## Celestial Fairy's Fall

## Chapter 71

Actually, compared to Ye Qingcheng calling him Uncle Wang, Old Wang preferred this proud and haughty princess calling him "dog servant."

This was the proud, busty princess he knew; taming her would be a uniquely pleasurable experience!

"Come here, Big-Breasted Princess, kneel down, then spread your legs apart, stick your butt out a little, yes, very obedient!"

Old Wang made his demands while fondling Ye Qingcheng's delicate body.

Ye Qingcheng's delicate face flushed again, and she cooperated with Old Wang by posing her body in a shameful position.

Old Wang knelt before Ye Qingcheng's shapely buttocks, his old hands resting on her soft, white bottom, caressing it...

"So white and so tender!"

Old Wang excitedly used his old hands to pry open Ye Qingcheng's snowy buttocks, revealing her bright red anus...

Insert your finger inside!

"Ah..."

Ye Qingcheng couldn't help but groan.

"So tight, Big-Breasted Princess."

Old Wang felt his fingers being enveloped by layers of tender flesh, held tightly in a mouth!

Old Wang slowly inserted his finger until it disappeared completely...

"Mmm... mmm..."

As a foreign object was inserted into her delicate anus for the first time, Ye Qingcheng's moans were tinged with an undeniable tremor.

"Big-breasted princess, is it comfortable?"

"I..."

Ye Qingcheng felt a strange itch in her anus.

"You dog slave, move a muscle..."

"Big-Breasted Princess! Are you telling this old servant to insert it into your asshole?"

Old Wang withdrew his finger, then suddenly thrust it back in!

"Hmph... be gentle..."

"Big-breasted princess, is it comfortable?"

As his fingers moved in and out, some sticky fluid seeped out, making it easier for Old Wang to insert them...

My fingers are moving faster and faster...

"Hmph... slow down... too fast..."

"Hmm... Hmph..."

"So slutty! Look at you, you big-breasted princess, so wanton! You're moaning and groaning the moment this old servant poked your ass a couple of times!"

"My darling princess, this old servant will make you even more comfortable!"

Old Wang withdrew his finger, picked up the stick from the ground, and pressed the end of the stick without the red string against Ye Qingcheng's bright red anus!

Ye Qingcheng couldn't help but tremble. Was it coming? It was so thick, could it really fit?

"Don't be nervous, Big-Breasted Princess. It will definitely hurt a little at first, but it will get better gradually!"

After Old Wang finished speaking, he thrust it in forcefully!

"Ah... it hurts... slower... it's coming in..."

An indescribable, excruciating pain struck, turning Ye Qingcheng's pretty face deathly pale. Mixed with a throbbing pain that felt like her internal organs were being torn apart, this unprecedented agony caused her brows to furrow tightly.

"Big-breasted princess, your asshole is so tight! Just bear with it!"

Old Wang, with his experienced hand bracing against the red rope end of the wooden stick, forcefully pushed the stick inward!

"It hurts... it's so swollen... you dog servant... don't go in... this princess... it hurts so much..."

One centimeter, two centimeters, three centimeters...

The wooden stick was slowly inserted into the anus...

"Ah... it's so bloated, you dog servant... this princess... my stomach is going to burst... don't go in..."

"Mmm~ Mmm~ So~ So deep~ So thick... So full~~"

"You dog slave... this princess can't take it anymore... this princess surrenders... this princess won't gamble anymore... you dog slave, pull it out... ah..."

Ye Qingcheng finally couldn't hold back anymore, tears streaming down her face, and she pleaded, choking back sobs.

"Princess, this won't do! Don't forget, you're just my cannon carriage. My cock is much thicker than this wooden stick! If you can't even handle this wooden stick, how will you ever handle my big cock?"

"You dog slave... this princess... is no longer a sex toy... it hurts... it's so swollen..."

"That's not up to you!"

Old Wang pressed down hard!

"Pfft!!"

The wooden stick, about twenty centimeters long and three centimeters thick, vanished into thin air, completely inside Ye Qingcheng's anus, leaving only a thin red rope sticking out...

It was hard to believe that the thick wooden stick had actually gone all the way into Ye Qingcheng's petite body.

It was important to know that Ye Qingcheng's figure was much smaller than Luo Qingyue's, and not as slender as Luo Qingyue's.

"Ah! It's through... it's pierced through..."

"Hehe, Princess, it seems this old servant has won!"

"Phew..."

Ye Qingcheng's breath became more delicate as her jade-like hand touched her snowy belly.

It was so thick and long, and it actually went all the way in...

This feeling...

It's so full and swollen!

Ye Qingcheng, kneeling gracefully, turned toward Old Wang.

"You dog servant... it is this princess... who has lost... you dog servant, quickly retrieve it for this princess..."

"Take it out? Big-Breasted Princess, since you've lost, you should be prepared to lose. This wooden stick will naturally remain inside you as punishment!"

"What? No way!"

Ye Qingcheng was shocked and quickly shook her head in refusal.

That feeling was terrifying.

"Heh heh, that's not up to you! Let this wooden stick remind you constantly that you are my cannon carriage!"

"You dog of a servant... I beg you, please take it out..."

"Big-Breasted Princess, this isn't like you at all. You're usually so arrogant."

"This princess won't be arrogant anymore, please take it out for me... it's so swollen..."

"What are you doing?"

Luo Qingyue's voice, as melodious as celestial music, echoed in Old Wang's mind, but this voice was colder than usual, carrying a chilling aura and boundless rage...

A fairy?

Old Wang trembled with fright. He could tell from her voice that the fairy was truly angry; he had never seen her so angry before...

The fairy was back!

Old Wang immediately ran to the pavilion, retrieved Ye Qingcheng's clothes, and dressed her.

After pleading with Old Wang several times, Ye Qingcheng gave up and let him dress her. However, her brow remained furrowed, clearly indicating that the wooden stick inside her was causing her discomfort...

