Corrupted Fairy

Chapter 56 — The Sound Beyond the Wall

The moonlight, like a ribbon, flowed silently into the cave dwelling of the Golden Bud Garden on Mo Shan Dao, bathing the entire garden of spiritual plants in a cool, silvery glow.

However, the figure who usually tended the flowers and plants meticulously at night was unusually absent from the herb garden this time.

Chu Lingye stood alone before the carved wooden window, gazing at the bright silver moon on the horizon, a veil of melancholy shrouding her beautiful and serene face.

She was still wearing that black robe with gold patterns, but now the robe seemed to sense its wearer's mood, losing its former lively luster and clinging somewhat heavily to her slender figure.

Her short, dark hair wasn't as neat as usual; a few strands were unconsciously tucked into her fingertips, making it look somewhat messy.

The golden flower headdress by her temple still shimmered faintly, yet it seemed to be covered with a layer of invisible dust.

She crossed her arms, the sleeves of her black robe slipping slightly to reveal a section of her slender, snow-white forearm.

At this moment, on her fair skin, the spiritual patterns that normally changed according to her mood were now displaying a chaotic, light gray, fluffy pattern, like dandelion seeds scattered by the wind, constantly drifting and gathering, clearly reflecting the turmoil and unrest in her heart.

The air was no longer filled with the comforting, pure fragrance of grass and trees, but rather with an extremely delicate, yet slightly bitter, scent… of daylily blossoms.

The fragrance wasn't strong, yet it lingered, subtle and persistent, as if telling of the owner's anxieties—anxieties she tried to forget but couldn't truly let go of.

Ever since she returned from the market at the foot of the mountain that day, and started wearing that white jade and gold bracelet on her wrist, she had often been like this.

She could no longer immerse herself in the world of spiritual plants as easily as before; her mind always wandered, making it difficult to calm herself.

The deep-seated turmoil in her heart, stirred by someone, did not subside with time; instead, it grew clearer in the quiet of the night, disturbing her sleep and appetite.

Her thoughts drifted back to several months ago, shortly after Zhao Wuyou and Ye Hongying were ordered to provide support in Tianxi City…

At that time, her third senior brother, Yun Yichen, visited her Golden Bud Garden significantly less often.

He used to be a frequent sight, lounging lazily on the ancient tree, drinking wine and spouting nonsensical musings about the "natural way." But now, he had been nowhere to be seen for days on end.

The Golden Bud Garden remained tranquil, the spiritual plants still fragrant, yet for the first time, Chu Lingye felt that this small world was too quiet, so quiet that it gave her a sense of… indescribable loneliness.

Finally, that afternoon, unable to suppress the inexplicable longing and anticipation in her heart, she tidied her clothes slightly and quietly left Mo Shan Dao, heading to Liuyun Market at the foot of the mountain, and went straight to the elegant pavilion called "Lingfeng Garden."

She knew that was where her third senior brother usually liked to linger and listen to music.

Incense wafted gently from the attic, accompanied by the melodious sounds of traditional string and wind instruments.

The sudden appearance of Chu Lingye, a woman with a unique temperament and beautiful appearance, attracted many eyes.

She awkwardly tugged at the sleeves of her black robe, walked to the counter, and softly inquired of the waiter in charge of reception.

"Excuse me... have you seen my third senior brother, Yun Yichen?" she asked, subconsciously raising her hand to brush the golden flower at her temple, trying to conceal her unusual initiative.

The waiter initially looked hesitant and stammered, unwilling to reveal the customer's information.

Chu Lingye remained silent for a moment, then took out several high-quality spirit stones from her storage bag and gently pushed them over.

The waiter's eyes brightened slightly, and his attitude immediately became much more respectful. He lowered his voice and said, "Young Master Yun is currently in the 'Bamboo Rhyme' private room upstairs, but..." He paused, his expression somewhat subtle, "...it's probably inconvenient to disturb him at this moment."

Chu Lingye didn't fully grasp the deeper meaning of his words; she was simply delighted to hear that her senior brother was there, along with a touch of curiosity.

She thanked the waiter and, following his directions, quietly ascended the softly carpeted stairs towards the "Bamboo Rhyme" private room.

The closer one got to the private room, the stronger the incense seemed to become, mixed with a hint of... indescribable, sweet and ambiguous scent.

When she finally stood before the tightly closed, carved wooden door, before she could even raise her hand to knock, the faint sounds coming from inside made her freeze on the spot.

The first sound that reached her ears was a woman's seductive moan, a voice that rose and fell, sometimes clear and rapid like a nightingale's song, sometimes turning into a long, enchanting groan, carrying an indescribable tremor that seemed to convey both extreme pain and extreme pleasure.

"Mmm...ah...Yunlang...slower...I can't take it anymore..." The voice was broken and intermittent, mixed with heavy breathing.

Immediately afterward, a male voice she knew all too well—lazy and husky, yet now brimming with an irrepressible passion and satisfaction—rang out; it was Yun Yichen!

"Heh..." He chuckled softly, his voice deeper and more magnetic than usual. "Can't handle it already? Weren't you just...so passionate?" His words carried his usual teasing, yet were tinged with intense desire. "Relax...yes, just like that..."

Then came a more intense, subtle sound of flesh colliding, mixed with the woman's suddenly rising scream and pleas for mercy, tinged with sobs: "Ah!...I can't take it anymore...My love...please spare me...it's too deep..."

Chu Lingye was struck dumb, as if by lightning, standing there frozen, her mind completely blank.

She had never heard such a voice before, and she couldn't imagine that her usually carefree and easygoing third senior brother would utter such... such an aggressive and possessive tone.

The woman's moans and her senior brother's satisfied whispers were like a rusty key, suddenly thrusting into her innocent heart, roughly prying open a crack, allowing her to glimpse a completely unfamiliar and unsettling world.

She felt a strange heat surge from the depths of her heart, instantly coursing through her limbs and bones; her cheeks burned uncontrollably, and even her ears turned a fiery red.

The tranquil scent of herbs and trees surrounding her was instantly disrupted, subtly revealing a hazy, enchanting fragrance, much like that of night-blooming jasmine, quietly blooming in the night.

Beneath the black robe, the pale silver spiritual patterns on her skin, as if stimulated, uncontrollably surfaced, outlining the shape of entwined vines, clinging tightly to her slightly warm skin.

