Records of the Goddess (Pure Love Version)

Chapter 24

Once, boundless landscapes were destroyed; now, only deathly gray remained in her eyes, incapable of stirring even the slightest emotion.

Lu Jiajing turned her head away, her arms hanging limply at her sides.

Water continued to drip from the simple temple, the humid heat filling the nostrils and making one even more irritable.

Lin Xuanyan glanced at the pile of grayish-green dust and withered whiskers on the ground—the only remains of the Graywood demon after exhausting its demonic power. He flicked his finger, sending a burst of sword fire that incinerated the remaining demonic energy.

"Don't be afraid, I'll take you away, I'll never leave you again," Lin Xuanyan said softly, stroking her hair.

Lu Jiajing smiled weakly. "My mind is shattered, my Dao heart is broken, I'm practically a cripple now. All I need is death."

"I can save you," Lin Xuanyan said softly, his eyes slightly red.

Lu Jiajing gently shook her head.

Lin Xuanyan said decisively, "Trust me."

"You're just lying to me. It was the same five hundred years ago, and it's the same now. I know my own body best." Lu Jiajing's voice was weak. "The best elixirs in the world might heal my body, but my Dao heart is damaged; nothing can cure that."

"I'll take you to a safe place first." Lin Xuanyan turned around, grabbed her arm, and tried to carry her on his shoulder.

Lu Jiajing's body stiffened, and she struggled to pull her hand away.

"Listen to me." Lin Xuanyan's voice was slightly choked.

Lu Jiajing pulled her hand away, leaning weakly against the wall. She looked at Lin Xuanyan, biting her lower lip lightly, and said, "Hold me."

Lin Xuanyan paused for a moment, looking at the stubborn woman. A pang seemed to pierce the softest part of his heart. He pulled Lu Jiajing into his arms, then scooped her legs up with one hand and supported her back with the other.

Lu Jiajing closed her eyes, curled up in his arms, like a well-behaved little girl.

The stormy night was a scene of utter devastation; outside the temple gate lay scattered limbs and carcasses, with red and green intestines spilling everywhere.

The stench of blood couldn't be washed away by the heavy rain; in the hazy mist, their figures appeared as thin and frail as ghosts wandering among the clouds.

Su Lingshu turned back from the woods, her gaze meeting Lin Xuanyan's. She was about to speak when she saw the woman in his arms—her clothes were half-soaked by rain and sweat, clinging messily to her body. Beneath the fabric, dozens of dark green seal marks were faintly visible, like vine branding marks scattered across her snow-white skin, slightly indented, a shocking sight.

"What's wrong with her?" Su Lingshu asked in surprise.

"I was so careless, allowing a demon to take advantage of her weakness… and injure her meridians." Lin Xuanyan said softly, "Miss Su, let's find a secluded place first. My friend's injuries are severe; she absolutely cannot be disturbed now."

Su Lingshu looked at the strange sealing marks, then at Lu Jiajing's deathly pale face, and felt a pang of pain in her heart.

She could naturally tell that those seals were no ordinary spells—each one was precisely sealed on a vital acupoint, and the caster's demonic power was still faintly pulsating deep within those acupoints.

She suddenly felt as if she were in another world; the proud and powerful girl of yesteryear and the dying woman in Lin Xuanyan's arms now were completely incomparable to each other.

She felt somewhat lost, but even more heartbroken.

Lin Xuanyan was already carrying her forward, the two brushing past each other. Su Lingshu suddenly turned around, looking at that desolate figure, and felt a sudden sense of familiarity.

"It's so cold," Lu Jiajing murmured softly in his arms.

Lin Xuanyan quickly pulled her closer, his magical power flowing continuously into her body, but Lu Jiajing's lower elixir field was like a funnel, unable to hold any of it.

"So cold, so cold…" Lu Jiajing's hands and feet were icy cold, and her lips trembled slightly.

Lin Xuanyan felt as if his heart was being torn apart. He didn't even dare to walk too fast, for fear of jolting the woman in his arms.

Su Lingshu walked alongside him, also channeling her inner energy into Lu Jiajing, but it was all in vain.

Su Lingshu also felt immense heartache. Based on her cultivation experience, she knew that Lu Jiajing's cultivation level was beyond repair; from now on, she might never be able to cultivate normally again.

What a devastating blow this must have been to someone who had once been so devoted to the Dao!

Before long, Lin Xuanyan returned to the cliff he had started from. The cliff was riddled with caves and caverns; even if the other members of the Azure Demon Clan were to pursue them, it would take them a considerable amount of time to find them among the thousands of caves.

They found a relatively secluded and deep cave, and Su Lingshu used a secret technique to create an array at the cave entrance to seal off the flow of energy.

The heavy rain had just stopped, and there was no dry firewood to start a fire. In the cold, dark cave, Lin Xuanyan put Lu Jiajing down from his arms. He touched her hand; it was as cold as ice, and her breath was equally weak.

He quickly straightened Lu Jiajing's body, placing his hands on her back, attempting to warm her body with his inner energy.

Su Lingshu also sat down cross-legged, channeling her inner energy into Lu Jiajing's body through her palms.

But it was all in vain; her body couldn't retain anything, and her physique was even more frail than that of an ordinary person.

Lin Xuanyan thought for a moment, then decided to abandon the practice of channeling his inner energy. He held Lu Jiajing in his arms; her soft, boneless body trembled slightly in his embrace. He held her cold little hand tightly, letting her rest her head against his chest.