At the foot of Luoshui Mountain, two figures appeared — Luo Qingyue and Ye Yifeng, who had just returned from the palace.

At this moment, Luo Qingyue's exquisite face was covered with frost, and even Ye Yifeng beside her was startled.

At the same time, Ye Yifeng's mind was filled with surprise and doubt. Why was Qingyue, who was perfectly fine just moments ago, suddenly so angry?

Luo Qingyue had never been so angry before. She had just reached the foot of the mountain when her divine sense naturally covered Luoshui Residence, and she witnessed a scene that could not help but anger her...

She had only been away from Luoshui Residence for two hours, and Old Wang and Ye Qingcheng were already together? Especially since she'd warned Old Wang before she left — was he ignoring her?

What angered Luo Qingyue the most was the red string between Ye Qingcheng's legs — it was clearly hers, yet Old Wang had inserted it into another woman's body, even though that woman was Qingcheng's younger sister...

Anyway, Luo Qingyue was very, very angry right now. As for why she was angry, perhaps it was because Old Wang hadn't listened to her warnings? Perhaps it was because of the wooden stick inside Ye Qingcheng's body? Or perhaps it was both...

"Sister Qingyue?"

Ye Yifeng spoke somewhat nervously. He had never seen Luo Qingyue like this before. Although Luo Qingyue was usually so aloof, she rarely got angry, as if nothing could stir her emotions...

Luo Qingyue didn't answer, her beautiful eyes fixed on Luoshui Residence. Her robes fluttered, her black hair danced in the wind, and she walked toward Luoshui Residence with graceful steps.

Seeing that Luo Qingyue remained silent, Ye Yifeng didn't dare to disturb her. He followed closely behind, while secretly trying to figure out the reason...

Was Qingyue angry because she saw the direction of Luoshui Residence?

Now there were only two people living in Luoshui Residence: Old Wang and his sister...

Had Qingcheng upset Qingyue? That couldn't be!

Then it was that damned old man Wang!

Could it be that Old Wang had secretly taken Qingyue's clothes again for some filthy thing, and Qingyue found out?

That should be it!

Luo Qingyue arrived at the gate of Luoshui Residence. Her divine sense enveloped the pavilion, and with a thought, the pavilion's chaotic state was restored to its original state.

The two arrived at the pavilion.

At this moment, Old Wang and Ye Qingcheng were both standing in the pavilion.

As for why Ye Qingcheng wasn't sitting, Luo Qingyue was more experienced in this area.

"Qingcheng, why is your hair so wet?"

Ye Yifeng noticed Ye Qingcheng's strange expression and her still-wet hair, and asked her somewhat curiously.

"Ah? Brother, I was so tired just now, so I went to Sister Qingyue's little pond to take a bath."

Ye Qingcheng said somewhat awkwardly.

That damned lackey, shoving such a thick and long bastard inside me...

It's so full and swollen...

Ye Qingcheng inwardly complained, while a strange emotion also stirred within her...

If my brother knew that that lackey had shoved such a thick wooden stick into my body, he'd probably want to slap that lackey to death!

But the older brother just didn't know!

This feeling is shameful... but also exciting...

"What are you all standing there for? Go pack your things and get ready to leave!"

Luo Qingyue spoke to Old Wang, her voice cold and devoid of warmth, even carrying a hint of anger.

"Yes, yes, this old servant will go right away."

Old Wang felt that Luo Qingyue's voice was like a thousand-year-old iceberg, and he shuddered in fright, quickly stepping out of the pavilion.

Alas, fairy, this old servant has no choice...

The busty princess is so alluring, no man could resist her...

You have no idea how fatally alluring her large breasts are to men...

This old servant only made a mistake that any normal man would make...

Old Wang was very scared, but he didn't regret it.

Furthermore, the fact that the fairy was willing to take him along meant that although she was angry, it wasn't impossible for her to forgive him...

Once the fairy's anger subsided, she'd still have to kneel before him and swallow his semen.

Old Wang hurriedly packed a few clothes and arrived at the entrance of Luoshui Residence.

At this moment, Luo Qingyue and the other two were already waiting at the door.

With everything prepared, Luo Qingyue boarded the carriage, Old Wang took the driver's seat, and Ye Yifeng mounted his white horse.

"Qingcheng, we're about to set off."

Ye Yifeng said to Ye Qingcheng beside him.

After returning from the palace, Ye Yifeng sensed something was off about his younger sister. She had become quiet, and there seemed to be something on her mind. It was as if she was suppressing something...

But Ye Yifeng didn't have time to investigate further; he set off immediately.

"Ah... okay... brother... you and Sister Qingyue take care."

"Okay..."

"Drive."

Ye Yifeng rode ahead on horseback.

"Drive."

Old Wang picked up his whip and directed the carriage to follow closely behind Ye Yifeng.

"Brother... Qingcheng's stomach is so bloated and uncomfortable... I don't know when I'll get used to it... It's all that damned lackey's fault..."

Ye Qingcheng stood there, watching the carriage slowly disappear from sight, muttering to herself.

From that moment on, Ye Qingcheng only thought about how to adapt to the wooden stick inside her body, never once considering removing it...

Old Wang's words were like a truth, indelible in her mind...

All she knew was to adapt... because when Old Wang returned, something even bigger and thicker awaited her...

Although she appeared to be a haughty and aloof princess in public, in private she was nothing more than a tool for this lackey...

After all... she had lost the bet to him...

Silence fell for a moment.

Ye Yifeng led the way on horseback, and the three of them quickly left the capital city.

Then, Ye Yifeng hatched a scheme, deliberately leading the way along some side paths.

The carriage traveled along the narrow path, its wheels grinding over the gravel embedded in the mud, the wooden axle creaking and groaning. The carriage floor shook violently beneath the rider, each rise and fall feeling as if grit were stuck between their bones, causing them to wince in discomfort.

