Corrupted Fairy

Chapter 41

"That's enough!"

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun roared in fury; how could he allow others to pluck the fruit he had painstakingly cultivated?

With a sudden jolt, the sun and moon Dao patterns originating from the very essence of the Su Yao and Su Ling sisters instantly appeared; the left arm blazed like the scorching sun, while the right arm glowed like a dark, eerie moon!

Immediately afterward, the evil phoenix Dao pattern on his back soared into the sky, transforming into a phantom of an evil phoenix burning with dark red flames. With a long cry, it crashed headlong into the enormous phantoms of the evil sun and evil moon that had suddenly appeared behind him!

The sun and moon shone together, and a wicked phoenix soared through the air!

Three distinct yet symbiotic evil forces intertwined and merged wildly, ultimately transforming into a terrifying torrent of energy—a torrent of dark red malevolent flames, silver-gray yin energy, and crimson-black yang energy—flowing like a hundred rivers into the sea, pouring entirely into his already erect member!

"Buzz—!"

The phallus expanded and deformed again at a visible speed, its surface displaying bizarre totems of the alternation of the sun and moon and the soaring of an evil phoenix. Three evil forces, like living creatures, coiled and roared around the ferocious dragon head, radiating a terrifying pressure that made the entire stone chamber tremble!

This fused, supremely evil aura, like a tangible impact, spread out with a deafening roar, directly causing the two illusory figures behind the Flesh Mountain Buddha—the Thousand-Armed Evil Buddha and the Filthy Yin Bodhisattva—to fluctuate violently, their light dimming and nearly dissipating!

Ye Hongying, who was about to sit down, was startled by the sudden, terrifying aura, and her movements froze.

She instinctively turned her head, and when her gaze fell upon the terrifying phallus beneath the Old Monster of the Setting Sun—a phallus resembling an ancient demon god's weapon, wreathed in three evil powers, radiating an aura that made her soul tremble and... desperately crave—the last vestige of clarity in her eyes vanished completely.

It was a surrender and yearning amplified to the extreme, stemming from a life-or-death instinct.

As if drawn by invisible threads, she slowly climbed down from the Flesh Mountain Buddha, even ignoring the finger still wreaking havoc on her rear.

She moved with the obedience of the most submissive of servants awaiting her master's favor, approaching the Old Monster of the Setting Sun with an eerie reverence in every step.

Approaching the old monster, she once again willingly and shamelessly spread her long, straight, yet slightly trembling jade legs. With her hands, once burning with karmic fire, she trembled but resolutely parted her already overflowing, honey-like, ripe peach of a secret place, waiting to be plucked.

Then, under the unwilling gaze of the Flesh Mountain Buddha, and amidst the smug and greedy grin of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, Ye Hongying bit her lower lip, her waist slowly lowering, actively drawing that terrifying, ferocious thing—wreathed in the flames of the Evil Phoenix, the yin of the Evil Moon, and the yang of the Evil Sun—little by little, into the deepest recesses of her already prepared and desperately thirsty body...

"Ahhhhhh!!!"

As the intense fullness, the burning heat, and the complex sensations brought about by the mixture of three evil forces—a sensation that seemed to completely fill, tear, and reshape her soul—swept through her body, Ye Hongying tilted her long neck back and let out an unprecedented, high-pitched, melodious moan, filled with ultimate satisfaction and utter ecstasy.

That groan seemed to be a final lament for her past self.

Ye Hongying's waist twisted wildly like a water snake, each downward thrust carrying an almost self-destructive resolve, attempting to insert that terrifying weapon engraved with the sun, moon, and evil phoenix totems deeper and more thoroughly into the deepest part of her body.

A continuous stream of seductive moans escaped her throat, sometimes high-pitched like a phoenix's cry, sometimes low like a sob. Her once fiery eyes were now filled only with a hazy, lustful glow, fixed on the old monster who was wantonly enjoying her.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun grinned maliciously, his hands gripping her plump, soft buttocks like iron clamps, his fingertips almost sinking into the smooth, white flesh.

He suddenly stood up, lifting Ye Hongying into the air, and using his powerful waist strength, began to thrust violently upwards!

That monstrous penis, like a red-hot branding iron, thrust deeply with each stroke, carrying the bone-chilling cold of the evil moon's yin, the soul-scorching heat of the evil sun's yang, and the frenzied burning of the evil phoenix's flames—three completely different evil forces churning and colliding wildly deep within her most delicate and sensitive flower path!

"Ugh... it's hitting the spot... it's hitting the spot, ahhh—!" Ye Hongying was driven incoherent by this extreme and complex stimulation. The soft flesh deep within her flower core contracted and sucked violently as if in spasm, as if trying to completely devour the source of the evil.

Her long, slender legs instinctively wrapped tightly around the old monster's waist, her toes pointed and curled in intense pleasure.

The Flesh Mountain Buddha gazed at the faintly visible sun and moon Dao patterns on Ye Hongying's buttocks, glowing slightly with each impact from the old monster. His fat face twitched, his tone filled with jealousy and a hint of helplessness: "Fellow Daoist, the Dao patterns on your arms are actually from renowned artifacts! And they are yin and yang, sun and moon patterns in harmony... Could they be a pair of 'twin lotus blossoms'? Fellow Daoist's luck... truly... truly enviable to this humble monk." He sighed heavily, as if making a decision. "Fine! This humble monk concedes defeat this time! Losing to a fellow Daoist with so many renowned artifacts isn't too unjust! Since that's the case, this humble monk will lend you a hand, as a way of forming a good karmic connection."

Before the words were even finished, the aura surrounding the Flesh Mountain Buddha suddenly changed drastically!

The once-mountainous mass of fat rapidly contracted and solidified like a tide, transforming into bulging, dark golden chunks of muscle!

He seemed to grow taller, transforming into a fierce yet dignified Vajra!

He took a step forward, his thick, metallic-looking vajra-like weapon, as thick as a child's arm, aimed at Ye Hongying's slightly contracted anus, and without hesitation, slowly but firmly thrust it in!

"No—! No... it... it will... it will break... Aaaaaah—!" Ye Hongying let out a shrill scream mixed with unparalleled pleasure!

The two most private sanctuaries, front and back, were simultaneously and so fiercely violated and filled. The starkly different sensations of fullness and stimulation collided and converged within her like two destructive torrents!

At the extreme climax of this double attack, the "Scorching Wine Flowing Flame Acupoint" within her body finally underwent its ultimate transformation, far surpassing anything she had ever experienced!

"BOOM!!!"

A deafening roar, as if the world were being created, erupted from within her!

The blazing white flames that had been surging along the flower path suddenly transformed into a deep and magnificent dark gold. The flames also changed shape, no longer simply flowing, but transforming into tiny, lifelike, poised-for-flight phoenix phantoms!

These fiery phoenixes danced and sang joyfully within her, each flap of their wings unleashing an even stronger force of sucking and spasms!

And the "Flaming Elixir" also underwent a qualitative leap!

The once mellow aroma of the wine had now become incredibly domineering and sinister, its fragrance seemingly possessing a tangible weight, as rich and thick as viscous honey. It wasn't merely an aphrodisiac; it carried a demonic power that eroded the mind, leading to utter corruption!

Ye Hongying's aura surged wildly, like a volcanic eruption!

A brilliant golden light shone from her dantian. The golden core, refined through countless trials, shattered under the combined impact of internal and external evil forces and extreme pleasure. It rapidly reformed and coalesced, ultimately transforming into a naked phantom of a little girl with eyes and brows seven-tenths similar to hers, but wreathed in dark golden flames, her eyes alluring and seductive—the Nascent Soul was complete!

The instant her nascent soul was formed, she and the illusory phoenix behind the Old Monster of the Setting Sun simultaneously emitted a clear, soul-stirring cry!

The illusory figure rapidly solidified and expanded, transforming into a complete Dharma form with a wingspan of several meters, its entire body ablaze with dark golden evil fire, and its eyes like two burning abysses!

The eerie flames mingled with the intoxicating aroma of the sublimated wine, creating a tangible shockwave that instantly ignited everything in the stone chamber, even the walls!

The entire stone chamber transformed into a dark golden inferno of malevolent fire!

"Ugh!!!"

"Ho!!"

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun and the Flesh Mountain Buddha, transformed into Vajra, simultaneously let out a low, extremely pleasurable roar!

The chain reaction brought about by Ye Hongying's transformation of her divine artifact, breakthrough in cultivation, and condensation of her Dharma form, fed back to them with an unprecedented, almost soul-stirring, ultimate pleasure!

The internal sucking, squeezing, burning, and erosion, along with the pervasive, eerie aroma of alcohol, combined to create a feast of destruction and ecstasy!

"Ahhh—give it all to me—give it all to me, ahhhh—!!!" Ye Hongying lost all reason at this moment, like the most wanton madwoman, throwing her head back and letting out a hysterical scream, ushering in the most intense, longest, and seemingly endless climax of her life!

At the same time, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun and the Flesh Mountain Buddha could no longer restrain themselves, and like a flood bursting its banks, they violently poured their purest primordial yang energy into the deepest part of Ye Hongying's body!

However, this was just the beginning!

Just as the three reached their peak simultaneously, the eyes of the evil phoenix dharma image behind Ye Hongying suddenly lit up! A strange and inexplicable power flowed backward along the points where the three were closely connected!

"Aaaaa?! What... what is this?! No... no!!!"

Ye Hongying was horrified to discover that the peak pleasure, which should have gradually subsided, not only hadn't diminished, but had instead erupted again with even greater force and intensity from both her clitoris and anus!

Then came the third, the fourth... The relentless, ever-growing waves of intense climaxes, like an unstoppable tsunami, relentlessly washed over her body and soul!

It was as if they wanted to freeze her forever in this blissful hell, condemning her to eternal damnation!

She collapsed limply onto the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, her delicate body convulsing violently and uncontrollably as if electrocuted. A torrent of fluids, mixed with an even stronger, more exotic fragrance, gushed uncontrollably from the tips of her erect breasts and from her two still tightly filled, spasming and contracting vagina and anus, soaking the old monster beneath her and the Flesh Mountain Buddha behind her into a chaotic mess.

Her eyes glazed over completely, and only unconscious, broken sobs escaped her lips as she succumbed to this endless, ecstatic torture.

The massive body of the Flesh Mountain Buddha trembled violently, as if every piece of fat was savoring the lingering afterglow of its intense release.

He slowly withdrew from that still slightly convulsing, tender anus, bringing with him a few drops of molten, glistening fluid.

He breathed heavily, his deep voice carrying an unprecedented sense of satisfaction and a hint of disbelief:

"Amitabha... This... this is the power of a renowned artifact after its third awakening? Truly... it has broadened this humble monk's horizons, leaving me in awe..." He swallowed with difficulty, as if still savoring the endless cycle of blissful rebirth. "Fellow Daoist, this 'appetizer' today is worthwhile! Absolutely worthwhile! It has truly left this humble monk with an unforgettable and profound experience."

His eyes, narrowed by his fat, gleamed with greed and anticipation as he gazed at the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, who still held Ye Hongying's soft, mud-like body in his arms: "I hope the 'feast' you promised in your message won't disappoint this humble monk. I will then travel to the long-abandoned Jiyun Ancient Temple on the outskirts of Mo Shan Dao to await your good news. It must be a secluded and tranquil place, far from the world's inhabitants, the perfect spot to enjoy this feast in peace."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun smiled smugly, his withered fingers idly stroking Ye Hongying's sweat-dampened back, feeling the subtle, still-unsettled throbbing beneath her skin.

"Fat monk, put your mind at ease. Our cooperation is mutually beneficial; when has anything ever gone wrong?" He changed the subject, a calculating glint in his eyes. "But that little mudskipper, the Ninth Prince of the Heavenly Dragon Dynasty—I've heard he's about to lose his composure and start making his move, isn't he?"

The Flesh Mountain Buddha leisurely adjusted his wide monk's robe, once again concealing his horrifying phallus. He chuckled softly, "It's probably soon, soon... The winds of change are rising; everyone will display their unique abilities." Having finished tidying himself, he walked with still somewhat unsteady steps toward the cave entrance. Reaching the door, he glanced back at Ye Hongying, who lay slumped in the arms of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, her eyes vacant, her body still twitching unconsciously from time to time. His gaze was like that of someone examining a treasure about to belong to another, yet still coveted. Only then did he truly turn and leave, disappearing into the dimly lit passageway.

Silence returned to the cave, leaving only the lingering, pungent fragrance and the scent of desire in the air.

After about the time it takes an incense stick to burn, Ye Hongying's unfocused gaze gradually refocused. The long and terrifying aftershocks of the climax finally subsided, leaving behind a languid feeling of being completely drained and a deep-seated sense of subjugation.

Like a small animal seeking warmth, she nestled obediently in the gaunt yet eerily powerful embrace of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, her cheek pressed against his cool robes. Her once clear and vibrant voice was now hoarse and sweet, carrying a bewitching allure:

"Master... you were so good to me just now... you made me feel... like I've never felt before... happy..." As she spoke, her delicate body involuntarily rubbed against him, as if seeking more caresses.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun lowered his head, looking mockingly at the exquisite body in his arms that had completely submitted. He toyed with a strand of her crimson hair, soaked with sweat: "Oh? Now you're not going to talk about extracting my soul and refining my spirit?"

Upon hearing this, Ye Hongying's face instantly flushed red, not from shame or indignation, but from a shy, almost boastful display of being favored. She buried her face deeper into the old monster's arms, her voice muffled and tinged with a coquettish tone: "Master... please stop teasing me... I know I was wrong, I won't dare to do it again..."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun reveled in her complete dependence and obedience, a satisfied smile curving his withered lips.

He abruptly changed the subject, his tone calm yet carrying an undeniable air of control: "I previously asked you to send a message back to Mo Shan Dao. How did you handle that?"

Ye Hongying immediately raised her head, her eyes respectful and submissive, all traces of her previous arrogance gone: "Reporting to Master, I have relayed the message as you instructed, and everything is complete."

"Hmm." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun nodded slightly, his withered hand stroking her smooth shoulder. "Then prepare yourself. In three days, you will set off back to Mo Shan Dao."

Upon hearing the news of her departure, Ye Hongying's face immediately showed intense reluctance and attachment. She tightly hugged the Old Monster's waist, tilting her still alluring face upwards, tears welling up in her eyes, and said, "But... but your Sparrow Slave can't bear to leave her master..."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun seemed extremely pleased with her performance, and chuckled softly.

With his other hand, he reached into his robes and pulled out two strangely shaped metal rings that shimmered with a dark red glow. The rings were engraved with intricate and eerie runes, faintly emanating an aura of confinement and concealment.

"Here, let me put this little trinket on you." He spoke casually, as if giving her an ordinary piece of jewelry.

Before Ye Hongying could respond, he skillfully fastened the two dark red nipple rings onto her still perky, full breasts, whose nipples were even more vibrant red from her recent intense pleasure.

"Mmm..." The cold metallic touch and a strange fluctuation of spiritual energy simultaneously reached Ye Hongying, who couldn't help but let out a soft moan, her body trembling slightly.

The dark red rings formed a striking and eerie contrast with her snow-white skin and vibrant red nipples, as if branding her with an indelible, unique mark.

"With your current Nascent Soul stage cultivation, if you were to return like this, you'd probably scare your senior brothers and sisters to death and ruin my grand plan," the Old Monster of the Setting Sun said slowly, admiring his "masterpiece." "These 'Spirit-Locking Rings' can perfectly seal your cultivation, making you appear no different from an ordinary mortal with no spiritual power. These items were meticulously crafted by me; their workmanship is exquisite. Unless someone's cultivation far surpasses mine, even your senior sister, who calls herself 'Master Thousand Leaves,' would not sense anything amiss."

Ye Hongying looked down at the pair of rings on her chest that shimmered with an eerie red light. Her eyes showed no resistance, but were filled rather with gratitude and obedience to her master for bestowing such a gift.

She nestled into the old monster's embrace, whispering in a sweet, affectionate voice, "I understand... Thank you for your kindness, Master... I will remember your instructions and return obediently..."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun held the completely conquered and branded body in his arms with satisfaction. His thin fingers slowly traced her smooth back. Only Ye Hongying's occasional soft moans, tinged with dependence, and the ominous yet alluring glint of her dark red nipple rings in the dim light filled the cave.

Chapter 41 First Encounter in Frost and Snow

Lone Sword Cliff was perpetually covered in snow, and the winds were bitterly cold.

A figure in pure white was practicing swordsmanship on the open ground before the cliff, her movements as ethereal as a celestial being.

She wore a snow-white sword robe embroidered with silver thread and ice lotus patterns, the fabric unusually clinging to her body, perfectly outlining her full, voluptuous bust, her slender waist, and the breathtaking curves of her hips.

Her long, ink-black hair was loosely tied up with a single, plain silver hairpin, a few strands falling beside her exquisitely beautiful cheeks, further accentuating her snow-white skin and giving her an aura of serene elegance, like the moon reflected in a clear spring.

The cold, gleaming sword in her hand hummed, its blade swirling and creating countless frost-like glints.

The first move, "Plum Blossoms Reflecting Snow," saw the sword tip tremble slightly, creating several crystalline sword flowers, like plum blossoms quietly blooming in the wind and snow.

She shifted slightly to the side, her left foot lightly touching the ground, her right leg straight, her waist arching back in a breathtaking yet graceful arc. Her full chest rose and fell gently with her breath, while the sword remained as steady as a rock, exuding a chilling aura.

The move wasn't finished; the sword's momentum had already shifted.

The second move, "Flowing Wind and Returning Snow," involved a flick of the wrist, causing the sword light to flash like a continuous, dense snowfall.

She spun around, the hem of her snow-white sword robe swirling open like a lotus flower, subtly outlining the contours of her long, straight legs.

