the hands and lips that were ravaging her sensitive spots. The moans escaping her throat grew sweeter and more seductive, carrying a yearning she herself was unaware of.

Just as Ye Hongying's consciousness was oscillating between humiliation and physical pleasure, almost to the point of completely giving up thinking, a strange and rich aroma, mixed with the mellow scent of alcohol, began to permeate the room in a bizarre way.

The aroma didn't originate from any wine jug; its source was none other than the depths of Ye Hongying's already muddy and constantly throbbing, honey-scented valley!

The rich aroma of wine seemed to emanate naturally from the depths of her flower palace, intertwining with her own aroused aura to create a strange atmosphere that was both intoxicating and deeply shameful.

However, both men, engrossed in their desires, paid no attention to this sudden and strange phenomenon.

Xuanjizi was clearly no longer satisfied with merely lingering and fondling her proud breasts.

He roughly tore open Ye Hongying's already disheveled skirt and underpants, the cool air instantly assaulting her most vulnerable skin.

"No... don't..." Ye Hongying cried out in alarm, instinctively reaching out to stop him.

But her protest was once again silenced by Xuanjizi's burning lips and tongue.

His kiss carried an undeniable sense of possessiveness. His warm, moist lips and tongue began to trace a path down her sensitive neck, across her delicate collarbone, lingering briefly before sucking on her trembling breasts, leaving a wet trail. Then, they slid across her flat stomach, finally arriving at her secluded garden, already wide open and exuding an alluring aroma of wine.

He used both hands forcefully to completely separate Ye Hongying's long, slender legs, which were trying to put up a final resistance and were tightly pressed together.

Instantly, that tender, delicate, and glistening honeyed orifice was completely exposed to Xuanjizi's burning gaze, utterly devoid of any concealment.

The plump bud swelled slightly, and the two delicate labia, engorged with blood from passion, bloomed like a newly opened rose. The alluring cleft in the middle opened and closed continuously, secreting more glistening, sticky nectar that exuded a strange, wine-like fragrance.

The entire scene was utterly decadent, yet the unique aroma of the wine added a touch of eerie allure.

Then, something happened that left Ye Hongying's mind blank—Xuanjizi lowered his head, stuck out his tongue, and gently licked her most sensitive, already swollen, tender clitoris!

"Ah—! No... don't lick there!" Ye Hongying arched her back as if struck by lightning, letting out a short, terrified scream, her voice trembling with tears, "There... it's dirty..."

However, Xuanjizi ignored her pleas and, as if he had discovered some unparalleled delicacy, began to suck and lick her dripping, honeyed vulva with even greater fervor.

The nimble tongue sometimes scraped heavily across the delicate clitoris, sometimes explored and stirred deep into the narrow passage, and sometimes swept across the entire moist vulva, taking all the honeyed nectar mixed with the aroma of wine into its mouth.

"Ugh—!"

An intense, irresistible surge of pleasure, a mixture of extreme shame and physical ecstasy, rushed from her lower body to her head like a tsunami. Ye Hongying could no longer suppress it, and a long, sweet, and languid moan, full of pleasure, escaped her throat.

The moment she uttered that sound, she was stunned. She hurriedly tried to explain, but met Xuanjizi's raised eyes, which held mocking amusement.

"Junior Sister's cunt... it's truly extraordinary..." Xuanjizi smacked his lips, as if savoring some exquisite wine, his tone light and cruel, "It even... has a faint aroma of wine? Truly peculiar, truly... incredibly delicious!"

These words were like the sharpest needles, piercing Ye Hongying's heart, instantly turning her already flushed cheeks as hot as a branding iron, leaving her so ashamed and indignant that she almost fainted.

Xuanjizi, seeing her like this, chuckled smugly and buried his face between her legs, which exuded a strange, wine-like fragrance, once again, "tasting" her with even greater fervor.

At this most shameful and depraved moment—

"Knock knock knock."

A clear knock sounded, followed immediately by Zhao Wuyou's familiar yet concerned voice, like a bolt from the blue, piercing through the doorway and ringing in clearly:

"Senior Sister Hongying? Are you asleep?"

Ye Hongying's pupils suddenly contracted, and her blood seemed to freeze instantly!

The overwhelming terror was like a bucket of ice water poured over her, almost stopping her breathing!

She abruptly covered her mouth with both hands, using all her strength to prevent herself from making a sound, even her toes curling up tightly from extreme tension.

At the same time, her long, slender legs, like a startled clam, suddenly clamped shut, firmly trapping Xuanjizi's head, still wreaking havoc between her legs, in her most private and shameful place!

Xuanjizi, far from becoming more restrained by Zhao Wuyou's arrival, seemed even more excited by the imminent danger.

He clearly heard Zhao Wuyou's concerned inquiry outside the door, and felt Ye Hongying beneath him instantly tense up, trembling violently and desperately, which seemed to greatly please him.