Ye Yifeng was unaware that his ulterior motives were causing Luo Qingyue immense suffering.

At this moment, Luo Qingyue sat inside the carriage, her perfect, ethereal face slightly flushed, her aura less aloof than usual, and more delicate.

"Mmm... it feels so full... it's going in so deep..."

Luo Qingyue couldn't help but open her cherry lips and moan softly.

With each movement of the carriage, she felt a sharp, stimulating thrust from the thick, long wooden rod inside her.

It felt as if it were trying to pierce through her internal organs.

"Why is this road so bumpy? It's so deep... so full..."

"Ah... um..."

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"Sister Qingyue..."

Two hours had passed since they set off, and Ye Yifeng hadn't exchanged a single word with Luo Qingyue. He rode his horse to the side of the carriage and couldn't help but speak up.

"Hmm."

Luo Qingyue gently lifted the curtain on the side of the carriage with her jade-like hand, revealing her perfect, ethereal face.

Qingyue is so beautiful! Every time Ye Yifeng saw her, he couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

But what Ye Yifeng found strange was that Luo Qingyue's perfect face was covered with a faint blush, and her beautiful eyes held a slightly dreamy look.

"Qingyue, you..."

Ye Yifeng asked with concern.

"A gentle breeze is blowing; perhaps the carriage is too stuffy."

"I speak softly," Luo Qingyue said, then her brows furrowed as she endured the repeated thrusts of the wooden rod inside her as the carriage jolted.

It was muggy? Even though it wasn't snowing heavily, it was still quite chilly, so how could it be hot?

Furthermore, Qingyue's cultivation was profound; neither heat nor cold should affect her...

Although Ye Yifeng had his doubts, he wouldn't press the matter further. He didn't want to displease his beloved, as that would be a greater loss than gain...

Since Qingyue said it was hot and humid, let's have a good chat with her.

"Sister Qingyue, according to our itinerary, we'll arrive at Liangguan Town in two hours. Should we arrive before dark, or...?"

It was another two hours of travel?

Luo Qingyue was startled. No, this huge thing inside her was about to pierce her through...

"Yifeng, there's no rush. Let's camp in the wild tonight."

"Okay."

Ye Yifeng was secretly delighted; this was exactly the result he wanted.

He'd catch some wild game tonight; that would surely please Qingyue.

"By the way, Qingyue, I've heard that the food in Liangguan Town is absolutely amazing. When we get there, we definitely have to try it..."

"Hmm..."

After chatting for a while, Ye Yifeng couldn't find a topic to talk about.

Luo Qingyue then drew the curtains back.

Ye Yifeng continued riding ahead on horseback.

Inside the carriage.

Luo Qingyue gently stroked her snow-white belly with her jade-like hand, her cherry lips unable to suppress a soft moan.

"This nasty thing... it's so thick... so swollen..."

Especially when chatting with Ye Yifeng, every time the wooden stick touched her, her delicate body couldn't help but tremble, but she had to pretend to be nonchalant while chatting with him. This feeling was both painful and uncomfortable, and also somewhat indescribably exciting...

"Hmph... Ah..."

The aura of desire emanating from Luo Qingyue grew increasingly intense. One jade-like hand reached for her chest, while the other gently lifted a crack in the curtain in front of her.

Watching Old Wang sit obediently in front of the carriage, urging the horses on, occasionally cracking the whip against the steed.

"Drive..."

"Hmm..."

Luo Qingyue placed her jade-like hands on her soft breasts, unable to suppress a moan.

Luo Qingyue looked at Old Wang's retreating figure with a hint of resentment in her beautiful eyes. That old man — who would stuff such a large thing inside someone's body, especially one he'd kept as a memento for Qingcheng's sister!

If... he hadn't done that kind of thing to Qingcheng, then calling him in now would be quite appropriate...

But since he made me angry, I'm not going to forgive him so easily...

But it was really so full and overflowing...

Luo Qingyue's beautiful eyes were glazed over, her mind wandering, while a faint longing stirred within her.

"Drive..."

Every time Old Wang cracked his whip on the horse, Luo Qingyue's delicate body couldn't help but tremble.

It was as if she were that horse, being severely whipped on the rump by Old Wang...

"Mmm... mmm..."

Luo Qingyue recalled that night by the river, when Old Wang had severely whipped her shapely buttocks...

That burning pain and electric-like pleasure...

Luo Qingyue's beautiful eyes were tightly closed, her perfect, ethereal face lost in ecstasy. She listened to the sound of Old Wang slapping his horse outside, enduring the thrusting of the wooden rod inside her, reliving everything that happened that night by the river...

"Ah!"

With a soft cry from her cherry lips, Luo Qingyue's body tensed abruptly, followed by tremors. Streams of hot, sweet fluid gushed from deep within her womb, flowing freely with her convulsing body, instantly filling the air with a decadent, erotic scent.

The sudden cry startled both Ye Yifeng and Old Wang...

"A fairy?"

Old Wang was somewhat confused.

"Sister Qingyue?"

Ye Yifeng quickly rode over and asked with concern.

"Whoosh..."

Luo Qingyue looked at the mess in the carriage, her usually cool and elegant face flushing even more.

So embarrassing... so exciting...

She had actually climaxed inside the carriage...

Moreover, Old Wang and Ye Yifeng were also nearby, without their knowledge...

Upon hearing Ye Yifeng's voice, Luo Qingyue quickly calmed herself and, with a thought, cleaned up the mess in the carriage...

"It's nothing."

The crisp sound of wheels rolling over dry branches echoed repeatedly in the silent forest, like a dull knife cutting through the air.

Luo Qingyue pressed her forehead against the cool car window, watching Ye Yifeng's figure on his white horse gradually darken in the twilight.

The white horse was exceptionally magnificent, its mane fluttering in the wind, just like the unyielding and heroic spirit emanating from Ye Yifeng.