With each turn, her tightly bound waist displayed astonishing flexibility, and her full breasts traced alluring lines, adding a breathtaking touch of femininity to the cold, gleaming sword light.

Immediately following the third move, "Ice Lotus Blooms at Night," she abruptly stopped spinning, her body leaning forward like a willow in the breeze. The Cold Glass Sword thrust forward with the momentum, its sword energy condensing but not releasing, instead solidifying in the air before the sword tip into a slowly rotating, translucent lotus flower entirely composed of icy spiritual energy.

The moment the lotus flower took shape, an intense chill spread, freezing even the surrounding snowflakes.

She maintained her thrusting stance, her taut back and suddenly heaving chest forming a smooth yet taut curve, her cool eyes fixed intently on the icy lotus tip of her sword, as if the only thing in the world was the sword in her hand.

Just then, a slightly hesitant footstep broke the silence of the area.

Zhao Wuyou, sent by the sect leader to find someone, was immediately captivated by the figure wielding a sword before him as soon as he stepped onto Lone Sword Cliff.

He stood there, stunned, forgetting to speak, forgetting why he had come, simply staring blankly.

Every movement of the woman carried a chilling rhythm, yet contained an indescribable gentleness. Especially striking was the contrast between her ethereal, otherworldly beauty and the breathtaking curves of her figure beneath her sword robes. This created an extreme contrast, causing him to momentarily forget to breathe. He felt as if the scene before him were that of a moon goddess who had mistakenly descended to the mortal realm—cold and aloof, yet captivating and mesmerizing.

After an unknown amount of time, the icy lotus sword energy slowly dissipated, and the woman wielding the sword finally stopped and stood still.

She didn't even turn around; her clear, cold voice, like ice beads falling onto a jade plate, rang out without a ripple: "What is it?"

Zhao Wuyou snapped back to reality, his cheeks flushing instantly. He hurriedly took a few steps forward, but dared not get too close. He bowed respectfully, his voice tinged with nervousness from his earlier lapse in composure: "Your disciple Zhao Wuyou has received orders from the sect leader to set up an array at a newly discovered spirit mine within the sect. The sect leader has commanded me to come... please, Uncle-Master, escort me." He hastily retrieved the mission jade slip from his robes and presented it with both hands.

The woman in white—Gu Yue—slowly turned around, her clear, cold gaze sweeping over him like a chilling current, causing Zhao Wuyou to involuntarily hold his breath.

She didn't take the jade slip, but merely glanced at it to confirm the authenticity of the mark before looking back at Zhao Wuyou, her tone still calm and indifferent: "Let's go."

Having said that, she walked straight past Zhao Wuyou, leaving behind a cool, refreshing breeze carrying a faint scent of snow lotus.

Zhao Wuyou didn't react for a moment, standing there stunned: "Right... now?"

Gu Yue didn't stop walking; she merely tilted her head slightly, revealing her beautifully shaped chin and a small section of her fair, jade-like neck, and asked in return, "Otherwise?"

"Disciple... disciple still has some materials needed for setting up the formation inside the cave that haven't been retrieved..." Zhao Wuyou hurriedly explained.

Before he could finish speaking, he felt a blur before his eyes, and a cold, faint fragrance suddenly approached.

The next moment, a cool yet supple hand grasped his wrist.

Its texture was as delicate as jade, yet it possessed an irresistible power.

"Huh?" Zhao Wuyou exclaimed in surprise, caught off guard.

Gu Yue gripped his wrist, her feet barely moving, and the Cold Glass Sword hovered before her, radiating a chilling aura. She pulled Zhao Wuyou along and gracefully leaped onto the sword.

"You're too slow." Her cool voice rang in his ears, devoid of any emotion, as if she were merely stating a fact.

Suddenly, a flash of sword light appeared, transforming into a long, icy blue rainbow that carried the two of them away from Lone Sword Cliff in an instant, speeding toward Zhao Wuyou's cave. Only the snow atop the cliff remained, silently recording this first encounter under the moonlight.

Several days later, the icy blue sword light fell to the ground like a meteor, instantly landing at the entrance of the spirit mine.

Gu Yue released Zhao Wuyou's hand with a swift and decisive movement, as if the brief contact had never occurred.

She stood silently to one side, her snow-white sword robe fluttering gently in the mine's breeze. Her figure was aloof and solitary, completely out of place in the somewhat chaotic mine environment, like an ice and snow statue descended to earth.

Zhao Wuyou stumbled a step before regaining his balance, his face still bearing the lingering shock and a faint blush from the sword flight.

He dared not look too long at his aloof and ethereal senior uncle beside him, and hurriedly took out various array-setting materials from his storage bag, taking a deep breath and forcing himself to calm down.

Once he began setting up the formation, Zhao Wuyou seemed like a completely different person.

The previous panic and anxiety vanished instantly, replaced by a calm and focused concentration.

A shimmering light flowed from his fingertips, and array patterns, under his precise control, seemed to come alive, merging into the ground and stone walls, creating a mysterious resonance with the spiritual energy emanating from the spirit ore itself.

The materials were swiftly processed and integrated into the nodes in his hands, his movements fluid and graceful, possessing a natural rhythm, without the slightest hesitation.

Gu Yue's originally indifferent gaze inadvertently fell on Zhao Wuyou.

She looked at this Foundation Establishment disciple who had seemed slightly dazed just moments before, now displaying such a composed and experienced mastery of array formations, and a fleeting hint of surprise flashed across her icy eyes.

Such talent could not be achieved through mere hard work; it seemed more like an innate instinct.

His focused expression, precise control, and grasp of the overall structure of the formation all demonstrated potential far exceeding his cultivation level.

"Perhaps... this is why Master assigned him here and ordered me to escort him," Gu Yue thought silently.

This seemingly simple guarding mission might just be a crucial test for this unpolished gem, as instructed by Master Yan Leizi.

Although she was aloof and disliked worldly affairs, she secretly admired those who were truly talented and diligently focused.

So, she unusually spoke first, her voice still cool, but breaking the silence between them: "Name."

Zhao Wuyou, who was concentrating intently on finishing the last few strokes of the core array pattern, looked up in surprise upon hearing this, meeting Gu Yue's eyes, which seemed capable of freezing one's soul.

He paused for a moment before reacting, then hurriedly and respectfully replied, "Reporting to Martial Aunt, this disciple is Zhao Wuyou, Wuyou... the Wuyou of carefree." For some reason, under her cool gaze, he felt somewhat nervous, even his introduction of his name sounding clumsy.

"Wuyou..." Gu Yue repeated the name softly, the syllables seeming to carry a chill from her icy lips.

She didn't say anything more, only slowly closed her eyes, her long eyelashes casting faint shadows beneath her fair eyelids, as if she were once again immersed in her own world, or perhaps simply didn't want to talk anymore.

Seeing this, Zhao Wuyou, though somewhat puzzled, dared not ask further and returned to continue perfecting the final part of the formation.

However, just as the formation was about to be completed—

"Hiss—!"

A sharp, piercing screech suddenly erupted from the depths of the spirit mine! Accompanied by a stinking gust of wind, a massive black shadow shot out like lightning!

It was a gigantic python covered in dark scales, as thick as a bucket and of immeasurable length; even the portion of its body protruding from the mine was enough to inspire fear.

Its triangular head bore a pair of vertical pupils that gleamed with a cruel, bloodthirsty dark golden light. From its gaping maw, a scarlet tongue flickered, revealing two fangs that shimmered with a ghostly blue light, clearly containing deadly venom.

The demonic energy emanating from its body had clearly reached the level of the Golden Core stage!

The giant python appeared too suddenly, its speed astonishing, lunging straight at Zhao Wuyou, who was facing away from the mine and completely unprepared!

At this critical moment, Gu Yue, who had stood motionless like an ice sculpture, suddenly moved!

She abruptly opened her eyes, a cold glint flashing within them like a sudden storm on an icy plain. Her slender hand shot out with lightning speed, grabbing Zhao Wuyou by the back of his collar and yanking him backward without a moment's hesitation!

Zhao Wuyou felt an irresistible force strike him, and he was thrown back as if he were flying through the air, staggering and falling to the ground several feet away in a safe area.

He looked up, still shaken, only to see the figure in pure white standing like the strongest bulwark between him and the terrifying giant python.

Gu Yue held the Cold Glass Sword, its blade humming and emitting an even more chilling aura than before, causing a layer of frost to form on the ground around her.

She gazed at the giant golden python, its head raised and tongue flicking, a barely perceptible furrow appearing between her cool brows. She murmured to herself, a hint of doubt in her voice:

"Strange... the disciples who investigated earlier didn't mention anything about a Golden Core stage demon being hidden in this spirit mine..."

The giant python's vertical pupils locked onto Gu Yue. A foul wind billowed, and its massive body suddenly sprang forward like a black arrow released from a bow, its gaping maw, reeking of poison, lunging at her!

Gu Yue's eyes sharpened. She lightly touched the frosty ground with her toes, her body sliding backward like a snowflake, narrowly avoiding the ferocious bite.

At the same time, her Cold Glass Sword shot out swiftly, its tip imbued with extreme cold power, aiming precisely at the giant python's vital spot!

The sword's sharp wind swept aside a few strands of her dark hair, revealing her smooth, full forehead.

The giant python reacted with lightning speed; its thick tail swept across like a steel whip, creating a whistling sound, striking Gu Yue at the waist! The force was enough to shatter stone tablets.

Despite the danger, Gu Yue remained calm. Her slender waist suddenly bent backward, her body curving into a breathtakingly supple arc. Her full breasts appeared even more prominent and pert from this extreme backward movement, and her tightly cinched waist and the suddenly taut curves of her hips and legs were revealed in that instant.

The serpent's tail, whipping up a gust of wind, brushed past her nose, tearing a slit in the hem of her cold sword robe, revealing a section of her slender, jade-white leg.

Avoiding the sweeping attack, Gu Yue's retreating figure snapped back like a taut bowstring, her Cold Glass Sword slashing upwards in the same motion!

"Frost Blossom Ten Forms—Snow Blade Sky Cleave!" A crescent-shaped, icy-blue sword aura roared out, carrying a chilling intent, slashing toward the relatively soft scales on the giant python's belly exposed by its tail sweep!

"Pfft!"

The sword energy pierced flesh, and dark red snake blood spurted out. The giant python, in pain, let out an even more ferocious hiss.

Its massive body writhed wildly, and with a sudden jerk of its head, it spewed out a thick, corrosive, dark green venom, raining down on Gu Yue like arrows!

Gu Yue's expression remained unchanged as she spun rapidly, her snow-white sword robe transforming into a dazzling display of white light and shadow.

The sword danced in a circle, releasing a chilling aura that formed a barrier of condensed ice crystals before her.

"Clang, clang—" The venom struck the ice screen, quickly corroding it and creating holes, but failing to penetrate.

As she spun, the voluptuous curves of her waist and hips swayed violently like ripe peaches, exuding astonishing elasticity and sensuality. Occasionally, with the high-speed rotation, the hem of her robe fluttered, offering a fleeting glimpse of the firm, taut inner thighs beneath.

Seizing the moment when the venom was spraying, a cold glint flashed in Gu Yue's eyes, and her spiritual power surged into the Cold Glass Sword without reservation.

"Frozen... Finishing Blow!" she shouted, becoming one with her sword, transforming into an extremely condensed beam of ice-blue light that pierced through the giant python's raised head at a speed imperceptible to the naked eye!

The python's hiss abruptly ceased, its massive body stiffened for a moment, then crashed to the ground, its dark golden vertical pupils quickly losing their luster.

However, just as the giant python was about to die, an inconspicuous growth on its forehead suddenly ruptured, spewing out a thick, impenetrable pink mist!

The mist, carrying a cloyingly sweet fragrance, moved with astonishing speed, instantly enveloping Gu Yue, who had just landed and was still catching her breath!

Gu Yue sensed something was wrong and hurriedly held her breath and retreated, but it was too late!

A small amount of pink mist was inhaled by her, while a large amount of mist clung to her bare calves and tattered robes, seemingly alive, rapidly seeping into her body through her pores and the fabric fibers!

"Ugh...!" Gu Yue groaned, staggered, and used her sword for support as she painfully knelt down.

That pink mist was actually an extremely potent aphrodisiac!

An indescribable heat instantly rose from her dantian, spreading like wildfire throughout her body!

The Nine Nether Profound Yin Meridians dormant within her seemed to be stimulated, instinctively erupting with pure Profound Yin Qi in an attempt to resist. The two extreme forces of ice and fire violently collided and fought within her meridians!

Chapter 42 The Fall of the Fairy Maiden

"Uncle-Master! How are you?" Zhao Wuyou rushed forward upon seeing this, crouching down to ask anxiously.

Gu Yue suddenly raised her head, and Zhao Wuyou's heart skipped a beat.

Her once cool, jade-like face was now flushed an unnatural red, like an eerie red flower blooming in the snow.

Fine beads of sweat trickled down her smooth forehead and slender neck, quickly soaking through her snow-white sword robe.

The soaked fabric clung tightly to her body, clearly outlining the shape of her exceptionally full and perky breasts, the two nipples even faintly visible. Her slender waist was so delicate it seemed one could encircle it with a single hand; with the wet fabric clinging to her, the voluptuous curves between her waist and hips were breathtaking.

She gasped for breath, each breath causing her chest to heave violently. Her breath was fragrant, yet carried a burning heat and a cloyingly sweet scent.

"Get away from me!" Gu Yue abruptly shoved Zhao Wuyou away, her voice losing its usual calm, carrying an unusual urgency and a hint of barely concealed panic.

She bit her lower lip hard, almost drawing blood, trying to use the pain to fight off the surging tide of desire within her.

A chilling thought flashed through her chaotic mind—kill him!

Before the poison completely corrupted her sanity, kill the only man in front of her!

Otherwise... if she lost control, the consequences would be unimaginable!

Her knuckles turned white from gripping the sword so tightly, and a flicker of struggling killing intent flashed in her eyes.

However, when she turned her head, her eyes, glistening with desire yet still striving to maintain their cool indifference, met Zhao Wuyou's. What she saw was not greed or evil, but pure worry, anxiety, and an almost foolish sincerity.

His eyes were clear and bright, reflecting her disheveled yet alluring appearance.

"Uncle-Master... trust me." Zhao Wuyou's voice trembled slightly, yet remained exceptionally firm.

Gu Yue stared intently at him, the pain from the internal struggle between ice and fire, coupled with a rising emptiness and itching, driving her almost mad.

A fierce battle raged between murderous intent and a faint yet stubborn trust in those clear eyes.

After an eternity, a time that felt like forever, she abruptly turned her head away, no longer looking at Zhao Wuyou. With a force so strong she almost bit her lip to pieces, she forced out trembling breaths of suppressed endurance. Her delicate body trembled uncontrollably, sweat soaking through her clothes, outlining every breathtaking rise and fall of her body.

Seeing Gu Yue's agonizing struggle against the poison, Zhao Wuyou dared not delay for even a moment.

He swiftly retrieved array-setting materials from his storage bag, his fingertips flashing with spiritual light as he set up an array around Gu Yue at the fastest speed he had ever achieved.

"Mmm..." A suppressed, tearful moan suddenly came from behind.

Zhao Wuyou felt his arm tighten, and an unexpected force pulled him violently backward!

Caught off guard, he fell backward, and the next moment, a hot, soft body, exuding an amazing fragrance and sweet aroma, pressed heavily on top of him.

At this moment, Gu Yue's eyes were hazy and shimmering with tears, having long lost their usual clarity, leaving only a chaos of yearning consumed by lust.

Her once cool and aloof face was now flushed with a rosy glow, like peach blossoms in full bloom.

Almost instinctively, like a vine clinging to something, she clung tightly to Zhao Wuyou. Her exceptionally full and perky breasts, already soaked with sweat, pressed against his arms and chest through the thin, equally damp, white sword robe. The astonishingly soft, supple touch and burning heat were transmitted with crystal clarity.

"Hot... so hot..." she murmured unconsciously, her burning cheeks pressed greedily against Zhao Wuyou's neck, her hot breath carrying a sweet fragrance, constantly spraying onto his sensitive skin.

Then, she unexpectedly extended her small, moist, fragrant tongue, and, as if tasting nectar, awkwardly yet eagerly licked Zhao Wuyou's neck, leaving wet, chilling marks.

Zhao Wuyou's body stiffened, his mind went blank, and blood seemed to rush to his head and then surge down to his body.

He could clearly feel the woman's graceful curves against his body, especially the heavy, soft, and elastic pressure of her breasts, and the equally hot and soft touch he inadvertently felt against her inner thighs.

A primal urge awakened within him, and his lower body involuntarily swelled slightly, pressing against the alluring body beneath him.

Gu Yue seemed to sense this subtle change. Her hazy eyes blinked, and her crimson lips, tinged with a lustful allure, parted slightly, slowly moving toward Zhao Wuyou's lips with a naive yet deadly temptation —

Just as those two soft petals were about to touch, Zhao Wuyou jolted awake. His remaining sanity made him almost scream, and he used all his strength to activate the core of the newly laid, not yet fully stable array—the array plate floating beside his hand!

"Buzz—!"

A sudden burst of clear, ethereal light erupted from the array patterns beneath them, like cool spring water, instantly enveloping Gu Yue!

The power of the array forcefully intervened, gently yet firmly dispelling the rampant aphrodisiac within her body, while simultaneously calming her Nine Nether Profound Yin Meridians, which had become violently agitated by the stimulation.

Gu Yue's grip on Zhao Wuyou suddenly loosened, and a weak murmur, a sound that seemed both relieved and regretful, escaped her lips. Her dazed eyes quickly dimmed, and she collapsed limply into Zhao Wuyou's arms, as if all her bones had been removed.

Breathing heavily, Zhao Wuyou was still shaken.