She instinctively reached out, wanting to push open the door and see what was happening inside. Why did her senior brother's voice sound so different? And why was that woman making such a... strange sound?

Just then, the waiter who had been following behind, looking embarrassed, quickly stepped forward, lowered his voice, and said cautiously, "My lady, you see... Young Master Yun does indeed have 'important matters' to attend to right now, and it's inconvenient to disturb him. Perhaps... I could

prepare a quiet, elegant room for you nearby so you can rest for a while, and then go find him after he's... finished? Does that sound alright?"

Chu Lingye's confused thoughts were interrupted by the waiter's words.

She glanced at the waiter's subtle yet confident expression, and combined this with the continuous, blush-inducing sounds coming from inside the door, she still didn't quite understand, but she vaguely sensed that going in at this moment might indeed be inappropriate.

She pursed her lips slightly, suppressing the inexplicable restlessness and curiosity within her, as well as a hint of bitterness of which she herself was unaware. She nodded gently, her voice barely a whisper: "...Okay."

Chapter 57 — The Hole in the Wall

The door closed softly behind the waiter, leaving Chu Lingye alone in the empty, elegant room.

However, how could that thin wall completely block out the embarrassing sounds from next door?

The woman's voice grew increasingly high-pitched and melodious, her delicate moans tinged with sobs, like invisible threads stubbornly seeping into her ears.

That voice... was unlike any she had ever heard before.

It wasn't like the crisp chirping of birds, nor the babbling of a spring; it was more like... a crushed sob, a mixture of extreme pain and pleasure.

Just listening to it, Chu Lingye felt a strange heat rise from her lower abdomen, quickly spreading throughout her body, and even her breathing became slightly more rapid.

Beneath the black robe, a thin layer of sweat glistened on her delicate skin, and the pale silver spiritual patterns, like disturbed vines, tightened their grip even more.

A feeling she had never experienced before, a mixture of shame and intense curiosity, seized her.

Reason told her not to look at or listen to what was improper, and that she should leave immediately.

But her body felt rooted to the spot, her legs wouldn't obey her.

Ultimately, an irresistible curiosity overcame her reserve.

She held her breath, gathering a barely perceptible wisp of spiritual energy at her fingertips. Like the finest carving knife, she carefully etched a tiny, almost imperceptible hole, the size of a pinhead, into a hidden spot on the carved wooden wall.

She trembled as she brought one eye close to the small hole.

The sight that met her eyes struck her like a thunderbolt, as if all the blood in her body had rushed to her head.

Inside the private room, the curtains were drawn low, and the air was filled with the gentle fragrance of incense.

A stunningly beautiful female cultivator, whom she had never seen before, completely naked with skin as white as snow, was currently straddling Yun Yichen's waist in an extremely daring posture!

Her slender waist, so delicate it could be encircled by a single hand, was undulating and twisting wildly with astonishing rhythm and force, causing her full, snowy buttocks to trace dazzling arcs.

With each deep thrust, she let out those soft, pleasurable moans that drove Chu Lingye wild with desire: "Ah... Yunlang... so deep... it's reached..."

Yun Yichen, her third senior brother, was reclining on the soft couch, his clothes also completely removed, revealing his strong and muscular chest.

His eyes, usually carrying a hint of languor and aloofness, were now burning with a scorching flame, fixed intently on the heaving, snow-white body beneath him.

His hands were forcefully kneading and rubbing the female cultivator's full, jade-like breasts, which swayed violently with each movement. His fingertips maliciously pinched and scratched the already erect, blooming, rosy buds, causing the female cultivator to let out even higher-pitched gasps.

"Mmm...no...don't squeeze so hard..." the female cultivator said coquettishly, her voice sending shivers down her spine.

Yun Yichen chuckled softly, but instead of stopping, he lowered his head and took the other trembling, rosy nipple into his mouth. As if savoring a delicacy, he sucked and licked it vigorously, making blush-inducing "tsk tsk" sounds.

The female cultivator tilted her head back, letting out a long, satisfied sigh. Her slender fingers threaded through his hair, a gesture that seemed both encouraging and restrained.

Chu Lingye stared in disbelief, her heart pounding. She felt she shouldn't be looking; it was a desecration of her senior brother. But her gaze was drawn to him like a magnet, unable to look away.

The inexplicable heat deep within her body surged even more intensely, and her legs unconsciously pressed together, rubbing together slightly, attempting to alleviate the unfamiliar emptiness and itching emanating from the depths of her thighs.

Just then, she saw the female cultivator, her eyes alluring, peek out slightly, extend her small, fragrant tongue, and proactively bring it to Yun Yichen's lips.

Yun Yichen, without hesitation, met her. Their lips pressed tightly together, and their tongues, like fighting serpents, intertwined and licked fiercely, producing clear, wet sounds.

The sounds, mixed with the female cultivator's intermittent moans, wove a web of lust, completely enveloping the spying Chu Lingye.

Gradually, Chu Lingye felt an unbearable heat coursing through her body, and the strange sensation deep within the valley became increasingly clear, as if countless tiny insects were crawling and gnawing at her.

Her cheeks were flushed, her breathing was erratic, and her delicate body trembled slightly beneath her black robe.

Her legs, which had been pressed together, unconsciously loosened slightly and began to rub against each other gently, with a hint of restlessness.

In her line of sight, Yun Yichen seemed no longer satisfied with his current posture.

With a sudden burst of strength, he flipped the female cultivator, who was lost in pleasure, over so that she was facing away from him, lying face down on the soft couch.

The female cultivator obediently lowered her waist, raising her round, pert buttocks high into the air, forming an extremely alluring yet shameful curve.

Yun Yichen knelt behind her, gripping the female cultivator's slender arms tightly with both hands, and thrust his waist forward sharply!

"Ah—!" The female cultivator let out a sharp, piercing scream, which quickly turned into even more frantic groans, "Too heavy... Yunlang... slower... I can't take it..."

Chu Lingye watched in horror, feeling as if her own body had been pierced through by that violent impact.

A violent spasm came from the depths of the valley, the emptiness and itching reaching their peak.

As if possessed, she trembled as she reached out her hand, lifted the hem of her dark robe, and probed into that most hidden, secluded valley.

Her fingertips touched a patch of delicate, warm, and moist skin that had never been explored before.

With awkwardness and immense shame, she gently slid her fingertips across the slightly raised, tightly closed crevice.

