Corrupted Fairy

Chapter 26: The Abyss of Demon Burial

Five days after the flying boat departed, Tianxi City was plunged into an unprecedented catastrophe.

Beneath the overwhelming, demonic clouds, the beast tide surged like a black ocean, wave after wave, relentlessly crashing against the crumbling city walls.

The roars, the explosions of spells, the clash of weapons, and the dying screams mingled together, weaving a desperate elegy of blood and fire.

In the heart of the battlefield, that once dazzling crimson hue now flickered like a candle in a raging storm.

Ye Hongying's fiery red outfit had already been torn in several places by the beast's claws. Beneath the tattered fabric, her fair skin was interwoven with crisscrossing wounds, making the bloodstains all the more shocking and glaring.

Sweat mingled with blood, trickling down her beautiful jawline and dripping onto the scorched earth with a soft sizzling sound.

She was breathing heavily, her full breasts heaving with each rapid breath. Each deep inhale seemed to require all her strength, stretching her already taut bra even more dramatically.

Sweat soaked through her thin clothes, clinging tightly to her exquisite, curvaceous body, outlining the breathtaking curves of her waist and hips. The wet fabric even revealed glimpses of the skin beneath, exuding a battle-worn yet tragically alluring charm amidst the swirling smoke and blood.

"Burning Heaven... Blazing Rain!" she cried out, forcing together her nearly depleted spiritual energy, and forming hand seals.

Her body erupted in karmic flames once more, transforming into countless streaks of fire that rained down upon the beast horde like a torrential downpour!

Wherever the flames passed, the monstrous beasts howled in agony, instantly turning to charred remains.

However, more demonic beasts immediately filled the gaps, their scarlet eyes filled only with frenzied bloodlust.

Her movements were like a butterfly flitting among flowers, weaving and dodging through the gaps in the beast horde. Every spin, every swing of her hand, carried the rhythm of fire and the dance of death.

Torn garments fluttered in the wind, occasionally revealing a glimpse of snow-white skin at the waist, or a fleeting glimpse of soft, supple skin at the base of the legs. Against the backdrop of blood and fire, this created a breathtaking, almost annihilating beauty.

Not far away, Zhao Wuyou's black Daoist robe was also badly tattered, and his body was covered in cuts and bloodstains.

His eyes were bloodshot, and the array plate in his hand flashed rapidly as he continuously repaired the already riddled defensive array that the disciples of the Moshan Dao Sect were struggling to maintain.

He roared hoarsely, his voice filled with despair amidst the deafening battle: "Where are the reinforcements?! Why haven't the Immortal Alliance's reinforcements arrived yet?! Disciples, listen to my command! Gather together! Maintain the formation, do not panic!"

However, his cries were quickly drowned out by an even greater despair—

"BOOM—!!!"

A deafening roar, seemingly emanating from the deepest hell, suddenly exploded from the southwest!

Amidst the earth-shattering tremors, a colossal ape, as large as a mountain and wreathed in dark, demonic energy, slammed its massive fist—powerful enough to split mountains and shatter rocks—against the protective light barrier of the southwest city gate!

The city's protective array, a culmination of generations of effort from Tianxi City, shattered like fragile glass under the destructive force, letting out a mournful cry of unbearable strain, and instantly exploding into countless fragments of spiritual light that flew through the air!

A terrifying shockwave, like a real tsunami, spread outwards from the city gate with a deafening roar!

Wherever it passed, city walls collapsed, houses crumbled, and countless cultivators guarding the southwest direction didn't even have time to scream before being crushed into clouds of blood mist by the spiritual pressure!

Severed limbs and fragments of internal organs were scattered like a torrential rain, and the pungent, nauseating stench of blood instantly filled the air!

The shockwave reached the area where the Moshan Dao disciples were located in an instant!

"Pfft—!" "Ah!"

The remaining few dozen disciples of the Moshan Dao Sect, forming a defensive formation, were like paper before this devastating power, instantly shattered into pieces.

Those with weaker cultivation levels had their meridians shattered on the spot, spitting out blood and dying.

Those who reacted quickly enough had barely unleashed their magical weapons when they were engulfed by the ensuing torrent of demonic beasts. They only had time for a short, desperate scream before being torn to shreds!

"No—!!" Ye Hongying and Zhao Wuyou's eyes widened in horror as they watched their fellow disciples fall like straw, letting out heart-wrenching screams of pain.

Ye Hongying's karmic flames surged uncontrollably due to extreme grief and rage, illuminating her like a blood-soaked phoenix in flames.

Just then, the city lord's weary and sorrowful voice, transmitted through the final sound transmission array, resounded in the ears of every survivor: "The southwest gate has fallen... Tianxi City... is beyond saving... Fellow Daoists... each... flee for your lives..."

Zhao Wuyou snapped back to reality, forcefully suppressing the metallic taste in his throat. He transformed into a streak of light and rushed to Ye Hongying's side, grabbing her wrist, which trembled slightly from exhaustion and grief. His voice was urgent and resolute: "Senior Sister! Northeast corner! We'll fight our way out from there!"

Ye Hongying looked back; the city she had once defended was now a living hell, flames soaring into the sky, blood staining the long streets.

She bit her lower lip, a resolute glint flashing across her blood-stained face. She gripped Zhao Wuyou's hand tightly, the karmic fire gathering once more in her palm: "Go!"

The two transformed into streaks of crimson and black light, charging fiercely towards the northeast.

Ye Hongying's palms flew, unleashing karmic fire that roared like an enraged dragon, incinerating the onrushing demonic beasts into ashes; Zhao Wuyou's array plate spun rapidly, streams of spiritual light transforming into barriers and sharp blades, barely carving a narrow passage through the beast tide.

They frequently popped elixirs into their mouths, swallowing them whole in an attempt to replenish their rapidly depleting spiritual energy. However, the warm current emanating from the elixirs was woefully inadequate compared to the surging demonic power and their own drastic consumption.

Ye Hongying breathed heavily, sweat mingling with blood, which clung to her cheeks, making her appear even more tragically beautiful.

Her tattered clothes offered little cover, and with each movement, her full breasts heaved violently. The soaked fabric clung tightly to her breathtaking curves, even offering a glimpse of the proudly erect outline beneath.

Beneath her slender waist, the rounded curves of her hips outlined an alluring arc as she darted about. The tattered fabric at the base of her thighs occasionally revealed glimpses of smooth, white skin with each movement, exuding a battle-worn yet deadly allure against the backdrop of blood and dust.

"Junior brother... can we... really escape this calamity?" Her voice was weak from exhaustion and trembled slightly as she looked at Zhao Wuyou, who was equally disheveled beside her.

Zhao Wuyou flicked his sleeve, swatting away a wolf that had been attacking him. He then grasped her icy hand, his gaze unwavering: "We can do it! Senior Sister, believe me! No matter what happens, I will protect you!" The warmth from his palm brought a glimmer of hope to Ye Hongying's heart, which was on the verge of despair. She gripped his hand tightly, once again igniting her karmic fire, and charged forward.

However, they were unaware that a ghostly gray shadow lingered behind them, neither too close nor too far.

A calculating glint flashed in the old monster's murky eyes. He took a deep breath; the unique, sweet, and warm aura emanating from Ye Hongying, a blend of Alluring Fragrance and karmic fire, was like a clear guiding light.

With a slight twitch of his fingertips, a few wisps of barely perceptible Gu fire aura emanated, subtly guiding several powerful groups of demonic beasts nearby, like herding sheep, imperceptibly forcing the two towards a predetermined direction.

Gradually, the surrounding scenery began to distort and deteriorate.

The once lush trees became sparse and gnarled, taking on an ominous purplish-black hue, like withered bones tainted by demonic energy.

The ground was cracked, and wisps of black smoke, carrying the stench of sulfur and decay, seeped out, coiling around her ankles and bringing a chilling sensation.

The light seemed to be swallowed by an invisible, gigantic maw, becoming dim and indistinct. Only the towering flames of Tianxi City in the distance stretched the shadows of this area into a particularly menacing trance.

"Junior brother! The atmosphere here is wrong!" Ye Hongying abruptly stopped, her pretty face deathly pale, a hint of fear flashing in her beautiful eyes. "This... this seems to be... near the Abyss of Demon Burial!"

Upon hearing this, Zhao Wuyou's expression instantly turned extremely grim. He glanced around at the unsettling scenery and urgently said, "We can't go any further! We must change direction immediately!"

But when they looked back, their path was completely blocked by a dense swarm of monstrous beasts with glowing red eyes!

The roar was deafening, and a foul, malevolent wind swept over them.

With nowhere to retreat, the two were forced to move ever closer to the edge of the ominous abyss.

Ultimately, they were forced to the top of a precipice.

Beneath his feet lay a bottomless abyss, where demonic energy surged like a thick fog—the Abyss of Demon Burial!

The dense demonic energy seemed to possess a life of its own, spreading upwards with menacing claws, attempting to drag all living beings into endless darkness.

One more step, and it's utter destruction.

Looking at the desperate situation before her, and then at the endless stream of demonic beasts behind her, Ye Hongying's bright face finally showed utter despair.

She turned to Zhao Wuyou, her voice trembling with emotion, "Junior brother... it seems we can't escape this calamity after all."

Zhao Wuyou gazed deeply at her, his eyes filled with both tenderness and resolute determination.

He reached out and pulled her into his arms, holding her slender waist tightly, which was now trembling slightly.

His gaze fell on her lips, stained with blood yet still vibrant, and without hesitation, he lowered his head and kissed them deeply.

This was a kiss tinged with blood, sweat, despair, and endless longing.

Ye Hongying stiffened slightly at first, then closed her eyes, her long eyelashes trembling, responding with a passionate yet clumsy manner.

Their breaths intertwined, as if trying to merge their souls into this final moment of tenderness.

They both knew that this might be their last kiss.

After a long silence, their lips parted. Both their eyes held a resolute determination, and their spiritual energy began to boil and burn recklessly—they were prepared to burn their golden cores, perishing together with the hordes of demonic beasts roaming the mountains!

Just as the golden core was about to be ignited—

"Buzz!"

A malevolent flame suddenly appeared out of nowhere!

The flames weren't crimson, but rather a dark, blood-red hue interwoven with a murky, inky black, carrying a sinister power that could burn away all life and bewitch the mind.

It seemed to possess a life of its own, instantly sweeping away all the demonic beasts in its path!

Those thick-skinned, ferocious demons didn't even have time to scream before being reduced to wisps of smoke, their bodies and souls utterly destroyed by this evil fire!

Immediately afterward, the eerie flames spread rapidly, forming a massive, burning, dark red barrier that completely isolated the cliff top from the outside world. Inside and outside the barrier, it was as if two separate worlds had emerged.

Amidst the flickering flames, a hunched figure clad in a grey robe slowly stepped out from the void.

He was surrounded by dark red Gu fire of the same origin as the barrier, and his face bore a sinister smile that mixed greed, satisfaction, and absolute control—it was none other than the long-stalking Old Monster of the Setting Sun!

His murky gaze, like the thickest filth, was fixed on Ye Hongying and Zhao Wuyou, who were stunned by the sudden turn of events. It lingered particularly on Ye Hongying's tattered clothes and her shapely figure, as if admiring a flawless collectible about to be acquired.

Zhao Wuyou's pupils constricted sharply, and he abruptly pulled Ye Hongying even closer behind him, his black Daoist robe fluttering even without wind. His voice was as cold as ice: "Who are you, fellow Daoist? You exude an aura of evil; what brings you here?"

Ye Hongying also felt the nauseating, filthy aura, like tangible filth enveloping her, disrupting the already agitated karmic fire within her, agitated by the fierce battle.

She suppressed her discomfort, her beautiful eyes flashing with malice, her voice trembling slightly with anger: "I don't like your gaze. Look at me again and I'll cripple your dog eyes!"

Upon hearing this, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, instead of being angry, laughed. His hoarse laughter, like the hooting of an owl, was full of mockery and smug control: "Hehehe... What a sharp-tongued little red sparrow! I saved your lives, and instead of gratitude, you hurl insults at me? And you even leave?" His gaze, like sticky tentacles, scraped across Ye Hongying's chest, which heaved violently with anger. "If I let you go, where will I find such a perfect vessel? Isn't your juicy, thirsty cunt waiting for me to pamper and irrigate it?"

"You—! Shameless lecher! I'll kill you!" Ye Hongying had never suffered such blatant humiliation. In an instant, extreme shame and rage overwhelmed her reason. Karmic fire erupted from her body, more intense and fierce than ever before, transforming her into a blazing fire arrow that hurtled straight towards the Old Monster of the Setting Sun!

In the firelight, her tattered clothes fluttered wildly, revealing a raw, pale skin intertwined with gruesome wounds, a destructive yet striking contrast.

"Senior Sister, be careful!" Zhao Wuyou shouted urgently. The array plate in his hand shone brightly, and dozens of golden array patterns instantly appeared, transforming into layers of spiritual energy barriers and sharp golden spears. These, combined with Ye Hongying's attack, attacked the old monster from the flank, attempting to block its retreat.

Faced with the enraged attack of the two, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun merely chuckled, his figure flickering like a ghost.

With a casual wave of his withered hand, the dark and murky "Wildfire Gu Flame" surged forth as if alive, not by clashing head-on, but like a leech clinging to a bone, coiling around Ye Hongying's raging crimson karmic fire.

"Bang!"

The crimson and dark red flames collided violently, producing a dull thud.

Ye Hongying felt a sinister and cunning force surge upwards along the meridians of her arm, carrying a strong corrosive effect and a restless, unsettling heat. Her blood surged, she groaned, and her attack faltered.