Since he couldn't warm her with magic, he would use the simplest method.

He held her tightly, the warmth of his body slowly melting into her delicate form.

Lin Xuanyan opened his shirt, their skin touching, and they embraced tightly.

This method was primitive, ancient, and slow, but it was the only feasible way.

That touch of tenderness, like a spark landing in her heart, was warmer than a raging fire.

Lu Jiajing subconsciously leaned further in, the two of them seemingly melting into one another.

Su Lingshu stared blankly at the scene, her heart pounding faster than usual. Hearing Lu Jiajing suddenly let out a soft moan and shift slightly, she blushed deeply.

She reached up and touched her face, then deliberately turned away.

Inside the cave, all was silent. The summer heat had been washed away by the rain; mist enveloped their faces, and raindrops danced on their cheeks, bringing a refreshing coolness.

After an unknown amount of time, Su Lingshu finally turned around.

She saw Lin Xuanyan with his head down, the two of them still nestled together.

She suddenly noticed that Lin Xuanyan's body seemed to be trembling slightly as well.

She walked to Lin Xuanyan's side, squatted down, and touched his hand, but immediately withdrew it—touching Lin Xuanyan's hand just now had felt like touching snow, equally icy cold.

She quickly understood the reason.

Lu Jiajing's body wasn't just superficially cold; the yin energy inside her was extremely heavy, and it rebounded onto Lin Xuanyan. Lin Xuanyan dared not use his true energy to warm himself, as that might clash with the energy within Lu Jiajing's body and worsen her injuries.

Su Lingshu touched his arm and asked softly, "Are you alright?"

Lin Xuanyan silently shook his head.

"Don't force yourself. Continuing like this won't help her; it might even damage your own foundation," Su Lingshu said.

Lin Xuanyan shook his head again. His body trembled uncontrollably, yet he still held Lu Jiajing tightly, as if trying to hold onto that last bit of warmth.

"You'll ruin her if you keep going like this!" Su Lingshu said anxiously.

Lin Xuanyan slowly raised his head, his face pale. He slowly opened his eyes and looked at Su Lingshu, as if asking for her opinion.

"Let me do it." Su Lingshu gently pushed Lin Xuanyan away and pulled Lu Jiajing out from his arms.

Su Lingshu was much smaller than Lu Jiajing, so carrying her was more tiring, making her seem a bit hesitant.

Lu Jiajing slightly opened her eyes and saw a delicate face.

She didn't struggle or resist; instead, she pressed even closer.

The girl's skin was delicate and soft, gentle and serene.

Su Lingshu held her tightly, gently pushing Lu Jiajing's hands away from her chest and placing them on her shoulders. She then embraced Lu Jiajing, her hands on Lu Jiajing's back, their chests pressed together. The gentle pressure felt incredibly soft to Su Lingshu, and a subtle feeling welled up inside her. She couldn't help but shift her body and snuggle closer.

As she made this gesture, she glanced cautiously at Lin Xuanyan—Lin Xuanyan was meditating and recovering at the cave entrance and did not turn to look at them.

The girl lowered her head discreetly, glancing at the small patch of snow-white skin peeking out from Lu Jiajing's clothes, and pouted.

She couldn't resist reaching out to touch Lu Jiajing's slightly warming skin. It felt like jade from a hot spring, incredibly smooth to the touch. The faint burn marks from the seal beneath her clothing were still visible, causing a slight tightening in her heart.

The girl hugged herself tighter, her thoughts drifting, a sense of being in another world washing over her.

At the time, she and Lu Jiajing had been fierce rivals, having sparred privately more than once, with each side winning and losing.

Back then, in her youthful arrogance, she had even boasted that she would teach her how to be the young lady of the Qinglian Sect.

Both were unparalleled geniuses, their paths to cultivation should have been smooth sailing, swift and triumphant, soaring to the heavens and reaching the pinnacle of the Dao.

Who would have thought that one of her meridians would be sealed off, leaving her with no hope of achieving the Great Dao?

A body was used for rebirth; everything was reset to zero.

But fate played a cruel trick; now the two embraced, the past seemingly faded away, and the two seeking warmth in each other's arms looked like the most ordinary young girls in the world.

The wind howled outside the curtain, scattering a light rain that shattered nothing but dust.

A thousand miles of dried-up marshland have turned to sand; how can we moisten each other's wounds?

The girl smiled softly, her long, soft hair cascading down her shoulders like the fragrance of lilacs. She felt Lu Jiajing's gentle, gradually even breathing and couldn't help but nuzzle against her again.

The wind and rain were bleak, and the sky was overcast, swallowing the sunlight.

Inside the dimly lit cave, Lin Xuanyan and Lu Jiajing took turns embracing her, gradually drawing out the overflowing yin energy within her, like water dripping on stone.

Lu Jiajing's skin gradually stopped feeling cold, though it was still slightly chilly.

During one of his shift changes with Su Lingshu, Lin Xuanyan suddenly said, "Miss Su, could you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Could you help me gather some herbs and wild fruits? Choose herbs that nourish the lungs and internal organs, preferably pure yang herbs like firethorn. Hmm… and while you're at it, fetch some stream water. There's a stream nearby; just go west after you go down the cliff."

Su Lingshu asked curiously, "Why aren't you going?"

Lin Xuanyan said seriously, "I only know the names of those herbs and wild fruits, but I don't recognize them. I think Miss Su, being born in the Northern Region, is more knowledgeable and experienced, which should make things much easier for her."