When her fingertip inadvertently brushed against the tiny, swollen, and erect bud at the tip, an extremely strong electric current surged through her entire body!

"Mmm..." She couldn't help but let out a very soft moan, one that even she herself found unfamiliar, and hurriedly bit her lower lip.

This feeling... it's so strange, yet it possesses a fatal attraction.

Her fingers, no longer content with superficial gliding, began to mimic the blush-inducing rhythm from next door, rubbing and pressing the sensitive clitoris with greater force and focus.

Each touch brought a wave of tingling pleasure that washed over her, eroding her reason like a tidal wave.

Her legs unconsciously clamped tightly around the wicked fingers, and her waist began to awkwardly and slightly sway in rhythm with the fingers.

Her breathing grew increasingly rapid and difficult to suppress, faintly echoing the high-pitched moans of the female cultivator next door.

Through her blurred vision, she saw Yun Yichen's movements next door grow increasingly wild, pounding into the female cultivator until she was like a withered willow in the wind, whimpering and begging for mercy.

Finally, after the female cultivator let out a heart-wrenching scream—"Fill me! Yunlang! Give it all to me!"—Chu Lingye saw the female cultivator's body convulse violently, her face displaying a confused expression of extreme pain and extreme pleasure, almost to the point of fainting.

In that instant, all the unfamiliar pleasure that had accumulated deep within Chu Lingye's secluded valley erupted!

An unprecedented, intensely tingling sensation, so strong it sent shivers down her spine, exploded from her clitoris, instantly engulfing her entire body!

Unable to contain herself any longer, she let out a soft, delicate moan, tinged with a sob. Her body tensed like a bow, and a warm, viscous, fragrant nectar—like the essence of a hundred flowers—gushed from the depths of her valley, flowing slowly down the inside of her trembling legs, soaking her innermost undergarments and even permeating her dark robe. In the quiet room, it emitted a delicate yet decadent floral scent.

She slumped against the wall, panting softly, her eyes glazed, her body limp, as if she had just survived a battle that had exhausted all her strength.

The slippery, sticky feeling between her legs, along with the unique floral scent in the air, served as a constant reminder of the thrilling, secret experience she had just had—her own private first awakening.

Her mind was a blur, a jumble of shame, confusion, and a lingering, secret pleasure.

As if possessed, she trembled again, bringing her hazy, watery eyes close to the small hole in the wall.

This sight caused her heart to stop beating, and she almost suffocated.

Unbeknownst to them, Yun Yichen and the stunningly beautiful female cultivator had somehow moved to a position extremely close to the wall, directly in front of the small hole!

The sight of their bodies intertwined, skin touching, was so vividly detailed that it assaulted Chu Lingye's senses.

What shocked her even more was that a strong, scorching aura, carrying an indescribable masculine energy and the scent of pure primordial yang, was seeping through the tiny opening, wafting into her nostrils.

The aura was domineering and unfamiliar, making her dizzy, and the heat that had just subsided deep within her body seemed to be rekindling.

The female cultivator, her eyes alluring and cheeks flushed, was gently and skillfully manipulating Yun Yichen's still erect and veined manhood with her slender, jade-like hand, as if handling a precious object.

Her fingertips occasionally brushed against the sensitive tip of his penis, eliciting a suppressed growl from Yun Yichen's throat, his abdominal muscles suddenly tensing.

"My lord... let me serve you well once more..." The female cultivator's voice was hoarse, carrying endless allure.

She slowly leaned down, opening her luscious cherry lips, as if kissing the most delicate flower petal. First, she extended her small, nimble tongue and gently licked the purplish-red, slightly throbbing tip.

Yun Yichen shuddered and let out a satisfied sigh.

Encouraged, the female cultivator became even bolder in her actions.

No longer content with just a taste, she opened her mouth and slowly took the enormous tip into her mouth.

Her mouth was warm and tight, the soft flesh inside seeming to possess a life of its own, tightly enveloping and sucking.

She skillfully adjusted the angle, sometimes thrusting deep into his throat, letting the massive object almost reach the back of his throat, bringing an extreme sense of pressure and conquest; other times she would only move shallowly, lingering with her lips and tongue on the sensitive coronal sulcus, deftly scraping and licking with the tip of her tongue.

"Mmm..." she let out a muffled moan, saliva uncontrollably spilling from the corner of her mouth, running down her smooth chin, and dripping onto Yun Yichen's taut abdomen, tracing a lewd line.

Her hands weren't idle either; one continued to caress and gently massage the scrotum at the base, while the other wandered over the sensitive area of his firm inner thigh.

Chu Lingye blushed deeply, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid.

She had never imagined that matters between men and women could be done in such a... so embarrassing way.

The female cultivator's oral skills were superb, her tongue techniques incredibly agile. Each swallow, spit, and lick seemed to carry a strange rhythm, constantly pushing Yun Yichen's lust to ever greater heights.

Yun Yichen's breathing grew heavier and heavier. His hands ran through the female cultivator's flowing hair, seemingly encouraging her, yet also perhaps unable to bear the intense pleasure; his knuckles turned slightly white from the force.

His waist involuntarily arched slightly upwards, responding to the warm, moist mouth's ministrations.

Finally, after the female cultivator's deep, drawn-out breath, her tongue scraping heavily across a certain extremely sensitive meridian, Yun Yichen suddenly threw his head back and let out a low, beast-like roar: "Ugh—!"

Chu Lingye clearly saw his waist convulse violently a few times, and thick, hot streams of primordial yang energy, rich in pure yang energy, shot out and poured into the female cultivator's deep throat.

Just then, perhaps due to the force of the impact, or perhaps by coincidence, a few specks of white fluid pierced through the tiny hole in the wall, splashing unexpectedly onto Chu Lingye's face as she was peeping, like warm raindrops!

A slightly warm, sticky sensation, accompanied by an even stronger, uniquely masculine, pungent scent, spread across her delicate cheeks.

Chu Lingye recoiled as if burned, her heart pounding wildly, and instinctively reached out to wipe away the dampness.

The touch from her fingertips and the scent lingering around her nose instantly made her cheeks flush crimson, as if they were about to bleed.

Her mind was buzzing, blank, with only one shameful and confused thought swirling within her: "Is...is it really that comfortable?"

She murmured to herself absentmindedly, her voice barely audible, carrying a confusion of which she herself was unaware, and a hint of... a faint longing.

However, just then, a slightly puzzled whisper seemed to come from next door: "Hmm? Just now... I think I heard Lingye's voice?"