He intensified his efforts, scraping and sucking at the already swollen and sensitive clitoris with even faster and harder strokes. His nimble tongue even attempted to probe the tight entrance, bringing waves of intense tingling and stimulation that almost made Ye Hongying faint.

"Ugh—!" A broken sob escaped Ye Hongying's throat, forcibly suppressed. She bit her lower lip hard, tasting not blood, but a bitter flavor.

Her entire body was tense to the limit, and she covered her mouth and nose tightly with her hands, not daring to let out even a breath.

However, under the combined assault of extreme stimulation and terror, her body betrayed her will.

Deep within that sensitive valley, the clitoris contracted violently and uncontrollably, gushing forth streams of warm nectar as if she had lost control of her bladder. Xuanjizi greedily swallowed it all, making blush-inducing "tsk tsk" sounds.

Time passed slowly amidst extreme torment.

Zhao Wuyou, standing outside the door, did not appear to leave immediately.

Ye Hongying's heart was pounding in her chest. She knew she had to respond, otherwise it would only arouse deeper suspicion.

She forced herself to loosen her hand from her mouth slightly, using all her willpower to suppress the moan that threatened to escape her throat. Her voice trembled uncontrollably, her breathing rapid, and even tinged with a barely audible, seductive allure:

"I... I've already rested... If... if there's anything... let's talk about it tomorrow... tomorrow..."

Hearing the clearly unusual sound from outside the door, Zhao Wuyou found it strange, but considering her intense battles against demonic beasts during the day, he figured she was probably just exhausted.

He suppressed a slight unease in his heart and replied gently, "Alright, then Senior Sister, please rest well. I won't disturb you any longer."

As the footsteps outside the door faded into the distance, Ye Hongying's tense nerves didn't relax. She kept her mouth tightly covered, not daring to let her guard down for a moment.

However, under Xuanjizi's relentless, precise, and malicious teasing, and in the fleeting moment when her mind relaxed due to Zhao Wuyou's departure, the pent-up pleasure surged forth like a burst dam, violently overwhelming all her defenses!

"Ah—!"

A sharp, seductive moan, barely suppressed and tinged with tears, finally escaped her fingers!

She abruptly released her hand from her mouth, her entire body convulsing and twitching violently as if struck by a powerful electric current. Her waist arched and twisted uncontrollably, responding to the overwhelming sensations brought on by the lips and tongue.

Like a floodgate bursting, a torrent of sticky, scalding vaginal fluid gushed from the depths of her honeyed orifice, pouring it all over Xuanjizi's greedy mouth and face.

After the climax, she felt as if all her bones had been removed, collapsing limply onto the disheveled bed, staring blankly at the ceiling, gasping for breath, her chest heaving violently, lost in the brief yet intoxicating afterglow, momentarily forgetting where she was.

However, as reason gradually returned like a cold tide, as she clearly felt the lingering dampness between her legs and the nauseating scent of Xuanjizi in the air, as she recalled how she had so wantonly reached orgasm beneath that man…

Overwhelmed by immense humiliation and overwhelming guilt, she was instantly engulfed! Tears streamed silently from her empty eyes like a broken string of pearls.

"You beast!"

She let out a piercing scream, and with the last of her strength, kicked Xuanjizi, who was still lurching between her legs, hard!

Caught off guard, Xuanjizi was kicked off the bed with a thud by a kick imbued with her shame, anger, and karmic fire.

Ye Hongying's eyes were bloodshot, and karmic flames erupted uncontrollably from her body as she lunged forward to fight Xuanjizi to the death!

"Junior Sister," Xuanjizi scrambled to his feet, calmly straightening his disheveled robes. His face showed no fear, only a mocking sneer. His gaze swept over her naked body, streaked with the marks of lovemaking and tears, yet made even more alluring by her rage. "Are you sure you want to do it now?"

He deliberately lowered his voice, his tone laced with malice as he warned, "Looking like this... if you make too much noise and attract Junior Brother Wuyou back... let him see with his own eyes what his beloved Senior Sister looks like now... what do you think he'll think?"

These words, like the sharpest icicle, instantly pierced through all of Ye Hongying's courage and anger.

Her forward momentum abruptly froze, and the karmic flames surrounding her vanished as if extinguished by cold water.

She clenched her lips tightly, almost grinding them to powder, a profound sense of powerlessness and despair causing her to tremble. She forced out two words from deep within her throat:

"You... get out..."

Seeing her completely controlled and on the verge of collapse, Xuanjizi knew that he had already exceeded his expectations for tonight.

He smiled contentedly, said nothing more, calmly dressed, and as he had arrived, silently opened the door and leisurely departed.

As the door closed softly again, Ye Hongying's last taut string finally snapped.

She collapsed onto the messy, damp bed, burying her burning face in the quilt, still faintly scented with Xuanjizi's essence and soaked with her own fluids. Unable to contain herself any longer, she let out a suppressed, desperate whimper and sob, like a wounded animal.