Su Lingshu nodded with some skepticism. "Then you must take good care of this young lady. If anything happens to her, I'll hold you responsible."

Lin Xuanyan hummed in agreement, then picked up the ancient sword beside him and tossed it over, saying, "Miss Su, if you encounter any danger, do not fight rashly."

Su Lingshu took the longsword, raised an eyebrow, and chuckled as she walked out of the cave. "This young lady isn't that arrogant."

Lin Xuanyan watched her walk away, a hint of heaviness creeping into his expression.

The young man's eyelids were lowered as he gazed at the delicate beauty in his arms, lost in thought.

"Why did you send her away?" Lu Jiajing suddenly opened her eyes. Her face was still pale, but she was clearly much better than before.

Lin Xuanyan was slightly taken aback. "You're awake?"

"I've been awake for a while now, and I've been trying to circulate my internal energy, but my lower elixir field is completely empty." Lu Jiajing tried her best to remain calm, but she couldn't hide her dejection.

"How did you know I sent her away?" Lin Xuanyan asked.

Lu Jiajing said with a hint of sarcasm, "I know you're not well-educated, but there's no way you wouldn't recognize firethorn."

"Why? What if I really don't know it?" Lin Xuanyan tried to argue.

Lu Jiajing was genuinely angry now. She glared at him and said, "When I was little, I fell into an icy river and caught a cold. You made a wreath for me, and when I asked what kind of flower it was, you told me it was the flower of a firethorn plant, which has the effect of dispelling cold. You dragged my senior brother along to steal it from Master's garden."

Lin Xuanyan nodded in realization, then smiled wryly. "You still remember after all this time?"

Lu Jiajing glared at him, saying irritably, "If I hadn't lost all my cultivation, I really would have killed you."

When she spoke of losing all her cultivation, her expression sank unconsciously, turning somber.

Lin Xuanyan asked, "If I remember correctly, your cultivation level should be at least half a step towards Sainthood. Why has it fallen to this point?"

"I won't tell you."

"Is it for me?" Lin Xuanyan asked tentatively.

"Dream on."

"You must have suffered a lot these past years," Lin Xuanyan said with heartache.

"Save your kindness for your apprentice. Ha, you have such a twisted sense of humor, actually recognizing your own apprentice as your master. I wonder what your foolish apprentice will think when she finds out," Lu Jiajing sneered.

Lin Xuanyan knew she was intentionally trying to provoke him, and said helplessly, "Yuhan, just don't come looking for me in the Northern Region."

Lu Jiajing pressed on relentlessly. "She's probably already on her way. She likes you so much, shouldn't you give her a chance to be your girlfriend? Even though being master and apprentice doesn't sound very honorable."

Lin Xuanyan looked at the woman with such vicious words, but instead of being angry, he smiled happily, thinking, "This is the proud girl from back then. Why did she always pretend to be so aloof?"

He laughed and said, "Didn't you come along too?"

"You…" Lu Jiajing was momentarily speechless, her tone softening slightly. She changed the subject, saying, "You tricked that purple-haired girl with such a clumsy lie, and this is what you're telling me?"

Lin Xuanyan asked, "Why did you emphasize the purple hair?"

Lu Jiajing glared at him. "Don't you know what you're doing?"

Lin Xuanyan was silent for a moment, then said, "Actually, Qianzhen and I were just good friends back then. The fiancée issue was just something the elders of both sects were doing to create momentum and insist on bringing us together."

"I don't believe your nonsense. After all, we're just childhood sweethearts. It's nothing like your romantic relationship with her, a love that only lasts a short time." Lu Jiajing recalled some past events, and her mood inexplicably soured.

"I tricked Miss Su away because I had something I wanted to discuss with you privately," Lin Xuanyan suddenly said seriously.

"What are you trying to say?"

"I can heal you," Lin Xuanyan said solemnly.

"Body or Daoist mind?"

"All of them." Lin Xuanyan said decisively, though he wasn't entirely sure himself.

Lu Jiajing sniffed. "You lied to me again."

"Trust me." Lin Xuanyan suddenly leaned in and pressed down on her.

"…What are you doing? Let go of me." The situation changed suddenly. Lu Jiajing pressed her hands on his shoulders, trying to push him away. "What are you doing? How are you any different from those other men?"

Lin Xuanyan held her hands, looked into her eyes, and smiled. "Sister Lu, if it really doesn't work, just pretend I raped you."

"You… um…"

Lu Jiajing's mouth was gagged.

Her first thought was—so this is what kissing is.

For five hundred years, she had read those two words countless times in books and heard them countless times in casual conversations, but she had never experienced them firsthand.

She had thought her life would pass by as long and silent as the winters in the Qingmu Palace, that no one would ever press their lips against hers, that no one would ever let her feel such a strange yet warm touch.

His lips were very soft.

That was the second thought.

Softer than she had imagined, softer than any description in books.

The sensation spread from the point where their lips touched, running down their cheeks, neck, and spine, like a pebble thrown into an ancient pool that hadn't rippled in five hundred years.

She felt her hands unconsciously loosen their resistance, instead gently resting on his lapel—her fingertips feeling the warmth of his chest and the beating of his heart, each beat stronger than her own.

She suddenly realized that the rapid heartbeat wasn't entirely his. Most of it was her own.

Knock knock.

Knock knock.

The drumming in her ears made her almost unable to hear anything else.