The whisper, like a thunderclap, instantly jolted Chu Lingye from her daze!

A chill ran down her spine as a wave of shame and panic overwhelmed her.

No longer caring about anything else, she hurriedly straightened her disheveled clothes, ignoring the sticky dampness between her legs. Like a startled deer, she flung open the door and rushed out of Lingfeng Garden without looking back, using her movement technique to speed away towards the Mo Shan Dao Sect, wanting only to escape this place that had made her lose her composure as quickly as possible.

After Yun Yichen had comforted the woman in his arms, he casually threw on some clothes and went out to check. He found the door to the adjacent private room wide open, and it was empty.

He stepped inside, a faint, uniquely elegant floral fragrance still lingering in the air—the very scent emanating from Chu Lingye. However, at this moment, this fragrance seemed to be mixed with a hint of… indescribable, alluring sweetness.

Yun Yichen frowned, a sense of foreboding creeping into his heart.

He knew his junior sister well; she was quiet and introverted. Unless she had experienced a major shock or was troubled by something, she would never have lost her composure like this, much less appear in such a place of pleasure.

He immediately set off, hurrying back to Mo Shan Dao and heading straight towards the Golden Bud Garden.

However, no matter how he tried to call out using the communication jade talisman, it was as if the message had sunk into the sea, receiving no response whatsoever.

Standing outside the Golden Bud Garden, he could sense that the cave's protective barrier had been activated, isolating that space from the outside world.

He tried for a long time, but in the end, he could only gaze at the tightly closed cave entrance, sigh softly, and silently depart.

Chapter 58 — The Brand of the Night

For a long time after that day, Chu Lingye deliberately avoided Yun Yichen.

Whether it was a sect meeting or a chance encounter on a mountain path, she always avoided him beforehand, or lowered her eyelids and hurriedly brushed past him, giving him no chance to speak.

However, what she saw and heard that day at Lingfeng Garden—the unfamiliar and intense scenes, the blush-inducing sounds, and her own body's shameful yet extreme reaction—were deeply etched into her mind and bodily memory like a brand, impossible to erase. Instead, they became increasingly clear on countless quiet nights.

Her thoughts drifted away from the jumbled memories, returning to this cool, moonlit night, to this cave filled with the bitter scent of daylilies.

Chu Lingye leaned against the window, her beautiful face appearing even paler in the moonlight, tinged with a desolate sorrow.

The images of that day uncontrollably resurfaced in her mind—her senior brother's body tightly entwined with that stunningly beautiful female cultivator's, the woman's intoxicated and dazed expression, his possessive whispers and actions…

A sharp pang of sorrow and an indescribable sense of loss gripped her heart.

She closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling violently like butterfly wings. Two streams of clear tears slid silently down her cheeks, each tear carrying her unique, elegant yet slightly decadent floral fragrance, staining her dark robes with deep lines.

"They…are a perfect match…" she murmured, her voice choked with emotion, as if trying to convince herself to accept the fact.

Chu Lingye slowly stood up, her fingertips trembling slightly as she untied the belt around her waist.

The dark Taoist robe slid down her smooth shoulders, piling up at her feet like a withered flower.

The moonlight, like quicksilver, poured over her bare body, illuminating a breathtakingly white expanse.

Her skin was as delicate as the finest mutton-fat jade, or like snowflakes falling softly in the cool moonlight.

Even more astonishingly, starting from below her slender collarbone, along her exquisitely undulating curves, down to her flat stomach and straight legs, countless intricate and mysterious pale gold patterns appeared.

The patterns, resembling neither vines nor buds, seemed to flow subtly beneath her snow-white skin, flickering with her breath, exuding an ancient and eerie beauty.

Her figure was perfectly proportioned, with full, firm breasts shaped like inverted jade bowls. The two rosy nipples, like red plum blossoms in the snow, stood quietly in the cool air, trembling gently with her slightly rapid breathing.

The deep, seemingly bottomless ravines between the peaks beckoned exploration.

Her waist was so slender it seemed as if it would snap at the slightest touch, creating a breathtaking contrast with her full breasts and rounded buttocks.

She lowered her head slightly, her gaze falling on her proudly erect breasts. She stretched out her slender fingers and gently stroked the smooth skin; the touch sent a shiver down her spine.

She murmured to herself, her voice tinged with resentment and grievance, yet also with a touch of naive comparison: "But... Lingye's... is no worse than hers..."

Quietly, like a moonlit fairy, she walked barefoot across the cold floor, slowly making her way to the bed.

Her smooth, short, jet-black hair clung to her flushed cheeks, and the eternally blooming golden flower at her temple shimmered with iridescent light in the moonlight.

She lay back, closed her eyes, and let the cool moonlight caress every inch of her flawless skin; the pale golden patterns seemed even clearer and more vibrant in the moonlight.

In her mind, the blush-inducing image uncontrollably resurfaced—her senior brother's muscular physique, the female cultivator's dazed expression, their bodies intimately joined… But this time, the female cultivator's face gradually blurred, and in its place appeared her own…

"Mmm..." A very soft moan, tinged with shame and hesitation, escaped from her throat.

Her right hand, as if guided by invisible threads, trembled slightly as it slowly slid over her flat stomach, finally reaching the mysterious valley between her legs, a place never before touched by anyone else.

Her fingertips touched the slightly raised, full mound of jade, and the already slightly hardened, exceptionally sensitive clitoris at its center.

"Ah..." Even the lightest touch sent a shiver through her body, and a soft, even more delicate moan escaped her lips.

Her snow-white skin instantly flushed a beautiful pink, especially her breasts, whose rosy tips appeared even more alluring and delicate.

Even more strangely, the pale golden, mysterious patterns around her body seemed to come alive, gradually transforming into a vibrant peach-pink, and beginning to emit a rich and alluring fragrance that permeated the entire cave.

Her fingertips began to awkwardly trace circles around the swollen clitoris, sometimes lightly, sometimes heavily.

At first, it was just a slight tingling sensation, but as the movements continued, the pleasure spread like ripples, becoming intense and impossible to ignore.

Her breathing became more rapid, her chest heaving violently, and her other hand involuntarily climbed up her high, firm breasts, mimicking the actions she remembered her senior brother performing. Her palm covered her soft breasts, her fingers curling together, gently but with a touch of pressure, kneading them.