Beneath her tattered clothes, her full breasts trembled violently with her rapid breathing.

"Tsk tsk, such a graceful body... no wonder I've set my sights on this top-tier beauty." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun chuckled, easily dodging Zhao Wuyou's golden spear. He then retaliated with a palm strike, his dark red Gu fire transforming into a giant hand, carrying a corrosive, mind-corroding evil power, descending upon Zhao Wuyou.

Zhao Wuyou quickly changed the formation; the formation plate hummed, and a thick, earthen-yellow light shield instantly condensed.

"Boom!"

The giant hand of Gu fire slammed into the light shield, causing it to tremble violently and cracks to spread. Zhao Wuyou groaned, a trickle of blood escaping from the corner of his mouth, clearly indicating he was under immense pressure.

"Junior brother!" Seeing this, Ye Hongying suppressed her discomfort and cried out again. Her figure spun, and karmic fire condensed into a roaring fire dragon, baring its fangs and claws as it lunged at the old monster.

Her waist twisted, her fiery red figure tracing dazzling arcs within the dimly lit barrier. With each movement, her rounded, pert buttocks and long, straight legs peeked out from beneath her tattered clothes, exuding power and allure.

The lewd light in the old monster's eyes intensified. As if toying with prey, he subtly evaded the fire dragon's front, flicking his finger to send a wisp of Gu fire, as thin as a spider's thread, cunningly shooting towards the torn fabric at Ye Hongying's thigh.

With a sharp tear, the already fragile fabric ripped open, revealing even more of the smooth, white skin of the thighs, even faintly approaching the intimate area between the legs.

"Haha, little red sparrow, make your moves even more intense! Let this old man see just how alluring your figure is!" The old monster's words were vulgar, yet his attacks grew increasingly fierce. His dark red Gu fire sometimes transformed into a giant net, sometimes flickered like a venomous snake, targeting the two's most vulnerable points, forcing Ye Hongying and Zhao Wuyou to defend themselves on all sides, facing imminent danger.

Ye Hongying was drenched in sweat, her breathing becoming increasingly rapid. The deliberate attack on her clothes filled her with shame and indignation. Though her karmic fire raged fiercely, it felt as if she were sinking into quagmire, unable to truly strike at the old monster's core.

Zhao Wuyou was also pale, and the light from the array plate was no longer as bright as it had been initially, clearly indicating a significant depletion of spiritual energy.

Ye Hongying gritted her teeth, enduring the corrosive, sinister heat coursing through her meridians. She unleashed another burst of flames from her palms, transforming karmic fire into countless fireflies that rained down on the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, attempting to overwhelm him with sheer numbers and seal off all his escape routes.

In the firelight, her sweat-drenched face appeared even more poignant, the undulating white cleavage beneath her tattered clothes faintly visible.

"A futile struggle." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun chuckled hoarsely, his figure advancing instead of retreating. His dark red Gu flames suddenly expanded, transforming into a swirling vortex of fire that devoured and shredded all the incoming karmic fireflies!

A sickening corrosive sound emanated from the center of the vortex, as if even the flames themselves were being digested.

His withered, claw-like right hand slipped through the gaps in the flames, aiming straight for Ye Hongying's throat; the Gu fire swirling around his fingertips carried a chilling, bone-deep cold.

Zhao Wuyou's pupils contracted, the array plate spun rapidly, and he shouted sharply, "Wind of the Xun - Turn!" A cyan whirlwind appeared out of thin air, not to attack, but to wrap around Ye Hongying's waist, pulling her back several feet at the last second.

The old man's fingertips brushed against the side of her neck, the chilling breeze he stirred raising tiny goosebumps on her skin.

"Tsk, troublesome brat." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun's gaze turned cold, and he swiftly swung his left sleeve towards Zhao Wuyou.

Instead of Gu fire, a thick, inky black mist surged from his sleeve, carrying a pungent stench and a powerful, foul energy, instantly staining the array plate in front of Zhao Wuyou.

"Sizzle—" The array plate's spiritual light rapidly dimmed, and wisps of black smoke even appeared on its surface from corrosion! Zhao Wuyou felt as if he had been struck a heavy blow, staggering back several steps, blood trickling from his lips, and his movements in controlling the array noticeably slowed down.

"Junior Brother!" Ye Hongying's heart ached upon seeing this, her anger and rage surging simultaneously!

She stopped dodging and lunged forward, her palms blazing with crimson flames, unleashing a resolute and unstoppable strike towards the old monster's shoulders!

This attack nearly drained most of her remaining spiritual power; its force was astonishing, even causing the surrounding barrier to tremble.

"BOOM—!!!"

Crimson and dark red collided violently once more, this time with a deafening roar far exceeding the previous one!

The violent ripples of energy spread outwards, shoving the ground down three inches!

Ye Hongying groaned as her hand split open, blood trickling down her wrist.

The ground beneath the old monster's feet cracked, but he only swayed slightly.

"That's powerful!" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun licked his lips, his gaze like a venomous snake fixed on Ye Hongying's slightly staggering figure, especially her ample bosom, which seemed to break free from the constraints of her tattered clothes with each heavy breath. "Unfortunately, it's still a bit lacking. Let me add some more fuel to the fire!"

Chapter 27: The Shattered Golden Core

Before he could finish speaking, his figure blurred, and the next moment he appeared like a ghost behind Ye Hongying!

The withered hand, exuding a nauseatingly sinister aura, wasn't aimed at any vital points, but rather directly at her taut, rounded, and pert buttocks!

This turn of events happened too quickly. Ye Hongying had just exhausted her old strength and hadn't yet generated new one, while Zhao Wuyou was entangled in the black mist and couldn't come to her rescue in time!

"Smack!"

A not-so-loud but extremely humiliating slap rang out.

With a cry of shock and anger from Ye Hongying, a clear handprint, still bearing the embers of dark red Gu fire, appeared on her hot, round buttocks.

The fabric covering the handprint instantly turned to ash, revealing the snow-white skin beneath, which had immediately become red and swollen. A searing pain and an indescribable sense of humiliation overwhelmed her.

"Hahaha! Such elasticity!" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun, having landed a successful blow, quickly retreated, dodging Ye Hongying's backhand strike, which was now exploding with karmic fire in her rage. He continued hurling insults, "Once I capture you, I'll definitely have a good time playing with these exquisite things!"

Ye Hongying trembled with rage, her pretty face flushed crimson, her beautiful eyes practically spitting fire. Karmic fire danced wildly around her, but due to insufficient spiritual energy and her turbulent mind, it seemed to be losing momentum.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun retreated several feet like a ghost, watching Ye Hongying, who was filled with shame and indignation and burning with karmic fire, and Zhao Wuyou, who was attacking desperately. The wicked smile on his lips grew even more ferocious.

Between his withered fingers, a jet-black pill emanating a strange, sweet fragrance had appeared.

"Enough playing around, time to get down to business." He muttered sinisterly, tightening his grip on the pill, which shattered instantly.

An invisible and intangible fragrance, ten times more intense than before, erupted instantly, as if it were alive, precisely enveloping Ye Hongying!

"Ugh—!"

Ye Hongying's forward momentum abruptly halted, emitting a mournful cry that was neither human nor audible, a mixture of pain and extreme pleasure.

She felt an unprecedented, scorching torrent, enough to incinerate her reason, erupt from the deepest part of her body—that hidden valley!

It felt as if millions of ants were simultaneously gnawing and crawling on the most sensitive and vulnerable part of the flower, bringing a piercing, maddening itching and emptiness.

Her legs buckled, and she collapsed to her knees with a thud, her delicate body trembling violently uncontrollably.

The once pure, crimson flames, as if doused with boiling oil, suddenly became wild and eerie, their color shifting to an ambiguous peach-red. The intense heat remained, but it emitted a rich, intoxicating, and sensual fragrance!

This was no longer the raging flames that incinerated the enemy, but... the burning desire that ignited within her own being!

"Hot... so hot... wait... Wuyou... Junior Brother... I... what's wrong with me..." Ye Hongying gripped the ground beneath her with both hands, oblivious to the cracking and bleeding under her nails.

She desperately squeezed her legs together and rubbed them together, trying to relieve the fatal emptiness and itching, but only in vain did the pleasure surge even more intensely.

Head held high, neck tracing a graceful arc covered in fine beads of sweat, the sound escaping from her lips was no longer a rebuke, but rather a broken, melodious, and alluring moan.

Those once bright and defiant eyes were now shimmering with tears, filled only with a hazy desire and helpless pleading, gazing in Zhao Wuyou's direction.

"Senior Sister?! What happened to you?!" Zhao Wuyou was shocked by this sudden turn of events and hurriedly tried to rush over.

However, in that instant of distraction, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun moved!

So fast it left only a gray blur! He abandoned all fancy spells, his palm, imbued with dark red Gu fire, struck Zhao Wuyou's dantian like a venomous dragon emerging from its lair!

"Pfft—!"

Zhao Wuyou's body shuddered violently, and he vomited a mouthful of blood mixed with fragments of internal organs!

He clearly heard a faint yet distinct cracking sound coming from within his body—the sound of his golden core shattering!

At the same time, the insidious Wildfire Gu Flame in the old monster's palm, like countless venomous snakes, instantly burrowed into his limbs and bones, burning and severing his major meridians inch by inch!

"Ah—!!!" The excruciating pain of shattered meridians and destroyed golden core far surpassed any torture in the world, causing Zhao Wuyou to let out a heart-wrenching scream. His entire body went limp to the ground as if his bones had been removed, only his pair of bloodshot eyes staring fixedly at the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, filled with endless hatred and despair.

"You... you... what... did you do to her?!" With each word he uttered, blood gushed from the corner of his mouth.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun didn't even glance at him, casually kicking Zhao Wuyou in the chest as if he were trash.

"Crack!" The sound of a rib breaking was clearly audible.

Zhao Wuyou was kicked away like a broken sack, crashing heavily onto the edge of the cliff, a pool of glaring blood spreading beneath him. He could no longer move.

"No... Junior Brother... Junior Brother..." Ye Hongying watched all this unfold, her heart torn apart. Struggling, she used the last shred of her sanity to crawl with difficulty towards Zhao Wuyou.

However, her body, completely dominated by lust, was out of control. Her legs rubbed together, leaving a clear, slippery trail on the ground, a mixture of sweat and vaginal fluid, emanating an increasingly rich, sweet scent mingled with the aroma of wine and desire.

Just then, a withered hand grabbed her hair from behind, roughly lifting her up and pulling her tightly into an embrace that reeked of decay and malevolent energy!

"Tsk tsk tsk, look at your wanton appearance, still thinking about that good-for-nothing?" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun hugged Ye Hongying tightly from behind, his filthy hands ruthlessly returning to her breasts, which were now fuller and firmer with arousal, heaving violently. Through her torn clothes, he roughly kneaded them, deforming them into various shameful shapes.

He lowered his head, extending his scarlet tongue like a venomous snake's forked tongue, greedily licking the fine beads of sweat seeping from Ye Hongying's slender neck, leaving a damp trail.

He raised his head, revealing a cruel and lewd smile of a victor to Zhao Wuyou, who stood motionless on the edge of the cliff, his eyes wide with rage: "Boy, don't blame me for not giving you a chance. Now, you'll see with your eyes wide open how your high and mighty, pure and innocent senior sister kneels down like a bitch in heat, begging me to fuck her hard!"

"Let me go!... Waaah... Let me go... Ah..." Ye Hongying twisted her waist frantically in the old monster's arms, struggling in vain.

Her resistance seemed so pale and powerless in the face of the surging tide of passion and the honest response of her body.

Her tattered clothes became even more disheveled in the struggle, exposing large patches of snow-white skin, stained with dust and blood, yet adding a touch of tainted, breathtakingly vibrant color.

Her cries were gradually replaced by sweeter whimpers, and her body's movements seemed to take on a rhythmic, almost compliant quality...

Zhao Wuyou's eyes were bloodshot, and his bones creaked under the strain of extreme rage and struggle. His hoarse roar sounded like a cry of blood: "Beast... let go of your filthy hands... don't touch her with your filthy hands!!"

Upon hearing this, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun was not angered at all. Instead, he looked down at Ye Hongying, who was still writhing in his arms, with a wicked smile.

"Oh? You think my hands are dirty?" Before he could finish speaking, his other free hand suddenly grabbed Ye Hongying's already tattered clothes and ripped them open!

"Rip—!"

With the sound of the cloth ripping completely, Ye Hongying's last remaining covering was stripped away.

A pair of full, perky, snow-white, and lustrous breasts instantly sprang forth, exposed to the dim light and the gaze of the two men.

However, what was most striking wasn't the perfect shape and the alluring cherry-red tips, but rather the two exquisitely crafted dark red nipple rings tightly fastened to the delicate nipples!

The nipple rings, made of an unknown material, were engraved with intricate and ancient flame runes.

At this moment, perhaps sensing the surging, almost uncontrollable lust and karmic fire within their master, the runes were circulating wildly at an unprecedented speed, flickering with a red light, as if desperately suppressing something, yet seemingly powerless, which only added a touch of eerie and decadent charm to the pair of snow-capped peaks.

Ye Hongying was stunned at first, then realized that her deepest secret, something shameful that even Zhao Wuyou had never seen, had been exposed to others in such an unbearable way.

Overwhelmed by shame, she instinctively tried to cover herself with her arms, but the old monster held her wrists firmly, rendering her immobile.