She could feel her cheeks burning hot—the heat spreading from her ears to her collarbone; she thought her face must be too red to bear looking at.

Fortunately, it was dark enough inside the cave.

Thankfully, his eyes were closed.

His eyes were closed. So were hers.

In the darkness after closing her eyes, her other senses became clearer than ever before.

She could smell the faint scent of soap on the boy, mixed with the freshness of rain and grass; she could feel his warm breath brushing against her philtrum; she could sense his lips moving very slightly against hers—not an attack, not a demand, just touching, gently touching, as if confirming the reality of this moment, or as if telling her in the most clumsy yet sincere way: I'm here, and you're here too, this isn't a dream.

She didn't realize how much time had passed before she belatedly discovered that she had been holding her breath the whole time.

She exhaled softly, her long eyelashes brushing against his eyelids.

Then—as if finally given some kind of courage—she moved her lips slightly and responded to him ever so softly.

The movement was so small it was almost negligible, but the boy clearly didn't overlook it.

His arms tightened, pulling her closer, and his kisses became more forceful.

Lu Jiajing felt as if she were sinking into a warm pool of water.

Consciousness was fading little by little, and her body was melting away bit by bit.

The reserve and vigilance, the aloofness and pride that had been maintained for five hundred years, were gradually shed in that long, lingering kiss.

She suddenly remembered the mountain gate when she was sixteen, and the boy gazing at her intently amidst the sea of flowers.

"If he had kissed me then," she thought, "it would probably have been like this now."

But that wasn't the case back then. So with this one kiss, she repaid five hundred years of debt all at once.

After an unknown amount of time, the two finally parted.

The light at the cave entrance seemed to dim slightly.

The moment their eyes met, Lu Jiajing subconsciously lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting a faint shadow in the dim light.

Her lips were slightly red from the kiss, glistening with a moist sheen, and looked softer than usual.

"Sister Lu, so you can be shy too," Lin Xuanyan said softly.

Lu Jiajing immediately raised her eyes, her gaze sharp as a knife. "Who's shy? I was just thinking, your kissing skills are really terrible—"

Before she could finish speaking, a second kiss was on her lips.

This time it was deeper and longer.

Lin Xuanyan's hand rested on the back of her neck, his fingers nestled in her soft hair.

Lu Jiajing's body went from stiff to supple, from passively enduring to gradually responding.

When his tongue gently probed inside, she did not resist, only letting out a very soft nasal sound, like a compromise, or perhaps an invitation.

Her hands, which had once held swords, formed hand seals, and held lotus blossoms, now rested gently on his chest, her fingertips slightly curled, clutching a small piece of his robe.

Outside the cave, the first rays of moonlight after the rain pierced through the clouds, illuminating the thin mist rising from the cliffs.

Su Lingshu plucked a banana leaf, rolled it into a cone shape, and folded the small tip upwards several times to secure it.

She scooped up some clear water from the stream, took a sip, and found it refreshingly cool. The water moistened her slightly dry lips, and she sipped contentedly before carefully wrapping the leaf away.

Not far from the stream, there was another river of warm water, seemingly a hot spring.

She swung her hand in the water, splashing it, and couldn't help but smile, thinking that if she had some free time, she might as well take a bath here.

The thought of Lu Jiajing's injuries made her uneasy.

Looking around the woods, she felt somewhat lost.

Did this place really have firethorn?

She reached out and rubbed the soil between her fingers, a question nagging at her. Logically, these geological conditions shouldn't be conducive to the growth of firethorn.

She couldn't help but recall Lin Xuanyan's expression when he spoke, and something seemed off. Could it be… he had deliberately sent her away?

Thinking this, Su Lingshu looked towards the cave entrance. Amidst the swirling clouds and mist, she rolled the water-filled grass leaves into her sleeve, and with a swift movement, flew towards the cave entrance.

Su Lingshu silently approached the cave entrance, about to enter, when suddenly a discordant sound reached her ears.

The woman's soft breathing reached her ears. She immediately turned to the side, leaning against the stone wall, holding her breath, and stealthily shifted her body slightly, peering into the cave.

At that moment, the girl's cheeks flushed red. Blushing, she turned her head away, indignant, and sneered, "What a pair of shameless lovers!"

The breathing beside her grew more rapid, and she couldn't help but recall the soft touch of Lu Jiajing's ample breasts through her clothes when she had warmed her earlier, making her heart grow increasingly hot.

She clenched her teeth, tilted her head again, and secretly peeked into the cave.

Inside the dimly lit and narrow stone cave, the beauty of spring spread across the floor.

Lu Jiajing, usually as aloof and dignified as ever, lay on the ground, her outer robe undone, revealing her snow-white skin beneath a scarlet bodice, and was being pinned down by a young man.

Her hand rested on Lin Xuanyan's chest, her expression unreadable, neither accepting nor rejecting.

When the two separated again, Lu Jiajing's breathing was somewhat unsteady.

Her blouse was slightly open at the chest, revealing a small section of her delicate collarbone and the soft curve below.

Lin Xuanyan's gaze lingered there for a moment.

Lu Jiajing followed his gaze and glanced down. When she looked up, a slight, ambiguous smile played on her lips. "Have you seen enough?"

"No," Lin Xuanyan answered honestly.

Lu Jiajing gave a light snort, but didn't reach to adjust her clothes, only saying calmly, "If you keep looking, I'll charge you."

Lin Xuanyan couldn't help but chuckle.