That night, amidst endless humiliation, guilt, and tears, slowly and heavily passed.

Chapter 20: The Butterfly Twin Rings

The following morning at Tianxi City, at the city gate...

The morning light pierced the haze that shrouded the city, illuminating the broken walls and ruins with ever-clearer clarity. Two slender figures emerged slowly from the morning mist—the two beauties of Tianyin Pavilion, Su Yao and Su Ling.

The twin sisters wore flowing, moon-white gowns, the hems embroidered with intricate musical runes in silver thread, shimmering softly in the hazy morning light.

They were petite and delicate, not as tall as ordinary women, but possessed a unique, gentle beauty reminiscent of the misty rain of Jiangnan.

The older sister, Su Yao, possessed a serene and composed demeanor. Her short brown hair was neatly styled into two delicate buns, secured with plain silver hairpins.

Her eyebrows and eyes were exquisitely beautiful, her nose was straight and delicate, and her lips were as pale as fresh cherry blossoms.

The loose-fitting Taoist robe couldn't conceal her slender waist, and although her chest wasn't particularly full, it possessed a delicate and alluring bulge that rose and fell gently with her breath, like a budding flower.

The younger sister, Su Ling, appeared lively and energetic, her similar hairstyle adding a touch of playfulness.

Her almond-shaped eyes curiously surveyed her surroundings, her delicate nose slightly wrinkled, and her cherry-like lips naturally upturned.

Her figure was even more slender than her sister's, and beneath her Taoist robe, one could vaguely see her budding curves, especially her incredibly thin waist, which moved with a natural rhythm, as if she were about to dance in the wind at any moment.

The city before her was a scene of devastation, scorched earth everywhere, the air thick with the lingering stench of blood and burnt flesh. Su Yao frowned slightly, her slender fingers unconsciously tightening around her sleeve.

"Ling'er." Her voice was as soft as falling snow. "This beast tide is extraordinary; we must not act recklessly."

Su Ling was standing on tiptoe, peering at the collapsed watchtower in the distance. Hearing this, she waved her hand dismissively: "I know, sister."

Suddenly her eyes lit up, and she tugged at Su Yao's sleeve: "I heard Sister Hongying is here representing Moshan Dao. We haven't seen her in so long, shall we go and pay her a visit?"

The image of that always smiling, exceptionally gentle figure in red immediately flashed into Su Yao's mind.

In this unfamiliar and perilous place, it was indeed a good thing to have an old friend to look after you.

She nodded slightly, a faint smile playing on her lips: "That's a great idea. I miss Sister Hongying too."

The two sisters then walked side by side towards the Moshan Dao encampment.

Inside the camp, Ye Hongying stared blankly at the dark water stain on the bed. The unbearable memories of last night flooded her mind. She closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling violently, tears welling in her eyes.

Just as grief was about to engulf her, a clear and lively voice rang out from outside the door:

"Sister Hongying! Are you awake? We've come to see you!"

Ye Hongying shuddered and quickly wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes.

When she opened her eyes again, her almond-shaped eyes had regained their former fiery light.

She took a deep breath, a bright smile curving her lips, as if the woman who had wept in despair the night before had never existed.

"Coming!" she called out, her voice as clear and bright as ever.

The moment the door opened, Su Yao and Su Ling felt a warm fragrance waft towards them.

Ye Hongying remained stunningly beautiful, her fiery red outfit highlighting her breathtaking curves, her long, vermilion hair casually draped over her shoulders, though a subtle blush seemed to linger at the corners of her eyes.

"Su Yao, Su Ling!" Ye Hongying smiled broadly with delight, "You're here too! That's wonderful! Was your journey safe? Did you encounter any danger?"

As she spoke, she warmly opened her arms and, without further ado, embraced both sisters.

The hug came so suddenly that Su Yao and Su Ling were caught off guard, their faces buried deep in that exceptionally soft and warm place.

Ye Hongying's full, firm breasts pressed tightly against their cheeks; their astonishing elasticity and heat seeped through the thin fabric, almost making it hard for them to breathe.

A rich, warm fragrance, characteristic of karmic fire, instantly enveloped them. The two sisters simultaneously let out muffled groans, their fair faces quickly flushing red.

"Um... Sister Hongying..." Su Ling struggled to speak, but her voice was muffled and indistinct amidst the soft, yielding atmosphere.

Su Yao froze on the spot, her hands hanging helplessly in mid-air, her ears burning red.

Ye Hongying, however, seemed oblivious, instead tightening her arms around them, as if trying to confirm something through this embrace, to dispel the chill in her heart.

She looked down at the two still-childish faces in her arms, feeling their youthful bodies tremble slightly against her skin, and the gloom of the past few days actually began to dissipate a little.

"It's so good to see you all," she said softly, her words carrying a bittersweet mix of emotions only she understood.

When Zhao Wuyou arrived at Ye Hongying's room, he happened to see her embracing Su Yao and Su Ling. He was slightly taken aback, then smiled gently: "Eh? Aren't these the two junior sisters from Tianyin Pavilion?"