He looked down at the woman in his arms. Her hair was disheveled, her snow-white sword robe was tattered from sweat, dust, and the earlier entanglement, and the collar was slightly torn, revealing a

small patch of delicate, jade-like collarbone and the deep cleavage tightly encased in a soaked white bodice—the full curves were breathtaking.

Zhao Wuyou felt a sudden heat in his nasal cavity, almost causing a nosebleed, and his cheeks burned alarmingly.

He hurriedly looked away, but couldn't help stealing another glance at the alluring scenery, and the slight arousal in his lower body began to rise again.

He cursed himself inwardly as a beast, suppressed his lustful thoughts, and carefully picked Gu Yue up in his arms, finding a relatively flat and clean spot on the ground to gently set her down.

He dared not look any longer, quickly taking a large outer robe from his spare clothes and carefully, yet discreetly, covering Gu Yue's body, trying his best to conceal the arousing allure of her beauty.

After finishing all this, he finally let out a long sigh of relief, walked aside, forced himself to calm down, and quickly completed the unfinished array at the entrance of the spirit mine.

He then sat cross-legged at a distance from Gu Yue, attempting to calm the churning blood and qi within his body and the unspeakable restlessness through cultivation.

After an unknown amount of time, Gu Yue's long eyelashes trembled slightly, and she slowly opened her eyes.

The moment her consciousness returned, she immediately examined herself and discovered that the tormenting aphrodisiac within her body had dissipated, and her Nine Nether Profound Yin Meridians had returned to their former dormancy.

She subconsciously checked her private parts, confirmed they were intact, and felt a sense of relief. Then, fragmented yet incredibly shameful memories flooded her mind like a tide—how she had clung to Zhao Wuyou like a harlot, how she had licked his neck, and even... almost kissed him...

"Boom!" An unprecedented wave of embarrassment instantly swept over her, causing her cool cheeks to flush crimson again, even her ears turning a vibrant color.

She instinctively tightened the men's outer robe covering her, her nose seemingly still able to catch a faint, cool scent of Zhao Wuyou emanating from it.

She secretly raised her eyes and looked at the boy who was meditating with his eyes closed not far away. For the first time, she felt a violent struggle and a complex, indescribable emotion within her.

Just then, Zhao Wuyou seemed to realize she had awakened, immediately ended his cultivation, and quickly walked over.

His eyes remained clear and bright, filled with pure concern, devoid of any malice, as if the intensely passionate entanglement that had just occurred had never happened.

"Uncle-Master, you're awake? Are you feeling any better?" His warm voice carried a sincere greeting.

When Gu Yue met his clear gaze, a strange sense of relief washed over her, but her shame intensified.

She turned her face away somewhat awkwardly, her voice regaining its usual coolness, but with a barely perceptible stiffness: "Mm."

Seeing her like this, Zhao Wuyou seemed to remember something, and an embarrassed look appeared on his face. He scratched his head, awkwardly trying to ease the tension: "Um... what happened just now... this disciple... this disciple seems... to not remember very clearly."

These words, intended to cover up the truth, only made Gu Yue's cheeks burn even hotter.

She abruptly stood up, shoved her outer robe back into Zhao Wuyou's arms, and, with her back to him, commanded in a forcedly calm but icy tone, "Get out. I'm going to change."

"Yes, Uncle-Master!" Zhao Wuyou felt as if he had been granted a pardon. He quickly took the clothes and practically fled the depths of the mine, guarding the entrance to the spirit mine.

About an incense stick's time later, footsteps sounded from behind.

Zhao Wuyou turned around and saw that Gu Yue had changed into a brand-new snow-white sword robe. Her aura had returned to its usual aloofness, her hair was perfectly styled, and her face was as cold and jade-like as ever, as if the woman who had just been lost in passion and disheveled were merely a figment of his imagination.

She walked up to Zhao Wuyou, her gaze calm and unwavering, and simply uttered two words: "I'm leaving. Back to the sect."

Having said that, she naturally reached out and grasped Zhao Wuyou's wrist, just as before, and summoned the Cold Glass Sword.

However, this time, Zhao Wuyou keenly sensed that the slightly cool hand gripping his wrist, while still possessing undeniable strength, seemed to... subtly reveal a gentleness beneath its icy touch, a gentleness unlike anything he had felt before.

The icy blue sword light swept across the rolling mountains of Mo Shan Dao, finally coming to a steady stop in front of Zhao Wuyou's rather simple cave dwelling.

Gu Yue released her grip, her movements swift and decisive, as if the long journey together, the dramatic events and enchanting moments within the mine, had left not a ripple in her heart.

"We've arrived." Her voice was cold and clear, like the snow that never melts in the mountains, revealing no emotion.

Zhao Wuyou landed, his heart filled with mixed emotions.

He bowed respectfully, saying, "Thank you for escorting me, Martial Uncle." Inwardly, however, he sighed. After that unspeakable accident in the spirit mine, he feared that this aloof and ethereal Martial Uncle would never again allow him to set foot on Lone Sword Cliff.

An indescribable sense of loss and regret spread through his heart. The image of disheveled clothes, a woman lying prone, lost in passion, flashed uncontrollably through his mind; the touch, the warmth, the breath—it was like a brand, deeply etched into his soul.

He lowered his head, concealing the complex emotions in his eyes, then turned and walked somewhat dejectedly toward the stone gate of his cave, his steps heavy.

Just as his fingertips were about to touch the stone gate's protective barrier, a clear, cold voice, like shattering jade, like fine ice threads, precisely reached his ears, carrying an undeniable calmness:

"Tomorrow, come to my cave and help me set up the array."

Zhao Wuyou's body stiffened abruptly. He turned sharply, looking in the direction where Gu Yue had stood, but the place was already empty, save for the mountain breeze that stirred up a few fallen leaves.

He stared blankly toward the sea of clouds where Gu Yue had disappeared, unable to come back to his senses for a long time, as if trying to glimpse a trace of the Ice Fairy's true feelings through the misty clouds.

However, Zhao Wuyou was unaware that on a distant mountain peak half-hidden by clouds and mist, a figure in pure white had not truly departed.

Gu Yue stood silently on the cliff edge, her cool gaze piercing the distance, landing directly on the somewhat dazed boy standing before the cave.

Her slender fingertips unconsciously brushed against the strands of hair ruffled by the mountain breeze. A complex emotion, one that even she herself couldn't fully comprehend, flashed in her icy eyes.

There was shame for her loss of composure in the mine, gratitude for his timely stabilization and assistance in setting up the formation, an inexplicable trust in his clear eyes, and a subtle flutter of emotion that she herself didn't want to delve into.

Just as her emotions were beginning to stir, a figure as fiery as flame, accompanied by joyful laughter, swept in like a leaping cloud of fire from the side path, pouncing precisely on Zhao Wuyou, who was still in a daze.

"Junior Brother Wuyou! You're finally back!" Ye Hongying smiled radiantly, naturally reaching out to affectionately link her arm with Zhao Wuyou's, leaning almost her entire body against him.

Her fiery red outfit accentuated her slender, athletic figure, and her full breasts inadvertently pressed against Zhao Wuyou's arm, providing a soft and supple touch.

She tilted her head back, her bright face displaying undisguised affection, and chattered excitedly at Zhao Wuyou.

Zhao Wuyou seemed quite used to his senior sister's enthusiasm. Although he looked a little embarrassed and tried to pull his arm away slightly, he didn't actually push her away forcefully. He just smiled helplessly and responded with his head down.

In the distance, Gu Yue silently watched this scene.

Their intertwined arms, their overly intimate posture, were like a pebble thrown into a frozen lake, stirring a barely perceptible yet real ripple in her calm, still heart.

Her delicate brows furrowed almost imperceptibly, and a fleeting, extremely faint, swift hint of displeasure—a hint she herself failed to catch for a moment—flickered deep within her cold eyes.

Without lingering, she turned abruptly, her snow-white robes tracing a resolute arc in the wind. Her figure transformed into a desolate, icy-blue sword light, vanishing completely into the swirling mist, as if severing and freezing the scene she had just witnessed, along with the inexplicable stirring in her heart.

Chapter 43 Sword Light Bound for the Central Continent

The gaze shifts to Mo Shan Dao, a thousand miles away.

Inside the main hall, the atmosphere was so heavy it was almost palpable.

The once solemn and majestic palace was now shrouded in a silent panic and heaviness.

Senior Sister Wen Guanyu sat upright beside the main seat. Normally as composed as a mountain, her fingers holding the communication jade talisman were trembling slightly.

Beneath her eyes, which were covered by a black ribbon, her tightly pressed lips had lost some color.

Below, three people stood.

Seventh Junior Sister Chu Lingye nervously twisted the hem of her dress with both hands, her delicate face filled with worry, and even the golden flower at her temple seemed to have dimmed slightly.

The second senior brother, Xuanjizi, stood with his hands at his sides, his expression seemingly solemn, but a fleeting, almost imperceptible, eerie light flashed deep within his eyes.

Fourth Senior Sister Gu Yue was still dressed in a snow-white sword robe, her posture as straight as a lone pine tree on a cold peak. However, her usually icy and beautiful face was now almost transparently pale, as if all the color had vanished in an instant.

Wen Guanyu took a deep breath, her voice trembling almost imperceptibly. She finally spoke slowly, her voice low and hoarse, reciting the message from the jade talisman word by word: "Tianxi City... has been breached by the beast tide... fallen. Junior Brother Wuyou... to protect me... is trapped in the Burial

Abyss... I am severely injured, my karmic fire backfiring... fortunately, a senior master passed by and rescued me... soon... I will return..."

Each word was like a heavy icicle, striking the hearts of everyone in the hall.

"The Burial Abyss..." Gu Yue murmured, these two words seemingly draining all her strength. Her upright figure swayed almost imperceptibly, her feet staggered slightly, and she seemed unsteady. Her clear, cold eyes, like icy stars, instantly lost focus, staring blankly ahead, as if she could see through the dome of the hall into that all-consuming abyss of demons.

She instinctively reached out and grabbed the cold stone pillar beside her, her knuckles turning bluish-white from the force.

A flicker of pleasure flashed in Xuanjizi's eyes, but his face instantly contorted into a panicked expression. He urgently urged, "Senior Sister! Quick! Send someone to check Junior Brother Wuyou's life lamp!" His apparent concern masked his eagerness to confirm Zhao Wuyou's "death."

Suppressing the turmoil within her, Wen Guanyu immediately ordered the disciples outside the hall to investigate.

The wait wasn't long, but it felt like millions of years.

Every breath was drawn with bated breath.

Finally, an inner disciple rushed in, his face filled with fear and unease, and bowed to report: "Dear senior uncles... Senior Uncle Wuyou's life lamp... is still burning..."

As if grasping at a glimmer of light, Gu Yue abruptly raised her head, her icy gaze fixed intently on the disciple.

"But..." the disciple swallowed, his voice trembling, "the lamplight was extremely weak, flickering... as if... as if it might go out at any moment..."

The glimmer of light that had just appeared shattered instantly!

The suppressed, icy sword intent surrounding Gu Yue could no longer be controlled. With a soft "hum," it was like ancient ice suddenly shattering, and a chilling aura spread out from her center, even causing a thin layer of white frost to condense on the ground.

Without a word, she turned and walked resolutely out of the hall, her snow-white sword robe whipping up a chilling wind.

"Junior Sister! No!" Xuanjizi flashed forward, quickly blocking her path, arms outstretched, his face filled with anxiety and worry. "Junior Sister, please calm down! What kind of place is the Burial Abyss? It's a place of certain death! If you go there rashly, not only will you not be able to save Junior Brother Wuyou, but you might also get trapped!"

"Get out of the way." Gu Yue's voice was colder than the polar winds. Sword energy surged around her, ruffling her long, ink-black hair. In her icy eyes was an unprecedented resolve, and... a hint of madness driven by despair.

She seemed deaf to all advice, wanting only to rush immediately into the abyss that had swallowed Zhao Wuyou.

"Junior Sister!" Wen Guanyu's voice rang out with undeniable authority. Though blind, she precisely "looked" in the direction of Gu Yue. "I know you're worried about Junior Brother Wuyou's safety, and I'm just as anxious! But precisely because of that, we mustn't lose our composure!"

She took a deep breath, forcing herself to calm down, her voice softening yet carrying the strength to hold the situation together: "I've decided to immediately dispatch a team of elite disciples, led by Junior Brother Yichen, to the entrance of the Burial Abyss to investigate! You must know that the Burial Abyss is an ancient forbidden area, filled with strange restrictions. Without special methods or opportunities, it's extremely difficult for cultivators to survive there for long. Since Junior Brother Wuyou's life lamp hasn't gone out yet, it proves he's not in immediate danger; perhaps he's found some way to temporarily escape!"

Her tone turned serious, filled with pleading: "If you rashly barge in now, not only might you trigger unknown dangers and harm yourself, but if something happens to you, how will I explain it to Junior Brother Wuyou when he returns? How will I explain it to Master?!"

Wen Guanyu's words struck Gu Yue's heart like a hammer blow, echoing throughout the entire hall. Chu Lingye also looked at Gu Yue with concern and softly called out, "Fourth Senior Sister..."

Gu Yue's steps finally came to a halt.

With her back to the crowd, her straight back trembled slightly, and the terrifying sword intent she had gathered slowly receded, but the chill emanating from her body grew even more biting.

She didn't turn around, nor did she utter another word; she simply stood there silently, like a frozen ice sculpture.

After a long while, she finally took a step, still silent, yet carrying a heartbreaking loneliness and coldness, leaving the sect's main hall step by step, heading toward her perpetually snow-covered Lone Sword Cliff.

Watching her departing figure, Chu Lingye murmured worriedly, "First there was the great calamity in the Southern Region, with Master severely injured and in seclusion. Now, Senior Brother Wuyou is trapped in the Burial Abyss, and Senior Sister Hongying is seriously injured... I hope, I hope they can all safely overcome this calamity..."

Wen Guanyu seemed to have all her strength drained away. She slowly sat back in her chair, wearily rubbing her temples. Beneath the silk blindfold lay a heaviness and pressure unseen by outsiders.

"Let me... think about it." Her voice was slightly hoarse. "Let's disperse for today. The Southern Region is currently in turmoil, fraught with danger. You all... must act with caution, understand?"

"Yes, Senior Sister," Xuanjizi and Chu Lingye replied in unison, though their eyes held entirely different thoughts.

The hall returned to its spaciousness and silence, only an invisible pressure heavy in the air, foreshadowing the coming storm.

The night was as dark as ink, staining the rolling mountains of Mo Shan Dao.

On Lone Sword Cliff, the perpetual snow gleamed with a chilling blue light under the cold moonlight, more desolate than ever before.

Before the cave dwelling stood a snow-white figure, standing silently—it was Gu Yue.

She still wore that spotless white sword robe, her black hair cascading down, adorned with a plain silver hairpin, but the chill emanating from her was three times greater than the millennia-old ice of Lone Sword Cliff, as if freezing all her worries, fears, and despair into an even harder, colder chill.

She took a step, intending to transform into a sword beam and silently depart, heading toward the inescapable Burial Abyss.

"Fourth Junior Sister, it's late. Where are you headed?" A gentle voice, tinged with deliberate concern, broke the deathly silence on the cliff top.

Gu Yue paused, but didn't turn around. Her clear, cold voice was completely flat, like the subtle sound of ice cracking: "I was feeling unsettled, so I went out for a walk to clear my head. No need for my second senior brother to worry."

Xuanjizi emerged slowly from the shadows, his green robe fluttering slightly in the night breeze, his face bearing his usual, impeccable, gentle smile.

"To clear your mind?" He chuckled softly, his tone knowing. "Since you're troubled, Junior Sister, I'll tell you something important; perhaps it will help distract you."

Seeing Gu Yue remain silent, her back still radiating an aloof chill, Xuanjizi paid no heed and continued slowly, "The sect is currently beset by internal and external troubles, in a precarious situation, and urgently needs strong reinforcements. Coincidentally, His Highness the Ninth Prince of the Heavenly Dragon Dynasty in the Central Continent recently sent an envoy, speaking earnestly, to once again invite Junior Sister to the Central Continent for a meeting." He deliberately paused, observing Gu Yue's reaction. Although she still showed no response, he knew she was listening.

"If Junior Sister agrees, the Heavenly Dragon Dynasty will become the most steadfast ally of my Mo Shan Dao. Junior Sister, if this trip can secure such powerful assistance, it will be a timely and invaluable contribution to my Mo Shan Dao, a truly meritorious act."

Gu Yue finally turned around slowly. On her exquisitely beautiful face, sculpted like ice and snow, an undisguised look of disgust appeared, clear and stark, like dust staining a flawless gem.

"Second Senior Brother is joking." Her voice was even colder than before. "This matter is beyond Gu Yue's ability, and she is unwilling to undertake it."

She wouldn't look at Xuanjizi again, as if even a glance would taint her vision. She turned to return to her cave, her snow-white robes tracing a resolute arc in the moonlight.

"It's late, senior brother, please return."

Just as she was about to step into the cave's protective barrier, Xuanjizi's voice, tinged with a hint of mockery and certainty, rang out again, like a viper's hiss: "What if... I told you that His Highness the Ninth Prince possesses a secret technique capable of saving Junior Brother Wuyou's life?"

Gu Yue's figure froze abruptly, as if instantly frozen by invisible ice. In that instant, Xuanjizi could almost hear the smug chuckle of his own cunning scheme succeeding.

However, the expected urgent questioning did not arrive. Instead, a terrifying sword intent suddenly erupted, sweeping everything away!

"Clang—!"

Like ancient ice shattering with a deafening roar, a chilling sword aura shot skyward from Gu Yue!

Countless tiny ice crystals condensed in the air, shimmering with a deadly chill under the moonlight, like a sudden blizzard, hurtling straight toward Xuanjizi!

Xuanjizi's expression changed slightly, clearly not expecting Gu Yue's reaction to be so intense. In haste, he waved his sleeve, and a hazy, ethereal light shield instantly appeared, blocking his path.