Whenever Ye Yifeng turned to look at the carriage, his eyes, brimming with adoration, would make Luo Qingyue's heart clench, as if something were gripping it tightly.

Luo Qingyue quickly averted her gaze, her jade-like hand unconsciously feeling the thick wooden rod on her snowy belly.

Luo Qingyue had set an ironclad rule for herself: she couldn't let Yifeng see the slightest flaw.

To outsiders, she was an ethereal, otherworldly fairy, whose every movement seemed to conjure frost. How could such a thick, long wooden stick be inserted into her body?

"We can set up camp up ahead."

Ye Yifeng's voice came through the car wall, carrying his usual composure, tinged with a barely perceptible hint of concern.

As soon as the carriage came to a stop, Old Wang's obsequious yet slightly lewd voice rang out:

"Yes, General Ye!"

Old Wang and Ye Yifeng were outside gathering dry branches. The crackling sound of the campfire grew clearer, and warm light shone through the cracks in the carriage windows, casting flickering patches of light on the floor.

The crackling of the campfire danced through the woods. Ye Yifeng added a piece of firewood, sparks flying and falling, casting flickering light and shadow on his profile. He looked toward the carriage, his voice tinged with adoration:

"Sister Qingyue, there should be some wild game in this forest. I'll go and hunt some to make soup for you to warm you up."

Ye Yifeng's voice rang out from outside the car, so gentle it could melt your heart.

"Yifeng, there's no need to trouble yourself."

Luo Qingyue's cool voice rang out.

"Qingyue, I'll be right back."

Ye Yifeng leaped onto his white horse, glancing one last time at the carriage before departing, his gaze filled with an intense, honeyed affection. The sound of hooves faded into the distance, mingling with the whispering wind through the woods, gradually disappearing into the twilight.

Ye Yifeng was unaware that his departure had given Old Wang another opportunity to get closer to Luo Qingyue...

"Fairy..."

Old Wang stared at the carriage, his eyes burning with a desire that seemed to devour him.

Old Wang lifted the curtain and saw Luo Qingyue sitting in the carriage, ethereal and otherworldly.

Old Wang, however, failed to notice that a faint blush appeared on Luo Qingyue's face, which was as bright as the moon, but vanished in an instant, returning to its serene state.

"Fairy, this old servant has arrived..."

Old Wang swallowed hard. As he spoke, his withered hand gripped the cart shaft, his knuckles turning white from the effort.

"You! Get out!"

Luo Qingyue's cool voice reached Old Wang's ears.

"Fairy, this old servant has missed you so much! Fairy, please don't be angry with this old servant. Come, fairy, lick this old servant's cock! This old servant has been holding back all day!"

Old Wang's voice was also filled with undisguised desire and excitement; his cloudy eyes were bloodshot, and his deep voice and rapid breathing were like those of a male dog in heat.

Old Wang pulled down his pants, and his enormous penis sprang out.

"You! You're vulgar!"

Luo Qingyue hadn't expected Old Wang to be so bold. Biting her lip, she turned her delicate body away, her tone slightly reproachful.

"A fairy!"

Old Wang, consumed by lust, disregarded everything else and suddenly embraced Luo Qingyue from behind!

Old Wang embraced the fairy from behind, inhaling the faint fragrance of her cascading black hair. His withered arms felt the softness of her waist, and the continuous, intoxicating scent of her body filled his nostrils.

This embrace stunned Luo Qingyue, and seemed to freeze the celestial being in place.

The scene was so incongruous: a seventy-year-old, foul-smelling beggar, naked from the waist down, his enormous penis erect, embraced a beautiful young woman. Yet this scene also evoked a strange and stimulating feeling.

Unfortunately, the young general, who had just left on a hunting trip, was destined not to see it...

"You... let go..."

Luo Qingyue's voice was barely audible, trembling without her even realizing it.

But in Old Wang's view, this wasn't a rejection, but rather a shy reminder.

"Hehe..."

Old Wang's old hand, which had been holding Luo Qingyue's slender waist, slowly moved upward, tracing the smooth, flat, and tender abdomen, until his palm touched the lower part of the fairy's jade breasts.

Luo Qingyue bit her lip, the indescribable feeling rendering her speechless.

Old Wang stretched out his hands and gradually climbed onto Luo Qingyue's jade-like breasts, beginning to slowly knead them.

Old Wang's palms twitched slightly, pressing down on the fairy's exquisite breasts as if giving a massage, then he pinched each of her pink nipples with a little force...

"Hmph..."

Luo Qingyue couldn't suppress a long, muffled groan; despite her best efforts to hold it in, the sound was remarkably clear in the empty carriage.

"Fairy, are you comfortable?"

"Fairy, if General Ye knew that you were being held and had your breasts played with by this old servant the moment he left, I wonder how he would feel?"

Old Wang's withered hand left Luo Qingyue's soft breasts, turned her face toward him, and said earnestly.

Luo Qingyue felt a sudden surge of shame. She turned her face away, unable to look him in the eye, her voice as thin as a thread:

"You... stop talking."

But her body honestly relaxed, letting his other hand roam freely over her breasts.

She didn't know why, even though she was always cold and aloof to outsiders and even in front of Ye Yifeng.

But faced with this lecherous old man, she couldn't muster even a shred of refusal.

Old Wang kneaded her breasts vigorously, like dough, shaping them into various forms.

"Hmph... um..."

Luo Qingyue closed her eyes, letting out a groan from her throat, her breathing becoming even more rapid.

"Fairy, take off this cumbersome fairy dress! Let this old servant have his way with your body, and then you can lick my cock!" Old Wang gently touched the place where the fairy's collar was tied.

"No!"

Luo Qingyue refused outright. The thought of Old Wang having his way with her body right after Ye Yifeng left filled her with endless shame.

"A fairy!"

Old Wang's eyes reddened, and he pleaded and wailed as if he were about to choke back tears.