Tears of despair welled up in her eyes, and she pleaded with Zhao Wuyou at the edge of the cliff, her voice trembling with sobs, "Junior brother... don't look... please don't look...!"

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun pinched one of her fuller breasts with great interest, his fingertips maliciously fiddling with the nipple ring that swayed gently with the movement of her breast. He carefully examined the runes flowing on it, letting out a strange, tsk-tsk laugh: "Who would have thought, Little Red Sparrow... looking so proper, yet harboring such lewd and wanton tastes in private? Tsk tsk, I consider myself a womanizer, but I've never seen anyone wear such a lewd object in such a private place before!"

"No... no... this... this is..." Ye Hongying's cheeks burned bright red as she tried to explain, her voice broken and intermittent with shame and the strange sensation in her body.

However, the old monster didn't give her a chance to explain. He pinched the nipple ring with his fingers and began to pull and rotate it, sometimes lightly and sometimes heavily, his rough knuckles occasionally scraping against the most sensitive bud at the tip.

"So that's how it is... It's these two little things that have been suppressing the restless karmic fire within you, forcibly transforming it into fighting power?" A hint of understanding and an even more intense greed flashed in his eyes. "No wonder... no wonder the Demon Lord's pure lust, enough to burn away one's mind, has become like this in your form... What a waste!"

"Ah... no... don't pull... uh..." The sensation from her nipples, a mixture of pain and a strange, electric shock-like stimulation, made Ye Hongying let out a broken moan.

Her body's sensitivity was amplified to the extreme; every tug on her nipple ring felt like a direct stimulation of her already fragile nerves.

"You old scoundrel!!! I'll kill you! I'll definitely kill you!!!" Zhao Wuyou watched helplessly as his beloved suffered this utter humiliation, listening to her suppressed, shameful moans. His heart felt like it was being gnawed by a thousand ants; his pain and rage reached their peak. He let out a desperate, frenzied roar like a wild beast, struggling to rush forward, but he was now a cripple, only able to witness this cruel spectacle with bloodshot eyes.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun didn't stop his lewd play; instead, he intensified it.

His rough palm enveloped one of the ravaged breasts, kneading its astonishing softness and elasticity, feeling the flesh change shape in his hand.

His other hand yanked and twisted the delicate nipple ring even more cruelly, each tug eliciting an uncontrollable, tearful moan from Ye Hongying.

"Ugh... Ah..." Ye Hongying felt wave after wave of stimulation from her breasts, the deliberately amplified sensitivity making her whole body tingle.

Even more terrifying was the unprecedented emptiness and restlessness emanating from the depths of her flower palace, which, like a wildfire, spread rapidly.

Her long, slender legs instinctively pressed together tightly, rubbing against each other restlessly, trying to relieve the maddening itch spreading from deep within her thighs.

However, instead of relieving the itch, the friction seemed to open a floodgate.

A warm, moist nectar, richer and more mellow than ever before, with a unique aroma like that of a fine vintage wine, gushed out uncontrollably, instantly soaking through the innermost layer of her already muddy underpants, even slowly sliding down her tightly pressed thighs, leaving glistening, sticky wet marks on her fair skin.

At the same time, her breasts, which had been repeatedly played with, felt a strange swelling, as if something was awakening and expanding inside, eager to break free from some kind of restraint. The buds at the tips were hard and swollen, trembling slightly in the air.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun keenly detected the suddenly intensely rich and mellow aroma of wine in the air, completely different from the faint fragrance he had previously sensed.

A glint of light flashed in his eyes, and he stopped torturing her nipples. His withered fingers, without hesitation, forcefully probed between Ye Hongying's tightly clenched legs!

"No... don't... don't touch there... ah~!" The entrance to the most private garden of the secluded valley was suddenly touched by a foreign object. Ye Hongying let out a high-pitched and distorted moan, her delicate body trembling violently. Her legs, which had been tightly pressed together, suddenly lost their

strength due to the overwhelming impact, a mixture of shame and strange pleasure, and slightly loosened.

The old man's fingers, moistened with the incredibly slippery nectar, slowly rubbed and pressed at the entrance of her tightly closed valley, feeling the amazing elasticity and warmth of that soft skin, and the endless flow of fragrant, slippery nectar.

"Heh..." He chuckled softly, holding his fingers, glistening with honey-like nectar, up to his eyes. The liquid refracted an alluring sheen in the dim light, its rich aroma almost tangible.

He stuck out his tongue and licked the honey off his finger.

An indescribable, intensely flavorful aroma, carrying a burning heat, exploded in his mouth and quickly spread throughout his body!

This wasn't just the aura of passion; it also contained a pure and domineering energy that caused even his late-stage Golden Core cultivation to experience a slight, intoxicating dizziness. His already throbbing, enormous penis instantly swelled, creating an exaggerated tent in his crotch!

A terrifying greed and ecstasy erupted from the old monster's turbid eyes. He stared intently at Ye Hongying, who lay beneath him, her eyes glazed and her breath coming in gasps. His voice was distorted with excitement:

"No mistake... absolutely no mistake! This sensation... this efficacy... it's definitely the legendary weapon recorded in the 'Blissful Guide,' the one capable of igniting passion, corroding bones, and intoxicating even immortals—'Burning Wine Flowing Flame Cave'?!" He roared with wild joy, "It has such wondrous effects even before it's fully awakened; if it were to fully awaken... hahahaha! Heaven is helping me! Truly, heaven is helping me!"

Chapter 28: Burning Wine Flowing Flame Cave

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun, his fingers glistening with honey, seemed to possess some kind of wicked magic, slowly drawing circles at the entrance to her most shameful valley.

Each time his rough fingertips brushed against the two slightly parted, already soaking wet, delicate petals, Ye Hongying felt a violent shiver.

She could clearly feel her tight entrance contracting uncontrollably in waves, as if it had a mind of its own, greedily sucking and absorbing the wicked finger, yearning for deeper touch.

"Ugh..." she let out a broken whimper, biting her lower lip desperately, trying to stop any more shameful sounds from escaping.

However, her body honestly betrayed her will.

Her waist arched upwards uncontrollably, her slender waist and abdomen taut in a soft and alluring curve, as if actively welcoming the caress of those fingers.

Her long, slender legs were too weak to close, only slightly parted, leaving her private parts completely exposed to the old monster's lewd gaze.

Her fiery red outfit was already torn to shreds, barely covering a small portion of her skin.

Vast expanses of snow-white skin were exposed to the air, flushed an alluring pink with passion.

Sweat soaked through the tattered fabric, causing it to cling tightly to her undulating body. Beneath her slender waist, her rounded buttocks unconsciously swayed slightly, rubbing against the rough ground, adding to her erotic allure.

"No... no..." Ye Hongying cried out desperately in her heart, her remaining reason like a candle flickering in a storm, desperately resisting the waves of pleasure that grew stronger and stronger, almost overwhelming her.

She closed her eyes tightly, her long eyelashes trembling violently, trying to dispel the fading image of Zhao Wuyou in her mind, and the despairing reality.

However, when the old monster's nimble fingers suddenly changed rhythm and precisely pressed on the already swollen and extremely sensitive clitoris—

"Ahhh—!"

A high-pitched, seductive moan suddenly burst through her teeth, echoing within the silent barrier.

That voice was filled with a pleasure and debauchery that even she herself found terrifying!

An unprecedented, intensely powerful, tingling electric current, so strong it made her soul tremble, exploded from her flower core, rushing wildly throughout her limbs and bones!

This feeling... was far more intense, more irresistible, and more... intoxicating than when she was coerced by Xuanjizi in the Desolate Valley.

The old monster clearly noticed her violent reaction, chuckled softly, and his finger movements suddenly intensified!

Sometimes he would gently scratch the trembling stamen with his fingernail, sometimes he would press and knead it heavily with his fingertips, and sometimes he would try to pry open the tight entrance a crack, exploring the even hotter, muddier depths inside.

"Um... ah... no... stop... stop..." Ye Hongying pleaded incoherently, her voice broken and trembling with sobs.

Her head tilted back, revealing her beautifully contoured neck, and soft, delicate moans escaped her throat.

Her body was like a fully drawn bow, taut to its limit, every muscle spasming slightly under the torment of that intense pleasure.

As the old man's finger movements intensified, the waves of pleasure surged higher and higher, finally overwhelming her last line of defense!

"Ughhhhhh—!"

With a scream that was both piercingly shrill and intensely pleasurable, Ye Hongying's delicate body jerked upwards, then convulsed violently and uncontrollably as if all her bones had been removed!

Her hands gripped the old man's clothes tightly at the waist, her knuckles turning white from the force.

Like a torrent bursting its banks, the depths of the flower path suddenly gushed forth a large amount of warm, viscous nectar, exuding a rich, mellow fragrance. The nectar was so plentiful that it even splashed onto the old monster's palms and the roots of her own legs!

The afterglow of her climax washed over her sensitive body like a tidal wave, bringing waves of suffocating tingling and emptiness.

She slumped into the old man's arms, gasping for breath, her eyes completely unfocused, filled only with a vacant, unfocused gaze and tears.

The raging fire within her body had long since extinguished, leaving only the swollen, red, and still slightly parted valley, exuding fragrant nectar, utterly testifying to the intensity and loss of control that had just occurred.

Zhao Wuyou, not far away, could no longer bear to watch. He closed his eyes tightly and turned his head to the side.

However, Ye Hongying's uncontrollable moans, a mixture of pain and extreme pleasure, were like the sharpest blade, slowly torturing his heart again and again.

The sound entered his ears clearly, allowing him to imagine the unbearable humiliation and defilement his senior sister was suffering. The torment and pain in his heart almost consumed him.

He bit his lip hard until the taste of blood filled his mouth, his fists clenched so tightly his nails dug into his palms, but he was powerless to budge.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun reluctantly withdrew his wicked hand from between Ye Hongying's legs, leaving her limp on the ground like a broken puppet.

She was drenched in fragrant sweat, her tattered clothes scattered haphazardly, revealing large expanses of skin flushed with arousal. Her legs were weakly parted slightly, and the muddy, slightly swollen valley

between her thighs was still unconsciously pulsating, releasing a honeyed nectar mixed with the scent of mellow fragrance and desire.

The old monster slowly stood up, looking down at the alluring, sinful body at his feet.

His grey robe fluttered without wind, and with a "rip," his lower garments were shattered by an invisible force, revealing his previously concealed monstrous member, exposed and menacingly thrust into the air!

The object was terrifyingly thick and long, resembling a child's arm, with bulging blue veins coiled around it. Its entire body was an ominous dark red, and the enormous tip gleamed with a purplish-black sheen, emanating a rich aura of vital energy and malevolence. Its size far exceeded that of an ordinary man, truly astonishing.

Ye Hongying's unfocused gaze unconsciously focused on that object, her previously dazed eyes widening instantly, filled with disbelief, fear, and panic.

"No... how could this be... how could it be... so big..." she murmured in a daze, her voice trembling uncontrollably. "This... this is not something a human should possess..." She subconsciously compared this monstrous thing before her to Zhao Wuyou's still-immature member in her memory, and to Xuanjizi's already abnormally large member, only to find that they were far inferior. This monstrous root before her was several times larger!

A fear stemming from female instinct, a fear of the unbearable, chilled her to the bone.

"Oh?" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun caught the information in her words, a hint of amusement and a deeper lewdness flashing in his turbid eyes. "It seems Little Red Sparrow has seen quite a bit, hasn't she? This isn't your first time seeing a man's member? That's rather surprising." He deliberately used words to humiliate her, enjoying the sudden flush of shame and panic that rose on her face.

Like a cat whose tail had been stepped on, Ye Hongying abruptly turned her head away, no longer daring to meet the gaze of that ferocious beast. She bit her lower lip so hard it almost drew blood.

"It's alright," the old monster chuckled hoarsely, taking a step closer, almost bringing the scorching, fishy-smelling beast to her lips. "Come, little red sparrow, open your little beak and serve my treasure well. Let it taste the flavor of your clever tongue."

"You... don't even think about it!" Ye Hongying spat out her refusal through gritted teeth, her voice carrying a barely perceptible weakness.

The karmic fire and nameless heat within her body continued to burn, making her will to resist as fragile as a candle flickering in the wind.

"Unwilling?" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun's tone suddenly turned cold, his gaze sweeping over the imprisoned Zhao Wuyou in the distance. "Then I'll have no choice but to crush that brat's limbs inch by inch. Perhaps... hearing his screams will change your mind?"

"You! Despicable!!" Ye Hongying whirled around, her beautiful eyes blazing as she glared at the old monster, her chest heaving with extreme anger and fear.

Hearing this from afar, Zhao Wuyou suddenly opened his eyes and roared hoarsely, "Senior Sister! Don't worry about me! Let him kill me! You can't... ugh!" Before he could finish speaking, an even stronger force of restraint sealed his voice, leaving him only able to stare with bloodshot eyes, letting out painful whimpers.

Ye Hongying looked at Zhao Wuyou's pained expression, then at the old monster's lewd and triumphant smile, and at the menacing phallus radiating a terrifying aura so close to her.

A fierce struggle flashed in her eyes, and finally, a look of desperate defeat and resigned resolve emerged.

She forced a smile, as bright as ever but now utterly tragic, as she faced Zhao Wuyou, as if to say, "It's alright."

Then, she turned back, closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and as if using all her strength, tremblingly extended her delicate hands—which had previously been wielding karmic fire but were now weak and powerless—and carefully grasped that terrifyingly hot, firm, and throbbing member.

The initial touch was unimaginably hot and hard, with the pulsating sensation of bulging veins making her palm tremble.