He leaned down again, placing a kiss on her brow, moving slowly down her nose, lingering for a moment at the corner of her mouth, and finally settling on her slender neck.

Lu Jiajing tilted her head back, a suppressed moan escaping from deep within her throat.

His lips lingered lightly on her neck, his warm breath brushing against the sensitive skin above her collarbone, and her fingers unconsciously tightened their grip on his shirt.

He loosened the sashes of her outer robe, his movements slow and deliberate, pausing briefly after each sash.

Lu Jiajing did not back out.

As her outer robe slipped off her shoulder, she slightly turned her face.

She was indeed nervous; it was the first time in five hundred years that she was undressing in front of someone—it would be a lie to say she wasn't nervous.

But she didn't dodge.

A scarlet bodice tightly hugged her astonishingly full breasts.

Lin Xuanyan placed his hand on it, and even through the thin silk fabric, he could feel the full curves and burning heat beneath.

His palm covered it, barely covering half of it.

The soft, yet incredibly elastic feel of the fabric made his hands tremble slightly.

"Your hands are shaking." Lu Jiajing's voice was soft, but this time there was no mockery.

"Yes." Lin Xuanyan didn't deny it. "Because it's you."

Lu Jiajing was silent for a moment. She reached out and touched his face—but withdrew her hand after just a fleeting touch, turning her head away and scoffing, "Stop with the nonsense. Are you even capable of anything?"

Lin Xuanyan was both amused and exasperated by her retort, but he wasn't annoyed. He simply lowered his head and nuzzled her neck, then straightened up and reached behind her to untie the drawstring of her bodice.

The scarlet silk slipped silently down.

The pair of jade-like peaks sprang forth, astonishingly full, yet without sagging, standing tall and erect like the arches of mountains rising in the morning mist.

Her snow-white breasts gleamed with an ivory-like sheen in the dim cave, the two rosy peaks like plum petals fallen from the snow, trembling slightly with her breath.

Lu Jiajing instinctively raised her arm to cover herself, but Lin Xuanyan grasped her wrist. He looked into her eyes, his gaze clear yet intense.

"It looks great," he said.

Lu Jiajing met his gaze for a moment, then lowered her arms, no longer concealing herself, but her words were still sharp. "If you've seen enough, hurry up. Don't act like some naive little apprentice."

Lin Xuanyan chuckled. "Sister Lu, you're so beautiful." As he spoke, he lowered his head, his lips returning to the rosy hue of that snow-capped peak.

Lu Jiajing's body trembled violently, and a very soft moan escaped from deep within her throat.

His tongue gently circled the nipple, a tingling pleasure like an electric current traveling from the nipple to the spine, and then spreading throughout the body.

Her fingers unconsciously ran through his hair, whether she wanted to push it away or press it tighter, it was unclear.

He repeatedly sucked and licked the already erect nipple, while his other hand moved to the other full breast.

His fingers sank into that soft, elastic flesh, gently kneading it. The snow-white peaks changed shape in his hands, the flesh overflowing slightly between his fingers, the red nipples standing erect and trembling, their color like ripe wild cherry blossoms.

Lu Jiajing began to breathe heavily, unable to control herself.

Her originally pale cheeks were flushed with a delicate blush, spreading from her cheeks to her ears, neck, and collarbone, before disappearing into the undulating expanse of white skin.

She bit her lower lip, trying to suppress the sounds rising from deep in her throat, but they still escaped, soft and delicate.

Lin Xuanyan raised his head, gazing at the usually aloof and reserved Palace Master of the Qingmu Palace beneath him.

At this moment, her beautiful eyes were half-open, misty with tears, and her long hair fell across the stone ground like a piece of dark blue silk.

She was clearly already moved, yet she stubbornly refused to make a loud sound.

"You… um… don't lick there, it's disgusting." Lu Jiajing glared at him, but her voice was so soft it lacked any intimidation.

Outside the cave, Su Lingshu blushed crimson, her body burning with fever. The dreams that had once relentlessly haunted her surged back, washing over her soul once more.

For a fleeting moment, she felt dizzy and her mind reeled.

Her slender calves unconsciously tightened slightly towards each other.

She was filled with resentment. What a pair of shameless lovers! Flirting and bickering inside, and deliberately sending her out to do their errands! If the Azure Demons were to attack now, what would they do to each other?!

Despite her thoughts, Su Lingshu couldn't help but secretly peek inside. The moans and gasps lingered in her ears, each sound penetrating to the bone, making even her breath ragged and her heart restless.

Suddenly, Su Lingshu stiffened, turning to look at a certain empty space, her expression full of resentment.

"You two bastards! You two bastards! You two bastards!" she cursed inwardly, so angry she wanted to stomp her feet.

While you're indulging in your lovemaking, do you expect me to deal with those opportunistic monsters who come to take advantage of your vulnerability?

Su Lingshu bit her lip tightly, her green dress fluttering in the wind. She glanced once more at the couple lost in their own world, gave a cold snort, and darted off in the direction where demonic energy had suddenly arisen.

The changes outside the cave went completely unnoticed by those inside.

Lin Xuanyan ignored her stubbornness and began to slowly move his fingers down her flat stomach, pausing slightly when his fingertips brushed against her lower back.

Her waist was extremely slender, barely a handful, while her hips flared out in a graceful arc.

His fingers gently glided across the inside of her thigh, where the skin was extremely thin and delicate; a fine layer of goosebumps immediately rose where his fingertips touched.

Lu Jiajing instinctively squeezed her legs together slightly, but his hand had already slipped inside.