Her fingertips occasionally brushed against the firm, red plum blossom at its peak, sending shivers down her spine.

"Senior...Senior Brother..." she murmured unconsciously, fantasizing that it was Yun Yichen caressing her and possessing her.

The entrance to the flower path was already muddy and oozing a large amount of thick, slippery nectar. That nectar even carried the same floral fragrance as her body scent, like finely brewed honey, crystal clear, making her knuckles and inner thighs slippery and wet.

No longer content with external caresses, her slender middle finger, lubricated by the honey-like fluid, tentatively and inchingly pierced into the never-before-explored, tight flower path!

"Ah—!" The sensation of the foreign object intruding made her tilt her head back, letting out a short, sweet gasp, her body instantly tensing.

But that discomfort was quickly replaced by a more overwhelming emptiness and longing.

She began to slowly move her fingers, mimicking the rhythm she remembered, digging and exploring within the warm, tight passage.

"Ugh... Senior Brother Yun... No... I can't take it anymore..." She shook her head, her short, dark hair disheveled on the pillow, her eyes tightly closed, her long eyelashes wet, her cheeks flushed as if drunk, her moans becoming increasingly alluring and seductive, tinged with sobs and pleading, yet also seeming to invite more.

The peach blossom patterns on her body shimmered with light, exuding a captivating fragrance.

Her movements became faster and deeper, and the force with which her other hand kneaded her breasts became increasingly out of control.

Her legs involuntarily parted wide, her slender waist arching helplessly upwards, welcoming the intrusion of the fingers.

The contractions within the flower path became rapid and greedy, overflowing with nectar, producing a shameful "splashing" sound with each thrust of the fingers.

"Senior brother...spare Lingye...ah!" With a cry that rose to its highest point, a mixture of sobs and intense pleasure, her body convulsed violently. A torrent of warm nectar gushed from the depths of her flower path. Completely drained of strength, she collapsed onto the bed, only broken breaths remaining and the rich, intoxicating fragrance emanating from her.

Several days later, before the winding thousand-step stone staircase of Mo Shan Dao.

A slender figure in fiery red appeared silently. She wore a flowing, iridescent crimson silk robe, its exquisite tailoring clinging tightly to her breathtaking figure.

The robe's collar was slightly open, vaguely revealing a deep and alluring cleavage beneath, the fabric stretched taut by the pair of magnificent, high, full breasts at her chest, as if they might burst forth at any moment.

However, in stark contrast to this astonishing fullness was her slender waist, so delicate it seemed one could encircle it with a single hand, tightly bound by the long robe's belt. As she moved, the soft silk clung to her figure, accentuating her exquisite and captivating curves.

The hem of her long robe fluttered gently in the mountain breeze, occasionally outlining the straight, slender lines of her legs and the subtly revealed shape of her rounded hips.

She paused before the mountain gate, gazing up at the familiar sect plaque shrouded in mist. A fleeting, captivatingly wicked smile, utterly incongruous with the surrounding serene atmosphere, flashed across her stunningly beautiful face and deep within her eyes.

Immediately, the previously powerful spiritual energy fluctuations around her vanished, her aura weakening to that of an uncultivated mortal. She took a step and slowly ascended the stone steps.

The two outer disciples guarding the gate were initially stunned, but upon recognizing the newcomer, their faces lit up with unbelievable joy: "Uncle-Master Ye?! You...you're back?!" One of them quickly bowed, his voice tinged with excitement and a hint of fear, "Uncle-Master Wen instructed us that if you return to the mountain, we must inform you immediately! Please wait here for a moment; Uncle-Master Wen should be here shortly!"

Not long after, several powerful surges of spiritual energy rushed in from within the mountain gate. As the light subsided, three figures appeared.

The leader was none other than Senior Sister Wen Guanyu, still dressed in a dark green Taoist robe, her eyes covered by black ribbons, her demeanor as calm as a deep pool.

Beside her stood her seventh junior sister, Chu Lingye, with short, ink-black hair and gleaming gold flowers at her temples; her delicate face was filled with concern.

A step behind them was the second senior brother, Xuanjizi, with a gentle smile.

"Hongying!" Although Wen Guanyu was blind, her spiritual senses were incredibly sharp, and he instantly detected Ye Hongying's presence.

She strode forward, her voice trembling with rare excitement and relief, and without a word, opened her arms and embraced Ye Hongying tightly.

Ye Hongying's face was instantly buried between her senior sister's unusually full, soft, and elastic breasts, her nose filled with the unique, clear, and lingering fragrance of tea emanating from Wen Guanyu.

That warm and reliable embrace seemed to shield her from all the storms of the outside world, leaving her momentarily dazed.

"Senior sister... I'm back..." she murmured softly, her voice tinged with a barely perceptible hesitancy.

Chu Lingye, her eyes red-rimmed, rushed forward and hugged Ye Hongying from the side, her voice trembling with tears, "Fifth Senior Sister! I'm so glad you're alright! We...we were so worried..." Three women, each with a distinct style yet all possessing unparalleled beauty, embraced in front of the Mo Shan Dao mountain gate, creating a heartwarming scene that would move anyone.

However, beneath this warm facade, Xuanjizi stood quietly to the side, maintaining a perfectly measured smile of satisfaction, but deep within his seemingly gentle eyes surged an almost uncontrollable ecstasy and greed.

Especially when he keenly sensed that Ye Hongying had absolutely no spiritual energy fluctuations around her, clearly indicating that she had completely lost her cultivation, his wild joy grew like weeds! No cultivation at all… what did that mean?

It meant that this once proud and untamed fiery bird now had broken wings and could no longer escape his grasp!

He could almost see himself soon embracing that alluring body again, comforting her after days of hardship, and savoring the sweetness he had long coveted.

His gaze, almost tangible, greedily swept over Ye Hongying's full breasts, tightly wrapped in her silk robe, her slender waist, and the faintly visible curve of her buttocks beneath the robe. A calculating, wicked smile played at the corners of his mouth, almost impossible to suppress.

Nestled in Wen Guanyu's warm embrace, Ye Hongying's peripheral vision caught Xuanjizi's undisguised, possessive gaze and the nauseating smile on his lips.

She sneered inwardly, but showed no sign on her face. Instead, as if startled, she buried her head even deeper between her senior sister's soft breasts, avoiding eye contact with Xuanjizi, leaving only a seemingly fragile and helpless silhouette.