She suppressed the urge to vomit and the immense humiliation in her heart, and slowly opened her small, rosy lips.

The size of that thing was truly astonishing; she could only manage to open her mouth as wide as possible to barely accommodate its enormous, purplish-black tip.

Her mouth was instantly filled, the thick shaft even pressing against her cheeks, bringing a strong feeling of suffocation and the discomfort of a foreign object intruding.

She awkwardly and laboriously began to swallow, her small, fragrant tongue instinctively trying to avoid it, yet inevitably touching the hot shaft and the sensitive crevice at its tip.

"Heh..." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun let out a satisfied sigh, his withered hand stroking Ye Hongying's head, gently pressing down. "Yes... just like that... Little Red Sparrow, your little mouth... the suction force is just right... um..."

He enjoyed the services of the beauty beneath him, but his gaze flickered mockingly towards Zhao Wuyou, who was nearly collapsing in the distance. His voice, maliciously guiding, said, "However… such skillful swallowing and spitting techniques are unlike those of a naive girl serving a man for the first time… It seems you've been tasting the forbidden fruit for some time now, haven't you? Hmm? Tell me, which lucky fellow was the first to experience your wonders? Judging from that boy's shocked expression, it seems… it wasn't him?"

These words struck Zhao Wuyou's mind like a thunderbolt!

He suddenly recalled the vague, strange interactions between Ye Hongying and Xuanjizi, and the unnatural demeanor of his senior sister after their solitary journey in the secluded valley… Could it be… could it be that his senior sister… really was with his second senior brother…?

"No... no... Senior Sister, she..." Zhao Wuyou's mind trembled violently, as if his Dao heart had been ripped apart. His spiritual energy surged uncontrollably within his body, a sweet taste rising in his throat. With a "pfft," he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his vision went black, and he fainted, unconscious.

At this moment, Ye Hongying's mind was already blurred under the continued corrosive effects of the "Alluring Fragrance" aphrodisiac and the burning desire ignited within her body.

The initial humiliation and discomfort were gradually replaced by a strange, rising hunger and restlessness from deep within the body.

The intense heat emanating from the enormous penis in her mouth, carrying a strong masculine aura, seemed to act as an antidote, luring her into a deeper descent into depravity.

Her movements were no longer entirely passive; her tongue began unconsciously, with a certain exploratory intent, to lick and entwine the thick shaft, the sucking pressure subtly increasing, producing a blush-inducing "tsk tsk" sound.

Those delicate hands, which had initially resisted, now unconsciously began to gently caress the burning shaft, as if soothing, yet also welcoming.

Her hazy eyes were half-open, shimmering with moisture, unfocused. She seemed completely immersed in this forced, yet strangely alluring, oral service, temporarily forgetting everything around her, including her unconscious junior brother and her own miserable situation.

As the Old Monster of the Setting Sun felt the increasingly skilled and proactive service of the beauty beneath him, a lewd glint of satisfaction flashed in his eyes.

He clearly sensed that Ye Hongying's body, ravaged by both karmic fire and a strange poison, was exerting an irresistible allure on him.

The scorching heat, pulsating pulse, and intense masculine scent emanating from the monstrous object in her mouth acted like the most potent aphrodisiac, relentlessly assaulting her already heightened senses.

As her small mouth laboriously swallowed and spit, her fragrant tongue unconsciously entwining and licking, Ye Hongying felt as if an unquenchable fire was raging inside her body.

A piercing emptiness and itching emanated from the depths of the flower-lined path, a fervent longing to be filled and satisfied by something.

In that hidden valley, warm nectar gushed uncontrollably, staining the crotch of her legs a muddy, slippery mess.

Her legs unconsciously intertwined and rubbed together, trying to alleviate the maddening throbbing. One slender hand slid unconsciously to her inner thigh, pressing against her already swollen and extremely sensitive clitoris through the soaked, tattered fabric.

"Mmm... Ah..." A series of seductive, deep breaths escaped from her blocked lips, mingling with saliva, winding down the thick penis, dripping between her high, white breasts, leaving lascivious trails on her smooth skin.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun knew that this thorny, fiery flower had fallen in love, and its ripe fruit awaited pluck.

He growled, no longer content with mere oral pleasure, and abruptly withdrew his massive, saliva-covered member.

Before Ye Hongying could react with a startled cry, he roughly grabbed her wrists, easily lifting them above her head. With his other hand, he mercilessly tore open her already tattered clothes!

"Sizzle—!"

With the sound of the cloth ripping completely, Ye Hongying's delicate body, already soaked in sweat, blood, and the sweet nectar of passion, was finally exposed without any cover to the dim light.

Her full, proud breasts heaved violently, the red nipples trembling precariously in the cool air; below her slender waist, the valley was already soaked with moisture, glistening nectar seeping from the tightly closed, pink crevice, outlining an alluring sheen.

Before Ye Hongying could recover from this sudden and complete exposure, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun had already grabbed her slender right ankle and lifted her up sharply!

"Ouch!"

Ye Hongying felt a sudden dizziness as she was forcibly put into an extremely humiliating position, her long, straight legs spread wide apart and suspended in mid-air.

That most secret, most delicate jade gate, now constantly opening and closing, revealing glistening nectar, was thus completely and utterly exposed to the old monster's greedy gaze.

Losing her balance, she could only frantically grab the rough trunk of an ancient tree behind her, using it to maintain her humiliating and utterly passive posture.

Her snow-white buttocks, slightly taut from this position, appeared even more rounded and pert, creating a breathtaking contrast with her completely exposed, wet vulva.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun's cloudy gaze, like the most precise ruler, measured the perfect trophy before him.

He stretched out his withered fingers and gently parted the two trembling, full petals, revealing the even more delicate and alluring flesh inside, constantly contracting and releasing more nectar.

"Tsk tsk tsk... Little Red Sparrow, look at your cunt, so much 'drool' dripping from it, are you begging for my favor?" He lewdly grinned, then bent down and buried his wrinkled face in that muddy valley!

"No... don't... don't lick there... it's dirty... ah~!"

Ye Hongying's exclamation instantly transformed into a high-pitched, sweet, and seductive moan.

His rough tongue, with irresistible force, pressed against her most sensitive and delicate clitoris, sometimes sucking hard, sometimes flicking rapidly, sometimes mimicking thrusting motions, probing into the opening of her honeyed orifice, greedily drinking in the endless stream of sweet nectar, rich and intoxicatingly fragrant.

This extreme and shameful stimulation, like the last straw that broke the camel's back, completely shattered Ye Hongying's remaining rationality.

She tilted her head back, her neck forming a beautiful arc, and let out a series of uncontrollable, broken, yet sweet moans.

Her body trembled violently, and her honeypot gushed out even more warm fluid as if she had lost control of her bladder, all of which was swallowed by the old monster.

And that menacing penis pressed tightly against her lower abdomen, sensing her intense physical reaction and the rich, sweet aroma of wine, grew even hotter, harder, and pulsating, like a ferocious beast eager to invade her secret realm and roam freely.

However, as the Old Monster of the Setting Sun pressed his scalding, terrifying penis against her muddy entrance, the burning heat momentarily jolted Ye Hongying from her daze of lust.

"No... no! Please... don't come in... I... I have someone I love!" she cried desperately, her slender waist twisting and struggling like a willow in the wind, trying to escape the impending, complete invasion.

Tears mingled with sweat, sliding down her flushed cheeks.

However, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun merely grinned maliciously, and suddenly his waist sank!

"Ugh—!!!"

A blood-curdling scream tore through the air.

An indescribable, tearing pain exploded from between her legs, instantly engulfing every nerve in Ye Hongying's body.

She clearly felt that the thin membrane symbolizing purity being ruthlessly pierced and torn apart, and something unprecedented, far beyond her imagination, enormous and scorching, forcefully forced its way into the deepest, most delicate, and narrowest passage of her soul.

The virgin's blood, mixed with the previously gushing nectar, seeped from the point where the two were tightly joined, leaving a poignant trail on the inner side of her snow-white thighs.

The throbbing pain from being forcibly stretched to its limit and the burning pain from friction made her vision blur, and her body instinctively trembled and tensed violently, trying to repel the terrible intruder.

Despair overwhelmed her like a cold tide.

She closed her eyes helplessly, her long eyelashes soaked with tears, and her fingers, gripping the tree trunk tightly, had knuckles white from the force of her grip.

Deep within her heart, the image of Zhao Wuyou's gentle, smiling face flashed by, bringing with it a heart-wrenching, excruciating pain.

"I'm sorry... Wuyou... Senior Sister... Senior Sister can't stay with you anymore..."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun felt the extremely tight, moist, and constantly spasming contractions of the embrace, and let out a satisfied sigh.

He didn't rush into a fierce attack, but instead began to slowly, with torturous patience, advance deeper and deeper.

The rough penis rubbed against the tender, sensitive flesh, each subtle movement bringing new pain and a shameful, filled, foreign sensation.

However, during this slow and continuous intrusion, a sudden change occurred!

When that scorching peak finally reached the deepest part of the flower path, touching the entrance to that delicate flower palace never before trodden by outsiders—

"Buzz..."

An indescribable heat suddenly erupted from the deepest part of Ye Hongying's flower palace!

That heat didn't come from the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, but rather originated from within herself, from the depths of her bloodline, from the forcibly shattered primordial yin barrier!

At first, only a strange, surging heat, like molten lava, emanated from the depths of her flower palace.

Immediately afterwards, the walls of the ravaged, penetrated vagina began to spasm and contract violently and uncontrollably, not in rejection, but rather as if activated and awakened by some internal force!

The previously warm and moist flesh began to heat up rapidly, becoming scalding hot!

The soft flesh tightly wrapped around the invading penis seemed to transform into flowing, warm flames, layer upon layer, coiling around and sucking it in.

Every fold was burning hot, pulsating, radiating astonishing heat, as if to melt and devour the intruder.

At the same time, an extremely rich, intoxicating aroma of wine unexpectedly wafted from the depths of that flower palace, from the violently contracting walls of that honeyed orifice!

This fragrance wasn't from external sources, but rather a unique aroma naturally produced when her own emotions were stirred and her primordial yin was broken, resulting in the complete activation of her special constitution.

The aroma was more intense and mellow than any wine exuded during previous moments of passion, as if a thousand-year-old celestial wine had been suddenly unsealed, its fragrance intoxicating the soul.

"Ugh... this... this is...?" Ye Hongying was also stunned by the dramatic changes within her body.

The excruciating pain that had been tearing at her became blurred under the sudden surge of intense heat and strange pleasure rising within her.

A tingling, itchy, and empty sensation, unlike anything she had ever experienced before, emanating from the depths of her soul, ignited like wildfire at the point of their union, rapidly spreading to every part of her body.

Her body, which had been stiff and resisting, involuntarily softened slightly. Deep within her tight, moist opening, an uncontrollable, greedy suction force began to arise, as if actively welcoming and retaining the weapon that brought both pain and strange pleasure.

The old monster's cloudy eyes suddenly flashed with an unbelievable, ecstatic light!

He could clearly feel a tremendous change taking place inside the honeyed orifice that tightly enveloped his penis.

The astonishing tightness and suction suddenly increased several times over; the scalding hot flesh walls, like living flames and soft silk, soothed every inch of his penis, bringing an indescribable, ultimate comfort and stimulation.

What truly captivated him was the rich aroma of wine. Inhaling it, even his late-stage Golden Core cultivation stirred a barely perceptible restlessness within him, as if the fragrance itself were the finest aphrodisiac and spiritual tonic!

"Burning Wine Flowing Flame Cave... truly a legendary treasure! Hahahaha! Heaven is on my side!" The old monster laughed wildly, increasing the force of his thrusts as he plunged even more fiercely into the tight, secluded valley that had transformed into a purgatory of flames and fine wine.

Each deep thrust felt like plunging into a spring constantly spewing forth molten lava and intoxicating nectar, bringing a destructive pleasure.

Ye Hongying tilted her head back, no longer able to suppress the groans that were forcibly pulled from the deepest part of her body, a mixture of pain and extreme pleasure.

Her consciousness gradually sank into the scalding tide of passion and the intoxicating aroma of wine. Her body betrayed her will, instinctively swaying her hips slightly with each fierce thrust, welcoming the deeper, heavier possession.

The burning heat and contractions inside her honeyed orifice grew increasingly intense, as if invisible flames were truly burning there, threatening to incinerate her and the invader within her, condemning them both to eternal damnation.

The old monster's attacks grew increasingly ferocious, like a tireless beast.

Ye Hongying was pinned tightly against the rough tree trunk, her slender waist held captive by his iron-like arms, forced to passively endure this storm of assault.

Her slender waist, like a willow in the wind, twisted and swayed uncontrollably, attempting to alleviate the overwhelming stimulation, but instead revealing an extreme, submissive allure of desire.

Her already full and proud breasts swayed and rocked violently with the intense impact, creating dazzling white waves.

The nipple rings at the tips gleamed with a cold metallic sheen as they swayed, creating a stark contrast with the surrounding hot skin, adding to the sense of defiled eroticism.

Even more astonishingly, the pair of jade rabbits were visibly becoming fuller and rounder, as if molten lava was being continuously poured into them, hanging heavily on their chests, with snow-white flesh overflowing from between the old monster's fingers.

Sensing this strange change, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun's eyes blazed with greed. His free hand immediately and mercilessly seized the other swaying breast, roughly kneading and squeezing it. The soft, elastic touch brought a satisfied sigh to his lips.