Ye Hongying turned her head at the sound, a flicker of panic crossing her eyes, but it was quickly replaced by joy.

She released the twins from her arms, quickly stepped forward, and naturally took Zhao Wuyou's arm.

Her full, soft breasts pressed tightly against his arm, their warm touch penetrating through the fabric.

"Junior Brother Wuyou!" Her voice carried a deliberately cheerful tone. "Yao'er and Ling'er have also arrived."

Zhao Wuyou felt the soft pressure against his arm, his ears turning slightly red. He said in a slightly embarrassed low voice, "Senior Sister, there are outsiders here..."

Ye Hongying not only didn't let go, but instead tightened her grip on his arm, her face beaming with a smile: "They're not outsiders."

With this movement, her ample breasts pressed even more tightly against his arm, their astonishing elasticity and heat almost scorching his skin through the fabric.

Su Ling's eyes widened as she pointed at the two of them: "You... you two...?"

Su Yao remained serene, giving a slight bow: "Congratulations, Sister Hongying; congratulations, Brother Wuyou."

"When did it start? Who confessed first? How far has it progressed?" Su Ling bombarded her questions like a curious sparrow, her gaze darting back and forth between their pressed bodies.

Ye Hongying's cheeks flushed crimson, and she said coquettishly, "Go away, go away, what nonsense are you speculating about?" She subconsciously tightened her grip on Zhao Wuyou's arm, a movement that made her full breasts appear even more visibly distorted.

Su Yao gently tugged at her younger sister's sleeve: "Ling'er, stop fooling around."

Ye Hongying looked up at Zhao Wuyou, her eyes gleaming with a sweet light: "Junior Brother, shall we take Yao'er and Ling'er for a walk around the city? We can also find out what's going on in the city now."

Zhao Wuyou shook his head helplessly: "I really want to go, but the city lord told me to go over later to discuss the formation."

He paused, his gaze softening as he looked at Ye Hongying. This was why he had been able to return early last night.

It's just a pity... my senior sister was already resting.

These words were like a needle, piercing Ye Hongying's heart unexpectedly.

Last night's unbearable images flashed before her eyes—Xuanjizi's weight pressing down on her, her forced moans, and that final, humiliating lie.

A wave of guilt washed over her, almost overwhelming her.

She suppressed her surging emotions, forcing a smile, but her voice unconsciously lowered: "Alright then, I'll go with them. Junior Brother, you go ahead and get busy."

As she spoke, she released Zhao Wuyou's arm and instead wrapped her arms around Su Yao and Su Ling's waists.

This intimate pose fully revealed her slender figure, her delicate waist and full hips creating a breathtaking silhouette.

She practically pushed the twins out, their fiery red figures standing out brightly in the morning light.

Zhao Wuyou watched the three figures disappear into the distance, his brows furrowing slightly.

Ye Hongying's momentary stiffness and evasiveness did not escape his notice.

But watching their cheerful figures disappear into the distance, he shook his head slightly and muttered to himself: "I guess I'm overthinking it."

……

Tianxi City, the marketplace.

Although the shadow of the beast tide lingered, and traces of battle were still faintly visible on the city walls, this market town, located in a relatively safe area within the city, unexpectedly retained some of its former charm.

The streets were lined with stalls selling various items commonly used by cultivators, such as elixirs, talismans, magical artifacts, and cultivation manuals.

Although the flow of people was far less than at its peak, thanks to the support of cultivators from various Immortal Alliance factions, it was still quite lively, creating a kind of post-disaster-like, somewhat subdued, bustling atmosphere.

Ye Hongying, along with the twin sisters Su Yao and Su Ling, moved among the stalls.

Ye Hongying, dressed in a fiery red outfit, possessed a slender figure. Her full breasts contrasted strikingly with her delicate waist, and her rounded, pert hips swayed gracefully with each step, like a moving flame, attracting many gazes.

Su Yao and Su Ling, dressed in identical white robes that accentuated their petite figures and similar short brown bun hairstyles, one serene and composed, the other lively and spirited, like two twin lotus blossoms, followed closely beside Ye Hongying.

"Hey, look at this!" Su Ling was suddenly drawn to a stall in a corner, pulling her sister along and pointing in that direction.

The stall was in a secluded location. The stall owner wore a large black cloak and a plain wooden mask, completely concealing himself—not unusual in the bustling market.

Several magical artifacts, radiating spiritual energy, were displayed on the stall, among which a pair of vermilion bracelets stood out particularly.

The bracelet was a vibrant, almost dripping red, as if polished from the purest bloodstone. Countless lifelike butterflies of various shapes and forms were carved into its surface, their wings exquisitely detailed, as if they might flutter away at any moment.