His fingers, through the already damp thin underpants, gently pressed against the slightly raised, soft mound.

The warm, moist touch on his fingertips made his heart skip a beat.

Lu Jiajing's body tensed abruptly, her waist arching slightly, and a low moan escaped her lips, one she could no longer suppress.

"No…" Her voice trembled slightly, but she still forced herself to say, "I didn't say stop, why are you panicking?"

Lin Xuanyan paused, then a slight smile played on his lips. He didn't expose her, but rather gently pulled down the thin, already soaked underpants with his fingers.

In the dim light of the cave, the most private and secluded spot finally came into view.

Beneath the lush, fragrant grass, the delicate pink petals of the flowers, glistening with the abundant spring water, trembled slightly, revealing a tiny, rosy bud within.

That was a place where no one had ever touched her—she had remained chaste for five hundred years, untouched by her former lover, untouched by the Third Prince's torment with the Spring Desire Elixir, untouched by the Asura King, untouched by the Graywood demon.

That thin membrane remained intact to this day, like a vow silenced for five hundred years, awaiting the response that could finally be fulfilled today.

Lin Xuanyan's fingers very lightly and slowly parted the two delicate flower lips. Lu Jiajing let out a suppressed groan, her fingers gripping the loose robe at her side tightly, her knuckles turning white from the force.

Warm spring water dampened his fingertips.

He very gently inserted a knuckle into the slippery entrance of the flower path.

Warm, firm flesh immediately enveloped him, its layers undulating as if both pushing away and welcoming.

He could clearly feel that thin barrier—the proof of her virginity, preserved for five hundred years.

Lu Jiajing's breathing grew more rapid. Her thighs trembled slightly, her eyes were tightly closed, and her long eyelashes were glistening with tears.

Lin Xuanyan slowly withdrew his finger, displaying the clear drop of honey-like nectar at its tip before her. Imitating a scene he'd read in a book, he chuckled softly, "Sister Lu, do you know what this is?"

Lu Jiajing opened her eyes and saw his fingers, so embarrassed she almost closed them again.

But she stubbornly refused to dodge, instead letting out a cold laugh. "I thought you were well-read, that you should at least know what this means."

Lin Xuanyan's ears also turned red. He realized that teasing Lu Jiajing was much more difficult than he had imagined.

Lu Jiajing noticed his ears had also turned red, and suddenly chuckled softly. The laughter was light and brief, yet carried a tenderness she had never felt before.

She reached out and unbuttoned his shirt.

The boy's chest wasn't particularly broad, but its lines were clear and defined, and his skin was firm and strong from years of wielding a sword.

Lu Jiajing's fingers traced his collarbone, her fingertips slightly cool, yet leaving a burning trail on his skin.

"I told you, you really are beautiful," Lu Jiajing said softly. "Back then in the cave in the Northern Region, the campfire reflected on your face—I thought then, how wonderful it would be if it really were you who came back."

Lin Xuanyan grasped her hand and pressed it against his heart. "It's true. I'm here."

Lu Jiajing felt the beating heart beneath her palm and remained silent for a moment.

Then she pulled her hand away and wrapped her arms around his neck.

This action spoke louder than any words, but she remained sharp-tongued. "If you dare tell anyone, I'll kill you to silence you."

Lin Xuanyan removed the last of his clothes.

As he nakedly pressed himself against her body, their skin pressed together in a large area, the unobstructed warmth causing them both to gasp.

Lu Jiajing could feel his hard, burning erection pressing against her inner thigh. She knew what it was, of course, but had never experienced it this way before. Her heart pounded.

Lin Xuanyan supported himself above her, fine beads of sweat forming on his forehead, clearly struggling to control himself. He looked into her eyes and whispered, "Is it alright?"

Looking at his cautious demeanor, Lu Jiajing suddenly felt like laughing. Five hundred years of waiting, all for this moment—this man had clearly reached his limit, yet he was still waiting for her to nod.

"Shut up." She glared at him. "If I say no, will you stop?"

Lin Xuanyan supported his already painfully erect penis with one hand, while gently lifting her waist and hips with the other.

The burning hot tip pressed against the already soaked flower lips, sinking slightly in, and he felt a warm, slippery embrace.

Lu Jiajing's eyelashes trembled violently; she could feel that thick, hard, and hot thing slowly forcing its way open her body.

Her fingers gripped his arm that was bracing against her side, her nails digging into his skin.

He didn't rush in, but lingered very slowly and gently at the entrance to the flower path.

Each gentle forward push drew a slight tension from her body, and he would withdraw just as she neared her limit.

After several repetitions, even more nectar gushed from the flower path, making his tip slippery and glistening.

"It might hurt a little," he whispered in her ear.

Lu Jiajing didn't answer, but simply tightened her grip on his neck.

He straightened his back.

The thin film, preserved for five hundred years, shattered silently in that instant.

The virgin's blood seeped along her vulva, staining his penis and creating a faint crimson patch at the point of their union.

"Hmm—"

Lu Jiajing let out a suppressed groan.

The tearing pain caused her body to tense involuntarily for a moment.

Her brow furrowed, her eyelashes trembled violently, and a tiny tear welled up at the corner of her eye.

She could clearly feel that hot, hard thing penetrate the deepest part of her body, filling the five hundred years of emptiness in the most thorough way.

It was a strange and intense feeling she had never experienced before—pain, but a pain that made her want to cry and laugh at the same time.