His five fingers dug deep into the breast flesh, changing shape as if trying to crush that soft yet blazing flame in his palm.

"Ah... um... no... slower... slower..." Ye Hongying's protests were fragmented, turning into soft, delicate moans.

Under the increasingly rapid and intense onslaught of the old monster, the string of reason deep within her finally snapped completely!

An unprecedented, volcanic eruption of pleasure exploded from their joined bodies, instantly engulfing her entire being!

"Ughhh—! What, what is this…!" She let out a high-pitched, shrill, seductive cry, like a swan pierced by an arrow, her long neck arching back sharply, forming a desperate yet beautiful curve.

Her hands dug desperately into the bark of the tree behind her, her delicate body convulsing and convulsing violently as if electrocuted!

Streams of hot, sticky nectar, exuding a rich, mellow aroma, gushed forth from the depths of the flower path like long-suppressed lava, pouring over the still-raging weapon within, producing a soft sizzling sound, like flames meeting strong liquor.

At the same time, at the tips of her increasingly full, snow-white breasts, where the nipple openings were tightly bound by nipple rings, glistening, moist traces were faintly seeping out.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun's eyes flashed with a sharp light, and he roared, "Open for me!" A strange, spiritual light emanated from his fingertips, and with a gentle flick of his finger over the pair of nipple rings, the restraints instantly turned to ashes.

Freed from their restraints, the swollen, erect, crimson buds trembled slightly, like ripe fruit awaiting picking.

Without hesitation, he lowered his head, like a thirsty infant, and took the nipple, which was constantly oozing glistening juice, into his mouth, sucking hard!

"Ah! No... don't suck... ooh..." Ye Hongying felt as if her most vulnerable spot had been struck. She instantly released her grip on the tree bark, her body slumping back against the trunk. With her last ounce of strength, she gripped the old monster's arm, which was buried against her chest, her fingers almost digging into his flesh.

The stimulation was so intense, far exceeding the pleasure from the lower body, mixed with a strange emptiness and palpitation, as if the very essence of life had been drained away.

As he suckled, more juice gushed out. It wasn't ordinary breast milk; it was a pale amber color, exuding a wine-like aroma that shared the same origin as the nectar from below, but was far richer and more mellow!

The juices flowed continuously into the old monster's throat, which he swallowed greedily. He felt a strange, hot, and pure energy slide down his throat into his stomach, not only arousing his lust but also making him feel that his long-stagnant cultivation was showing signs of improvement!

"Inflammatory Pregnancy Milk! It really is the Inflammatory Pregnancy Milk that those Flame Slaves of Desire Peak possessed back then! Hahaha!" The old monster raised his head in wild joy, amber-colored liquid still smeared on his lips, but then a hint of doubt appeared on his face. "Wait... this feeling... this milk has such a strong alcoholic smell?! Wonderful! Absolutely wonderful!"

Just as he was ecstatic, Ye Hongying was horrified to discover that the already enormous penis, deeply embedded inside her body, was as if infused with life and power, beginning to swell and grow even larger, becoming hotter and harder, almost tearing her already extremely sensitive vagina apart!

"It's... it's a lie... it's too... too big... it'll... it'll break... ahhh..." she cried incoherently, yet her body, betrayed by the terrifying fullness and the subsequent, even more intense friction, overflowed with even more nectar. Her inner flesh convulsed uncontrollably, clinging tightly to the fabric, as if welcoming this fatal transformation.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun also clearly felt the astonishing change in his own genitals—a permanent, fundamental increase!

He roared with delight, "Excellent! Excellent! Truly worthy of being called a legendary treasure! It has such miraculous effects!"

Without further hesitation, he grasped Ye Hongying's now limp and powerless leg, and with even greater speed and force, began a new round of relentless assault.

Heavy breathing mingled with the woman's soft, wanton moans, echoing across the barrier-shrouded cliff top, composing a decadent symphony of depravity and conquest.

Finally, with another shattered scream from Ye Hongying, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun roared, reaching his limit.

Ye Hongying clearly felt the throbbing and swelling of that terrifying weapon inside her. She shook her head in despair, tears mingling with her sweat as they streamed down her face: "No... no... don't... don't... not inside... ah—!"

However, her pleas were to no avail.

Streams of scalding, thick primordial yang, like erupting magma, powerfully gushed into the deepest recesses of her flower palace, bringing waves of intense, almost scalding, sensations of being completely filled.

This intense stimulation, like the last straw, instantly triggered another explosion in Ye Hongying's body!

"Ughhhhhh—!"

She let out a long, tearful moan, her inner passage contracting and tightening violently and spasmodically, as if trying to trap the source of evil within her forever.

At the same time, her ravaged, snow-capped nipples, like fountains, gushed out two streams of amber-colored fluid, exuding a strong, wine-like aroma, tracing two lewd arcs.

Her eyes rolled back, her delicate hands gripped the old man's arm tightly, her legs were pointed, and her whole body trembled and convulsed violently in the throes of a double orgasm, as if her soul had been shattered by the overwhelming waves of desire.

The old monster's scorching primordial yang, like a burst dam, surged into the depths of Ye Hongying's flower palace, an astonishing amount, mixed with her own secretions, gushing out from the tightly

joined, unclosed crevice, sliding down her slightly trembling inner thighs, spreading a small, damp, dark patch in the dust.

Ye Hongying clung tightly to the old monster's withered yet unusually strong arm like a drowning person, one of her snow-white feet still limply resting on his shoulder, her toes slightly curled from the continuous pleasure.

She gasped for breath, her chest heaving, and her full breasts, beneath her tattered clothes, rippled alluringly. The nipples, still erect and glistening with sweet juices, testified to her undisturbed excitement.

However, what drove her even more to despair was that the enormous, scorching weapon inside her, after its initial eruption, showed no signs of weakening. Instead, it seemed to have been infused with new vitality, becoming even harder and hotter. She could even feel its heartbeat-like pulse, firmly wedged into her most vulnerable and tender core.

"How... how could this be..." she murmured absently, her voice hoarse and choked with sobs, the tears that had just welled up in her eyes due to her climax instantly replaced by a deeper fear.

This extraordinary endurance and virility plunged her into an abyss of helplessness.

"Heh," the Old Monster of the Setting Sun chuckled mockingly, his murky gaze sweeping over the unconscious Zhao Wuyou beside him. "What? Did you think I was some good-for-nothing brat over there, someone who could easily satisfy you?" The insults in his words were like poisonous thorns, piercing Ye Hongying's already shattered self-esteem.

Before she could respond, the old monster suddenly grabbed her ankles and lifted her upwards!

Ye Hongying gasped in shock, her entire body instantly lifted into the air. Her arms instinctively clung tightly to the old monster's neck, while her long, slender legs were forced to wrap around his withered waist. This position left her most private parts completely exposed, allowing the terrifying weapon to penetrate even deeper.

"Ugh—!" As the old monster resumed his powerful thrusts, a new wave of intense pleasure instantly swept over Ye Hongying's senses.

She tried to clench her teeth, but the overwhelming pleasure easily overwhelmed her will, and broken moans once again escaped uncontrollably from her throat.

Like a willow branch in a storm, she swayed helplessly with the old man's movements, her full breasts drawing breathtaking arcs in the air.

The old monster, still holding her, continued his vigorous assault as he slowly walked to the unconscious Zhao Wuyou and stopped.

The sudden pause left Ye Hongying, lost in her desire, feeling an unbearable emptiness. Her eyes glazed over, and she blurted out instinctively, "Wh... why did it stop..." Before she could finish, she froze, then was utterly ashamed of her instinctive, yearning-for-more lewd words.

However, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun did not give her time to regret.

He abruptly set her down, flashed behind her, grabbed her ankles again, and easily lifted her up from behind!

Ye Hongying cried out in alarm, her hands instinctively reaching back to brace herself against the old monster's waist for balance.

This position placed her facing the unconscious Zhao Wuyou, her legs spread wide apart. Her ravaged, muddy vulva was directly in front of her beloved junior brother's pale face. With the old monster's fierce entry and withdrawal, it opened and closed repeatedly, swallowing and spitting out, making blush-inducing "splashing" sounds.

"No... no... Wuyou... there..." Ye Hongying cried out in despair, struggling to close her legs, but the old monster held her firmly in place. All her struggles only made the invasion from behind go deeper, bringing waves of intense pleasure mixed with pain and shame.

Her flower path, overwhelmed by extreme shame and the intense stimulation of Zhao Wuyou's proximity, contracted violently in spasmodic spasms, gripping the wicked penis even tighter.

"Beast! Let her go! Let her go—!!" Just then, Zhao Wuyou was awakened by the lewd sounds of water and Ye Hongying's desperate cries. The moment he opened his eyes, he witnessed a scene that horrified him.

His eyes were bloodshot, he roared furiously, struggling to get up, but his injuries prevented him from moving.

Upon hearing Zhao Wuyou's voice, Ye Hongying trembled violently. She turned her head abruptly, her eyes brimming with tears, and met Zhao Wuyou's desperate and furious gaze.

"No... don't look... Wuyou... don't look at me..." she sobbed uncontrollably, her shame reaching its peak.

However, her body betrayed her will under the increasingly rapid and violent thrusts of the old monster.

That exquisite instrument, named "Burning Wine Flowing Flame Cave," under extreme stimulation and shame, revealed its greedy nature, contracting and sucking violently as if it were alive, frantically seizing the violator's vital essence.

"I... I can't take it anymore... I'm... I'm going to come... Ahhh—!" Finally, under Zhao Wuyou's desperate gaze, Ye Hongying let out a high-pitched, almost distorted, seductive cry. Her body convulsed violently, and from deep within her flower path, like a spring, gushed out a large amount of honey-like fluid mixed with the fragrance of nectar and the scent of desire, ushering in yet another shameful climax.

Almost simultaneously, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun also let out a low roar, once again pouring his scalding, thick primordial yang energy into the deepest part of her body without reservation.

A large amount of fluid, mixed with cloudy yang energy, gushed out as if he had lost control of his bowels, much of it splashing directly onto Zhao Wuyou's face and body, who was standing nearby.

"Uh..." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun panted contentedly, and like discarding a rag doll, he heavily tossed Ye Hongying, completely exhausted, with unfocused eyes and a strangely satisfied smile, onto Zhao Wuyou's feet.

At this moment, Ye Hongying's legs were still wide open, her ravaged vulva unable to close, slowly leaking a mixture of honey and thick, viscous fluid, spreading between her fair thighs and the dust beneath her.

Her eyes were glazed and empty, and the faint smile at the corner of her mouth, as if she were immersed in ultimate pleasure, formed a stark contrast with her tear-streaked face and disheveled appearance.

She then completely fainted.

Zhao Wuyou's face was ashen, his eyes blankly fixed on the scene before him, a scene more cruel than hell itself.

He felt as if his soul had been ripped away, leaving only endless coldness and deathly silence.

With his last ounce of strength, he raised his head, staring intently at the satiated Old Monster of the Setting Sun. His voice was hoarse, like sandpaper scraping, yet filled with a deep-seated hatred:

"In this life... as long as I live... I will pursue you to the ends of the earth... tear you to pieces... and extract your soul..."

Listening to Zhao Wuyou's hoarse yet deeply ingrained vow, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun showed no fear in his turbid eyes; instead, his gaze revealed an even stronger mockery and contempt.

He slowly walked to Zhao Wuyou, who was limp as a rag doll, and looked down at the young man whose foundation had been destroyed and who was now practically a cripple.

"Tear him to pieces? Extract his soul and refine his spirit?" The old monster sneered, his voice like the hooting of an owl, piercing and chilling. "You, a piece of trash with your golden core shattered and meridians severed?" He raised his foot, his dust-covered boot sole gently grinding against Zhao Wuyou's pale, bloodless cheek in an insulting manner. "Look closely, kid. You're nothing but a dead dog sprawled on the ground, unable even to stand up. You dare talk about revenge?"

Zhao Wuyou's cheek stung from the rough sole of the shoe. Humiliation and hatred burned like poison in his internal organs, but he didn't even have the strength to turn his head away. He could only stare intently at the old monster, his eyes filled with boundless hatred and resentment.

"Enough, I'm tired of this too." The Old Monster of the Setting Sun seemed weary of this one-sided humiliation. He withdrew his foot, not even looking, and casually kicked Zhao Wuyou in the chest!

"Pfft—"

This kick carried a sinister force; Zhao Wuyou felt a sharp pain in his chest, a metallic taste rising in his throat, and he spat out a mouthful of blood. Like a kite with a broken string, he fell helplessly towards the bottomless, demonically churning abyss behind him!

In the instant of his fall, the last thing he saw was the cruel smile on the lips of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, and on the cliff top, Ye Hongying's snow-white body, still in a humiliating position, unconscious.

The wind whistled in his ears, and dense demonic energy, like cold, venomous snakes, began to coil around his mangled body, dragging him into the bottomless darkness. His consciousness gradually faded…

At the cliff top, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun clapped his hands with satisfaction, as if he had merely tossed away a piece of trash. He turned, his gaze returning to the unconscious Ye Hongying.

At this moment, her legs remained wide open, powerless, the ravaged valley between her thighs still slightly parted, unable to close completely, slowly flowing with a turbid white liquid mixed with her own sweet juices and the old monster's thick yang energy. This liquid, amidst the dust and dirt beneath her fair, jade-like inner thighs covered in bruises and finger marks, painted a picture of utter depravity.

Her bright face was still streaked with tears, her long eyelashes tightly closed, yet a strange and alluring smile lingered at the corner of her mouth, as if she had just indulged in extreme pleasure. This contrasted sharply with her disheveled state and unconsciousness, creating a heartbreaking yet exhilarating effect.