Looking at Old Wang's wrinkled face, Luo Qingyue felt a pang of tenderness. Her fingers unconsciously twisted the hem of her skirt, creating deep creases in the pale white fabric. Then, her delicate hand gently rested on the ribbon at her waist...

But...

Luo Qingyue recalled how Old Wang had treated Ye Qingcheng at Luoshui Residence earlier that day...

And then there was the wooden stick that originally belonged to her, which he had plunged deep into Ye Qingcheng's body...

Luo Qingyue couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy.

Then, with a thought, she began to circulate the *Supreme Mysterious Clarity Record*.

Her beautiful eyes slowly opened, but in an instant, Luo Qingyue regained her usual aloof demeanor.

"Let go."

Suddenly, Luo Qingyue spoke in a cold voice.

"A fairy?"

Old Wang was somewhat confused. The fairy had clearly told him to play with her breasts, so why was she suddenly...?

"Do you know you're wrong?"

Luo Qingyue pushed Old Wang aside and asked him.

Admitting his mistake?

Old Wang then realized that the fairy was still angry about what happened earlier that day.

"Fairy, this old servant is guilty!"

Although Old Wang didn't understand why the fairy had changed her expression, he immediately knelt on the ground and spoke to Luo Qingyue.

"Where did we go wrong?"

"This old servant shouldn't have ignored the fairy's warning, shouldn't have harbored wicked thoughts toward Qingcheng..."

"Is that all there is to it?"

Luo Qingyue interrupted him, her cool voice carrying a hint of something unusual.

"Anything else?"

Meeting her clear eyes, Old Wang was stunned for a moment, but he really couldn't think of anything else...

"Don't know what you did wrong? Then don't touch me again!"

Luo Qingyue waved her jade-like hand, directly escorting Old Wang out of the carriage, her exquisite face covered in frost.

"Uh..."

Outside, Old Wang was speechless for a moment; he really didn't know what else he had done to anger the fairy...

Old Wang dared not enter the carriage again, and could only sit by the campfire in a daze...

Inside the carriage, Luo Qingyue's perfect, ethereal face was terrifyingly aloof.

Since Old Wang didn't know he was wrong and wouldn't admit it, then he shouldn't touch her anymore...

She had been given that wooden stick; it became something that belonged to her...

And this old man, without her consent, inserted a wooden stick into another woman's body...

Even if you have an even bigger one inserted inside you, that still wouldn't work!

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As the sound of horses' hooves echoed through the woods under the moonlight, Old Wang had already added his third round of firewood to the campfire.

Ye Yifeng dismounted, carrying two plump pheasants in his hands, their feathers gleaming in the moonlight.

Thinking of Luo Qingyue in the carriage, a smile unconsciously crept onto his lips — this pheasant soup should warm Qingyue's heart, keeping her feeling a little less cold.

Old Wang was squatting by the campfire adding firewood when he saw Ye Yifeng return. He stood up, rubbed his hands on the hem of his clothes, and put on a natural smile:

"General Ye is back? This wild animal looks really plump."

Ye Yifeng ignored Old Wang and looked toward the carriage.

At this time.

A delicate hand pulled back the curtains of the carriage.

The moment Luo Qingyue stepped out of the carriage, even the chirping of insects in the forest seemed to subside.

She wore a moon-white fairy dress, the hem of which cascaded down like flowing clouds under the moonlight. As she stepped out of the carriage, she gently brushed against the carriage shaft, removing the night dew and bits of grass that clung to it.

Her exposed ankles were as white as jade, gleaming faintly in the moonlight. She wore soft, cloud-patterned shoes, her footsteps silent as if afraid to break the stillness of the night.

Looking again at her ethereal beauty, illuminated by the moonlight and the faint glow of the distant campfire, her radiance was enhanced by a hazy, otherworldly allure.

Her eyebrows were like distant mountains shrouded in mist, and her long, thick eyelashes, like two small fans, gently covered her eyelids, casting a small shadow that trembled slightly with her breath.

Her nose was high and straight, with beautiful lines, and the tip of her nose had a natural pink blush in the cool night breeze.

Her lips, a pale color like cherry blossom buds about to bloom under the moon, were now tightly pursed, adding to her aloof and cool demeanor.

Her skin was so white it was almost translucent, like the finest mutton-fat jade shimmering with a warm glow under the moonlight, without a single flaw.

Her eyes were clear as a stream, yet carried an aloof indifference that kept people at a distance, as if nothing in the night could catch her eye.

"Qingyue, look what I brought back!"

Ye Yifeng, a hearty laugh on his face, waved the pheasant in front of her. The firelight illuminated his profile, making it exceptionally clear. "The pheasants in this forest are the plumpest and most delicious. I'll personally stew a pot of chicken soup for you; it'll be cool at night, warm you up."

Luo Qingyue nodded slightly, her voice clear and cool like spring water, carrying the slight chill of night dew:

"Thank you for your help, Yifeng."

Ye Yifeng smiled and agreed, then got to work.

He found some flat stones, built a makeshift stove, and lit a campfire. The flickering flames immediately dispelled the surrounding darkness.

He then took the pheasant to the stream to wash it, the sound of the knife slicing through flesh particularly clear in the quiet night.

He would occasionally look up at Luo Qingyue, his eyes filled with tenderness and adoration, the firelight flickering in his eyes like two warm flames.

Before long, a pot of chicken soup was ready.

Ye Yifeng carefully poured the chicken soup into a rough earthenware bowl. Golden oil floated on the surface, and the aroma of mushrooms mingled with the night air.

"Qingyue, please try this soup; it's perfectly cooked."

Luo Qingyue took the bowl, her fingertips touching its warm rim, and softly thanked him.

She scooped up a spoonful of soup and brought it to her lips. The delicious flavor spread across her tongue; the richness of the wild mushrooms and the sweetness of the chicken intertwined — it should have been the ultimate indulgence.