These weren't tears of pain, but tears she had waited so long for, tears she had finally shed.

Lin Xuanyan stopped.

He could feel her flower path tightly enveloping him, warm, firm, and slightly spasming.

He suppressed his urge to thrust, lowered his head, and gently kissed away the tear at the corner of her eye.

"Does it hurt?" he asked.

Lu Jiajing sniffed, glared at him, and said, "Why don't you try and see if it hurts?" She paused, then bit her lip and added, "…It doesn't hurt as much as I thought."

He smiled silently, not calling out her bravado.

He didn't rush to thrust, but instead lowered his head and kissed her forehead, gently stroking her waist with one hand, allowing her to gradually adjust to the feeling of being filled.

After a long while, the tight passage that had been enveloping him finally showed signs of loosening.

Lu Jiajing subtly shifted her waist. The movement was extremely subtle, yet it seemed to convey a signal.

He tentatively pulled out a small section, then very gently and slowly reinserted it.

A tingling current surged through that warm, tight passage, shooting up the spine and straight to the brain.

Lu Jiajing let out a very soft groan. Unlike her previous restraint, this one was lower and longer, with a slight upward rise at the end, as if she were asking a question that didn't need an answer.

He began to slowly thrust in and out.

The speed was slow, the amplitude small; each movement felt like a test or a confirmation.

Lu Jiajing's response was an ever-increasing flow of spring water deep within her body, and moans that were gradually no longer suppressed.

The previous pain was being replaced by a more intense sensation, a tingling, bone-deep pleasure that radiated from the point of penetration to every part of her body with each slow thrust.

"Hmm… uh…"

Lu Jiajing opened her eyes, her gaze unfocused as she looked up at the slightly panting boy above her.

Her legs had quietly wrapped around his waist without him noticing, her arches slightly bent, her toes gently brushing against his lower back.

She tightened her arms around his neck, pulling him closer until their chests were pressed together, feeling the rhythm of each other's heartbeats with every thrust.

Beyond this physical pleasure, a deeper change was quietly taking place.

With each deep thrust of Lin Xuanyan, his vital energy flowed like a warm current into Lu Jiajing's body through their point of union.

That warm current contained the sword spirit's unique, sharp sword intent—purely masculine and naturally restraining all yin and evil forces.

The sword intent, like an invisible key, traveled with the warm currents of primordial yang, reaching the depths of the acupoints sealed by the Decaying Meridian Technique.

During the 380th thrust, Lu Jiajing suddenly let out a soft gasp.

She could feel something deep within the shoulder well point of her left shoulder, which had been still for a long time, suddenly move—as if a very thin and sharp sword aura had gently pried open a crack.

A very faint grayish-green demonic energy escaped from the crevice, only to be completely swallowed up by the surging warm current of primordial yang.

Then the same point on the right shoulder. The great vertebra point (Dazhui, GV14). The spirit path point (Shendao, GV11).

The seal crumbled, one crack after another.

With each shattered acupoint, a warm force surged back into that point—no longer the icy solidification of demonic energy, but the gentle infusion of sword intent.

The feeling of the meridians opening up again was like rain finally arriving in a long-parched land, like hearing the sound of flowing water again in a dried-up riverbed.

Lin Xuanyan sensed the changes within her body. He increased the speed of his thrusts, penetrating deeper and more forcefully into the very depths of her being.

Lu Jiajing's moans grew more frequent and increasingly uncontrollable.

The physical pleasure and the soothing sensation of meridian repair overlapped, creating an indescribable, ultimate feeling.

Her legs tightened around him, and her fingers traced faint red marks on his back.

When the seal on her gate of life broke, her waist involuntarily arched upwards.

A warm current burst forth from the lower back, spreading upwards and downwards along the meridians on both sides of the spine.

She could feel her entire Governing Vessel being reopened, her pure energy flowing again, and her immortal foundation, honed over five hundred years, gradually reviving.

The sea of qi (Qihai, CV6). The origin pass (Guanyuan, CV4).

The two seals at her lower elixir field shattered simultaneously.

At that moment, Lu Jiajing let out a long, tearful groan.

She felt as if a lamp had suddenly been lit in her lower elixir field—at first it was just a faint glimmer, then the light grew brighter and warmer, gradually illuminating her entire inner sanctum.

Something long dormant deep within her was awakening.

The great abyss (Taiyuan, LU9) and the spirit gate (Shenmen, HT7) on both wrists. The ankle cleft (Jiexi, ST41) and Kunlun (BL60) on both ankles. The middle of the crook (Weizhong, BL40) behind the knee. The marsh at the elbow (Quze, PC3) inside the elbow. The hall of impression (Yintang) between the eyebrows.

The final step—the chest center (Tanzhong, CV17).

When the sword intent finally reached the chest center point, the deepest and most stubborn final seal shattered like ice.

At this moment, all thirty-six seals of the Decaying Meridian Technique were broken.

Lu Jiajing trembled violently, as if a warm bolt of lightning had struck all thirty-six acupoints simultaneously.

A sudden gush of scalding vaginal fluid erupted from the depths of her flower path, spraying onto the tip of his penis, which was deeply embedded within her.

At the same instant, Lin Xuanyan also reached his limit.

He whispered "Jing'er," and his penis trembled violently deep inside her, a surge of scalding semen erupting and pouring into the deepest part of her newly reborn flower path.

"Ah—"

Lu Jiajing raised her long, slender neck, tilting her head back, her deep blue hair cascading down like a waterfall.