"Puff puff puff—!"

Dense ice crystal sword energy struck the protective shield, producing a sound like raindrops pattering on banana leaves. The spiritual light shield rippled violently, flickering unpredictably. Xuanjizi was forced back three steps by this immense force before barely managing to steady himself. The feigned elegance on his face finally crumbled, revealing a hint of shock, anger, and embarrassment.

He looked up and saw that Gu Yue had turned around again. Her eyes, like icy pools, were now completely cold, fixed on him. Her voice was as if from the deepest abyss: "Senior brother, don't joke about this. The incident involving Wuyou happened in the Burial Abyss, far away in the Southern Region. The Ninth Prince is in the Central Continent; how could he possibly know?"

Xuanjizi suppressed his anger, straightened his slightly disheveled robes, and his repulsive, cunning smile returned to his face. His tone was authoritative and demanding: "This is not something you need to worry about, Junior Sister. You only need to answer me: go, or not?"

Gu Yue stood rooted to the spot, her pale shadow stretched long by the moonlight onto the cold snow.

She seemed to have truly transformed into a lifeless ice sculpture, completely motionless.

All that remained was the howling wind, and the silent, pervasive, almost suffocating cold and struggle.

She knew it was a trap, a blatant conspiracy tailor-made for her.

The Ninth Prince had long coveted her; going to the Central Continent was like a lamb entering a tiger's den, her future uncertain.

However... Junior Brother Wuyou... the Burial Abyss... that flickering, nearly extinguished life lamp... every word was like a cold needle, piercing her icy heart and stirring up a stormy sea.

That was the Burial Abyss, one of the ten forbidden zones!

Even a figure like the master had warned his disciples not to approach it lightly.

Could the sect alone truly save him in time?

If she missed this opportunity... she dared not think any further.

Her frozen heart trembled violently as reason and emotion tore at each other.

After a long while, as if she had exhausted all her strength, her clear, cold eyes slowly closed, her long eyelashes casting fragile shadows on her pale cheeks. A word, as soft as a whisper yet as heavy as a thousand pounds, escaped from her bloodless lips:

"I'll go."

Before she finished speaking, she didn't linger, not even glancing at Xuanjizi again. Her figure transformed into a desolate and resolute streak of icy blue sword light, tearing through the thick night and speeding away toward the Central Continent, far from Mo Shan Dao and the Southern Region, instantly disappearing into the horizon.

Watching the sword light vanish, Xuanjizi's smile could no longer be contained; it rapidly widened, eventually transforming into an undisguised, smug, and greedy roar!

"Hahaha... hahaha... it's done! It's done!" He practically danced with joy. Completing the task assigned by the Ninth Prince meant he would gain unimaginable cultivation resources, and... those legendary, stunningly beautiful female slaves under the Ninth Prince's command, available for anyone to take!

Adding to this the imminent return of Ye Hongying to her sect, and the description of the legendary artifacts in The Guide to Bliss... Xuanjizi felt a sudden clarity dawning on him; he was now the only hope for the future of Mo Shan Dao, a chosen one destined by heaven!

The arrogant and triumphant laughter echoed in the cold night wind of Lone Sword Cliff, sounding particularly jarring and eerie.

That night, amidst Xuanjizi's unrestrained laughter and the chilling sword light rushing toward an unknown fate, the curtain slowly fell.

Chapter 44 Body and Array as One

At this moment, deep within the Burial Abyss, in the quiet chamber of Yu Feirou's cave.

Zhao Wuyou and Yu Feirou sat facing each other, upon a warm, smooth jade cushion.

After several days of recuperation, Zhao Wuyou had completely stabilized the newly formed array core. Now, his posture was as upright as a pine tree, and as he sat there, he naturally exuded a profound and serene aura.

Bathed in the soft, pearly light of the quiet room, his bronze skin radiated a healthy, understated glow. His once slender physique now appeared robust and well-proportioned, with a broad chest, strong arms, and flowing, powerful muscle lines—as if every inch of his body contained explosive energy.

That body, reshaped by ancient demonic energy and fiery hatred, exuded an overwhelming masculine aura, carrying a primal, unsettling aggressiveness.

Opposite him, Yu Feirou remained dressed in a deep blue silk robe, exuding an aloof and otherworldly elegance.

But at this moment, her usually flawless, jade-like face was flushed with a lingering, intoxicating blush that spread all the way to her slender, beautiful neck.

Her figure was slender and graceful; even in a kneeling position, the contrast between her incredibly thin waist and her suddenly bursting, breathtakingly full breasts that strained against her clothes was enough to make any man's blood boil.

The loose-fitting dress couldn't conceal the majestic curves of her breasts; even when seated, one could feel their astonishing weight and soft undulations.

The cave was silent, save for their soft breathing; an indescribable tension and ambiguity hung in the air.

Yu Feirou took a deep breath, seemingly trying to calm her rapidly beating heart. Her long eyelashes drooped, and she dared not look directly into Zhao Wuyou's overly sharp and bright eyes. Her voice, trembling slightly, broke the silence: "Wuyou, now that you have stabilized your array core, today... I will impart to you the core of my array-building method: the technique of array pattern inscription."

She paused slightly, organizing her thoughts and striving to keep her voice steady: "Ordinary array formations in the world rely on external objects as their foundation—spirit stones, array flags, array plates, and the like—to connect with the spiritual energy of heaven and earth. However, this method goes against the grain, regarding the cultivator's own physical body as the most fundamental and perfectly integrated array plate. Using divine sense and awareness, it directly inscribes profound array patterns onto the very source of life—the location of the 'secret treasure.'"

At this point, her cheeks flushed even more, like ripe peaches, and her voice unconsciously lowered: "In this way... the formation is the body, and the body is the formation. With a thought, the formation is formed spontaneously, requiring no external seeking. Its power and responsiveness far surpass ordinary formations."

Zhao Wuyou was deeply shaken; this method was indeed profound and wondrous!

He pondered intently, grasped the key point, and couldn't help but ask, "Master, this method is profound, I understand. But... where exactly is this 'secret treasure' you speak of located within the human body?"

Upon hearing his question, Yu Feirou's delicate body trembled almost imperceptibly. She lowered her head even further, her pearly white teeth gently biting her lower lip. The blush quickly spread to her ears, making even her exquisite earlobes appear pink and alluring.

She remained silent for a full three breaths before speaking shyly in a voice barely audible, "And... and the secrets of the human body, concerning the origin of life, are mostly located in... the key acupoints where qi, blood, and essence converge, and yin and yang intertwine."

She seemed to have summoned all her courage, suddenly raising her eyelids. Her beautiful, shimmering eyes glanced quickly at Zhao Wuyou, then immediately looked away shyly. Her voice trembled with difficulty as she finally uttered the words: "For... for your teacher, the place where the energy and spiritual essence of my body converge, is... it's on my chest, on these... these breasts, and... and the valley."

Having finished speaking, she seemed to have shed a tremendous burden, yet also seemed to sink into deeper embarrassment. Before Zhao Wuyou could recover from her shocking words, she trembled as she raised her slender hand and slowly untied the sash at the waist of her plain white dress. Then, with trembling fingers, layer by layer, gently yet resolutely, she parted the collar of the dress to the sides.

In an instant, it was as if ice and snow had just melted, and Jade Mountain had collapsed.

Those snow-white breasts, already breathtakingly outlined by the loose dress, completely broke free of their restraints and proudly sprang forth!

Full, plump, round, and firm, her skin was as white and lustrous as the finest mutton-fat jade, as if shrouded in a faint moonlight halo.

The buds at the tips were an alluring pink, like red plum blossoms in the snow, delicate and vibrant.

However, what was even more breathtaking was that on these flawless jade peaks, starting below the collarbone and extending until the proud curves disappeared into the shadows of the still partially removed clothing, were intricate and mysterious array patterns, shimmering with a deep, eerie blue light!

These array patterns were not inanimate objects, but rather seemed to possess life, rising and falling slightly with her breath, intimately connected to her life essence, radiating a vast and mysterious aura, perfectly blending holiness and allure, Daoist charm and passion, forming the most breathtaking patterns in the world.

Zhao Wuyou was completely stunned, his mind going blank as if a thunderbolt had exploded!

He finally understood what Yu Feirou meant by "secret treasure"!

That so-called inscription of array patterns—didn't that mean using one's divine sense... to touch, to perceive, to imitate one's master's most private and sacred...?

Just as he was reeling and at a loss for what to do, Yu Feirou was already blushing so deeply that even her fair neck and delicate collarbone were tinged with crimson.

She dared not look at him, her voice soft and sweet, tinged with a hint of urgency, her tone both coy and almost imperceptible, as she urged, "What... what are you still standing there for? Hurry... hurry up and take off your pants! Do... do you expect me to help you myself...?"

Hearing Yu Feirou's trembling urging, Zhao Wuyou suddenly realized that the "carrier" that needed to be inscribed with array patterns was actually his now erect penis!

He looked down and saw that his genitals, tempered by demonic energy and fiery hatred, were now like a drawn, ferocious blade, bulging with veins, far larger and more imposing than before, radiating a chilling heat and aggression.

He then looked at his master, who was now half-naked and blushing with shyness, her snow-white breasts covered in dark blue array patterns trembling slightly with her rapid breathing, the rosy tips faintly visible beneath her arms.

The desire for revenge and the urgency to escape the abyss ultimately overwhelmed the shock and shame within him. He took a deep breath and, as instructed, slowly removed the last restraints from his lower body.

When that fully aroused phallus was completely exposed to the air, even throbbing slightly with excitement at the sight before her, Yu Feirou, despite being mentally prepared, still couldn't help but gasp. Her beautiful eyes widened, and she blurted out, "How... how... is this..." She stopped herself in time, but her astonishment was already evident, and her pretty face instantly turned as red as a sunset.

Zhao Wuyou looked slightly embarrassed, instinctively wanting to cover himself with his hand, but then realizing it was inappropriate, his movement froze halfway through.

Yu Feirou immediately realized her lapse in composure, forcing herself to remain calm. She turned her head away, unable to bear looking at the horrifying object any longer, and urged with barely concealed embarrassment, "Stop... stop thinking nonsense! Quickly concentrate, circulate your divine sense, and carefully trace the array patterns!"

"Yes, Master!" Zhao Wuyou dared not delay. He quickly composed himself, sat cross-legged, closed his eyes, and slowly extended his vast and pure divine sense, like the gentlest of tentacles, carefully covering Yu Feirou's exposed, snow-white chest covered with profound array patterns.

Initially, his divine sense cautiously wandered around the perimeter, sensing the vast Daoist essence and exquisite structure contained within the array patterns.

Gradually, he was drawn into the profound mysteries of the array, as deep as a starry sea, completely immersed in it. His divine sense unconsciously began to delve deeper, meticulously tracing the intricate lines, as if touching the most fundamental laws of heaven and earth.

However, for Yu Feirou, this became an unprecedented ordeal.

The invisible and intangible divine sense swept over, bringing a touch a hundred times clearer than the gentle caress of the softest feather!

It was as if an unseen hand, burning with heat, was tracing, outlining, and exploring her most sensitive and intimate skin.

Each sweep of that consciousness felt like a tiny electric current coursing through her body, sending waves of tingling pleasure through her, causing her skin to involuntarily tense and break out in tiny goosebumps.

"Mmm..." A very soft, suppressed moan finally escaped from between her teeth.

She bit her lower lip hard, trying to stop any more embarrassing sounds from escaping.

Her legs unconsciously pressed together, rubbing against each other, trying to alleviate the growing emptiness and wetness that quietly welled up from deep within her.

Just then, Zhao Wuyou, completely immersed in the mysteries of the array patterns, frowned slightly and unconsciously murmured, "Master... your arm is blocking the connection point of the third array pattern on the lower left... could you... move it a little?"

Yu Feirou's delicate body trembled violently, her cheeks flushing crimson.

She knew perfectly well where that location was... After a moment's internal struggle, her desire for success ultimately overcame her personal shame.

Extremely slowly, with a barely perceptible tremor, she gently lowered her arms, which had been crossed over her chest to conceal her two rosy nipples.

In an instant, those two buds, already erect and engorged with blood from passion, like ripe red fruits, were completely exposed to the cool air and to Zhao Wuyou's omnipresent divine sense!

Almost simultaneously, Zhao Wuyou's divine sense, which was focused entirely on analyzing the array patterns, instinctively and meticulously swept over those two most delicate and sensitive peaks!

"Oh dear—!"

A tingling, electric-like sensation, several times stronger than before, exploded from the peaks of her breasts, rushing wildly throughout her limbs and bones!

Unable to contain herself any longer, Yu Feirou let out a soft, alluring gasp. Her entire upper body arched uncontrollably upwards, causing her jade-like breasts, covered in array patterns, to sway violently, creating breathtaking waves.

The red plum blossoms at the top stood trembling in the air, as if silently yearning.

She felt weak all over, almost unable to sit up, and the wetness between her legs surged even more intensely. That unfamiliar tide of passion, like a burst dam, assaulted the resolve and reason she had held fast to for countless years.

Zhao Wuyou was now completely immersed in the profound and unpredictable world of array patterns.

His consciousness seemed to possess its own power, like the finest carving knife, or the most tender tentacles, wrapping even more tightly around Yu Feirou's proud, undulating breasts, covered in shimmering patterns.

His consciousness lingered, sometimes like a spring breeze caressing the mountains, meticulously tracing the full, rounded contours, feeling the astonishing elasticity and warmth beneath; sometimes like a playful butterfly, precisely and almost imperceptibly flitting across the two already hard, swollen, rosy buds, bringing waves of indescribable stimulation, a mixture of slight pain and intense tingling.

"Mmm... uh...!"

Yu Feirou could no longer hold on; her slender waist arched upwards in a breathtaking arc, then her knees buckled, and she collapsed to the ground, utterly powerless.

She covered her lips tightly with one hand, her knuckles turning white from the force, desperately trying to stop any shameful sounds from escaping.

However, her increasingly rapid, trembling moans, like a crack in a door blown open by the wind, leaked out intermittently, sounding exceptionally clear and alluring in the silent space of inheritance.

Having cultivated herself for a thousand years, purifying her mind and reducing desires, how could she have ever experienced such a fierce and unfamiliar surge of emotion?

A surge of heat coursed through her body, converging in her lower abdomen, bringing a hollow yet burning sensation.

The muddy, slippery sensation deep between her legs grew increasingly vivid, as if countless insects were gnawing and crawling, urging her to fill that emptiness.

This feeling... was so comfortable, so addictive, yet it carried a catastrophic sense of guilt.

Especially since all of this was brought about by her newly accepted disciple!

Reason and desire battled fiercely in her mind, making her so ashamed she almost fainted.

Just then, Zhao Wuyou's mysterious aura suddenly vanished, and he abruptly broke free from his immersive state.

The moment her eyes regained their clarity, the first thing she saw was her master, Yu Feirou, kneeling on the ground, panting heavily, her delicate body limp, her hair disheveled—a truly alluring sight.

Those usually cool and dignified eyes were now shimmering with tears, unfocused and misty, as if veiled by a thick spring fog.

He blinked in confusion. His entire focus had been on the array patterns, and he hadn't fully grasped what had happened. But this vibrant scene before him was like a pebble thrown into stagnant water, creating a subtle and unfamiliar ripple in the lake of his heart, which was filled with hatred and coldness.

He shook his head, temporarily suppressing his distracting thoughts, and his gaze fell on his own manhood, which had somehow become erect and bulging with veins.

With a thought, he extended his divine sense again, carefully attempting to trace the beginnings of the intricate array patterns on the hot, hard surface of his own genitals.

However, this was undoubtedly another huge blow to Yu Feirou.

She collapsed to the ground, her gaze involuntarily drawn to her disciple, who was using his invisible yet omnipresent divine sense to "manipulate" his own raging, dragon-like phallus.

The object swayed slightly as his divine sense guided it, radiating a scorching heat and a strong masculine aura, making her flustered and her cheeks burn intensely.

No matter how hard Zhao Wuyou tried, or how skillfully he manipulated his divine sense, the final few crucial array patterns always remained like a flickering candle in the wind, unable to take stable shape, let alone connect perfectly.

Yu Feirou watched Zhao Wuyou's repeated failures, beads of anxious sweat forming on his forehead. She knew this battle held the key to their future hope of leaving this place.

After an intense internal struggle, a barely audible sigh finally escaped her lips.

She closed her eyes, then suddenly opened them. A vast yet gentle stream of pure divine consciousness, imbued with the profound understanding of the laws of heaven and earth inherent in a Nascent Soul stage cultivator, surged forth like a warm tide, gently yet firmly enveloping Zhao Wuyou's genitals, which he was diligently carving.

This sudden, completely enveloping touch, warm and soft, carried an indescribable sense of containment and powerful control, causing Zhao Wuyou to tremble violently. The extremely pleasurable sensation almost made him lose control on the spot.

He blurted out, his voice trembling with disbelief, "Master... Master?!"

Yu Feirou's exquisite face was flushed crimson, as if it were about to bleed. She forced herself to maintain the last shred of her revered master's dignity, but her voice carried an undisguised shyness and panting: "Stop... say less! Concentrate... focus! Guide my consciousness... to complete it together!"

Thus, in this eerie and sensual atmosphere, the divine senses of the master and disciple, one strong and one weak, one guiding and one following, intertwined like threads, together entwining, caressing, and sculpting Zhao Wuyou's scepter, a symbol of masculinity and life.

Yu Feirou's divine sense, like the most skillful embroiderer, guided Zhao Wuyou's slightly inexperienced divine sense, traversing, pressing, and outlining on that scorching, hard surface... Each touch brought a double stimulation—both the profound sensation of the formation taking shape and the tingling physical pleasure that surged straight to the depths of the soul.

Time lost its meaning at this moment.