Just then, Old Wang, who was standing nearby, suddenly rubbed his stomach and muttered:

"I drank some stream water, and now I really need to pee, so I'm going to pee in the woods."

"Insolence!"

Ye Yifeng immediately frowned and reprimanded sternly:

"How dare you speak such vulgar words in front of Qingyue! Go back immediately, lest you offend her ears!"

Old Wang curled his lip and said nothing more, but inwardly he was contemptuous: "Your Qingyue sister doesn't even know she drank this old servant's piss!"

Ye Yifeng then turned to Luo Qingyue, an apologetic smile on his face:

"Please don't be offended, Qingyue; this damned old man just speaks without thinking."

Luo Qingyue shook her head slightly, her face still displaying its aloofness, but her heart was already churning with turbulent emotions.

"It's alright."

Luo Qingyue's voice was slightly unsteady, and her hand holding the spoon trembled slightly.

The words "go pee in the woods" exploded in her mind like a thunderbolt.

Luo Qingyue's gaze involuntarily drifted toward the direction Old Wang had left; in the darkness, his faltering figure gradually disappeared.

For some reason, Luo Qingyue suddenly recalled the scene of herself kneeling naked before Old Wang, swallowing his semen...

Moreover, she had promised to be Old Wang's semen pot!

Previously, as Old Wang's semen pot, Luo Qingyue had failed in her responsibility, and a pang of guilt rose in her heart.

Was it because she was still angry with him?

However, Luo Qingyue felt a strange longing suddenly well up from the bottom of her heart, growing wildly like vines, coiling around her internal organs.

She actually longed to lick the old man's penis, craving the feeling of being controlled and tamed, yearning for that sense of security that sent shivers down her spine.

The thought filled her with unbearable shame, and her cheeks instantly burned.

Luo Qingyue lowered her head, pretending to be focused on drinking her soup.

Ye Yifeng was still talking on and on, probably about the secrets to making chicken soup, but his voice was muffled and indistinct, as if filtered through water.

Luo Qingyue's attention was completely drawn to the increasingly intense desire; she could even hear her own heart pounding.

She knew her thoughts were filthy, despicable, and betrayed Ye Yifeng's good intentions, as well as her own status as a fairy.

The moonlight remained cool and pale, the firelight flickered through the woods, and the aroma of chicken soup still lingered in the air.

But Luo Qingyue's heart was filled with only that absurd longing, a stark contrast to the cold indifference on her face.

She didn't know why she had become like this, and could only let this shameful desire spread in her heart.

Luo Qingyue's fingers, gripping the spoon, turned white. Her gaze repeatedly passed over Ye Yifeng's shoulder, looking toward the woods...

Old Wang hadn't come out of the woods yet.

Soon after, Old Wang returned. Knowing that the fairy was still angry, he didn't dare to approach her rashly. He simply sat down to the side, his eyes occasionally glancing at Luo Qingyue.

Luo Qingyue acted as if she hadn't seen him, turning to look at Ye Yifeng, her voice carrying a hint of coldness:

"Yifeng, look at this campfire. It reminds me somewhat of the sparks I saw at the Xuantian Sect."

Ye Yifeng paused for a moment, then smiled and said, "Oh? The starlight that Sister Qingyue saw at the Xuantian Sect must have been far more dazzling than this bonfire, right?"

"Each has its own merits."

Luo Qingyue nodded slightly, a faint smile playing on her lips — a smile so subtle it sent a shiver down Ye Yifeng's spine.

Qingyue is so beautiful!

Ye Yifeng couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

Seeing this, Old Wang's face instantly darkened, a hint of displeasure and anxiety flashing in his eyes.

He felt uncomfortable seeing the fairy chatting and laughing with General Ye; the fairy was his, and could only be his!

Luo Qingyue took in Old Wang's expression, a flicker of pleasure crossing her heart.

She deliberately smiled at Ye Yifeng to make Old Wang jealous — after all, he'd made her angry!

Luo Qingyue chatted with Ye Yifeng for a few more minutes about the night view of the forest, her tone relaxed. Occasionally, she would purse her lips slightly at Ye Yifeng's jokes. The smile on her cool, ethereal face captivated Ye Yifeng, leaving him somewhat mesmerized...

Old Wang, naturally, was in great distress.

Seeing Old Wang's state, Luo Qingyue's smile deepened, though the smile didn't reach her eyes. Deep within her eyes lay a small reprimand for Old Wang, and also a complex, indescribable emotion.

No one knew what filth she had drunk in the shadows of the carriage just moments before; no one saw the debauchery hidden behind her smile.

The deliciousness of the chicken soup had long been forgotten; only the lingering gamey taste in her throat and Old Wang's aggrieved expression reminded her — in this silent contest, she had temporarily gained the upper hand, even if it was just a small act of revenge against Old Wang.

Luo Qingyue lowered her eyes, concealing the emotions within them, but her fingertips quietly curled up.

The night breeze blew through the campfire, bringing with it the chirping of insects in the distance and the pounding of her own heart. In her world, besides the warm, fishy smell within her, there was also a sense of cathartic pleasure.

Nothing was said that night, and as dawn broke, the three packed their bags and set off.

## Chapter 74

The carriage traveled for two hours along the winding mountain road before finally arriving at Liangguan Town.

The stone archway at the entrance to the town was inscribed with the characters "Liangguan." Though weathered by time, the characters were somewhat blurred, yet they still exuded a rustic charm.

The three parked the carriage at the inn, and then Ye Yifeng suggested they go and explore the town.

Luo Qingyue was still dressed in a white dress, the long skirt fluttering gently with the ribbon at her fair wrist.

Her temperament was as pure and serene as moonlight, ethereal and holy.

It was a pity, however, that Luo Qingyue's face was covered by a thin, gossamer-like white veil, revealing only a pair of clear, stream-like eyes.