Her body convulsed violently as wave after wave of orgasms washed over her, completely engulfing her.

She could feel his primal energy blossoming within her; it wasn't a burning or stimulating sensation, but an overwhelming warmth.

The warmth flowed along her newly formed meridians throughout her body, passing through every acupoint that had just been opened and repaired, as if giving them a new baptism.

The pleasure of this moment transcended mere lust. It was the instant filling of five hundred years of waiting and loneliness, the reawakening of a ray of light upon the deepest recesses of her shattered Dao heart.

The two embraced tightly, panting heavily.

Lu Jiajing slumped into his arms, her body still trembling slightly, like a plucked string that couldn't find its rest.

Tears silently slid down her cheeks, rolling down her burning face, yet she felt no sadness whatsoever.

Neither of them spoke, simply savoring the afterglow of their climax.

The area where they were joined was sticky and slippery, the nectar and yang energy mixed together, covering her inner thighs and the robe beneath her.

It appeared alluring and decadent, yet possessed an indescribable sense of sanctity.

Lin Xuanyan lowered his head to look at the woman in his arms.

Her eyes were closed, fine droplets of water still clinging to her eyelashes; her lips, reddened from being repeatedly bitten, were a deep crimson; and the flush on her cheeks hadn't faded, like the last rays of sunset on the horizon.

After a long while, Lu Jiajing slowly opened her eyes. Her eyes held a clarity and tranquility she had never possessed before, like the surface of a lake after a storm. She suddenly frowned, as if sensing something.

"What's wrong?" Lin Xuanyan asked.

Lu Jiajing did not answer immediately.

She calmed herself for a moment, then looked up at him, her eyes filled with undisguised surprise. "Your Sea of Qi has formed clouds, and three blue lotus buds have sprouted within your inner palace—a sign of the Great Dao being reforged." She paused, a subtle smile playing on her lips. "It seems your reputation as a humanoid elixir is well-deserved."

Upon hearing this, Lin Xuanyan secretly breathed a sigh of relief, but feigned dissatisfaction. "Is that all?"

Lu Jiajing was both amused and annoyed. She thought, "Your thing is already so incredibly effective, and you're still complaining? It's already pretty good! Do you really think you're some kind of rare and precious treasure in human form?"

Lin Xuanyan pinched her cheek, then suddenly had a thought and said, "Hmm… would oral administration be more effective?"

Lu Jiajing was stunned for a moment, then raised her hand and slapped his forehead, angrily saying, "Do you think I'm that easy to fool? You just want me to use my mouth to help you…"

Lin Xuanyan said innocently, "I was just asking."

Lu Jiajing asked, "So when do you plan to pull it out?"

Lin Xuanyan then realized that his penis was still inside her.

He twitched slightly, eliciting several soft moans from Lu Jiajing.

At this moment, the aloof and ethereal palace mistress appeared incomparably charming, more endearing than ever before.

"I want more," Lu Jiajing suddenly said.

Lin Xuanyan thought he had misheard and asked, "What did you say?"

Lu Jiajing glared at him, annoyed. "What, can't you take it anymore?" She turned her head away, her ears slightly red, but her tone remained firm. "Ugh… ah… a little gentler—"

When Su Lingshu returned to the cave, looking disheveled, Lin Xuanyan and Lu Jiajing sat facing each other, both sitting upright.

Lin Xuanyan wore a thin inner shirt, while his outer robe was draped over Lu Jiajing's shoulders.

Although Lu Jiajing's complexion was still somewhat pale, it was no longer as lifeless as before. A clear, bright energy flickered in her eyes, and she exuded a unique radiance characteristic of someone recovering from a serious illness.

Lin Xuanyan, seeing Su Lingshu's travel-worn appearance, asked, "Miss Su, why did it take you so long to return?"

Su Lingshu was furious, thinking, "Wasn't it all to avoid you two being all lovey-dovey?" She retorted irritably, "I didn't find the firethorn, but I did run into hundreds of Azure Demons."

The firethorn had been an excuse to send her away, and Lin Xuanyan knew perfectly well she would not find it, but—

"Hundreds of Azure Demons?" Lin Xuanyan's face showed shock.

Su Lingshu added, "I killed them all."

She tossed the ancient sword back to Lin Xuanyan. Lin Xuanyan caught it, glanced at it, and could immediately sense the lingering, eerie aura on the sword's edge.

Lin Xuanyan said, "Miss Su, please don't act so impulsively in the future."

"None of your business!" Su Lingshu glared at him fiercely, then sat cross-legged and began to heal her injuries.

Looking at her pretty face marked with blood, Lu Jiajing suddenly seemed to understand something and smiled gently.

But being a girl, she quickly felt embarrassed and annoyed—if this young girl had really seen what happened between her and Lin Xuanyan, she would still feel incredibly ashamed.

But Lu Jiajing quickly came to terms with it. Now, far from home, her cultivation greatly diminished, and her life hanging by a thread, temporary joy was enough. No one said a word; they all understood each other perfectly.

Between heaven and earth, a misty rain fell, and the mountains, washed clean by the downpour, were refreshed. Dew-kissed grasses and swaying trees cast shadows—everything seemed to proclaim beauty.

In the central part of the Northern Region, within an ancient city so remote even birds could not fly over, a man in red stood alone atop the city wall, gently waving a paper fan.

Beneath the city walls, a stunningly beautiful woman, dressed in white stained with blood, dragged her sword as she walked.