Just then, Wen Guanyu's brows, covered by a ribbon, furrowed slightly. She gently pushed Ye Hongying away a little, carefully probing with her spiritual senses. Her voice was heavy with disbelief: "Hongying, your cultivation... why can't I sense it anymore? It's like that of an ordinary mortal?"

Ye Hongying raised her face, a hint of tears and lingering fear welling up in her eyes. She whispered, "Senior Sister, this matter... is a long story. There are too many people here, so perhaps... we should go to the Sect Master's Hall to discuss it in detail?"

Upon hearing this, Wen Guanyu pondered for a moment, then nodded, grasped Ye Hongying's cold hand, and her tone regained its usual composure: "Very well. Your safe return is the greatest blessing. Let's go, your senior sister will take you back." With that, a surge of spiritual energy coursed through her, and she and Ye Hongying transformed into a streak of dark green light, flying towards the sect's main hall at the mountaintop.

Chu Lingye followed closely behind.

Xuanjizi gazed in the direction where the fiery red figure had disappeared, his gentle smile finally transforming into undisguised lewdness and anticipation. He licked his slightly dry lips, then activated his escape light and followed at a leisurely pace, already plotting how to savor this "surprise" of "being lost and found."

Chapter 59 — The Return of the Crimson Feather

The group arrived at the solemn and imposing main hall of the sect.

Ye Hongying nestled beside Wen Guanyu, her voice weak with the lingering pain of a survivor, trembling with just the right amount of tremor, as she recounted the events she had already woven together—how Tianxi City was breached by an unprecedentedly large beast tide, how her karmic fire spiraled out of control during the fierce battle, forcing her to temporarily seal her cultivation to protect herself, how Zhao Wuyou, amidst the chaos, exhausted himself protecting her and ultimately fell into the abyss of eternal damnation… By the end, her voice was choked with sobs, her eyes shimmering with tears, her bright yet pale face filled with self-reproach and grief.

"...Just when I thought I was doomed, a passing senior came to my rescue," she said, her eyes filled with tears, her voice tinged with a mixture of bewilderment and gratitude. "That senior possessed profound cultivation, yet refused to reveal his name. He simply escorted me to the foot of the mountain gate and then quietly departed."

Wen Guanyu listened quietly, the ribbon covering her eyes concealing her expression, only her tightly pursed lips betraying her inner turmoil.

She gently patted Ye Hongying's hand, her voice steady yet comforting: "Hongying, your safe return is a stroke of luck amidst misfortune. As for Junior Brother Wuyou..." She paused slightly, sensing the state of the life lamps within the sect's Soul Hall, "His life lamp, though dim and flickering, has not yet gone out. This means he still has a glimmer of hope. Don't blame yourself too much; good people are always protected by heaven. Perhaps he is undergoing hardship somewhere, waiting for an opportunity to escape."

"Senior Sister...it's all my fault...it's all my fault..." Upon hearing this, Ye Hongying seemed to have been touched on her deepest pain, and tears streamed down her pale cheeks like broken pearls.

Her shoulders trembled slightly, tears streaming down her face. Her pitiful and helpless appearance was a stark contrast to the fiery and radiant Yan Ji of the past. Even Chu Lingye, standing nearby, couldn't help but feel a lump in her throat and silently shed tears.

Wen Guanyu sighed softly, pulling her into her arms again, feeling her frail body tremble slightly. She said gently, "It's good you're back, it's good you're back. Junior Sister, you've been traveling for days, you're exhausted. Go back to your Crimson Flame Abode and rest for a few days to recuperate. In a while, I'll have Junior Sister Lingye take a look at you. She's quite knowledgeable in medicine and spiritual plants, and perhaps she can find a gentle way to suppress the restless karmic fire within you."

Ye Hongying raised her tear-streaked face, nodded obediently, and said in a weak voice, "Yes, Senior Sister, Hongying understands."

Just then, Xuanjizi, who had been quietly observing, stepped forward, a gentle smile on his face, and said with concern, "Senior Sister, Junior Sister Hongying has endured many hardships and is exhausted both

physically and mentally. Why don't I escort her back to her cave? We haven't seen each other for a long time, and we can chat on the way and offer her some comfort."

Wen Guanyu's brows, covered by a ribbon, furrowed almost imperceptibly. Though blind, her keen senses detected a subtle fluctuation in Xuanjizi's aura. Just as she was about to politely decline, Ye Hongying spoke first, raising her tear-streaked face and nodding slightly in Xuanjizi's direction, her voice soft and gentle: "Then... I'll trouble you, Second Senior Brother."

Although Wen Guanyu felt something was amiss, seeing that Ye Hongying had already agreed, she said nothing more, only offering a brief instruction: "In that case, Second Junior Brother, please take good care of Hongying and escort her back safely, and don't disturb her rest too much."

"Don't worry, Senior Sister, I know what I'm doing," Xuanjizi replied with a smile.

The two left the sect's main hall side by side, walking along the familiar stone steps towards the Crimson Flame Abode.

The journey was silent, save for the rustling of the mountain wind through the leaves.

Ye Hongying lowered her eyes and walked slowly, seemingly weak, but her mind was clear. She keenly sensed the aura that Xuanjizi beside her was trying hard to hide, yet it was as conspicuous as a beacon in the darkness—a faint, alluring fluctuation of spiritual energy unique to the introductory technique of the Hall of Joy, *The Guide to Bliss*.

This fluctuation was extremely subtle. If she hadn't already been thoroughly "developed" by the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, and her genitals hadn't awakened three times, making her extremely sensitive to this kind of aura, she probably wouldn't have noticed it.

She sneered inwardly, but her outward appearance remained one of sorrow and fragility.

"Hearing of the devastation in Tianxi City, I have been deeply worried and restless these past few days," Xuanjizi broke the silence first, his voice gentle, tinged with just the right amount of sorrow. "Regarding Junior Brother Wuyou's situation, I hope Junior Sister will take care of herself and find solace in this difficult time."

Upon hearing this, Ye Hongying's face immediately revealed undisguised disgust and coldness. She turned her head away, her tone stiff: "My affairs are none of your concern, Second Senior Brother."

Xuanjizi was unfazed by her coldness; instead, a hint of smugness flashed in his eyes. The two quickly arrived at the stone gate of the Crimson Flame Abode, engraved with flame array patterns.