Even so, the silhouette faintly visible beneath the veil, and the graceful, butterfly-like movement she made, still captivated the townspeople. They forgot to put down their carrying poles, only snapping out of their daze when their companions nudged them. A blush of embarrassment spread across their faces, yet they still couldn't help turning back repeatedly.

"Whose daughter is this? With such beauty and grace, she must be a fairy descended from heaven!"

"Look at those eyes, they're like those of someone in a painting, only veiled, you can't see their whole face, it's such a pity."

The whispers of passersby, though soft, reached the three people's ears clearly.

Ye Yifeng's face showed a hint of pride as he turned to Luo Qingyue and said:

"Liangguan Town may not be big, but the local snacks are quite unique. Shall I take Qingyue to try them?"

Luo Qingyue nodded slightly, her voice coming through the thin veil, carrying a hazy, clear quality:

"Thank you, Yifeng."

Old Wang followed behind the two, watching General Ye and the fairy walk side by side, listening to the passersby's praise of the fairy's beauty, and seeing General Ye's occasional intimate glances as he spoke to her. His brows furrowed deeply, and he sighed repeatedly, his heart churning with jealousy.

He had been holding his anger in all night, and this morning, seeing the fairy still cold toward him but so kind to General Ye, he was even more furious. But he couldn't vent his anger, so he could only follow behind sullenly, like a wronged child.

Ye Yifeng led Luo Qingyue into a bustling alley, lined with various stalls, their calls echoing throughout, and the air filled with the aroma of different foods.

He first bought a string of sugar paintings and handed it to Luo Qingyue:

"Qingyue, try this. The sugar paintings from Liangguan Town are the most exquisite."

Luo Qingyue took the sugar painting, her fingertips touching the warm sugar surface. Looking at the lifelike butterfly design on it, the corners of her mouth twitched slightly.

Luo Qingyue took a small bite; the sweet taste melted on her tongue, carrying the unique aroma of maltose.

For some reason, the sweetness reminded her of the strange warmth mixed with the stench of urine she had secretly drunk the night before, the thrill of indulging herself under Ye Yifeng's watchful eye — a feeling that sent shivers down her spine even faster than the sweetness of the candy painting.

Ye Yifeng then took her to try crispy fried dough twists, soft and glutinous rice cakes, and fragrant wontons... each dish had its own unique flavor, attracting many admiring glances from those around them, who looked on with envy at the "perfect couple."

Luo Qingyue ate in small bites, a rare, faint smile appearing on her usually aloof and ethereal face. She nodded occasionally in response to Ye Yifeng's introduction.

Luo Qingyue secretly glanced at Old Wang behind her. He was kicking pebbles sullenly, his cheeks puffed out like a sulking old man. A secret pleasure flickered in her heart, and at the same time, her craving for the thrill of last night grew even stronger.

Ye Yifeng was handing a freshly bought roujiamo to Luo Qingyue:

"Qingyue, this roujiamo with braised pork is really authentic, you should try it!"

Upon hearing this, Luo Qingyue took the roujiamo, took a bite, and the rich aroma of the braised pork mixed with the wheat fragrance of the bread filled her mouth.

Ye Yifeng led Luo Qingyue through the alleys for quite some time, buying many snacks, until Luo Qingyue said she was a little tired, and then they prepared to return to the inn.

On the way back to the inn, Ye Yifeng enthusiastically described the local customs and culture of Liangguan Town. Luo Qingyue occasionally responded, but her gaze kept drifting toward Old Wang behind them.

Sunlight streamed through the eaves of the houses lining the alley, casting dappled shadows on the ground.

The surrounding noise seemed to fade away; in her world, only the lingering taste of delicious food remained on her tongue, accompanied by the muffled footsteps of Old Wang behind her.

It was nearly afternoon when they returned to the inn in town.

Ye Yifeng booked three adjacent rooms and said to Luo Qingyue with a smile:

"You've had a long day, Qingyue, go back to your room and rest. We'll have dinner together later."

Luo Qingyue nodded slightly, turned, and walked into her room.

As soon as she closed the door, she removed the thin veil from her face, revealing her exquisitely beautiful face.

She walked to the window, gazing at the bustling crowd below, but her mind conjured up the image of Old Wang, who was probably looking rather sullen at that moment.

After returning to his room, Old Wang was restless and unable to sit still.

The thought of Luo Qingyue and General Ye chatting happily in the alley that afternoon fueled his jealousy, which grew like wildfire.

He couldn't bear being ignored any longer, and after much thought, he decided to go and apologize to the fairy again.

Old Wang quietly approached Luo Qingyue's door, listened intently for any sounds inside, and after confirming there was nothing amiss, gently pushed the door open a crack and slipped inside.

Hearing the noise, Luo Qingyue turned around and saw Old Wang. A hint of surprise flashed across her face, but she quickly regained her cool demeanor: "Why are you here?"

Old Wang walked up to her, knelt down with a thud, and clutched her clothes tightly with both hands, pleading repeatedly like a child who had done something wrong:

"Fairy, this old servant truly knows his mistake. I was a fool yesterday; I shouldn't have angered you. Please forgive me this once; I promise I will never do it again."

Luo Qingyue frowned, trying to pull her hand away:

"What are you doing? Get up!"

"If the fairy doesn't forgive this old servant, this old servant will not get up."

Old Wang looked up, his eyes full of earnestness:

"Fairy, this old servant knows I am crude and have angered you. Fairy, what do you suggest to appease your anger?"

"Fairy, you may hit this old servant, you may scold this old servant, just please don't ignore this old servant."

Looking at Old Wang kneeling on the ground, pleading desperately, Luo Qingyue felt a pang of pity, but remembering his actions the day before, she hardened her heart and turned away.

"Get up, I don't want to talk about this right now."

Seeing that her attitude had softened, Old Wang continued to plead:

"Fairy, isn't it enough that this old servant kowtows to you?" With that, he was about to bang his head against the ground.

Luo Qingyue quickly reached out and grabbed him, her tone helpless:

"Don't be like that, I never said I wouldn't forgive you."