After an unknown amount of time, when the end of the last array pattern perfectly connected with the beginning, forming a seamless, radiant, complete cycle—

"Buzz!"

A soft tremor emanated from Zhao Wuyou's organ, and the array patterns on it instantly lit up, emitting a gentle and mysterious light!

The instant the formation was completed, an overwhelming and unimaginably powerful sense of pleasure, accumulated over time, erupted like a volcanic eruption from the base of his penis, which had been "served" by the combined divine senses of the two of them for so long, surging unstoppably toward its peak!

"Ugh—!"

Zhao Wuyou could no longer restrain himself; a low, guttural roar, a mixture of pain and ecstasy, escaped his throat, and his hips thrust forward violently!

Yu Feirou was completely focused on stabilizing the final array patterns when, caught off guard, she felt a surge of scorching, surging primordial yang essence, like a wild horse unleashed, rushing toward her!

"Ah—!"

She gasped in surprise, instinctively trying to turn her head to avoid it, but it was too late.

A considerable amount of thick, warm primordial yang sprayed directly onto her exquisitely beautiful face, some splashing onto the proud, snow-capped peaks adorned with array patterns that trembled slightly with her gasp. A few drops even landed precisely on the edge of her slightly parted red lips, releasing a strange, pungent yet inexplicably alluring flavor that instantly filled her taste buds.

Zhao Wuyou slowly recovered from the extreme dizziness and, upon seeing the utterly blasphemous scene before him, his mind went completely blank.

He hurriedly took a step back, frantically trying to straighten his clothes. His face drained of color, and he fell to his knees with a thud, his voice filled with terror and remorse: "Master... Master! This disciple... this disciple deserves to die! For a moment... for a moment I couldn't control myself and disrespected you, Master! Please punish me, Master!"

Yu Feirou's delicate body was still trembling slightly, and the sticky sensation on her face and chest was incredibly clear.

She looked at her disciple kneeling on the ground, filled with fear and unease, and felt the lingering, unfamiliar surge of emotion within her, a complex mix of feelings welling up inside her.

She struggled to keep her limp body upright, trying to calm her voice, but it still carried an undisguised gasp and shyness: "Nonsense... nonsense! When cultivating, one must... must control one's own essence and blood, how can... how can one act so recklessly!"

She paused, took a deep breath, and turned her head away, not daring to look at Zhao Wuyou again. Her voice grew softer and softer: "Fine... Considering this is your first attempt at this method, and your mind was naturally focused, it's understandable... You, you go back first... Consolidate this first array pattern properly, and carefully, carefully experience the profound feeling of successfully inscribing it..."

Her gaze wandered, finally settling on empty space, and she added in an almost inaudible voice, "A few... a few days later, when your breathing has stabilized, your master... will continue the inscription for you..."

Zhao Wuyou felt as if he had been granted a pardon, and repeatedly said, "Yes! This disciple obeys! This disciple takes his leave!" He hurriedly grabbed his scattered clothes, almost staggering to his feet. Without even fastening his belt, he lowered his head and fled the meditation room as if escaping, without even daring to look back.

The stone door slammed shut behind him with a loud bang, isolating him from the outside world.

Inside the quiet room, only Yu Feirou remained, still kneeling on the ground, her delicate body trembling slightly.

The air was filled with a unique and rich masculine scent, belonging to a young man, mixed with her own delicate fragrance when she was aroused, creating an ambiguous atmosphere that made one blush.

She raised her slightly trembling hand, her fingertips gently touching her cheek.

The thick, primordial energy sprayed upon her still carried a scorching heat, clinging stickily to her flawless skin, and even slowly trickling down her delicate jawline.

Another distinct, sticky sensation came from the summits of her proudly erect snow-capped peaks. A few specks of white fluid, like branding marks, adorned the shimmering, mysterious blue array patterns, creating a breathtaking contrast between purity and debauchery.

What truly shook her was the few drops on her lips... She could even clearly recall the moment that slightly salty, strangely fishy, yet inexplicably alluring flavor exploded on her sensitive taste buds.

"Uh..." A suppressed groan, tinged with shame and a strange, indescribable tremor, finally escaped from her clenched teeth.

She abruptly covered her burning cheeks with her hands, as if that would shut out the agonizing sensation and memories.

However, the final scene replayed in her mind, incongruously and with unparalleled clarity—the instant the array was completed, Zhao Wuyou's already extraordinary and terrifying phallus, at the moment of its climax, seemed... seemed to swell and throb suddenly before her eyes, its horrifying size and bulging veins seeming to carry a destructive power, as if to be deeply imprinted into the depths of her soul!

"How... how could this be... again..." she murmured in disbelief, her delicate body trembling violently at this absurd yet undeniably real observation. A surge of even stronger heat erupted from deep within her lower abdomen, making her legs weak and almost causing her to collapse to the ground.

The Dao heart, frozen for millennia, now seemed to have been branded with a red-hot iron, emitting a sizzling sound. Beneath the ice, a surging, unfamiliar tide of emotion was about to burst forth.

She subconsciously brought her long, straight, jade-like legs together, trying to alleviate the increasingly intense emptiness and wetness deep within her.

The valley was already muddy and slippery, warm nectar seeping out, soaking through the thin underpants, even sliding down the inside of the thighs, bringing a cool, sticky sensation.

The sensitive clitoris, which had been "caressed" by the two people's divine senses for so long, still retained a heart-pounding, tingling sensation, throbbing slightly, yearning for even stronger stimulation.

"Ugh..." She let out a whimper like a cub, her delicate body curling up. One hand weakly supported her on the ground, while the other, as if possessing its own will, trembled and slowly reached toward the depths of her tightly pressed thighs... Her fingertips, through the already soaked silk undergarments, just touched that slightly protruding, swollen, and vulnerable core—

"Mmm...!"

A surge of pleasure, far more intense than ever before, like an electric current, exploded from the point of contact beneath her fingertips, engulfing her entire body!

She could no longer hold on, and collapsed to the ground, her slender waist arching uncontrollably, her beautiful toes curling tightly, scraping softly against the cold floor.

The hand covering her lips slipped limply, and intermittent, seductive moans echoed uncontrollably in the empty, quiet room.

Her eyes were tightly shut, tears of shame clinging to her long eyelashes. Her mind kept replaying the image of her disciple's muscular chest, his hot breath, and... that ferocious, erect figure, as if capable of piercing and tearing her apart...

This time, the dam of reason completely collapsed.

She let the unfamiliar, surging tide of passion engulf her, in that secluded room where no one could see her, in this space filled with the aura of her disciple, pursuing the newly ignited, yet already rampant, desire in the most shameful way, sinking into depravity alone.

After an unknown amount of time, the panting and faint sounds of water in the quiet room gradually subsided.

Yu Feirou collapsed onto the cold ground, her hair disheveled, her body drenched in sweat. Her deep blue fairy robe was in disarray, the collar wide open, revealing her snow-white skin covered in array patterns and specks of white fluid, as well as her two still erect, rosy nipples, a testament to her lingering passion.

Her underwear was soaked and sticky, clinging tightly to her muddy cleft.

She stared blankly at the pearl emanating a soft glow from the ceiling of the quiet room, her beautiful eyes shimmering with tears, lingering with the hazy emptiness of indulgence.

Although the turbulent emotions within her had temporarily subsided, a deep, lust-stained crack had been torn into her Dao heart.

She knew that some things, from this day forward, were completely different.

And all of this was just the beginning.

Several days later, the unfinished inscription of the array patterns, the inevitable even more intimate contact... she dared not think further, only wearily, with a hidden struggle and... a hint of expectation she herself was unwilling to admit, slowly closed her eyes.

Chapter 45 The Ninth Prince

After months of arduous travel, the dust and grime could not obscure her radiant glow; that solitary white figure finally stepped into the magnificent palace that symbolized the supreme power and hidden desires of the Central Continent.

The Ninth Prince's palace was deep and magnificent, dimly lit, with only a few lamps embedded in the walls, their eerie blue flames flickering, illuminating the vast space as if it were a ghostly realm.

The air was frigid, filled with the expensive scent of ambergris, and an even stronger, more potent masculine aura—one of aggression and a desire for conquest—pervasive and seemingly solidified into a palpable pressure.

At the far end of the palace stood a towering black jade throne. Behind the throne, on an entire massive stone wall, nine ferocious dragons of various forms were sculpted in bas-relief. Their claws were bared, and their eyes, inlaid with eerie blue gems, gleamed with a cold, sinister light in the firelight, as if they might burst forth from the wall at any moment to devour their prey.

Seated atop the throne was a towering figure, as imposing as a mountain.

He was an extremely handsome man, yet the lingering sinister and treacherous look between his brows made him appear unpredictable and dangerous.

He wore a long black robe embroidered with dragon patterns; nine lifelike dragons, embroidered with gold thread, coiled and leaped across the robe.

The robe's fabric clung tightly, clearly outlining the explosively bulging muscles beneath, his broad shoulders, and narrow waist, exuding a primal, untamed power.

He simply sat there casually, one hand supporting his chin, his elbow resting on the armrest of the throne. His deep gaze, like that of a hawk eyeing its prey, carried an undisguised scrutiny and amusement, naturally exuding a suffocating aura of dominance and menace.

In that oppressive space, where the eerie blue flames mingled with the scent of ambergris, Gu Yue stood silently, like the only snow lotus blooming on the icy plains.

She was still dressed in pristine white, the long journey not making her look disheveled, but rather highlighting her flawless, radiant skin and exquisite beauty.

Her jet-black hair cascaded down, loosely held back with a single, plain silver hairpin, a few strands falling beside her cheeks, adding to her air of aloofness and fragility.

Her white robes clung to her exquisite figure, her breasts full and pert, while her waist was so slender it seemed one could encircle it with a single hand. The cold, gleaming sword she carried on her back emanated wisps of chilling energy, completely out of place in the eerie atmosphere of the palace.

"Fairy Gu Yue, what a rare guest indeed." The Ninth Prince finally spoke, his voice deep and magnetic, yet tinged with a mocking drawl. "I recall sending envoys to Mo Shan Dao many times before, sincerely proposing marriage, hoping to win your hand and forge a bond of brotherhood. Alas..." A sarcastic smile played on his lips. "You, Fairy, are so proud and arrogant, each time leaving my messengers utterly defeated and humiliated."

He leaned forward slightly, his imposing aura growing even stronger, his gaze, almost tangible, slowly sweeping over her cool face and graceful figure.

"I am truly curious," he feigned doubt, his eyes gleaming with knowing satisfaction and a sense of control, "why would Fairy Gu Yue, who used to avoid me like the plague, ... today appear in this palace of her own accord?"

Gu Yue raised her eyes, her gaze clear and unwavering like a bottomless, icy pool. Her voice was calm and still, yet carried a chilling edge: "You know why."

Upon hearing this, the Ninth Prince let out a few low, wicked laughs, as if he had heard something extremely amusing.

"Perhaps I know?" He leaned back, languidly returning to his throne, his posture relaxed, as if everything was under his control. "But, Gu Yue, tell me—" He paused, and a vast, terrifying aura, carrying the pressure of a true dragon, suddenly erupted from his body, like an invisible raging tide, carrying a chilling power, surging toward the solitary, white-clad figure in the hall!

"Why should I grant your request?"

"Buzz—!"

Almost the instant the dragon's aura struck, Gu Yue's sword energy spontaneously surged!

A chilling, icy sword intent soared into the sky, transforming into an invisible yet tangible ice crystal barrier before her.

Fine frost flowers condensed in the air, making a soft "crackling" sound.

The dark golden dragon energy clashed fiercely with the icy blue sword domain. There was no earth-shattering roar, only a teeth-grinding hissing sound as the energies eroded and wore each other down.

A surge of air whipped at her, causing her white robes to flutter wildly and her dark hair to dance uncontrollably, yet she remained as steady as a rock, her eyes still icy, not retreating a single step.

A flicker of surprise crossed the Ninth Prince's eyes, quickly turning into greater interest. He didn't intensify his pressure, simply allowing the dragon energy and sword intent to remain locked in a stalemate, as if enjoying her desperate resistance.

"The secret techniques of the Heavenly Dragon Dynasty are never passed on to anyone other than the closest and most trusted relatives. This is an ancestral precept, and a set of rules," he said slowly, his gaze like a burning branding iron, lingering on the curves of her chest as she slightly rose and fell with her internal energy. "And you... in what capacity do you dare to ask me for something so precious?"

Gu Yue's face paled even further, her slender fingers clenching tightly within her wide sleeves, her nails almost digging into her palms.

A deathly silence fell over the hall, broken only by the flickering blue flames and the faint sounds of energy colliding.

After a suffocating silence, she finally raised her eyes, her gaze like the coldest icy blade, fixed on the man on the throne. Her voice was devoid of emotion, only chillingly cold: "...What do you want?"

The Ninth Prince smiled, a smile brimming with undisguised desire and an air of certainty.

He remained languidly reclined in his chair, shrugged, and said with a flippant yet confident tone, "Gu Yue, you know what I want."

"Clang—!"

His response was an even more ferocious and chilling sword aura than before!

The sword energy was no longer merely for defense; it carried a resolute killing intent, like a peerless, unsheathed blade, sweeping fiercely toward the Ninth Prince on the throne!

Where the sword energy passed, a thick layer of ice formed on the ground, seemingly freezing even the air itself!

"Hmph." The Ninth Prince snorted coldly, and dark golden dragon energy suddenly condensed around him, transforming into a solid barrier.

"Bang! Sizzle—!"

The icy blue sword energy struck the dragon energy barrier with a dull thud. The dissipated sharp sword intent carved several deep, jagged marks, several inches deep, onto the surface of a nearby stone pillar that required two people to encircle, sending stone chips flying everywhere.

A chilling aura emanated from Gu Yue, like an ice goddess descended to earth. The coldness in her eyes was almost tangible, and her voice, uttered slowly and deliberately, was so frigid it could freeze the soul:

"You... don't be so presumptuous."

"Insolence?" The Ninth Prince chuckled softly, as if he had heard something utterly ridiculous. His laughter echoed in the empty hall, carrying an unpleasant, sticky quality.

"Fairy Gu Yue, have you forgotten that you are the one asking for my help?" He deliberately slowed his speech, each word like a poisoned needle coated in honey. "Since you're asking for a favor, you should have the proper attitude. Why don't you... first show me some real 'sincerity'?"

As he spoke, his gaze swept over Gu Yue's entire body with an almost tangible intensity, finally settling unabashedly on her chest, which was tightly wrapped in a plain white sword robe yet still revealed its astonishingly full curves.

That gaze was lewd and blatant, as if it had pierced through layers of clothing.

"For example..." He licked his lips, his voice low, carrying a mixture of seduction and command. "You come up here and sit next to me, so I can... personally measure and play with those... suffocatingly beautiful breasts of yours, how about that?"

The aura surrounding Gu Yue instantly plummeted to freezing point, as if even the dust particles floating in the air were frozen.

She didn't speak, but a highly refined, almost transparent, icy-blue sword aura shot out, its speed incredible, accompanied by a sharp whistling sound, heading straight for the Ninth Prince's face!

The Ninth Prince, seeing the deadly sword energy approaching, actually neither dodged nor evaded, but merely tilted his head slightly.

The sword energy grazed his temple and disappeared with a "plop" into the wall behind him, which was carved with a coiled dragon totem, leaving a small, bottomless hole with its edges covered in thick frost.

"The next strike will not miss." Gu Yue's voice was colder than ten thousand years of ice, and the knuckles of her fingers gripping the sword hilt turned white from the force.

"Heh." The Ninth Prince leisurely shifted into a more comfortable position, resting his chin on one hand, as if the thrilling scene from just moments ago had never occurred.

"No? Then... how about another way?" His gaze fell on Gu Yue again, like a viper's tongue, slowly tracing its course, finally settling on her slender waist and long legs.

"Gu Yue, take off that cumbersome robe and all those other odds and ends you're wearing. Right now, right here, let me properly admire just how... alluring that body of yours—hailed as the 'Ice Lotus of Mo Shan Dao'—truly is." He deliberately emphasized the word "alluring," his tone dripping with undisguised lewdness.

The air inside the hall seemed to freeze.

Gu Yue stood there, like an ice sculpture, only the chill in her eyes growing ever stronger, almost turning into a storm.

The sword energy around her surged uncontrollably, cutting fine marks into the ground and walls.

After a long silence, she parted her lips slightly, uttering those two cold words again: "No."

"This won't work, that won't work either." The Ninth Prince's smile finally faded, replaced by a condescending disappointment and impatience.

He shrugged, a hint of sarcasm in his voice, "It seems your so-called 'rescue,' your so-called 'request,' was utterly devoid of sincerity." He leaned forward slightly, his gaze fixed on Gu Yue's icy eyes, his voice low but each word like a knife. "In that case, please leave. My time is precious; I have no time to play your games of arrogance."

He paused, a cruel smile curving his lips, and slowly added, each word like a hammer blow to Gu Yue's heart: "It's just a pity... for your junior brother Wuyou, trapped in a predicament, probably struggling between life and death right now. Tsk tsk, it seems he won't live to see his beloved senior sister bring back hope of salvation."

As he finished speaking, he stopped looking at Gu Yue, leaned back lazily on his throne, and lightly tapped the armrest with his fingertips, as if he had already lost interest in the deal.

Only the faint crackling of burning ambergris remained in the main hall, along with the silent yet chilling sword intent, more terrifying than any roar, violently clashing and interacting in the air.

Gu Yue stood rooted to the spot, as if she had solidified into a true ice sculpture.

The Ninth Prince's words echoed in her ears like the most vicious curse—"imprisoned," "struggling on the brink of life and death," "unable to wait for any hope of salvation"... Each word was like a red-hot iron rod, piercing her frozen heart.