"I have a pair of magical bracelets here," a slightly hoarse, disguised voice came from behind the mask. "They not only enhance one's understanding of music, but also amplify each other's spiritual energy flow if the wearers are close enough. I see that the two young ladies have similar auras and shared spiritual energy, so this pair of 'Butterfly Love Twin Rings' would be perfect for them."

Upon hearing this, Su Ling's eyes lit up, and she shook her sister's arm: "Sister! This bracelet is so pretty! And the effect is perfect for us! Shall we each wear one?"

Although Su Yao was also attracted to the exquisite bracelet, her personality dictated that she cautiously inquire, "Senior, what is the price of this pair of 'Butterfly Love Twin Rings'?"

The man in black robes held up a gloved finger, indicating a number: "One hundred spirit stones. This is a treasure I obtained with tremendous effort in an ancient secret realm; it can't be too cheap."

Su Yao considered to herself that if it truly had the effects the other party claimed, the price was fair.

At this moment, Ye Hongying also came over, her gaze falling on the pair of vermilion bracelets. She smiled and said, "Oh, these bracelets are really beautiful; the butterflies on them look so real. The color and style suit you two sisters quite well." She waved her hand generously, displaying her cheerful disposition, "Well then, I'm in a good mood today, so I'll buy these bracelets for you!"

Upon hearing this, Su Ling was so happy she almost jumped for joy. She hugged Ye Hongying tightly around the waist, rubbing her face against her arm: "Really? Sister Hongying! You're the best! I love you the most!"

Su Yao quickly waved her hand, "Sister Hongying, this is too extravagant, we can't afford it, we'll buy it ourselves."

Without allowing a word, Ye Hongying took out a bag filled with spirit stones and tossed it to the man in black robes, saying generously, "One hundred spirit stones, give me the goods." She took the pair of crimson bracelets and personally put them on Su Yao and Su Ling.

The bracelets adorned their slender, fair wrists, the vibrant red color making their skin appear even more like jade, and the butterflies on the bracelets seemed to add a touch of lively charm.

"Yes, it really suits us well, it looks great." Ye Hongying nodded in satisfaction.

Feeling a faint warmth on her wrist and sensing a slight increase in the activity of her spiritual energy, Su Yao didn't refuse any longer and calmly thanked her, "Thank you for the gift, Sister Hongying."

Ye Hongying reached out and gently pinched Su Yao's chubby cheeks, smiling, "You're so young, why do you always act like a little adult? You should learn from your sister and be more lively." Saying this, she took the two sisters' soft little hands in each hand, "Come on, let's go for a walk ahead and see what else is fun."

The black-robed stall owner in the corner, his gaze beneath his mask like the thickest venom, was fixed on the departing figures of the three women, especially scanning their uniquely beautiful, curvaceous waists and hips, as if trying to tear their clothes off with his eyes.

He made a very faint, lewd swallowing sound from his throat.

Only after the three figures disappeared into the crowd did he slowly withdraw his gaze, take out a jade slip from his storage bag that appeared to have come from the black market and contained information on well-known female cultivators from various sects in the Southern Region, and immerse himself in it with his divine sense.

A moment later, he put down the jade slip, and a low, excited mutter came from beneath his mask:

"Tsk tsk tsk... Moshan Dao's guest this time is actually 'Flame Princess' Ye Hongying... This fiery and alluring little red sparrow truly lives up to her reputation; that figure, that charm... hehe." His gaze seemed to pierce through the crowd, locking onto the long-vanished red figure once more, then shifting to the direction the twins had gone. "And the pair of delicate 'twin lotuses' beside her... must be the 'Listening Snow Twin Beauties' who have become quite famous in Tianyin Pavilion in recent years. Abundant primordial yin, pure spiritual energy, and a rare shared-heart bond... marvelous, truly marvelous!"

His eyes gleamed with even greater lust, like a venomous snake eyeing its prey: "These sisters are relatively simple-minded, and being sound cultivators with special constitutions... it seems I should start with them. I'll slowly nurture them with these 'Butterfly Twin Rings,' waiting for the right moment... hehehehe..."

This person was none other than the newly appointed Lord of the Burning Desire Palace of the Heavenly Maidens Association—the Old Monster of the Setting Sun!

At that moment, the crimson bracelets worn by Su Yao and Su Ling, adorned with bright red butterflies, seemed to subtly distort the patterns on their wings for a fleeting, imperceptible instant, transforming into the image of two lustful women entwined in ecstasy. But in that instant, they returned to their original lifelike butterfly patterns, as if the entire transformation had been merely an optical illusion.

A subtle, alluring, and menacing aura had quietly enveloped the two pure-looking sisters, like a spiderweb silently spreading, waiting for its prey to unknowingly sink deeper and deeper.

Several days passed, and the threat of the beast tide showed no signs of abating.

A new wave of monstrous beasts surged towards the city walls like a black tide, their roars shaking the heavens and earth.

This time, Su Yao and Su Ling led the disciples of Tianyin Pavilion to take the initiative and set up an array outside the city.