After stopping, Xuanjizi suddenly leaned closer, almost touching Ye Hongying's ear, his voice low, carrying a hint of ambiguity and an undeniable coercion: "These past few months since Junior Sister left, I've missed you terribly every day. Without your 'comfort,' this thing below me has become unbearably swollen, keeping me awake at night. Now that you've returned to the sect, I wonder if you could... help me relieve some of this pain?"

Ye Hongying bit her lower lip hard, a blush of shame and indignation rising on her face. Her voice trembled with humiliation: "You...you've gone too far! I just returned to the sect, I'm exhausted, both physically and mentally..."

Xuanjizi chuckled softly, his gaze sweeping meaningfully over her ample bosom. Though concealed by her silk robe, he seemed to see through the fabric to the secrets hidden beneath: "Junior Sister, why feign composure? Although Junior Brother Wuyou is currently trapped in the Demon Burial Abyss, his fate uncertain… surely you wouldn't want Senior Sister or anyone else in the sect to know the secret of those exquisite 'little ornaments' on your precious pair of treasures?"

Ye Hongying's body trembled violently, her face instantly turning even paler. She stared intently at Xuanjizi, her eyes filled with a mixture of struggle, anger, and fear. Finally, as if all her strength had been drained, she slumped down, her eyelashes drooping, and managed to squeeze out a few words through clenched teeth: "...Okay...you...come in."

Chapter 60 — Positions Reversed

Xuanjizi's face revealed a lewd smile of triumph as he watched Ye Hongying's fingertips tremble slightly as she opened the cave's protective barrier and stepped into the familiar space, filled with a faint, warm fragrance and the aura of karmic fire.

He followed closely behind, then with a backhand strike, unleashed a beam of spiritual light that completely sealed the cave's stone door. A hidden isolation barrier instantly rose, utterly isolating the inside from the outside.

In the dim light, he looked at the seemingly weak and helpless fiery red figure ahead, his burning desire no longer needing to be concealed.

Xuanjizi growled impatiently, his voice hoarse with desire: "Then, junior sister, let's begin!"

Ye Hongying obeyed, slowly closing her eyes, her thick, long eyelashes casting faint shadows beneath them.

She knelt submissively before Xuanjizi, her fiery red silk robe spread out on the ground, outlining her still graceful yet subtly stiff back.

Her slender, pale hands trembled slightly as she slowly unbuckled his belt, following the method she remembered, and removed the cumbersome fabric.

The penis that had left a shameful mark on her memory sprang back up, standing erect before her.

Xuanjizi couldn't hide his smugness, eagerly anticipating seeing her expression of humiliation or panic, as she always did.

She shyly parted her full, luscious lips slightly, and with an almost reverent slowness, took the phallus before her into her mouth.

"Ugh—!"

Upon entering, Xuanjizi couldn't help but let out an extremely pleasurable groan; this feeling... was far more wonderful than ever before!

The lips that enveloped him were not only moist and tight, but also carried an indescribable, almost bone-melting heat—the unique warmth brought by the lingering desire within Ye Hongying.

What captivated him even more was Ye Hongying's skill.

Her nimble, moist tongue, no longer hesitant or resistant as before, had transformed into the most skillful serpent, sometimes brushing lightly like a feather across the most sensitive crevice and urethra, bringing subtle yet exhilarating shivers; at other times, like a coiling serpent, it clung tightly to the shaft, slowly and powerfully spiraling and licking from base to tip, every inch of skin being cared for with its warm, soft, and meticulous touch.

Her swallowing rhythm was exquisite; when she swallowed deeply, the tightness of her throat created an intense sucking and squeezing sensation, as if trying to draw out his very soul; when she pulled out shallowly, her pearly teeth lightly grazed the sensitive frenulum, while her tongue teased the tip of his penis rapidly, bringing an intense pleasure mixed with a subtle sting.

"Junior Sister..." Xuanjizi, caught in wave after wave of intense pleasure, his consciousness blurred, gasped for breath as he asked, "How...how come your...your technique...has become so...superb...after so long...could it be...that you...have practiced with that brat Wuyou...in private...?"

Ye Hongying ignored this, instead increasing the speed of her swallowing and the force of her sucking.

Those burning mouths seemed to transform into an invisible furnace, and a subtle suction force emanated from her throat—it wasn't just serving, it was more like… absorbing!

Xuanjizi felt his vital energy, especially the primordial power within his dantian's golden core, uncontrollably surging and flowing towards the tightly enveloped and sucking source, driven by the intense pleasure!

He tried to stop it, but found his body wouldn't obey him at all. Instead, under the unparalleled oral service, he became even more excited, ejaculating his scorching primordial energy!

No, it wasn't just his primordial yang! That was the origin of his golden core, cultivated through years of arduous practice!

A large amount of primordial yang energy, rich in pure spiritual power, continuously flowed into Ye Hongying's mouth. Her throat bobbed as she swallowed it calmly and greedily, as if drinking nectar.

A strange flush appeared on her pale face, and the aura surrounding her, suppressed like stagnant water by the dark red nipple rings, seemed to ripple subtly.

After an unknown period of time, Xuanjizi finally noticed a fatal anomaly!

His spraying just wouldn't stop!

The primordial energy within his golden core surged forth like a floodgate bursting, causing his cultivation level to visibly plummet!

Golden Core Great Perfection... Golden Core Late Stage... Golden Core Middle Stage...

"Junior Sister...Junior Sister! What...what did you do to me?!" Xuanjizi's face drained of color, revealing extreme terror. He tried to break free, but found his body limp, lacking even the strength to lift a finger. He could only watch helplessly as his years of arduous cultivation vanished like flowing water.

Ye Hongying still didn't answer, but instead sucked even harder, as if trying to completely drain him of his life essence.

The overwhelming sense of loss only abruptly stopped when his cultivation level plummeted to the early stage of the Golden Core realm.

Ye Hongying slowly raised her head, a strand of viscous fluid, a mixture of cloudy white and silvery strands, drizzling from the corner of her lips, shimmering with a lascivious sheen in the dim light.

She extended her tongue and very slowly licked her full lower lip, swirling the last drop of saliva into her mouth, the movement carrying a languid and shy air of satisfaction.

"Second Senior Brother..." Her voice was soft and sweet, with a hint of breathlessness, as if the "service" she had just received had stirred her emotions.

However, in the very instant that shy smile blossomed—

"Boom!"

A terrifying aura, as black as ink yet edged with dark red, malevolent flames, suddenly erupted from her back!