Uncontrollably, Zhao Wuyou's gentle smile appeared in her mind, along with that clumsy yet sincere kiss, carrying the fragrance of bamboo leaves, before his departure, and the suffering and despair he might be enduring in the Burial Abyss at this moment...

An unprecedented sense of powerlessness gripped her.

She could face powerful enemies, slay demons, and endure loneliness, but she could not bear the possibility that her "aloofness" might lead to his utter destruction.

A chilling pride clashed violently with burning anxiety, and ultimately, the latter prevailed in a way that nearly crushed her dignity.

Her slender, jade-like fingers trembled slightly as she raised them, finally resting with difficulty on the sash of her plain white sword robe.

The movements were so slow they seemed frozen, each subtle shift appearing to drain all the strength from the body.

"...I... can..." Her voice was dry and hoarse, almost inhuman, carrying a hollow, crushed quality, "...only down to... my undergarments."

A glint of triumph flashed in the Ninth Prince's eyes, but his expression remained calm and composed, even displaying a leisurely air as if appreciating a work of art.

He slightly raised his hand in a gesture of invitation, his tone languid yet full of control: "Then let's begin."

Gu Yue closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling violently like frosted butterfly wings.

She took a deep breath, but even the icy air seemed unable to quell the humiliation and struggle churning within her.

When she opened her eyes again, they were a desolate, icy wasteland, all emotions forcibly frozen deep within.

She began to move.

First, the outermost layer of plain white sword robe was removed.

The robe that symbolized her status as a direct disciple of Mo Shan Dao, and had accompanied her through countless seasons, slowly slid down her smooth shoulders, piling up beside her cold, jade-like feet, revealing a thin, moon-white undergarment beneath.

Beneath the undergarment, her strikingly full curves were clearly visible.

Next came the ties on the inner garment.

Her fingertips traced the delicate skin of her neck, sending a slight shiver through her.

The moon-white inner robe was also removed, like a second layer of petals being peeled away.

At this moment, she was only wearing a close-fitting, plain white strapless bra and a pair of panties that barely covered her buttocks.

In an instant, large expanses of snow-white skin were exposed to the dim, ambiguous light of the palace.

Her skin was as smooth and lustrous as jade, as silky as the finest mutton fat, yet possessed a firm and healthy elasticity honed from years of sword practice.

Her breasts, tightly bound by her undergarments, were round and high, outlining a breathtaking curve. The contrast between their fullness and her slender waist was striking, creating a powerful visual impact.

The waistline flowed smoothly downwards, connecting to the firm, full peaks of her buttocks. Though concealed by her underwear, the perfect hemispherical silhouette already stirred endless imagination.

A pair of long, slender, jade-like legs stood there quietly, like a work of art sculpted from ice and snow, both cold and alluring.

The Ninth Prince's gaze, like that of the most greedy traveler, eagerly swept over the suddenly revealed "snow scene."

His Adam's apple bobbed, and he clearly swallowed, making no attempt to hide the astonishment and desire in his eyes.

"Tsk..." He let out a sincere exclamation, his voice slightly hoarse. "No wonder she's the renowned Sword Fairy of the Southern Region; her skin is like ice and jade, her curves naturally perfect—truly a peerless beauty, captivating and enchanting."

However, his tone immediately shifted, carrying a playful yet undeniably authoritative quality, like a cat toying with a mouse: "But, Gu Yue... this... isn't enough."

Before he finished speaking, and without any visible movement, a soft "bang" was heard, and his luxurious silk trousers were instantly shattered into countless pieces!

The next moment, a hideous and terrifying giant object, like a slumbering beast suddenly awakening, leaped out!

Its size was terrifying, with bulging veins coiled around its purplish-red shaft, radiating a scorching and domineering dragon aura. That aura was pure yang and violent, as if dark golden light subtly flowed across its surface, causing the surrounding air to distort slightly.

It stood there, defiantly glaring at Gu Yue, with a primal and savage aggression.

Gu Yue's cold eyes suddenly narrowed; even with her icy composure, a flicker of disbelief and shock flashed across them.

She wasn't completely ignorant about matters of the heart; once, to help Zhao Wuyou cure his aphrodisiac poison, she had even... kissed him.

However, Zhao Wuyou's still immature masculinity, compared to the Ninth Prince's ferocious, weapon-like behemoth brimming with immense dragon energy, was like the difference between a child's toy and a battering ram!

The scorching heat emanating from it felt almost tangible, causing a strange stinging and burning sensation on her exposed skin.

The Ninth Prince took in the fleeting shock on Gu Yue's face, a morbid sense of satisfaction rising within him.

He chuckled softly and commanded, "Come, Gu Yue, give it a good 'service'." He paused deliberately, emphasizing his words with a blatant threat. "Remember, make it 'comfortable.' If I'm not comfortable, then the rest of the deal... is off the table."

Gu Yue stared intently at the grotesque creature so close at hand, seemingly exuding a mixture of sulfur and ambergris. A crack finally appeared on her icy face—a crack of utter disgust and humiliation.

She bit her lower lip so hard it almost bled, and after a long pause, she managed to squeeze out a few words through clenched teeth, her voice so cold it could freeze the air: "I... can... use my hands..."

Upon hearing this, the Ninth Prince raised an eyebrow, seemingly unsurprised and indifferent.

He leaned back lazily on his throne, casually saying as if bestowing a favor, "Whatever you wish. As long as it satisfies me." However, his gaze remained fixed on Gu Yue's slightly trembling, ice-snow-like hand.

Gu Yue stood frozen in place, her icy expression masking a turmoil of humiliation and struggle.

The Ninth Prince's words were like the most vicious curse, pinning her to the spot.

For her carefree junior brother... these words echoed repeatedly in her mind, like the last fragile line of defense.

Finally, she took her first steps, each one feeling as if she were walking on a knife's edge, slowly and laboriously reaching the throne.

The scorching dragon aura emanating from that ferocious behemoth almost suffocated her. A wave of heat, mixed with a strong masculine scent, washed over her, causing her icy-skinned body to instinctively tremble slightly.

She slightly turned her head, avoiding the direct impact of his gaze, and slowly bent her knees, kneeling down on the cold ground.

She extended her hand—the one that had been used to wield a sword for years, with its distinct knuckles yet exceptionally fair and delicate skin—and, trembling, slowly drew closer.

When her fingertips finally touched the scalding hot shaft, covered with bulging blue veins, a strong, pure yang energy instantly surged through her fingertips and into her meridians!

She shuddered, as if struck by lightning, her legs involuntarily pressing tightly together and rubbing against each other, trying to resist the strange, inexplicable heat rising from deep within her body.

The depths of her valley remained dry, filled only with extreme tension and repulsion.

She tried to encircle the alarming size with her hands, only to find that her palms couldn't fully grasp it; they could only barely cover a portion.

She turned her head away, not daring to look, and could only rely on her senses, awkwardly and unskilfully moving her hand up and down.

The movements were incredibly stiff; it was less like serving and more like performing an extremely painful task.

The Ninth Prince leaned back on his throne, his eyes half-closed, feeling the cool, smooth skin against the touch of his burning phallus.

The awkward friction, though lacking any skill, brought a unique stimulation through Gu Yue's condescending and subservient posture, and the contrasting sensations of ice and fire.

He let out a low, satisfied sigh.

However, after a moment, he suddenly frowned, his tone carrying obvious dissatisfaction and a hint of deliberate sarcasm: "Gu Yue, this... won't do." He opened his eyes, looking down at the aloof woman kneeling before him, his gaze like that of someone scrutinizing a substandard object. "Stiff, awkward, utterly devoid of pleasure. This is a far cry from making me 'comfortable.' If this is all you've got, then the

secret technique..." He deliberately dragged out the last syllable, the threat in his unfinished words unmistakable.

Gu Yue's manipulative movements abruptly stopped, her body jolting violently.

Her eyes were tightly shut, her long eyelashes fluttering wildly like butterfly wings, revealing a fierce internal struggle within her.

After a long while, as if she had used all her strength, she slowly opened her eyes, her gaze meeting a desolate, icy landscape.

She raised her other hand, mechanically tucking a stray strand of hair behind her ear, revealing her beautifully contoured profile and her slightly parted, delicate, snow-white neck.

Then, she made a move that instantly ignited a flame of excitement in the Ninth Prince's eyes—she slightly parted her lips, which always uttered cold words, and slowly, with great difficulty, took the proud, erect, purplish-red tip into her mouth.

"Uh..." Just as the tip of that scalding, even slightly throbbing, massive object broke through her lips and touched her soft mouth, a burning sensation far stronger and more direct than when she touched it with her hand surged in like magma!

The scorching dragon energy seemed to possess a strange penetrating power, instantly spreading from her mouth and throat to every part of her body!

She felt a sudden weakness throughout her body, and an unfamiliar, unsettling warm current uncontrollably surged from deep within her lower abdomen. The previously dry and tightly closed area between her legs involuntarily contracted, releasing a slight, cold dampness.

The Ninth Prince gasped involuntarily the moment she took him into her mouth.

The sensation upon entering her mouth was unexpectedly icy and slippery. Although he could still feel her stiffness and resistance, the soft embrace of her oral cavity, the inescapable, slightly warm, close contact, and the occasional, unintentional scrapes of her clumsy yet real tongue all brought him an ultimate pleasurable experience, almost causing him to lose control and ejaculate on the spot.

He suppressed a growl that almost escaped his throat, took a deep breath, and, feigning composure, lowered his head to look at the aloof and ethereal fairy who was now humiliatedly holding his penis in her mouth. Her usually icy eyes were now forced to droop, and her long eyelashes were even stained with a trace of physiological tears caused by discomfort.

A tremendous sense of conquest and sadism welled up within him.

He chuckled softly, his voice hoarse with lust and undisguised mockery: "Judging from your reaction... it's a bit clumsy, yet not entirely unfamiliar." His fingers lightly ran through the strands of hair at the back of her head, a playful, intimate touch. "Looks like this isn't your first time tasting a man's manhood?" He

paused deliberately, his tone suddenly sharp and malicious. "Could it be... your beloved Junior Brother Wuyou's?"

"Ugh!" Upon hearing Zhao Wuyou's name uttered from this lewd man's mouth, Gu Yue's body stiffened abruptly, and her sucking motion abruptly stopped.

As if stung, she jerked her head up, a thin, ambiguous silver thread stretching between her red lips, glistening with saliva, and the monstrous member.

A flame of humiliation burned in her icy eyes. Her voice was muffled by the foreign object in her mouth, yet remained chillingly cold: "I did it for him... to expel the poison..."

"Playing music?" The Ninth Prince chuckled as if he'd heard something utterly ridiculous. He pressed down slightly on the back of her head, drawing her lips closer to his poised weapon. "What you're doing doesn't count as 'playing music.'" His tone was flippant, carrying an undeniable command. "Let me teach you what true 'playing music' really is. You must... make good use of your pretty little mouth, and that... soft, sweet tongue inside." His fingertips caressed the corner of her lips, guiding her, his voice filled with seduction and pressure. "Come on, properly, slowly... lick."

A deep sense of humiliation flashed across Gu Yue's exquisitely sculpted face; her long eyelashes trembled violently, like butterfly wings battered by a cold wind.

Under the undeniable pressure of the Ninth Prince's hand and the coercion of his words, she finally lowered her cold eyes again, forced to refocus her attention on that throbbing, pulsating, and menacingly large member, exuding a rich, masculine aroma and a strong aura of ambergris.

With a hesitant, barely concealed resistance, she tentatively extended her small, soft, fragrant tongue.

Her tongue timidly touched the large, purplish-red tip covered in blue veins. A flavour mingled with salty, fishy, and strange ambergris aromas instantly exploded on her taste buds. A pure and domineering surge of dragon energy, like a subtle electric current, shot up her tongue, sending another uncontrollable tremor through her body.

The icy valley deep within her legs seemed to contract even tighter due to the sudden stimulation, and the moisture seeping out increased, creating a strange contrast between the cool touch and the unfamiliar heat rising within her.

Under the Ninth Prince's watchful yet urging gaze, she had no choice but to continue.

The soft tongue began to try, clumsily and slowly, licking and enveloping the thick shaft of the engorged penis from top to bottom.

Her movements remained stiff and reluctant, but the incredibly soft, slippery touch of her tongue, and the occasional slight sucking sensation when it unconsciously recoiled due to tension, gave the Ninth Prince an unprecedented stimulation.

"Yes... that's it... use your tongue, feel it properly..." The Ninth Prince let out a satisfied pant, his fingers still weaving through her thick, cascading black hair, gently adjusting the angle of her head with a controlled pressure, so that he could more deeply enjoy the service of this aloof fairy.

He watched the scene before him with satisfaction—the icy beauty who always kept everyone at arm's length was now kneeling between his legs, her exquisitely beautiful face flushed with a forced blush of submission. Her delicate nostrils flared slightly with her rapid breathing, and her rosy lips were forced to envelop his thick, long member. Crystalline saliva uncontrollably spilled from the corners of her mouth and between her parted lips, sliding down the base of his penis and her smooth chin, leaving mottled, damp stains on her plain white undergarments and his own luxurious robes.

This stark contrast and sense of conquest brought him immense pleasure, both physically and mentally.

He had always disdained the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, who relied on external aphrodisiacs. He firmly believed that his strong physique, honed by royal body-training techniques, and his innate noble dragon aura were an irresistible aphrodisiac for any woman.

However, gradually, the slow and clumsy licking could no longer satisfy his burgeoning desire. His hand, which was pressing against the back of Gu Yue's head, suddenly tightened, and his hips began to thrust rhythmically, gradually increasing the speed of his movements!

"Ugh! Hmm...!" The sudden, forceful penetration caught Gu Yue, who had been barely maintaining a cold facade, off guard, causing her to let out a muffled groan filled with panic and discomfort.

The thick, long object plunged deep into her throat without warning. A strong sensation of something foreign and suffocation instantly overwhelmed her, causing her beautiful, icy blue eyes to widen abruptly, and tears quickly welled up in them.

She instinctively raised her hands and pressed them forcefully against the Ninth Prince's muscular abdomen, trying to push away this violent intrusion.

But her struggles appeared so pale and powerless in the face of absolute power.

The Ninth Prince was like an unshakeable mountain, his movements becoming increasingly wild and brutal. Each thrust almost reached her throat, and each withdrawal was accompanied by a shameful, sticky, wet sound.

Gu Yue felt as if her mouth and throat were about to be ripped apart by this horrific weapon. Her head spun from lack of oxygen, and she could only passively endure the storm of abuse, letting out broken, tearful sobs.

"Roar—! Drink it all down for me!"

Just as Gu Yue's consciousness was about to fade, the Ninth Prince suddenly let out a low roar like a dragon's cry. Behind him, nine ferocious and majestic phantom images of dark golden evil dragons flashed by!

An indescribable, scorching torrent, mixed with a vast and pure dragon's yang energy, surged like a river bursting its banks, violently pouring into the deepest part of Gu Yue's throat like a collapsing mountain and a tsunami!

"Gurgle... Ugh...!!!"

The immense impact and size meant that Gu Yue couldn't possibly swallow it all.

A large amount of thick, milky-white semen gushed out from between her stretched lips and teeth, splattering across her pale cheeks, slender neck, and the plain white undergarment at her chest, leaving large, obscene stains.

However, a considerable portion was still forced into her stomach by her involuntary swallowing reflex.

The Ninth Prince let out a long, extremely comfortable sigh, slowly withdrawing his still semi-erect penis, covered in a mixture of fluids, from her mouth.

"Cough! Cough cough cough... Ugh..."

As soon as the restraints were loosened, Gu Yue immediately curled up in pain, bracing herself with her hands on the ground, and began to gag violently.

A raging fire seemed to burn in her stomach, the domineering primordial yang energy rampaging through her body, bringing waves of strange heat and tingling sensations.

More white, cloudy liquid mixed with saliva flowed uncontrollably from her slightly parted red lips, dripping onto the cold ground and forming a small, shameful puddle.

She felt a strange stirring within her body; the burning heat not only failed to subside but seemed to be urging the already murky valley between her legs to gush forth even more of a honeyed fluid, a mixture of cold and heat. The emptiness and palpitations, far from being relieved, grew even more pronounced...

Gu Yue struggled to raise her head, her beautiful, icy blue eyes shimmering with humiliation, yet she remained fixed on the man on the throne, as if trying to etch his image into the depths of her soul.

Her originally pale cheeks were now an unnatural flush from the intense assault and suffocation she had just experienced. Her lips, chin, and even neck were stained with mottled, milky fluid, creating a stark contrast to her usual pristine and innocent appearance.

She gasped for breath, each breath accompanied by the burning pain of her throat being stretched too far and the impact of that strange heat within her body. Her voice was hoarse and icy, each word seemingly squeezed out from a crack in ice: "Are you... satisfied now?"

The Ninth Prince calmly lowered his eyes, his gaze falling on his still proudly erect, veined, monstrous member.

It was not only covered in her cool saliva, but also mixed with the thick, viscous semen he had just forcibly poured into it, now slowly dripping down, reflecting a lewd sheen in the dim light.

He stretched out a finger, slowly and deliberately wiping away a single drop of white fluid from the tip, then brought it to his nose and sniffed it lightly, a mocking yet satisfied smile spreading across his face.

"It tastes good, doesn't it?" He looked at Gu Yue meaningfully, his tone flippant. "However, Gu Yue, aren't you mistaken? This is merely your way of showing me your 'sincerity.'"

He deliberately emphasized the word "sincerity," and seeing Gu Yue's face turn even paler and her eyes blaze with murderous intent, his smile grew even more smug.

"Remember," his voice wasn't loud, but it carried an undeniable command, "tomorrow, at this same time. I want to see you... appear here voluntarily." He leaned forward slightly, his gaze sweeping over her trembling body with a tangible intensity. "Then, we can discuss the secret technique you need... and the... price you will have to pay."

"Despicable..." Gu Yue spat out the two words through gritted teeth, her voice trembling slightly with anger and her physical turmoil.