The two sisters were still dressed in pure white robes, but during the battle, the sleeves fluttered with their movements, subtly outlining the curves of their increasingly mature figures.

Su Yao sat cross-legged at the center of the formation, an ancient wooden zither resting across her lap.

Her slender waist leaned slightly forward as she played the zither, her white robe clinging to her waist and hips, outlining a graceful curve.

Su Ling stood at the front of the formation, holding a jade xiao, a vertical bamboo flute. Her long, slender legs were faintly visible beneath her robe, and her waist swayed gently with the rhythm of the music, like a willow branch swaying in the wind.

"Yin Yang Qing Ping Diao—begin!"

Su Yao gave a clear shout, her jade-like fingers lightly caressing the strings of the zither.

The clear, melodious sound of the zither flowed like a gentle spring, transforming into visible ripples of sound that spread forward.

Wherever the sound waves passed, the leading Bone-Cracking Wolves howled in agony, their bones cracking and splintering under the sonic vibrations, their movements instantly slowed.

Almost simultaneously, Su Ling placed the xiao to her lips, its sound mournful and plaintive.

The sound of the xiao was the complete opposite of the zither's; it carried a subtle, penetrating power, specifically targeting the minds of demonic beasts.

Some of the weaker-minded phantom foxes, thrown into confusion by the music, began indiscriminately attacking their own kind.

The two sisters, one playing the zither and the other the xiao, one representing yang and the other yin, intertwined their melodies to form an invisible net.

As Su Yao played the zither, her body swayed slightly with the music, her budding curves barely concealed beneath her white robe.

As Su Ling played, her slender neck tilted slightly back, and the spot where her lips met the xiao gleamed with a moist sheen.

As they swayed their hips, their white robes clung to their bodies, outlining their youthful yet already alluring curves.

Just then, a Shadow Spider lurking behind the beast horde suddenly attacked.

It opened its mouth and spewed forth a shower of black spider silk, which was not only incredibly tough but also carried a deadly poison that corroded spiritual energy.

Spider silk, like a web, enveloped the two sisters, its presence causing the air to hiss and crackle.

"Be careful!"

Su Yao changed the tone of her zither, and the sound waves transformed into a tangible barrier in front of her.

However, the sheer quantity of spider silk was overwhelming, and it quickly broke through the sound barrier.

Seeing this, Su Ling's playing suddenly became shrill, the sound waves slicing through the spiderwebs like sharp blades.

The two sisters moved in perfect harmony, their music weaving into a dazzling display of light in the air.

In the midst of this fierce battle, the crimson bracelets on their wrists suddenly began to feel slightly warm.

The lifelike butterfly patterns adorning them, in a fleeting moment unnoticed, twisted eerily into two voluptuous women, their wings contorted in a state of ecstasy and lascivious abandon.

Although it returned to normal in an instant, a sinister energy had already seeped in.

Su Yao and Su Ling simultaneously felt a heat in their lower abdomen, a strange, burning sensation spreading between their legs.

The feeling was like a million ants crawling on them, or like a fire burning deep in a valley.

They simultaneously let out a soft moan, the tone melodious and tinged with a hint of unbearable longing.

"Hmm..."

The soft moan startled even them.

Su Ling's playing became slightly disordered, and Su Yao's zither playing trembled slightly as well.

They didn't understand where this sudden heat came from; they only felt their legs go weak, their waists go numb, and even their fingers holding the instruments trembled slightly.

The battle continued.

The two sisters endured the strange sensations within their bodies and continued to circulate their energy.

As Su Yao played the zither, fine beads of sweat appeared on her forehead, sliding down her fair neck and into her collar.

Her slender waist swayed unconsciously to the music, as if trying to alleviate some unspeakable longing.

As Su Ling played, her legs unconsciously rubbed together slightly, causing the hem of her white robe to lift slightly, revealing her slender ankles.

Finally, with the sisters' perfect coordination, the Shadow Spider was struck in a vital spot by the sonic wave, letting out a piercing scream before collapsing to the ground. Seeing their leader fall, the remaining demonic beasts scattered and fled.

The battle ended, and both sisters were slightly out of breath. Su Ling wiped the sweat from her brow and asked, puzzled, "Sister, what happened just now? Did our coordination fail?"

Su Yao frowned slightly, feeling the lingering heat within her, and whispered, "It shouldn't be a problem with coordination."

But that feeling just now… She subconsciously glanced at the crimson bracelet on her wrist, seeing the lifelike butterfly pattern as usual, and shook her head. "Perhaps we've overexerted ourselves."

Before the sisters could even catch their breath, a sickening buzzing sound suddenly came from the distant horizon.

A dark swarm of insects pressed in like a storm cloud. Each insect was as long as an adult man's arm, entirely black, with compound eyes that gleamed with an eerie red light.

"It's a Spirit-Eating Demon Insect!" Su Yao's expression changed drastically. Her slender fingers were already pressed on the strings of her zither. "Ling'er, be careful of their saliva!"