The evil phoenix Dao patterns, previously concealed by her clothing, now seemed to come alive, burning fiercely on her smooth back. Black and red evil flames instantly soared into the sky, illuminating the entire cave like a ghostly realm!

A scorching, sinister, domineering pressure, filled with endless desire and an aura of destruction, swept out like a tangible tsunami!

The jade artifacts and stone table placed inside the cave groaned under the terrifying pressure, cracking and creaking under the strain.

Within the raging black and red flames, an enormous, lifelike image of a wicked phoenix materialized!

It spread its fiery wings, which blotted out the sky, and its cold phoenix eyes, like two blood moons, held an indifferent and majestic gaze, as if looking down upon ants, as it firmly locked onto Xuanjizi, who lay limp on the ground, his cultivation having fallen to the early stage of the Golden Core realm.

"Yuan… Nascent Soul…" Xuanjizi trembled violently, his teeth chattering, his face deathly pale. He forced out these two words through gritted teeth, his eyes filled with disbelief and utter despair.

Ye Hongying remained kneeling before him, her beautiful face upturned, seemingly oblivious to the cataclysmic scene unfolding behind her.

She extended her slender fingers, gently toying with Xuanjizi's completely limp penis, slick with saliva and semen. Her movements were as delicate as caressing a zither string, yet her tone carried a hint of innocent yet cruel doubt:

"Second Senior Brother, although I don't know where you obtained the *Guide to Bliss* technique, it must have been... a gift from some 'Palace Master,' right?" Her fingertips lightly brushed against the bell's opening, causing Xuanjizi to experience a slight spasm.

She tilted her head slightly, revealing her usual mischievous and lively smile, but two alluring blushes rose on her cheeks. Her voice was soft and seductive: "But Senior Brother, do you know? Back in the Hall of Joy, the *Guide to Bliss*... was merely an introductory cultivation technique for outer disciples."

Her fingers slowly slid down the limp penis, gently lifting the scrotum beneath. Her fingertips, burning with heat, massaged it slowly and deliberately. She continued, "And me, your junior sister... I possess a rare treasure, and..." Her eyes were like water, brimming with spring-like allure, her voice low as a whisper, "...I've already been thoroughly developed by my master. In the past, in the Hall of Joy, my status would be comparable to a goddess."

She raised her eyes, her mischievous smile growing even more radiant. Blushing, she asked shyly, almost coquettishly, "So...Senior brother, do you still want Hongying...to continue 'alleviating' your symptoms?"

Xuanjizi was struck dumb, frozen in place, his mind blank.

The Hall of Joy?

A goddess?

These words exploded in his mind like thunder, shattering all his knowledge and wishful thinking!

The desire in his eyes had long been replaced by boundless fear, leaving only utter despair.

Seeing his expression, Ye Hongying smiled softly, like a poisonous stamen blooming in a flame.

"Senior brother, if word gets out that you've been secretly cultivating the *Guide to Bliss*, and it becomes known to our master and the Immortal Alliance... I imagine you'll suffer greatly, won't you?" Her tone was gentle, yet every word was like a dagger to the heart.

Xuanjizi snapped back to his senses, his face drained of color, and frantically pleaded, "Junior Sister... no, Goddess! I beg you! Please, have mercy and don't tell anyone! I... I'm willing to serve you like a slave!"

"To be a slave?" Ye Hongying chuckled, flipping her other free hand to reveal a pill the size of a longan, dark red in color, and emanating an ominous aura, at her fingertips.

"No need." She held the pill to Xuanjizi's lips, her voice soft as water, yet carrying an undeniable command, "Senior brother, come…open your mouth."

Xuanjizi stared at the pill that emitted a strange, sweet fragrance, his face contorted with extreme fear and struggle, his body involuntarily shrinking back.

Ye Hongying's smile remained unchanged, but her alluring eyes narrowed slightly, and her tone took on a dangerous tinge: "Senior brother, it seems you... have no time to hesitate." Behind her, the evil phoenix dharma image emitted a low, mournful cry, its terrifying pressure intensifying like a mountain.

Xuanjizi trembled violently, the fear of death instantly overwhelming him. He opened his mouth, trembling.

Ye Hongying smiled with satisfaction. Instead of placing the pill directly into his mouth, she twisted her wrist and placed the dark red pill between her own delicate lips!

Immediately afterward, to Xuanjizi's horrified gaze, she lunged forward, grabbing the back of his neck with one hand to prevent him from flinching, while her other hand continued to gently caress his genitals.

She leaned down and pressed her soft, moist lips, carrying a unique warmth and a bitter scent of medicinal herbs, firmly against Xuanjizi's lips!

"Ugh...!" Xuanjizi's eyes widened, trying to struggle, but his body was powerless.

Ye Hongying's fragrant tongue, like the most nimble venomous snake, easily pried open his teeth, and, carrying the pill, plunged straight in.

Her tongue skills were unparalleled; she didn't just push the pills, but also stirred, entwined, and licked them wantonly in his mouth, as if conducting a deep-seated plunder and marking.

The scorching breath and sweet saliva, mixed with the strange aroma of the elixir, were forcibly injected into Xuanjizi's senses.

Xuanjizi was forced to endure this humiliating and controlling "passionate kiss." His consciousness blurred, and his throat involuntarily swallowed, causing the dark red pill to slide down his throat, leaving only a cold and bitter taste.

After a long while, Ye Hongying slowly raised her head.

A shimmering silver thread connected their slightly swollen lips, its light gleaming with a lascivious luster in the dim, eerie firelight.

Her small tongue darted out slightly, slowly and deliberately licking away the strand of saliva, then she leaned close to Xuanjizi's ear, her breath sweet as orchids, her voice alluring and captivating:

"This is the 'Heart-Corroding Soul-Burning Pill,' specially made by the master," she whispered, like a compassionate murmur. "Every forty-nine days, a relief pill must be taken; otherwise… the poison will flare up, the heart meridians will feel like they're being gnawed by a thousand ants, and the soul will feel like it's being burned by karmic fire. That feeling… I'm sure Senior Brother wouldn't want to experience it."

After she finished speaking, she stepped back slightly, looking at Xuanjizi, whose face was ashen and eyes vacant. Then, her face blossomed again with that bright, lively, and even somewhat innocent smile she always had.

She tilted her head, looked at him with a smile, and said crisply:

"Senior brother, look... the positions have reversed."