She felt the icy, fiery emptiness deep within her legs grow stronger; the forcibly injected male energy ignited a wildfire within her frozen meridians, scorching her reason and pride.

The Ninth Prince ignored her scolding, instead chuckling softly as if he'd heard an amusing remark. He turned away from her and calmly ordered toward the outside of the hall, "Someone come here."

Two maids, dressed in palace attire and with bowed heads, entered the hall silently in response to the call. They didn't even dare to look up at the chaotic scene inside, but stood respectfully with their heads bowed.

"Take her to 'Shuyu Pavilion' to rest," the Ninth Prince said calmly, as if he were merely arranging a trivial matter. "Take good care of her, and do not make any mistakes."

"Yes," the maids replied in unison, then carefully stepped forward and helped the nearly exhausted Gu Yue to her feet, one on each side.

Gu Yue tried to break free, but the waves of soreness and the persistent burning sensation deep within her body rendered her powerless, leaving her no choice but to let the two maids hold her arms.

Her steps were unsteady; with each step, the muddy, slippery sensation between her legs and the indescribable aching emptiness deep within her valley reminded her of the unbearable humiliation she had just endured.

At this moment, Gu Yue's hair was disheveled, with a few strands of dark hair clinging to her cheeks and neck with sweat and bodily fluids, adding to her vulnerability after the ordeal.

Her pristine white undergarment was wrinkled and tattered, the front stained with splattered yang energy, leaving conspicuous marks—a stark contrast to the lingering, chilling sword aura surrounding her.

She tried to straighten her back, maintaining her last shred of dignity, but her slightly trembling legs and unsteady steps betrayed her extreme physical discomfort and inner emptiness.

She was forced to stoop slightly, half-supported, half-carried away from the hall filled with the scent of ambergris and memories of humiliation by two maids.

As she left, she didn't look back at the man on the throne even once, but her straight yet slightly trembling back, and her clenched fists with white knuckles, all testified to the surging murderous intent and deep-seated hatred within her.

Whether that hatred was mixed with a trace of bewilderment and fear regarding her body's abnormal reaction, only she herself knew.

The palace doors slowly closed behind them, separating the inside from the outside into two worlds.

The Ninth Prince sat alone on his throne, his fingertips lightly tapping the armrest. He gazed in the direction Gu Yue had departed, a deep, possessive smile playing on his lips.

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Inside the Shuyu Pavilion, a misty aura of spiritual energy swirled. Within it lay a tranquil pool, crafted from warm jade, its clear waters shimmering with a faint spiritual light and emanating a refreshing fragrance.

Standing alone by the pond, Gu Yue expressionlessly removed the undergarment stained with the marks of humiliation.

The pristine white fabric slipped down, revealing her fair and delicate body.

On her chest and between her thighs, on the most secluded spots, clung two ancient-looking talismans of Daoist design, bearing the words "Supreme Guardian." The pale gold runes shimmered faintly in the spiritual light, contrasting with her icy skin and jade-like bones, creating a serene and forbidden beauty.

However, her body was experiencing a torment of alternating ice and fire within.

The Ninth Prince's domineering dragon aura had ignited an inextinguishable evil fire within her, which did not dissipate upon leaving the hall. Instead, it had seeped even deeper into her limbs and bones, scorching her meridians.

A feeling of heat and emptiness emanating from deep within her lower abdomen spread like ants, especially in her secret place, where an indescribable itching sensation made it almost impossible for her to maintain her posture.

Her appearance remained as aloof and serene as snow, like an ice peak that had never melted.

But upon closer inspection, one could see that her tightly pursed lips were even redder than usual, as if they had been smeared with rouge.

Along her long, fair neck, an unnatural pale pink hue peeked through the skin, and her delicate collarbones rose and fell slightly with her somewhat rapid breathing.

A few strands of dark hair, not covered by the talisman, clung to her sweat-dampened neck, adding to her fragile, vibrant appearance.

She slowly stepped into the fairy pool, the cool water washing over her ankles, calves, and up to her waist.

The cool water temporarily relieved the burning sensation on her skin, but it couldn't quell the escalating internal fire.

She closed her eyes, attempting to use the yin energy of her Nine Nether Profound Yin Meridian to resist and dispel the domineering yang energy.

Under its influence, two extreme forces clashed violently within her.

Beneath the talisman pasted on her chest, the originally soft area uncontrollably tightened and hardened, the crimson tip becoming even more clearly visible and sensitive under the talisman's cover, sending waves of subtle swelling and tingling sensations through her.

And in the depths of her crotch, where the talisman-sealed valley was, a warm, sweet fluid was seeping out, slightly wetting the edges of the talisman and creating a slippery, sticky sensation.

"Mmm..." A very soft, suppressed groan escaped from her throat.

She bit her lower lip hard, her teeth digging into the soft flesh, trying to stay awake with the pain.

Her legs unconsciously rubbed together slightly in the water, trying to relieve the excruciating itch. The delicate skin on the inside of her legs rubbed against each other, only intensifying the feeling of emptiness.

Her breathing became increasingly rapid, her full breasts heaving violently in the water, creating ripples.

A slender, delicate hand, trembling slightly as if beyond its control, slowly reached into the water, moving toward the talisman from the secluded valley that emitted a deadly itching and damp sensation.

Her fingertips traced across her flat stomach, feeling the tension and heat of the muscles beneath.

Just as her fingertips were about to touch the edge of the soaked talisman—

"Buzz!"

The three "Supreme Guardian Talismans" on her chest and between her legs simultaneously emitted a cold, dazzling light!

A surge of extremely pure, seemingly soul-freezing, Netherworld Yin energy erupted from the depths of her dantian, like a millennia-old frost tide, instantly engulfing her entire body!

"Ugh!" Gu Yue let out a short groan of pain, her body trembling violently.

The chilling aura clashed violently with the malevolent fire within her, causing a tearing pain, but also forcefully suppressing the burning heat and itching.

The dragon energy that had invaded her meridians was forced to retreat as if it had encountered its nemesis, eventually transforming into a few wisps of heat that were forcibly dispersed and annihilated by the even stronger Xuan Yin energy.

The cold light faded, and the talisman returned to its calm state.

Gu Yue leaned weakly against the edge of the pool, panting heavily. Fine beads of cold sweat trickled down her forehead and nose, mingling with the pool water.

The heat in her body subsided temporarily, but after the intense internal conflict she had just experienced, she felt weak all over, as if she had collapsed.

The icy pool water enveloped her trembling body, gradually clearing her chaotic thoughts.

The scene from not long ago uncontrollably resurfaced in her mind—the Ninth Prince's mocking and controlling gaze, the humiliating posture of him forcing her to kneel and endure his ejaculation... Every detail was like the sharpest icicle, piercing her proud heart.

"Pfft—" She coughed up a mouthful of icy, bloody stagnation, which landed in the pool water, quickly spreading and dissipating.

Her gaze turned colder than ten-thousand-year-old ice, and the killing intent emanating from her body almost froze the surrounding pool water.

Her fist was clenched so tightly that the knuckles made a faint cracking sound from the force.

However, amidst this boundless killing intent and chilling cold, another gentle and handsome face, filled with worry and anxiety, suddenly entered her heart—Zhao Wuyou.

Thinking of him, a fleeting, almost imperceptible tenderness and... an indescribable sense of guilt flashed briefly in Gu Yue's icy eyes.

This emotion, like a pebble thrown into a frozen lake, created only a ripple before quickly disappearing, yet it left her heart even more unsettled.

She leaned slightly forward, gazing at her reflection in the clear pool water.

The woman in the water, with hair as black as ink and a face of unparalleled beauty, still carried an aloofness that kept everyone at arm's length. Yet, deep within her eyes lay a vulnerability and confusion that even she herself refused to acknowledge.

She stretched out her fingertip and gently traced the surface of the water, shattering the reflection and stirring up her own turmoil.

A very soft, almost inaudible murmur, accompanied by rising steam, echoed faintly in the empty Shuyu Pavilion:

"Wuyou..."

Amidst the swirling mist, a barely perceptible tremor lingered in her clear, cool voice.

"Are you all right?"

After a brief pause came an even softer, more restrained voice, as if afraid of being overheard by anyone:

"Junior brother... I miss you."

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The next day, guided by two maids, Gu Yue once again entered the bedchamber filled with the scent of ambergris, a place that had filled her with humiliation.

The Ninth Prince still leaned lazily against the throne, but today he was completely naked, openly displaying his powerful and aggressive physique.

His bronze skin gleamed with a metallic sheen under the palace lanterns, his well-defined muscles flowing smoothly and exuding explosive power.

Most striking was his erect, menacing phallus, thick and long, with bulging veins, radiating a scorching heat and an overwhelming, domineering, dragon-like might that seemed capable of tearing everything apart, like a sleeping beast suddenly awakened, making it impossible to look directly at.

A primal and dangerous sense of oppression permeated the air.

The Ninth Prince's narrow eyes, filled with scrutiny and a hint of barely perceptible doubt, fell upon Gu Yue.

Yesterday, she had been forced to swallow a considerable amount of primordial yang energy containing dragon energy, an extremely potent aphrodisiac for ordinary female cultivators, enough to destroy reason and arouse the deepest desires.

However, the woman before him remained like an ancient, unyielding ice peak, radiating an aura that kept strangers at bay. On her exquisitely beautiful face, aside from a chilling resistance, there was not a trace of being moved or lost in emotion.

This didn't make sense.

Under the Ninth Prince's watchful and inquisitive gaze, Gu Yue remained expressionless, as if performing a predetermined ritual.

Her slender, jade-like fingers slowly untied the plain white silk sash around her waist.

Her outer robe, freed from its restraint, slid silently down her smooth shoulders and arms, piling up on the spotless white jade floor with a soft rustling sound.

At this moment, she was only wearing a close-fitting moon-white undergarment and panties.

The thin fabric clung tightly to her shapely figure, outlining the contours of her full, perky breasts, her slender waist, and her long, straight legs.

Her fair skin and delicate bones were faintly visible beneath the thin fabric, exuding a breathtaking, fragile allure amidst her cool demeanor.

She thought it would be the same as yesterday, that she only needed to step forward and repeat that humiliating "duty."

However, just as she was about to take a step, the Ninth Prince chuckled, flipped his wrist, and a shimmering jade slip appeared in his palm.

The jade slip was clearly wrapped with four powerful sealing runes, like four chains imprisoning the secret within.

Gu Yue's steps halted instantly, her icy gaze suddenly sharpening like two icicles, locking onto the jade slip.

She recognized it; it was the very item she was willing to pay any price for—the key to the secret method for safely entering the Burial Abyss!

"It seems you recognize this." The Ninth Prince toyed with the jade slip in his hand, his voice laced with a cat-and-mouse smirk. "This is what you wanted—the secret technique to save your beloved junior brother."

His tone shifted, a calculating and cruel glint in his eyes: "Today, we'll play a different game. A wager." His gaze swept over Gu Yue's slender figure, clad only in her undergarments. "The task will be the same as yesterday... use your mouth to serve me." He paused deliberately, savoring the sudden intensification of the chill emanating from Gu Yue. "However, this time there's a time limit. If you can make me ejaculate within the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, I will immediately lift the restriction on this jade slip."

He leaned forward slightly, his scorching and domineering dragon aura almost overwhelming, his voice filled with both temptation and threat: "If you lose... you'll have to remove one piece of clothing. How

about that? Fair enough, isn't it? Just four times, and you can leave this place with the complete secret technique to save your carefree junior brother."

The palace was deathly silent, save for the silent, burning heat emanating from the dragon's root.

Gu Yue stood rooted to the spot, her body radiating an aura of chill that seemed to solidify into tangible ice crystals. Her fingernails dug deeply into her palms, causing a sharp pain, which was the only way she could maintain the icy exterior.

The words of refusal almost escaped her lips, but the dangers of the Burial Abyss and the suffering Zhao Wuyou might be enduring felt like heavy shackles, choking her.

Time passed slowly, and the Ninth Prince watched her calmly, as if he had already accepted her choice.

After a long silence, Gu Yue finally raised her eyes. In those icy eyes, all emotions were forcibly suppressed, leaving only a stagnant, resolute stillness.

Her cherry lips parted slightly, uttering a single, chilling word devoid of any warmth:

"...Okay."

Following instructions, Gu Yue, like a puppet controlled by invisible threads, walked with slightly stiff steps to the throne.

She slowly bent her knees and knelt on the cold ground, just as she had done yesterday.

She extended her slender, cool fingers and gently tucked a few strands of dark hair that had fallen beside her cheek behind her ear, revealing her beautifully sculpted neck and her aloof, ethereal profile.

Her long eyelashes drooped like butterfly wings, concealing all the emotions in her eyes.

She tilted her head slightly, opened her cherry-red lips, and carefully, once again took the menacing, burning dragon root into her mouth.

The Ninth Prince flicked his wrist, and a stick of pale blue incense silently ignited, emitting a cool and unique fragrance, announcing the start of the gamble.

At first, her movements still carried the awkwardness and barely concealed stiffness of yesterday.

Her soft tongue tentatively licked the erect tip, feeling its unusual heat and throbbing. She suppressed the discomfort in her throat, slowly enveloping the tip with her warm, moist mouth, awkwardly swallowing and releasing.

After an unknown amount of time—perhaps only a moment, perhaps nearly half an incense stick's time—the Ninth Prince suddenly let out a disgruntled snort: "Fairy Gu Yue, your perfunctory attitude, your unwillingness... will not do."

His voice carried a deliberately fault-finding tone. "Half an incense stick has already passed, and this king still feels so little. At this rate, you may never even reach the first barrier."

Gu Yue's body trembled almost imperceptibly.

She closed her eyes briefly, and when she opened them again, the coldness in her eyes was even greater, as if all the humiliation and struggle had been frozen deep within them.

She bowed her head again, but this time with slightly more force.

She tried different methods, no longer simply wrapping and swallowing.

That nimble tongue, like a swimming fish, began to lick slowly and delicately along the gnarled veins that coiled around the base of his penis, trying to find the spots that could arouse him even more.

The tip of her tongue sometimes moved like a feather, gently sweeping and swirling around the sensitive tip, bringing waves of subtle and strange tingling sensations.

At times, she would mimic a certain sucking rhythm, her cheeks slightly sunken in, sucking hard on the large tip, trying to please it more deeply, even though this action made it difficult for her to breathe, and her eyes welled up with tears caused by discomfort.

However, the Ninth Prince merely looked down at her, as if watching a meticulously choreographed performance that always fell short of its mark. His imposing member, though consistently erect and burning hot, showed no sign of release.

He deliberately thrust his hips forward, allowing his enormous, dragon-like member to penetrate deeper into her mouth, causing her to let out a muffled whimper. But as she instinctively recoiled, he pressed his large hand against the back of her head, preventing her escape.

"Yes... that's it..." His voice was hoarse, with a seductive command. "A little more force... suck... well done, that's perfect..."

In the midst of this humiliating service, even Gu Yue herself didn't immediately notice that a strange dampness had quietly arisen in the most hidden valley between her legs.

The initial dampness was extremely subtle, like morning dew clinging to flower petals, but as her mouth continued its repeated swallowing and licking motions, the dampness gradually spread, bringing a sticky yet empty, itchy sensation.

Subconsciously, she slightly adjusted the position of her legs while kneeling. Her long, straight, and shapely legs, pressed together, began to rub against each other almost imperceptibly, attempting to alleviate the restless, unsettling feeling rising from deep within her body.

The thin fabric of her panties seemed to become the most sensitive conductor, clearly transmitting the gradually increasing dampness and warmth at the base of her legs to her nerve endings.

Time passed silently, and the pale blue incense stick, unnoticed, had quietly burned to its end, the last wisp of smoke dissipating.

Lost in the humiliation of her mission, Gu Yue seemed to have completely forgotten the time constraint.

Driven only by an almost instinctive, obsessive desire to achieve her goal, she continued to diligently, again and again, sucking and licking that burning hot dragon root.

Saliva dripped uncontrollably from the corners of her mouth, swollen and red from the prolonged friction, staining the front of her moon-white undergarment and leaving a small, dark, damp patch.

A long time passed, so long that Gu Yue was almost numb to the repetitive actions, when the Ninth Prince's teasing and playful voice, like ice falling into a still lake, rang out above her head:

"A long time has passed, how... didn't you notice?" He paused deliberately, admiring her suddenly stiffening back. "That incense stick went out long ago."

Gu Yue's movements abruptly stopped, as if frozen by an invisible frost.

She raised her head, and the thick, erect penis slid out from between her swollen lips, leaving a trail of sticky saliva that gleamed lasciviously in the dim light.

Her face remained as frosty as ice, so cold it betrayed no emotion. Yet, deep within, a nameless panic and self-loathing welled up within her, a consequence of her earlier immersion in the moment, preventing her from even noticing something so crucial.

The Ninth Prince leisurely admired her eyes, still cool but subtly revealing a hint of helplessness, and continued slowly, "It seems you've lost this bet, Gu Yue. Since you've lost... shouldn't you fulfill our previous agreement?"

Gu Yue closed her eyes, her long eyelashes casting faint shadows beneath them, trembling slightly, revealing that her inner peace was far from what it appeared to be.

She remained silent for a moment, then finally, with great difficulty and extreme slowness, raised her slightly trembling hands and moved them to the ties of her undergarment.

Those jade-like fingers, once nimble in forming hand seals and wielding sword techniques, now appeared somewhat clumsy and stiff.

She slowly untied the knot that held the last vestige of concealment, and her moon-white undergarment slipped from her shoulders like a petal being peeled back, slowly descending to her waist.

In an instant, a pair of flawless, snow-white jade peaks sprang forth, full and perky, their curves breathtaking.

Her skin was as smooth and lustrous as the finest mutton-fat jade, gleaming with a cool, luminous sheen under the palace light.