The old monster squatted down, his rough fingers, with a hint of appreciation, tracing across Ye Hongying's smooth, burning lower abdomen, feeling the lingering, tenacious pulse of her karmic fire, though drained of its essence.

He reached out and, without a shred of tenderness, grabbed Ye Hongying's limp arm, shoving her onto his hunched shoulder like a load of cargo.

Ye Hongying's supple waist and abdomen pressed precisely against his thin, hard shoulder blades. Her full, heavy chest heaved violently with the rough movement, her soft flesh squeezing and deforming against his neck, the warm, bouncy sensation seeping through her thin clothing.

Her head hung limply, her crimson hair cascading down in disarray, swaying with the old monster's movements.

Her tattered clothes offered little cover, leaving her round, pert buttocks and most of her smooth back exposed to the air.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun, carrying this stunningly beautiful body that could drive countless cultivators mad, surveyed the ravaged cliff top with smug satisfaction, and the demonic beasts outside the barrier, still blocked by the Gu fire, roaring madly but unable to enter.

He chuckled softly, and the dark red Gu fire around him surged once more, enveloping him and the "trophy" on his shoulder.

"Come on, little red sparrow, come back to my cave with me. Your 'good days' have only just begun..." With this lewd whisper, the dark red flames suddenly surged, then abruptly subsided, and the two figures vanished from the cliff top.

Only the still-burning crimson barrier remained, along with the endless roars of beasts outside, and the deathly, thick darkness beneath the Abyss of Demon Burial, which had devoured the last glimmer of hope and endless hatred.

Chapter 29: The Ice Heart Tear

On the back mountain of Moshan Dao, in a martial arts arena surrounded by ancient, verdant trees, two exquisitely beautiful figures were sparring. In stark contrast to the fierce fighting in Tianxi City, the atmosphere here, though serious, was far more tranquil and peaceful.

Gu Yue, clad in a simple white sword robe, her garments fluttering, resembled a plum blossom standing alone atop a snow-capped mountain.

Her ink-black hair was simply tied up with a plain silver hairpin, a few strands of it brushing against her exquisite and ethereal face in the wind, adding to her pure and serene beauty.

She held the Frostglass Sword, its blade emanating a chilling aura that caused the surrounding temperature to drop several degrees, and fine ice crystals to condense on the ground.

She was using the Moshan Dao's basic sword technique, the "Thirteen Forms of Frost Blossom." Though basic, it was transformed into something extraordinary in her hands. The sword light was like a bolt of lightning, sometimes sweeping across the ground like a cold wind, sometimes cascading like an icy river, carrying an aloofness and resolute determination that kept everyone at arm's length.

"Senior sister, be careful." Gu Yue spoke coldly, her voice like shattered jade striking ice.

Before she finished speaking, she suddenly lunged forward, her sword tip trembling, conjuring thirteen illusory and indistinguishable icy sword shadows, like ice lotuses blooming in an instant, enveloping all of Wen Guanyu's vital points—it was the killing move "Ice Lotus Bloom" from the Thirteen Forms of Frost Blossom.

However, Wen Guanyu simply stood still, her eyes covered by a black ribbon, a faint, knowing smile playing on her lips.

She wore a dark green, wide-sleeved fairy robe with flowing, subtle patterns. The seemingly loose style was stretched taut by her exceptionally voluptuous and breathtakingly full breasts, creating a stunningly curvaceous silhouette. Her slender waist further accentuated the ample size of her bust.

Despite Gu Yue's fierce attacks, she didn't even move an inch.

With a gentle lift of her hand, she channeled her spiritual energy, causing the branches and leaves of the ancient trees surrounding the training ground to move without wind. Countless emerald green leaves detached from their branches, as if drawn by an invisible hand, rapidly swirling and coalescing before her, instantly transforming into an incomparably resilient "Thousand-Leaf Wall."

"Ding ding ding ding—!"

Thirteen icy sword shadows struck the Thousand-Leaf Wall in succession, producing crisp ringing sounds, but all were blocked by the vibrant, life-giving leaf wall, unable to advance an inch.

"Junior Sister's 'Ice Lotus Bloom' is becoming increasingly refined; the cold energy is contained, and the interplay of reality and illusion is excellent." Wen Guanyu's tone was gentle, carrying the approval of an elder.

But as she spoke, she slightly turned her blindfolded face, as if she could "see" the subtle opening revealed by Gu Yue's attack being blocked.

With a flick of her jade-like fingers, a seemingly delicate leaf, like a jade-green blade, flew around the Frostglass Sword's defense at an extremely tricky angle, striking Gu Yue's wrist with a light but firm "snap."

Gu Yue felt a numbness in her wrist, and her sword strike faltered. She frowned, about to change her move, when Wen Guanyu's figure, like a ghost, used the leaves as cover to close the distance in an instant!

"However, when defending, the flow of spiritual energy in your shoulders and neck is slightly sluggish." Wen Guanyu chuckled, and as she spoke, a hand shot out like a serpent, not attacking any vital points, but rather, with slightly spread fingers and a playful tone, gently patting her firm, full buttocks.

"Smack!"

A crisp, light sound rang out clearly in the silent training ground. The springy texture emanated from beneath the thin sword robe.

A faint blush suddenly rose to Gu Yue's cool and aloof face, spreading all the way to her ears.

Like a startled rabbit, she leaped back several feet, sword held horizontally in front of her chest, glaring at Wen Guanyu with a mixture of shame and anger: "Senior Sister! You... how could you...!"

"Hehe..." Wen Guanyu chuckled, covering her mouth. Her loose, dark green Daoist robe swayed slightly with her movements, and the curves of her impressive chest rippled breathtakingly. "In sparring, it's

natural to point out shortcomings. How can you, Junior Sister, deal with a truly cunning enemy when you're so shy?"

Gu Yue bit her lower lip lightly, her eyes growing even colder: "In that case, junior sister, please forgive me!" She held nothing back; the Frostglass Sword emitted a clear, resonant sword cry, her surroundings surging with chilling energy. The sword light transformed into an extremely condensed, icy blue rainbow, woman and sword becoming one, piercing straight towards Wen Guanyu's central palace like a comet striking the moon!

This sword strike was serious.

Facing this unparalleled, fierce sword strike, Wen Guanyu remained calm.

She didn't even use many blades for defense; she simply turned slightly to the side, her blindfolded face precisely "watching" the approaching sword tip.

Just as the sword was about to strike her, her ample breasts seemed to unintentionally thrust forward slightly.

"Hiss—"

The icy blade barely grazed the edge of her high, soft curves, its sharp aura tearing a tiny gash in the dark green Daoist robe, vaguely revealing a breathtaking glimpse of her snow-white, smooth skin and deep cleavage beneath.

Gu Yue hadn't expected her senior sister to dodge in this way at all; her sword stance faltered, and her body involuntarily lunged forward.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Wen Guanyu stretched out her jade-like arm and directly wrapped it around Gu Yue's slender waist, pulling her into her embrace.

In an instant, Gu Yue's aloof body was completely enveloped in a warm, soft embrace.

Her face was almost buried between Wen Guanyu's unusually full, soft, and elastic breasts. The rich, mature woman's fragrance mixed with a faint scent of herbs wafted over, leaving her mind blank and her body stiff.

"Look," Wen Guanyu lowered her head, the blindfold almost touching Gu Yue's forehead, her voice carrying a languid, triumphant laugh, "If it were a life-or-death struggle, with just a little effort from your senior sister, your slender waist would probably have broken. Junior sister, your sword is too cold, and your heart… is not calm enough."

Gu Yue remained frozen in her senior sister's warm and soft embrace, feeling the astonishingly soft touch and the warmth emanating from her clothes. A blush lingered on her usually cool face, and her hand gripping the sword trembled slightly; for a moment, she forgot to pull away.

Wen Guanyu felt her junior sister's body stiffen instantly in her arms, and felt her heartbeat quicken suddenly through the thin fabric of her clothes. The languid smile on her lips deepened.

Her jade-like arm, which was wrapped around Gu Yue's waist, did not loosen. Her other, free hand slowly moved upwards, with an irresistible tenderness, precisely resting on Gu Yue's breasts—not as full as her own, but still beautifully shaped, firm, and soft.

"Ugh..." Gu Yue trembled violently, her clear, muffled groan filled with disbelief and panic.

She instinctively tried to break free, but her senior sister's arms, though seemingly gentle, contained an unshakeable strength, firmly imprisoning her within that warm, soft jade.

Wen Guanyu's palm, through the ice-silk sword robe, gently cupped the soft mound beneath, feeling the rapid heartbeat and the sudden tension in her touch.

Her fingertips, imbued with a subtle spiritual pressure, began to massage in a slow, possessive rhythm.

First, she spread her fingers, her entire palm covering the full curve, and slowly drew circles, feeling the bud at the tip quickly harden under her palm, clearly visible even through the clothes.

"Junior Sister..." The senior sister's voice deepened, tinged with a hint of husky teasing, her warm breath brushing against Gu Yue's sensitive earlobe. "I've noticed... that part of you seems to be getting increasingly full and plump lately..." Her fingertips began to vary their pressure, sometimes lightly, sometimes heavily, twisting and squeezing the hardened tips, her movements practiced and provocative, as if plucking a precious musical instrument. "Could it be... that our obedient, carefree junior brother has been... secretly 'nurturing' them quite a bit?"

"Senior... Senior Sister! Stop... Stop talking nonsense!" Gu Yue's voice trembled with brokenness, her cold mask shattered completely, and her rouge-stained cheeks buried themselves deeply in her senior sister's soft bosom, trying to escape the unsettling touch and explicit words.

She could clearly feel waves of unfamiliar yet intense tingling pleasure emanating from her breasts as her senior sister's fingertips played with them. These sensations, like electric currents, surged through her limbs, making her legs weak and almost unable to stand.

She bit her lower lip, trying hard not to make any more shameful sounds, but her body trembled slightly in her senior's arms.

However, at the peak of this intoxicating mix of passion, shame, and pleasure, a sudden, intense, tearing pain, originating from the depths of her soul, erupted without warning!

"Ah—!"

Gu Yue let out a short, painful cry, her face instantly turning deathly pale, and fine beads of cold sweat appeared on her forehead.

The pain didn't originate from her physical body, but rather acted directly on the core of her soul, as if something vital to her life was being forcibly torn apart and destroyed!

She arched her back abruptly, even her senior sister's alluring embrace couldn't alleviate the sudden, excruciating pain.

Wen Guanyu immediately noticed the unusual behavior of her junior sister in her arms; it was definitely not a reaction of passion or shyness.

Her hands stopped abruptly, the ribbon covering her eyes seeming to "see" the violent fluctuations in Gu Yue's soul. Her voice carried a hint of gravity: "Junior Sister? What's wrong?"

Gu Yue huddled in her senior sister's arms, struggling to lift her face, which was covered in cold sweat. Her icy blue eyes were filled with unprecedented panic and pain. Her voice was broken and choked with sobs: "It's... it's Wuyou... the Ice Heart Tear I gave him... it's shattered... he... something happened to him!"

Meanwhile, outside Tianxi City, inside the cave of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun.

She didn't know how much time had passed, but her consciousness, like a drowning person surfacing in the deep sea, struggled to the surface.

Ye Hongying slowly awoke amidst a bone-deep heat and emptiness.

The first thing she felt was the cold, hard stone beneath her, a stark contrast to her burning skin.

She found herself naked, lying in a dark, damp stone chamber. Only a few flickering oil lamps on the walls cast a dim, yellowish light, barely outlining the shape of the cramped space—aside from the stone bed beneath her covered with a few bits of dry grass, it was almost completely empty.

The air was thick with the smells of mildew and dust, and… a strong, nauseating odor belonging to the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, along with the cloying sweetness and messiness emanating from her own body, unique to passionate encounters.

Memories flooded back like a tidal wave, assaulting her remaining sanity with destructive force—the towering flames of Tianxi City's fall, the gruesome deaths of her fellow disciples, Zhao Wuyou's severely injured and vomiting blood, the tearing pain of being forcibly penetrated by that old monster, followed by the uncontrollable, decadent pleasure… and finally, her shameless, servile, and ultimately ecstatic climax before her junior brother Wuyou!

"Ugh..." Two streams of tears instantly slid down her cheeks, mingling with the dust and sweat on her face, leaving winding, damp trails.

Overwhelming shame, regret, and despair nearly consumed her.

She instinctively tried to curl up, but found her limbs weak and sore, especially the hidden valley between her legs, which still felt swollen, numb, and itchy from being brutally ravaged. She could even

clearly feel a thick, slippery liquid uncontrollably overflowing from the slightly parted, unable-to-close passage, sliding down her thighs and bringing a cool, sticky sensation.

"Oh, little fiery red sparrow, finally decided to wake up?" A hoarse, mocking voice rang out from the side, like a venomous snake flicking its tongue.

Ye Hongying turned her head sharply, her vision blurred by tears, and saw the Old Monster of the Setting Sun sitting hunched over on a stone stool in the corner of the stone chamber. His cloudy eyes gleamed with a chilling light in the dim light, his gaze fixed intently on her naked body. His eyes lingered on her snow-white breasts, which rose and fell slightly with her rapid breathing, her slender waist, and her weakly parted legs, revealing the messy spring scenery within.