Before the words were even finished, the swarm of insects had already pounced upon them.

Su Yao's fingertips plucked rapidly across the strings, the sound waves transforming into a shower of icicles that shot towards the swarm of insects.

Su Ling's music immediately began, the sound waves cutting through the insect swarm like sharp blades.

The sisters' melodies intertwined in the air, one strong and one gentle, harmonizing perfectly.

However, these Spirit-Eating Demon Insects were far more troublesome than the previous demonic beasts.

They opened their mouths and spewed out large amounts of transparent mucus, which was not only incredibly viscous but also possessed corrosive properties.

Su Yao couldn't dodge in time, and her sleeve was stained with the sticky substance, instantly turning the fabric transparent and clinging tightly to her fair arm.

"Sister, watch out!" Su Ling exclaimed, and the sound of her xiao suddenly became urgent.

But in that instant of distraction, several streams of slimy fluid sprayed towards her face.

She quickly dodged to the side, but still got splashed with a few drops of sticky liquid on her chest.

The pale white Taoist robe was instantly soaked, clinging tightly to her budding breasts and outlining their youthful yet alluring curves.

More slime rained down, and despite the sisters' best efforts to dodge, they were inevitably splattered all over.

A transparent, sticky substance made their robes almost transparent, clinging tightly to their petite bodies.

Su Yao's slender waist, slightly rounded breasts, and the barely visible outline of her valley between her legs were all clearly visible beneath her soaked Taoist robe.

Su Ling's situation was even worse; the mucus soaked her completely, her Taoist robe clinging to every inch of her skin, even the two pink nipples on her chest were faintly visible.

Just then, the crimson bracelet on her wrist became hot again.

This time, the heat was even more intense.

The butterfly pattern on the ring twisted wildly, eventually transforming into two lascivious, lustful figures, exuding an aura that made one blush.

"Ah…" Su Ling's legs suddenly gave way, and she collapsed to her knees.

The music stopped abruptly. She braced herself on the ground, panting heavily.

An unprecedented heat surged between her legs, and the itching sensation made her involuntarily squeeze her legs together, her slender waist twisting uncontrollably.

Su Yao's situation wasn't much better.

Her fingers, which were playing the zither, began to tremble, and the notes became disordered.

An unnatural blush rose on her pretty face, and beads of sweat slid down her neck, disappearing into the depths of her clothes, which were soaked with sticky fluid.

She felt a muddy mass between her legs, and the unfamiliar emptiness made it almost impossible for her to hold the zither strings.

With the sisters' combined attack broken, the disciples of Tianyin Pavilion were immediately plunged into a desperate situation.

The Spirit-Eating Demon Insects swarmed towards the disciples, who had lost the protection of their melody, their screams echoing across the field.

In a short time, almost all the disciples of Tianyin Pavilion had been killed or wounded, leaving only Su Yao and Su Ling alive.

Su Yao's face turned deathly pale as she stared at the gruesome deaths of her fellow disciples.

She wanted to play the zither again, but the intense heat within her made it difficult even to sit up straight.

As a demonic insect lunged at her with its menacing mandibles open, she closed her eyes in despair.

At this critical moment, a dark figure suddenly appeared in the center of the battlefield.

The newcomer was surrounded by eerie flames, a sinister dark red. Wherever they passed, the Spirit-Eating Demon Insects were reduced to ashes before they could even scream.

"You mere insects, how dare you be so insolent before me!" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun gave a cold laugh, and with a flick of his sleeve, the Wildfire Gu Flame instantly swept across the entire battlefield.

In the blink of an eye, those terrifying Spirit-Eating Demon Insects were completely incinerated.

Su Yao forced herself to stand up. Although she sensed the evil aura contained within the flames, she still managed a difficult bow and said, "Thank you for saving me, Senior..."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun turned around, his lewd gaze sweeping back and forth over the two sisters' soaking wet bodies.

His gaze lingered particularly on the alluring curves outlined by their wet clothes, and his Adam's apple bobbed involuntarily.

"No need for formalities." He gave a sinister smile, then suddenly appeared behind Su Ling in a flash.

"Ah!" Su Ling exclaimed in surprise, as the Old Monster of the Setting Sun grabbed her from behind.

This position forced her breasts to protrude, making her two pink nipples even more prominent beneath her soaked clothes.

The crimson bracelet on her wrist emitted an eerie light at that moment, and the erotic image on it seemed to come alive, beginning to slowly writhe.

"Sister... I'm so hot..." Su Ling's eyes were glazed over, and she helplessly twisted her delicate body.

Her legs rubbed together unconsciously, trying to relieve the itch rising from the depths of her valley.

Clear love fluid had soaked her underpants, slowly sliding down the inside of her fair thighs, reflecting a lascivious sheen in the sunlight.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun took a deep breath of the girl's fragrance lingering in the air, his smile growing increasingly sinister.

His rough hands slowly caressed Su Ling's slender waist, feeling the slight trembling of the young girl's body.