However, what was most striking was that atop each of the two snow-capped peaks, over a quietly rising crimson bud, lay a uniquely crafted, dark golden talisman, shimmering with a faint spiritual light—the Supreme Guardian Talisman.

The cinnabar patterns on the talismans contrasted sharply with the surrounding snow-white skin, as if a sacred seal had been branded onto the most private and erotic place, filled with a sense of taboo and blasphemy.

The Ninth Prince's greedy gaze instantly seized the breathtaking scenery. When he saw the two talismans clearly, he was first stunned, then, as if witnessing the most ridiculous thing in the world, burst into laughter. His laughter echoed in the empty palace, filled with undisguised mockery and a desire for conquest.

"Hahaha... Unbelievable, truly unbelievable!" He laughed until he was almost breathless. "The Supreme Guardian Talisman for suppressing demons and sealing evil can actually... be used like this? Applied to such a wondrous place... truly... an eye-opener for this king!" His laughter subsided, his gaze becoming even more lewd and inquisitive, fixed on Gu Yue's cold face, his tone filled with malicious speculation. "You wouldn't... have one stuck to your even more alluring and tender orifice, would you?"

This blatant and extreme humiliation, like a red-hot branding iron, seared deeply into Gu Yue's frozen heart, causing a tiny crack to appear in her icy soul. A surge of heat, mixed with humiliation, anger, and a shame she herself was unwilling to acknowledge, quietly coursed through her body.

"Have you seen enough?" Gu Yue's voice remained icy, as if it could freeze the air, but if one listened closely, one could detect a barely perceptible tremor beneath the icy surface.

The Ninth Prince did not answer, but instead stared intently at the pair of snow-white breasts that trembled slightly in the air, and the two glaring talismans on them, with a burning gaze that seemed to carry a tangible weight. This made Gu Yue extremely uncomfortable, and her icy composure almost crumbled.

After a long pause, the Ninth Prince finally spoke again, his tone carrying a condescending judgment: "At the rate you were going, even if you did it for another day, you wouldn't make me release my primordial energy." His tone shifted, carrying a deliberate "mercy" and a deeper, more sinister humour, "Fine, don't say I didn't care about you. I'll teach you one more trick..."

He leaned forward slightly, his gaze fixed intently on Gu Yue's instantly tense body, and said, word by word, "Use those... suffocatingly precious breasts of yours to properly serve this king. Clench them tight, rub them up and down... carefully feel their shape and heat... perhaps, you can win the next round?"

However, before Gu Yue could even react to this further humiliating instruction, or even before she could offer any response, another stick of pale blue incense in the incense burner spontaneously combusted, sending a wisp of fragrant smoke rising gently.

A new gamble had begun amidst her humiliation and icy silence.

A fleeting struggle flashed deep within Gu Yue's clear, cold eyes, but considering the potential consequences of losing this time, she dared not hesitate any longer.

Her sculpted, jade-like fingers tightened slightly, finally lifting the pair of snow-capped peaks, heavy with humiliation, and laboriously inserting the erect, burning phallus between them.

A satisfied sigh immediately escaped the Ninth Prince's throat.

Those two soft yet elastic, cool, jade-like mounds enveloped him tightly. The extreme warmth and smoothness intertwined with the skin's inherent coolness, creating a strange sensation of both ice and fire, stimulating a tingling sensation down his spine.

"Yes... that's it..." His voice was husky with pleasure, his gaze fixed intently on Gu Yue's lowered profile. "However, you seem to have forgotten... there's one more subtle trick we haven't used yet."

Gu Yue's delicate body trembled almost imperceptibly; she naturally understood what he meant.

She closed her eyes, her thick, long eyelashes fluttering violently like butterfly wings. Finally, resigned, she bent down again, parted her lips slightly, and took the large head, now imbued with her fragrance and the salty dew that had seeped from its tip, back into her mouth.

This placed her in an extremely shameful situation.

Above, her mouth opened and closed; below, her breasts clamped tightly together; she seemed to have become a tool existing solely to please him.

She could only rely on instinct, awkwardly operating both at once.

Her fragrant tongue painstakingly licked around the tip of the penis, while her arms exerted slight force, causing her full, snowy mounds to press and rub against the thick, long shaft.

The Ninth Prince gasped in relief.

The pleasure from the dual service surged forth, accompanied by a pure dragon energy and scorching primordial yang essence emanating from the phallus, seeping into her meridians through her chest skin and oral mucosa.

At first it was only a slight warmth, but it quickly transformed into streams of intense heat, rushing and crashing through her usually icy meridians.

Gu Yue felt the chill throughout her body dissipate considerably with this external heat, replaced by an unfamiliar, bone-deep heat.

Her tightly pressed legs unconsciously rubbed against each other, trying to alleviate the quiet, unsettling emptiness and itching that was quietly growing deep between her legs.

"Hmm..."

A barely audible, nasal moan escaped uncontrollably from her throat as she focused on swallowing. The voice was soft and sweet, completely different from her usual cool and aloof tone!

The instant that seductive moan rang out, the Ninth Prince seemed to reach his limit. He let out a low roar, gripping the back of her head and shoulders tightly with both hands, his hips thrusting violently upwards, releasing his pent-up, even more powerful and scorching primordial energy without reservation!

"Gurgle... Ugh..."

A large amount of white fluid exploded in her mouth like lava, some even going down her throat, forcing her to whimper in pain.

More primordial essence sprayed onto her snow-white breasts, the viscous liquid slowly sliding down her breathtaking curves, staining her translucent skin and making a messy, utterly lewd scene of the two dark gold talismans.

This time, the dragon energy and pure yang energy contained within her primordial yang far surpassed that of yesterday, surging and flowing through her meridians like an out-of-control torrent.

The intense heat was amplified several times over, rushing straight to her dantian, even causing a strong, empty spasm and a dampness to rise in the depths of her hidden valley.

Once the Ninth Prince finally withdrew, Gu Yue immediately turned her head away and coughed violently, spitting all the remaining filth from her mouth into her palm.

Looking at the scalding, sticky liquid in her palm, and feeling the strange sensations in her chest and body, a crack, almost a sign of collapse, appeared on her usually composed face for the first time.

"This round, you've won." The Ninth Prince's voice carried a languid smugness. True to his word, he flicked his finger, and a seal on the floating jade slip dissipated, its light dimming slightly.

Then, his tone shifted, becoming playful and inquisitive, his gaze fixed on her slightly flushed earlobes. "However... I think I just heard a... very interesting sound?"

Gu Yue's heart skipped a beat. Almost immediately, she denied it, but her voice, hoarse from the violent coughing, only made her seem more guilty: "You misheard." However, two faint yet clearly visible blushes uncontrollably rose on her pristine white cheeks, like rouge falling on snow, shattering her carefully maintained icy demeanor.

Still panting, Gu Yue's cold gaze unconsciously swept down to the Ninth Prince's lower abdomen, only to be horrified to find that the monstrous member showed no signs of softening; on the contrary, it remained proudly erect, its purplish-red tip even more glossy and hot from her earlier attentions, pulsating faintly and exuding a chilling aggression.

This... how is this possible?!

The memory of Zhao Wuyou's rapid ejaculation after releasing himself in her mouth that day flashed through her mind. The stark contrast between the two events caused her to lose her composure, and a trembling, incredulous voice escaped her lips: "How... how could this be..."

The Ninth Prince took in her momentary lapse in composure, a smug smile playing on his lips, his tone brimming with masculine pride and disdain for his rival: "What? Your carefree junior brother, utterly defeated after just one encounter?" He reached out, his rough fingertips maliciously brushing against her slightly swollen, moist lips. "Looks like he's far from satisfying you... Come on, let's continue."

Before the words were finished, the pale blue incense stick was lit again.

Gu Yue's heart sank; she knew she had no way out.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and forced herself to bend down again, repeating the humiliating action.

However, this time, the situation was completely different.

No matter how hard she tried, the Ninth Prince's erect penis showed no sign of ejaculation.

On the contrary, the abundant primordial yang energy that had been poured into her body earlier, but which had not yet been fully refined, surged wildly through her icy meridians like ignited kindling, burning fiercely.

The burning sensation grew stronger and stronger, like a million ants crawling through her bones, finally converging in the deepest, most secret valley between her legs.

An unbearable emptiness, accompanied by waves of agonizing itching, spread from the depths of her being.

Her once clear, deep eyes gradually became misty and unfocused, and occasionally, a faint, almost imperceptible gasp would escape from between her tightly pursed lips.

Her legs, tightly pressed together as if trying to resist some kind of invasion, unconsciously rubbed together slightly. The thin, snow-white panties at the base of her thighs were already soaked with the constantly seeping fluid, clinging tightly to her full mons pubis and outlining an alluring contour.

Even a glistening drop of nectar, unable to bear the weight, slowly slid down the inside of her fair, jade-like thigh, leaving a small, dark puddle on the ground beneath her knees, carrying a unique, cool fragrance.

The incense had burned out.

The moment the smoke dissipated, Gu Yue felt as if all her strength had been drained away; she slumped backward, her face ashen. She knew she had lost again.

The Ninth Prince leisurely straightened his robes, his gaze sweeping mockingly over her distraught face and the undeniable wet patch on the ground. He spoke slowly, his voice like a devil's whisper: "It seems the fairy has lost again. Now, it's your turn to choose." He held up two fingers, like an executioner pronouncing a sentence. "Will you choose to remove these last two cumbersome talismans from your precious breasts? Or... remove those already soaked, practically useless underpants from your lower body?"

Gu Yue's delicate body trembled violently, as if frozen by an invisible chill.

She closed her eyes, her long, thick eyelashes fluttering violently like butterfly wings, revealing the intense internal struggle she was facing.

Removing the undergarments would signify the disappearance of the final barrier, utterly exposing the most private territory to the demon... and tearing off the talismans...

Her mother's instructions when bestowing the "Supreme Guardian Talisman" flashed through her mind. These talismans not only sealed her overly abundant assets but also bound her to a portion of her original Yin energy... but at least, they could still retain a last shred of concealment.

Finally, in a suffocating silence, she trembled as she raised her hands, her fingertips icy and trembling, and gently touched the edge of the talisman on the left.

The talisman had a strange texture, neither quite cloth nor quite paper, clinging tightly to her skin, almost becoming a part of her body.

"Ugh..." As she forcefully tore the talisman off her chest, a strange pain, like flesh being ripped apart, accompanied by a sense of release from a broken restraint, caused her to let out a short, delicate moan.

As the talisman was peeled off, the jade peak on the left, which had been suppressed and bound for so long, seemed to instantly come to life, leaping out violently. The snow-white flesh jiggled violently, and the rosy buds at their tips stood erect sensitively upon sudden contact with the air, trembling slightly in the cold air, displaying a breathtaking fullness and curve.

This sudden sense of liberation, mixed with pain and a strange, prying shame, almost made her faint.

She forced herself not to look at the beautiful sight that revealed her, and her trembling right hand resolutely reached for the talisman on her right.

This time, the movements seemed faster, carrying a sense of reckless abandon.

"Ugh—!"

Another, clearer, tearful moan escaped uncontrollably.

The fullness on the right side sprang forth, echoing the beauty of the left, together creating a magnificent snow-capped peak scene that could drive any man wild.

Those jade-like breasts were so full and perky, freed from the suppression of the talismans. They stood proudly, trembling as they displayed astonishing elasticity and size. The red plum blossoms at their tips, having lost all cover, were delicate and alluring, slightly parted, as if silently telling of their owner's helplessness and forced blooming of vibrant color.

Gu Yue instinctively wrapped her arms around her suddenly exposed, heaving breasts, trying to cover them, but this only made the deep cleavage and full curves appear even more alluring.

She bit her lower lip hard, turned her head away, and a blush spread across her fair cheeks, reaching her delicate collarbone. Her clear, cold eyes were tightly closed, and glistening tears clung to her long eyelashes.

Her long-maintained, icy and unapproachable demeanor crumbled completely at this moment, accompanied by two soft moans and the exposure of her proud breasts.

The Ninth Prince's burning gaze, almost tangible, was greedily imprinted on Gu Yue's forcibly exposed, proud breasts. His voice carried an undeniable command: "Take your hands away, let me have a good look at this breathtaking scenery."

Gu Yue's tightly closed eyes trembled slightly, and her arms, crossed over her chest, shook a little; that final act of concealment seemed so fragile.

The Ninth Prince lost his patience, reached out, and with irresistible force, easily pried open her arms that were crossed over her chest.

"Mmm..." Gu Yue bit her already pale lower lip, forced to expose once again to the other's lewd gaze the breathtakingly white expanse of her breasts and the two trembling, erect crimson nipples.

Without the support of her arms, her breasts appeared even fuller and more abundant, like ripe peaches, standing tall and heavy. The buds at their tips hardened with shame and the cool air, tempting one to pluck them.

"Beautiful... so beautiful..." the Ninth Prince exclaimed sincerely, his gaze lingering on the undulating curves as if he were licking them.

Gu Yue's face flushed crimson, and she abruptly turned her head to one side, as if to escape this suffocating humiliation.

However, out of the corner of her eye, she caught a glimpse of the disorienting smoke rising again from the pale blue incense burner.

"Come, let's continue, my 'little sword attendant'." The Ninth Prince's voice was both seductive and urging.

Gu Yue closed her eyes resignedly, took a deep breath, and bent down again.

Trembling, she used her breasts, now exposed and exceptionally sensitive, to once again clamp down on his hot, hard penis.

The contrast between ice and fire was particularly intense at this moment. The dragon energy, now free from the protective talismans, and its scorching heat, like a red-hot iron, directly and forcefully seared her delicate breasts.

The two already erect, bright red nipples inevitably rubbed against the monstrous member during the movement.

"Ah..." A delicate, soft cry, like a flute, escaped unexpectedly.

Even the slightest scratch sent a jolt of intense, electric-like tingling through her long-sealed, exceptionally sensitive tips, sending shivers down her spine and making her tremble violently, almost collapsing.

The secluded valley she guarded was already muddy and murky, with warm nectar constantly seeping out, emitting an increasingly rich, cool fragrance like that of icy, ethereal fruit. Even the jade ground beneath her was covered with a thin layer of frost, carrying a strange aroma.

Her movements became erratic, her breathing rapid, and a hazy mist clouded her once clear eyes. Her reason, under the dual influence of her body's honest reactions and the alluring blue mist, gradually blurred.

Seeing her so overcome with passion, the Ninth Prince could no longer suppress his lust.

He let out a low growl, his hands shooting out like a scavenger, precisely seizing the pair of incredibly alluring, full breasts that had been swaying before his eyes for so long!

"You! Let go! Don't... don't touch there!" Gu Yue screamed in panic, trying to struggle, but was firmly held by the Ninth Prince.

The Ninth Prince ignored her, his rough fingers mercilessly kneading and rubbing those two incredibly soft mounds, feeling the smoothness and amazing elasticity of the skin beneath his palms.

He would sometimes pinch the erect red plum blossom between his fingers, maliciously pulling and scratching it, eliciting uncontrollable tremors and sobs, tinged with tears, from the beauty beneath him.

"Mmm... no... let go..." Gu Yue's protests grew weaker and weaker, replaced by broken moans.

Her body's sensitive spots were being violated so roughly and skillfully, the pleasure corroding her will like a poison.

"The incense is almost burned out." The Ninth Prince's icy voice rang out again, like a final ultimatum.

Gu Yue felt a chill run down her spine; her remaining rationality made her realize the urgency of the situation.

Ignoring the strange sensation from the large, wicked hands on her chest, she raised a trembling hand and grasped the burning hot penis, awkwardly yet eagerly beginning to stroke it up and down.

At the same time, she lowered her head again, her lips once more enveloping the tip, using all the knowledge she had gained and the last of her strength to try and extract that life-saving primordial yang.

However, the Ninth Prince's virility was deeply hidden, while she, on the contrary, felt as if something deep within her body snapped when he maliciously tugged at her extremely sensitive, rosy nipples once more!

"Aaaaaah—!"

A high-pitched, uncontrolled moan suddenly burst from her throat!

Gu Yue's delicate body convulsed and tensed violently, as if pierced by a powerful electric current!

She clearly felt a surge of extreme cold, accompanied by a profound emptiness and satisfaction, welling up deep within her lower abdomen like a bursting dam!

"This... this is... what..." she managed to utter a few words, her consciousness rapidly sinking into an overwhelming, unfamiliar pleasure.

Within the secluded valley, a torrent of icy, yet intensely fragrant, nectar gushed forth, instantly soaking through the thin veil between her legs and even splashing onto the ground beneath her, merging with the frost.

Then, everything went black before her eyes, and the last thing she saw was the Ninth Prince's face, radiating satisfaction and a wicked smile.

She completely lost consciousness, collapsing limply between the Ninth Prince's legs, one delicate hand still unconsciously clutching the culprit. The scene was filled with the depravity and desolation of ruin.

The Ninth Prince admired the exquisitely beautiful, unconscious body before him with satisfaction.

At this moment, Gu Yue's hair was disheveled, with a few strands of dark hair clinging to her sweat-dampened forehead and cheeks.

That exquisitely beautiful face still bore the lingering flush and tear stains; her usually cold lips were slightly parted, and she was breathing weakly.

He reached out, his fingertips gently brushing her slightly flushed cheek, and chuckled softly, "Take her back to Shuyu Pavilion." His voice carried a languid ease and an undeniable air of authority, as if his task were accomplished.

Two maids who had been standing silently by stepped forward and, with practiced but not gentle movements, lifted the unconscious Gu Yue, as if picking up a precious trophy, then turned and walked out of the hall.

The Ninth Prince sat alone in the large chair, his gaze deep and unfathomable as he watched them depart. His fingertips seemed to still linger on the incredibly soft and elastic touch, and the unique, cool, and fragrant scent of her final release.

The wicked smile on his lips lingered for a long time.