Old Wang's eyes lit up: "Fairy, so you're willing to forgive this old servant?"

Luo Qingyue remained silent for a moment, then finally gave a soft "Mmm."

Deep down, she knew she couldn't bring herself to truly be angry with Old Wang; perhaps from the very beginning, she harbored different feelings for him.

Old Wang was overjoyed. He jumped to his feet, the humility on his face vanishing instantly, replaced by a familiar greed.

He stepped forward, gripping Luo Qingyue's wrist tightly, his eyes burning:

"Fairy, since you've forgiven this old servant, then please do me a favor."

Luo Qingyue's heart skipped a beat, a bad feeling creeping over her: "What is it?"

Old Wang's gaze lingered on Luo Qingyue's perfect, ethereal face for a moment, then he lowered his voice, his tone carrying an undeniable command: "Kneel down and lick this old servant's cock!"

Luo Qingyue's face turned deathly pale instantly. She hadn't expected that just a moment ago, Old Wang was kneeling on the ground begging for her forgiveness, and the next moment he was ordering her to kneel on the ground and lick his penis?

Luo Qingyue couldn't believe her ears: "You... what did you say?"

"This old servant said to have the fairy kneel down, just like before."

Old Wang's voice carried a hint of mockery, "What? You don't want to? Fairy, aren't you this old servant's semen pot?"

A wave of shame washed over Luo Qingyue, and she struggled to break free of his grasp:

"You've gone too far!"

"Excessive?"

Old Wang sneered:

"Compared to your flirting with General Ye this morning, what is my little request? Besides, as a semen pot, isn't this what you should be doing?"

Luo Qingyue trembled, and seeing the madness in Old Wang's eyes, she finally gave in. She slowly bent her knees and knelt before Old Wang, her shame almost overflowing.

Old Wang smiled with satisfaction, and his enormous penis sprang out...

"Come on, this old servant has been holding back since last night!"

"You..."

Luo Qingyue bit her lip, her face burning hot, and with her cherry lips parted wide, she took Old Wang's glans into her mouth!

"Hiss..."

Old Wang immediately felt an incredibly soft and tender sensation emanating from the glans of his penis, a sensation so pleasurable it was almost unbearable. He involuntarily gasped and his body began to tremble slightly.

After that, Old Wang didn't cause any more trouble.

Since they were going to eat soon, he might as well go back and rest now, and then...

"Fairy, come to this old servant's room tonight."

Old Wang gently stroked Luo Qingyue's long, flowing black hair.

Luo Qingyue didn't speak, only kept her head down, her shoulders trembling slightly.

Old Wang didn't mind; he knew the fairy too well. Her silence was the best answer he could get.

Old Wang turned and left the room.

## Chapter 75

After Old Wang left, Luo Qingyue sat on the edge of the bed for a long time, until the setting sun shone through the window, painting half the sky red, before she got up to tidy her clothes.

She looked at herself in the bronze mirror; her serene and ethereal face showed no sign of distress, as if the sordid incident of the afternoon had never occurred.

At dinner time, the private room was laden with dishes.

Ye Yifeng had originally planned to dine with Luo Qingyue alone. What kind of person was Old Wang? Did he even deserve to sit at the same table as Qingyue?

But seeing Old Wang following behind Luo Qingyue, and hearing Luo Qingyue's words, "Uncle Wang, you should come too."

Ye Yifeng showed a hint of disgust. What did this old man have that made him so special?

At the same time, Ye Yifeng couldn't help but sigh, "Qingyue is so kind!"

And Old Wang must have been blessed by heaven, as he was able to dine at the same table as Qingyue.

Since Luo Qingyue had already spoken, Ye Yifeng, though displeased, naturally wouldn't say anything more.

"Let's toast with tea instead of wine, Qingyue, my dear sister!"

"Okay."

Luo Qingyue raised her cup with her jade-like hand, smiled broadly, and glanced at Old Wang, who was feasting.

"Uncle Wang, you should come too."

Old Wang immediately raised his glass, and the three of them held their glasses in the middle.

As Luo Qingyue's fingertips touched the warm rim of the cup, she suddenly remembered that she secretly owned Old Wang's fine pot. Her jade-like hand, holding the cup, paused slightly, and she deliberately placed the cup half an inch lower than Old Wang's.

This subtle gesture did not escape Old Wang's notice; a hint of a smile flashed in his eyes as he gently touched her teacup to his.

Ye Yifeng, oblivious to anything amiss, enthusiastically served food to Luo Qingyue:

"Sister Qingyue, try this sweet and sour fish. The chefs in Liangguan Town are the best at making it."

During the meal, Ye Yifeng spoke of local customs and traditions, while Luo Qingyue only occasionally responded with a few words, mostly remaining silent. Her gaze was unfocused, and when she occasionally met Old Wang's eyes, she would quickly look away as if electrocuted, a blush on her cheeks tinged with unease.

The thought of Old Wang calling her to his room that evening...

I wonder what Old Wang intended to do to her?

That feeling of shame mixed with anticipation made her heart beat slightly faster.

After the gathering ended, the three went back to their rooms to rest.

Luo Qingyue waited in her room until late at night, her anticipation growing ever stronger. She gently pushed open the door and walked toward Old Wang's room...

Arriving at Old Wang's door, she gently knocked.

The door creaked open a crack, and Old Wang peeked out. Seeing Luo Qingyue, he deliberately frowned, his voice tinged with impatience:

"Fairy, what brings you here?"

Luo Qingyue was taken aback, looking at Old Wang with confusion:

"Didn't Uncle Wang send for Qingyue?"

Old Wang, however, stood blocking the doorway, arms crossed, sizing up Luo Qingyue with undisguised contempt:

"Is that so? This old servant clearly had someone arrange for a lowly prostitute from a brothel in town to serve you. How could a fairy of such refined elegance be a lowly prostitute?"