"Where... where am I?! Where's Wuyou?! What have you done to Junior Brother Wuyou?!" Ye Hongying's voice was hoarse, thick with nasal congestion and trembling uncontrollably. She tried to sit up, but her body was too weak and she was overcome by the pervasive aches and pains. She could only futilely try to cover her exposed chest with her arms, a futile attempt that seemed so weak and powerless under the other person's lewd gaze.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun chuckled, slowly rising to his feet. He strolled to the stone bed, looking down at her. "Tsk, why is your first thought after waking up that you're still thinking about that useless piece of trash?" He extended his withered fingers, almost flirtatiously tracing them across Ye Hongying's burning cheek. She turned her head away in disgust, but he didn't seem to care. Instead, he laughed, "This place, naturally, is your home from now on. As for that little piece of trash… I found him an eyesore, so I kicked him into the Abyss of Demon Burial. Whether he lives or dies… hehe, that depends on his fate. Maybe he's still struggling at the bottom of the abyss, suffering the bone-corroding pain of demonic energy?"

"You... you scum! You beast!" Ye Hongying's eyes widened in fury, tears streaming down her face again, her heart filled with endless regret and overwhelming killing intent. "Moshan Dao will not let you go! My master will never let you go!!"

"Yan Leizi?" The Old Monster of the Setting Sun laughed even more shrilly, as if he had heard the funniest joke in the world. "That old bastard can barely take care of himself now, how could he possibly care about you? Don't worry, Little Red Sparrow, it won't be long before all your beautiful fellow disciples come to keep you company... At that time, I'll let you all share boundless bliss!"

Amidst the maniacal laughter, the old monster suddenly bent down and roughly parted Ye Hongying's legs, which she was trying to close.

Ye Hongying gasped as he forcefully pried her legs apart, completely exposing her most private and disheveled area to the dim light.

She could feel the old man's rough fingers caressing her groin. Then, a cold, round object, about the size of a pigeon's egg, pressed against her still wet, muddy, and slightly swollen entrance.

"No... what are you doing?! Take it away!" Ye Hongying struggled in terror, but her weak body was no match for her.

The old monster grinned maliciously and forcefully pushed his fingertip forward!

"Ugh—!" The cold, foreign object instantly broke through the tight entrance, sliding deep into the sensitive and empty depths of her flower path!

A foreign, forcibly filled sensation washed over her, but immediately following it was a strange, indescribable feeling of emptiness, as if the scratching at her heart had been temporarily relieved, causing her to uncontrollably let out a seductive moan tinged with a sob.

"What... what the hell is this?! Take it out!" Ye Hongying's delicate body trembled, her voice filled with fear and a subtle shudder she herself didn't even realize came from the foreign object penetrating deeper.

However, not long after, the pearl-like magical treasure buried deep within her flower path began to emit an extremely subtle yet undeniable vibration!

The vibration wasn't violent, but rather like countless tiny feathers, continuously and precisely scraping the most delicate and sensitive folds of her flower's inner wall, especially the deepest, fragile core that had just endured a storm!

"Mmm... Ahh..." Waves of increasingly intense, tingling, and itchy sensations spread from the deepest parts of her body like a tide, quickly engulfing her entire being.

Ye Hongying bit her lower lip hard, trying to resist the overwhelming sensation. Her fair skin quickly flushed a passionate pink, and fine beads of sweat appeared on her forehead again.

She struggled to twist her waist, trying to escape the torment, but found that the movement only made the vibrations more intense and unbearable.

"You... you put... what... inside me... it's so itchy... take it out... take it out now..." Her voice was already tinged with sobs and uncontrollable moans, her eyes beginning to glaze over.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun watched with satisfaction as she writhed and moaned beneath him, his voice mocking, "Take it out? No way! This is a 'love bean' I bought at great expense, specially prepared for a vessel as alluring as you. It will make you remember this itch every moment for the next few days, remember the emptiness that needs to be filled. Unless… I completely satisfy you, watering your flower with my primordial yang essence, this itch will only grow stronger and stronger, it will never easily dissipate."

"You... despicable! Shameless!!" Ye Hongying cursed in humiliation, but her body reacted against her will.

The continuous vibration caused her legs to involuntarily tighten and then loosen, and the nectar gushing from deep within her flower path became even more abundant, even emitting a faint "gurgling" sound, which intertwined with the buzzing of the vibration, sounding exceptionally clear and erotic in the silent stone chamber.

Just then, the simple wooden door behind the old monster creaked open softly.

Two slender, fair-skinned figures, completely naked, entered silently.

It was the twins, Su Yao and Su Ling.

They seemed oblivious to the naked, delicate body tormented by lust on the stone bed, and to the lewd atmosphere in the air. They simply lowered their heads, meekly approached the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, knelt gracefully, and whispered in unison:

"Master."

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun turned back, glanced at Ye Hongying, whose expression was complex as she struggled to suppress the turmoil and humiliation within her, and instructed the twins, "Clean her up thoroughly and take good care of her. By this time tomorrow, I want to see her... overcome with desire, actively seeking pleasure."

The twins raised their heads, their gazes sweeping over Ye Hongying's snow-white body, covered in marks, and the trembling, glistening cleavage between her legs. A barely perceptible, strange light flashed in their eyes before they lowered their heads again, obediently replying:

"Yes, Master."

Chapter 30: The Love Bean

As the Old Monster of the Setting Sun departed, the heavy wooden door of the stone chamber slowly closed, completely sealing off this space filled with sin and despair, leaving only the three women and the suffocating atmosphere of debauchery.

On the stone bed, Ye Hongying's naked body still trembled slightly, unable to control herself.

The "love bean" forcibly inserted continued to vibrate deep within her tight, wet flower path, bringing waves of itching that penetrated to the bone and pierced to the very marrow.

The itching wasn't localized to one spot, but rather moved and bounced across her sensitive flesh like a living thing, each tiny vibration precisely stimulating her most vulnerable nerve endings.

"Mmm... Ah..." Her breathing became increasingly rapid and disordered, her once clear and beautiful eyes now misty and unfocused.

Fine beads of sweat seeped from her smooth forehead, graceful neck, and high, firm breasts, mingling with the nectar that had flowed from her earlier body, giving it a wet, alluring sheen.

She unconsciously twisted her waist, her legs rubbing together restlessly, trying to relieve the terrible emptiness and itching, but it was all in vain. Instead, it made the vibrating, foreign sensation even more pronounced, causing her flower path to contract violently in waves, squeezing out more warm nectar.

Just as she was lost in her passion, her blurred vision finally focused on the two familiar yet unfamiliar figures standing before the bed.

When Ye Hongying saw Su Yao and Su Ling's naked, curvaceous bodies, and the expressions on their faces that were no longer the innocent and naive ones they once were, she was struck dumb, completely frozen in place.

"Yao… Yao'er? Ling'er?" Her voice trembled with disbelief, her dry throat barely able to utter a complete syllable. "How… how could it be you? How could you be here? You… just now you called him… Master?" The scene before her completely shattered her understanding. Why were those two sisters, pure white as snow, who always nestled beside her sweetly calling her "Sister Hongying," now naked in this demonic cave, bowing down to that old monster?

Upon hearing this, Su Ling's beautiful face blossomed into a sweet yet strangely alluring smile. She gracefully approached the bedside, extending her slender fingertips to lightly trace the inner thigh of Ye Hongying, which was tense with shock. "Sister Hongying~ I told you, we'll see each other again soon." Her touch was cool, yet it instantly raised tiny goosebumps on Ye Hongying's sensitive skin.

Su Yao remained silent throughout.

She quietly walked to a corner of the stone chamber, where a jade basin filled with warm water and several soft, white silk scarves had been prepared sometime earlier.

Her eyes were lowered, her movements still carrying an innate, almost ingrained elegance, as if she were not serving a woman tormented by lust in a demon's lair, but rather preparing for the next hand-washing ritual in the quiet room of the Tianyin Pavilion.

This extreme tranquility contrasted sharply with the scene before her, sending a chill down her spine.

"Ling... Ling'er... no... don't..." Ye Hongying struggled in vain, trying to close her legs, but Su Ling easily spread them apart with a skillful move.

Su Ling's gaze, like sticky honey, was fixed on the unsightly sight between Ye Hongying's legs—the pink, moist valley was slightly opening and closing, constantly releasing glistening, viscous nectar with a rich, wine-like aroma, accompanied by the continuous vibration of the "love bean," like a thirsty little mouth.

She chuckled foolishly, licking her rosy lips with her tongue, her tone both innocent and cruel: "Sister Hongying, look at you, you've 'sneaked a drink' again~ This fragrance is even more intoxicating than the strongest 'Burning Passion' from Drunken Immortal House~"

Upon hearing this, Ye Hongying's cheeks instantly turned as red as if they were about to bleed; an overwhelming sense of shame nearly overwhelmed her.

"You... you all... knew all along?" Her voice was weak, shattered by the last vestige of hope.

Su Yao, who had been silent all along, finally spoke. Her voice was still soft, yet it was like a cold needle, piercing Ye Hongying's last hope: "Yes, Sister Hongying." She approached, carrying a jade basin, her gaze calmly sweeping over Ye Hongying's body, which was covered in marks of passion. "Every night... you so 'intensely' soothe yourself, those suppressed breaths, those tense arches of your feet, that soaked bedsheet... We slept right next to you, how could we not know?"

Su Ling's breathing quickened. She leaned down, bringing her face close to the delicate, slightly swollen clitoris, which was constantly oozing nectar. Her nose almost touched the damp downy hairs, her eyes filled with naked desire and curiosity: "Every night... every night, listening to your voice, smelling this fragrance... I wonder... what does this place smell like?" Her voice carried a seductive allure. "It must be... very sweet, right? Back then... I almost couldn't resist and pounced on it... and licked it."

Before the words were even finished, to Ye Hongying's horrified and ashamed gaze, Su Ling actually extended her small, pink tongue, with a hint of coolness and an irresistible force, and precisely and heavily licked the most sensitive, already engorged clitoris!

"Ahhh—! No... don't lick! It's... dirty... uh...!" Ye Hongying arched her back suddenly, letting out a sharp, seductive moan that was a mixture of extreme shame and sudden pleasure.

The slippery, soft touch combined with the vibrations of the "love bean" was like the last straw that broke the camel's back, instantly shattering her remaining rationality.

She shook her head in vain, her hands weakly pushing against Su Ling's shoulders, but it seemed more like a reluctant invitation.

Su Yao's movements were gentle yet carried an undeniable air of control.

The soft, damp silk scarf, cool to the touch, glided gently across Ye Hongying's burning skin.

The silk scarf seemed to possess magic, each wipe precisely grazing her most sensitive areas—her slender collarbone, her flat stomach—and finally, with a deliberate slowness, resting on her full, pert, snow-white breasts, heaving violently with passion.

"Waaah..." Ye Hongying let out a helpless sob.

The strange sensation of her nipples being repeatedly rubbed by a damp, slippery silk scarf on her upper body, combined with the intense stimulation of Su Ling's skillful tongue frantically licking her lower body and the continuous vibration of her "love bean" deep inside her, created a terrifying double attack from both inside and outside.

Her body felt like a fortress under attack from three sides, each line of defense rapidly crumbling.

At first, a lingering sense of shame and reason struggled within her. She tried to twist her waist to escape, and tried to close her legs, but Su Ling firmly held her hips, and Su Yao pressed her down with her entire body, rendering her unable to move.

Gradually, under that skillful and rhythmic caress, the struggles turned into subtle trembling, and the resisting moans transformed into intermittent, seductive panting.

"Ah... ha... no... don't do it all at once..." she pleaded incoherently, her eyes glazed over, shimmering with tears, completely unfocused.

Her body betrayed her words.

The shameful, secret place between her legs, like a river bursting its banks, contracted uncontrollably, releasing a large amount of warm, viscous nectar, exuding a rich, mellow aroma.

This sweet rain was entirely received and swallowed by Su Ling, who was lying between her legs.

Su Ling let out a satisfied sigh, licking even more diligently, as if savoring the most exquisite nectar in the world.

Meanwhile, on her upper body, as Su Yao continuously and skillfully massaged the nipples with a silk scarf, an astonishing change occurred—the two already erect, ruby-like nipples began to ooze a clear, beautiful amber-colored fluid!

The moment this juice appeared, an even richer, more intoxicating aroma of wine instantly filled the air, even overpowering the scent of the honey-like fluid from below.

Su Yao's eyes suddenly flashed with an unusual light. Without hesitation, she bent down, discarded the silk scarf, and directly used her luscious lips to take one of the nipples, which was constantly secreting wine-like fluid, into her mouth. Like a baby suckling, she suckled vigorously and noisily!

"Yao... Yao'er! No... don't suck there... there... no..." Ye Hongying twisted her upper body in panic, trying to escape the unprecedented, intense stimulation that shot straight to the top of her head.

The tingling sensation of her nipples being sucked and gently bitten, mixed with the strange emptiness of her juices being drained, merged with the torrent of pleasure in her lower body, almost knocking her soul out of her body.

Su Ling looked up, her pretty cheeks flushed an unnatural red, her eyes slightly glazed. She licked the remaining nectar from the corner of her lips and chuckled dreamily at Su Yao, "Sister... so, so wine can taste this good... no wonder Sister Hongying can't live without it..."

Upon hearing this, Su Yao temporarily released the nipple, which had become increasingly swollen and red from being sucked. She raised her face, also flushed with a captivating blush, her eyes filled with a playful and hazy light, and looked at Ye Hongying, who was already half-conscious. Her voice was hoarse and seductive: "Silly sister, this isn't ordinary wine… this is a top-grade brew that only Sister Hongying's

exquisite body can produce…" As she spoke, she leaned down again, taking a mouthful of the amber-colored, fragrant milk into her mouth, and then abruptly sealed Ye Hongying's slightly parted lips, which were brimming with alluring moans!