"Don't be afraid..." he whispered in Su Ling's ear, his voice carrying a bewitching magic, "You won't feel bad anymore soon..."

The old monster's rough tongue greedily licked Su Ling's slender neck, leaving wet traces.

Su Ling trembled, letting out a whimper that sounded both painful and pleasurable.

Her slender waist shifted restlessly, her legs rubbing together unconsciously, trying to alleviate the unfamiliar heat rising from the depths of her valley.

"No… no…" Her voice was weak and barely audible, tinged with a sob, yet her body, against her will, subtly yielded to the old monster's caresses.

The old monster's right hand ruthlessly returned to Su Ling's soft chest, which was already soaked with mucus.

Even through the soaked Taoist robe, one could still feel the youthful yet firm curves.

He skillfully kneaded it, his fingertips maliciously scraping across the quietly erect bud at the tip.

"Ah!" Su Ling suddenly tilted her head back, her neck forming a graceful arc.

Her legs buckled, and she only managed to stay upright because the old monster's arm was around her waist from behind.

Those once clear almond-shaped eyes were now shimmering with moisture, veiled by a thin mist of desire.

The old monster's lecherous gaze shifted to Su Yao, who was still kneeling and struggling on the ground. Su Yao braced herself with her hands on the ground, her delicate body trembling uncontrollably, the curves of her back outlined by her wet clothes rising and falling with her rapid breathing.

"Let... let go of my sister..." She struggled to lift her head, her pretty face flushed, her eyes filled with humiliation and despair.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun gave a sinister smile, and his free left hand suddenly reached down, precisely pressing against the most private and soft spot between Su Ling's legs.

"Mmm—!"

Su Ling let out a high-pitched moan, her legs clamping tightly together in an attempt to stop the invading hand.

However, this action only caused the old monster's fingers to sink even deeper into that full mons pubis.

The soaked fabric clung to her most sensitive core, each friction sending a shivering electric current through her.

Her waist began to twist violently and uncontrollably, like a willow branch swaying in the wind.

Her clear love juice had already soaked through her underpants, and was now gushing down her fair inner thighs, reflecting a lascivious sheen in the sunlight.

The sticky texture and the pungent, feminine scent intensified the lust in the old monster's eyes.

"No! Ling'er!" Su Yao's heart ached at the sight of her sister. "Let go of my sister! Let me... let me take her place!"

Upon hearing this, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun paused his movements, scrutinizing Su Yao with interest: "Oh? Then seal your spiritual veins first, then crawl over here."

Su Yao closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling violently.

When she opened her eyes again, they were filled with a deathly, resolute look.

She raised her trembling hand and quickly pressed several acupoints on her body, instantly dissipating the spiritual energy circulating around her.

The instant the spiritual energy was sealed, the intense heat emanating from the crimson bracelet on her wrist intensified abruptly, spreading throughout her body like wildfire.

She couldn't help but gasp softly, her legs rubbing together unconsciously, trying to alleviate the maddening emptiness and itching.

She moved her body with difficulty, crawling inch by inch towards the Old Monster of the Setting Sun.

With every inch she moved forward, the friction of her wet, cloth-covered private parts against the ground nearly made her faint.

When she finally crawled to the old monster's feet, she was drenched in sweat, her pretty face flushed an unnatural red.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun looked at the two beautiful sisters at his feet and burst into laughter. The dark red flames surrounding him suddenly surged, transforming into two fire serpents that swiftly coiled around the sisters' bodies.

"Ugh!"

Su Yao and Su Ling simultaneously let out a short scream, feeling a sinister force forcefully invade their dantian, sealing their golden cores like the strongest chains.

All their spiritual power vanished instantly, leaving them utterly defenseless mortals.

At the same time, the forcibly suppressed lust, freed from the restraint of spiritual power, swept over their reason like a flood breaking through a dam.

Su Ling could no longer hold on and collapsed into the old monster's arms, her eyes glazed over, her lips slightly parted, emitting soft moans.

Her legs spread limply, letting the sticky love fluid flow out, soaking a small patch of the old monster's trousers.

Su Yao, clinging to her last shred of consciousness, looked at her sister in this state, and tears finally streamed down her face.

However, the heat within her body grew stronger with each wave, and she felt a muddy mess between her legs; that unfamiliar emptiness gnawed at her reason.

Finally, everything went black, and she fainted completely.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun looked with satisfaction at the dazed Su Ling in his arms and the unconscious Su Yao at his feet, then hoisted them onto his shoulders, one in each arm.

Su Ling nestled softly against his shoulder, unconsciously rubbing her cheek against his back, letting out a soft, kitten-like whimper.

Although Su Yao was unconscious, her delicate body, tightly wrapped in wet clothes, was still trembling slightly, as if she were resisting the insatiable desire even in her dreams.

He grinned maliciously, his figure transforming into a black streak as he sped towards his hidden cave deep in the mountains.