"Huh?! Mmm...!" Ye Hongying's eyes widened in horror, but Su Yao's fragrant tongue had already seized the opportunity to invade, skillfully prying open her pearly teeth and transferring the rich, fragrant breast milk, still warm from her own body, into her mouth.

Meanwhile, Su Yao's hand continued to knead her other full breast forcefully, stimulating the secretion of more fluid.

Forced to swallow the "liquid" produced by her own body, containing pure karmic fire and lust, while another fragrant tongue domineeringly invaded and stirred her mouth, and the stimulation in her lower body and chest continued unabated... The multiple extreme sensory impacts, like the most potent aphrodisiac, completely burned away Ye Hongying's last bulwark of reason.

Her body trembled violently, her skin turning an alluring pink, like a ripe peach.

An unprecedented, uncontrollable surge of intense orgasm coursed through her limbs, rushing towards her already swollen and convulsing core.

"No... no... I'm... I'm going to come... Aaaaah—!"

She abruptly broke free from Su Yao's passionate kiss, leaving a trail of silvery silk, and let out a high-pitched, sharp, and almost piercing moan.

At the same time, her body suddenly released like a bowstring stretched to its limit—a large amount of nectar gushed from the depths of her flower path, drenching Su Ling's face and lips; several streams of amber-colored, wine-scented nectar also sprayed from the nipples of her breasts, splashing onto Su Yao's delicate body and her own chin and neck.

She clung tightly to Su Yao, her fingers digging deep into Su Yao's back, while her long, slender legs clamped tightly around Su Ling's head. Her entire body convulsed and tensed violently as if electrocuted, every muscle trembling under the onslaught of ultimate pleasure.

The climax lasted a long time before slowly receding.

Ye Hongying collapsed limply onto the disheveled bed, as if all her bones had been removed. She gasped for breath, her chest heaving, her body drenched in sweat, the pungent smell of her bodily fluids mixed with the scent of alcohol almost overwhelming.

Her eyes were vacant as she stared upwards, completely immersed in the lingering afterglow and exhaustion of that overwhelming pleasure, as if she had lost even the ability to think.

Su Yao and Su Ling were also on top of her, breathing slightly, their faces flushed with a satisfied yet strange blush, intoxicated by the unique and decadent "intoxication" brewed by Ye Hongying's body.

Ye Hongying lay limp on the bed, the afterglow of her orgasm washing over her limbs like waves, leaving even her fingertips numb and weak.

Those once bright eyes were now misty, staring blankly at the swaying shadows on the stone chamber ceiling. Her lips were slightly parted, her breath carrying an intense, almost overwhelming aroma of wine and passionate emotion.

However, even within this languid intoxication, the karmic fire forcibly ignited within her, not yet fully extinguished, and the strange toxins already rooted deep within her bones, continued to fester unseen.

A strange heat returned to her meridians, bringing a subtle yet undeniable itching sensation, especially in the hollow between her legs that had just experienced ultimate pleasure, where a feeling of emptiness began to stir again.

The sensation made her twist her waist uncomfortably, a broken groan escaping from her throat.

"Hmm..."

The groan seemed to be a signal.

Su Yao and Su Ling, who had been panting on top of her, seemed to have been injected with new energy and slowly raised their heads.

Their faces still bore the flush of pleasure, but their eyes were no longer simply dazed; instead, a more intense flame, one of sharing and demanding, had ignited within them.

Su Ling was the first to make a move.

She sat up, pouting her rosy lips in dissatisfaction. Her gaze swept over Ye Hongying's alluring body, glistening with sweat and residual fluids, and she said in a coquettish voice, "Sister Hongying... how could you go alone... leaving me and my sister behind..."

As she spoke, she moved like a nimble water snake, slithering towards Su Yao beside her.

The two sisters exchanged glances; without a word, a strange, unspoken understanding was achieved.

They knelt facing each other, their arms outstretched, tightly embracing each other's naked bodies.

When their bodies were pressed tightly together, their unique "telepathic connection" once again worked its magical effect—an extraordinary sensory bond was instantly established, amplifying and sharing their desires and pleasures infinitely.

"Sister..." Su Ling gasped, and kissed Su Yao's lips.

This kiss was different from the domineering one she had given Ye Hongying before; it was filled with the intimate entanglement between sisters and the wet, wet sounds of their kiss.

Their hands began to roam over each other's smooth backs and slender waists, eventually reaching simultaneously for the most mysterious valley between each other's legs.

Su Yao's fingertips gently pressed against Su Ling's already moist petals, feeling the intense heat and tightness within, and began to rhythmically probe and rotate.

Meanwhile, Su Ling's fingers skillfully explored Su Yao's honeyed orifice, which was already wet and secreted a love fluid unlike that of ordinary people—Su Ling's fluid, warm like sunshine, was thick and rich, known as "yang honey"; while Su Yao's fluid, clear and slightly cool, like condensed moonlight, carried a hint of chilly sweetness, known as "yin honey."

"Ah... Ling'er... there..." Su Yao tilted her head back, letting out a soft moan, her body trembling slightly.

"Sister... you too... mmm..." Su Ling was equally aroused, swaying her hips under Su Yao's caresses.

The two caressed each other, their moans rising and falling, weaving into a lewd concerto.

Their movements grew more vigorous, their fingertips moving in and out, drawing out more glistening nectar, filling the air with a strange, sweet fragrance that blended the warmth of the sun with the cool glow of the moon.

Ye Hongying lay on her side, staring blankly at the vibrant, sensual scene before her, a scene that transcended all moral boundaries.

The twin sisters' naked, intertwined bodies, the ecstatic expressions on their faces, the strange, sweet fragrance in the air, and the constant, blush-inducing moans and wet sounds... all of this acted as the most powerful catalyst, reigniting the flames of desire that had been forcibly suppressed within her!

The itching sensation from the strange poison deep within her bone marrow grew increasingly intense, like countless ants crawling on her.

The karmic fire stirred restlessly in her meridians, bringing a burning, empty feeling.

Deep within the flower-lined path, stirred by the vibrations of the "love bean," came waves of unbearable tingling and longing.

Her breathing quickened unconsciously, her chest heaved again, and a throbbing pain and a strange emptiness coursed through her breasts.

Her legs, which had been pressed together, began to rub against each other unconsciously, trying to relieve the restless, throbbing sensation that kept welling up from deep within her thighs.

A slender, delicate hand, trembling as if beyond its control, slowly slid towards her already muddy, slightly parted valley...

Her gaze remained fixed on the sisters, who were comforting each other, her eyes unfocused, as if bewitched.

Watching their expressions, so enraptured in ecstasy, a soft voice, tinged with disbelief and a secret longing, escaped from her slightly parted lips:

"Is it really... that comfortable...?"

This soft murmur, however, resounded like thunder in the stone chamber.

Su Yao and Su Ling, lost in their passion for each other, simultaneously paused.

They turned their heads, their two almost identical eyes, brimming with lustful light, both looking at Ye Hongying, whose gaze was glazed over and whose fingers were already touching her clitoris.

A seductive smile played on Su Yao's lips. She spoke breathlessly, her voice alluringly husky: "Sister Hongying... it must be so lonely all by yourself... Come... let's be together..."

Su Ling chimed in sweetly, her eyes gleaming with excitement and a sense of control: "Yes, Sister Hongying, let's... have some fun together..."

Before she finished speaking, Su Ling, like a nimble cheetah, suddenly moved closer to Ye Hongying.

With one hand, she continued to dig rapidly into her own honeypot, drawing out more viscous nectar, while her other hand precisely covered Ye Hongying's hand, which was attempting self-pleasure, guiding it, and then replacing it—her fingers, carrying the warm, sticky touch of Su Ling, forcefully squeezed into Ye Hongying's already wet, slightly spasming honeypot!

"Ugh!" The sudden intrusion and intense stimulation caused Ye Hongying to let out a short scream, her body arching sharply.

Those fingers were nimble and skillful, sometimes thrusting in and out rapidly, sometimes pressing and kneading the sensitive folds inside, bringing a pleasure like an electric current that instantly shattered her already faltering defenses.

At the same time, Su Yao adjusted her posture.

She knelt beside Ye Hongying's head, slowly bringing her own moist vulva, which was constantly oozing clear nectar and whose petals were slightly parted, closer to Ye Hongying's slightly parted lips, still stained with each other's saliva and juices.

That secluded valley, so close yet exuding a strange, cool fragrance, and the constantly dripping, crystal-clear nectar, were like the most deadly temptation.

Ye Hongying's eyes were completely mesmerized; her last shred of reason vanished.

Almost instinctively and greedily, she stretched out her small, fragrant tongue and began to lick the source of that sweet spring.

Her tongue gently swept across Su Yao's sensitive petals, tracing their alluring shape, before she swished the sweet, slightly cool nectar into her mouth, savoring it like fine wine.

Under her inexperienced yet passionate caresses, Su Yao let out a satisfied and long moan, her waist swaying gently involuntarily, sending more sweet juices into her mouth.

Inside the stone chamber, three snow-white, delicate bodies were entwined in an extremely lewd posture.

Su Ling's fingers stirred within Ye Hongying's body, feeling the tight, moist embrace and intense contractions; Ye Hongying passionately licked Su Yao's honeypot, swallowing its cool, sweet nectar; and Su Yao, under her sister's caresses and Ye Hongying's lip service, reached the peak of pleasure.

Moans, gasps, and the sounds of wetness mingled together, the air thick with the aromas of wine, the warm scent of yang honey, and the cool fragrance of yin honey, blending into a decadent atmosphere that utterly led to one's demise.

Just as all three were breathing heavily, their bodies tense, about to plunge together into the abyss of ultimate pleasure—

Su Yao and Su Ling, as if by unspoken agreement, suddenly exchanged a sharp look!

The next second, with astonishing coordination and speed, they simultaneously retreated!

Su Ling's fingers instantly left Ye Hongying's empty, twitching vulva, leaving behind a strand of sticky saliva. Su Yao also abruptly moved away, pulling away from Ye Hongying's lips and tongue, which were still searching for the source of sweetness.

The intense pleasure abruptly ended, like falling hard from the clouds.

A profound emptiness and unfulfilled desire caused Ye Hongying to let out a painful, bewildered sob. She instinctively chased after it, her body slightly curled up from the intense need.

"W-why did it stop?" she blurted out, her voice filled with an urgency and pleading she herself didn't realize, her dazed eyes looking helplessly at the two sisters who had suddenly turned away.

Su Yao and Su Ling exchanged a glance, their faces revealing knowing smiles and a sense of triumph. They knew the time was right.

Su Yao rose gracefully, walked to a corner of the stone chamber, and retrieved the pair of new, dark red nipple rings that had been prepared beforehand.

The nipple ring, made of an unknown material, had fine, vein-like patterns on its surface, exuding an ominous aura.

She returned to the bedside, ignoring Ye Hongying's slight struggles and confused moans, and skillfully removed the previous pair. Then, she fastened the new, more exquisite yet also more sinister pair of nipple rings onto Ye Hongying's still perky, full nipples, their tips hardened with passion.

"Mmm..." The moment the nipple rings fastened, an even stronger sense of confinement and a subtle suction came, not only preventing the leakage of fluids but also bringing a strange, brand-like sense of belonging. This made Ye Hongying frown uncomfortably, the heat within her seemingly amplified by the foreign object.

"This is a new gift your master has prepared for you," Su Yao said, her voice laced with a hint of seduction. "Before your master tastes it himself, these delicious juices... can't go to waste."

Immediately afterwards, Su Ling also took out a ribbon that shimmered with pink light.

The ribbon appeared soft, yet it was incredibly strong.

She took Ye Hongying's limp hands, deftly wrapped and knotted a ribbon, binding her wrists tightly, raising them above her head, and tying them to the stone railing at the head of the bed.

Her hands were bound, her breasts were imprisoned by new nipple rings, and within her burned a torrent of pent-up desire and passion with nowhere to go. The empty, itchy feeling in her lower body was driving her almost insane.

Ye Hongying futilely rubbed her bound legs, her delicate body writhing uncontrollably, her face a mixture of lust, confusion, and a growing sense of fear.

"You... you... why..." she began with difficulty, her voice broken and hoarse.

Su Ling leaned down, her cool fingers gently tracing Ye Hongying's burning cheeks, placing a kiss, carrying a cool fragrance, on her sweaty forehead. Her voice, though still sweet, was like a venomous snake's tongue:

"Sister Hongying, please be patient." Her red lips brushed close to Ye Hongying's ear, her breath sweet as orchids. "Tomorrow... will make you even happier."

Having said that, the two sisters lingered, like phantoms who had completed their task. They silently straightened their disheveled clothes and turned to leave the stone chamber.

The heavy stone door slammed shut again, isolating the inside from the outside.

Inside the stone chamber, only Ye Hongying remained, doubly imprisoned by lust and shackles.

The pink ribbon on her wrist flickered with an ominous light, the dark red nipple rings on her chest emitted a persistent, foreign sensation and a subtle pull, while the burning karmic fire and the bone-deep emptiness within her body assaulted her remaining consciousness wave after wave.

She futilely twisted her bound body, her broken moans and sobs echoing in the empty stone chamber, but no one answered.

Darkness and lust, like an impenetrable cocoon, tightly enveloped her, awaiting dawn... or rather, awaiting the final arrival of her "master."