Corrupted Fairy

Chapter 21: The Sixth Beast Tide

On another battlefield, the section of the city wall guarded by Moshan Dao had now been transformed into a bloody inferno.

The roars of the monstrous beasts shook the heavens and the earth; the dark, surging tide of beasts, like an unstoppable wave, relentlessly battered the crumbling defensive light barrier.

Ye Hongying stood at the forefront of the battle line, her fiery red outfit already soaked with blood and sweat, clinging tightly to her body and outlining her breathtaking curves.

"Roar!"

A three-zhang-tall, golden-haired demon wolf pounced, its sharp claws carrying a metallic aura that tore through the air.

Ye Hongying neither dodged nor evaded, but with a sudden twist of her slender waist, her right leg, wreathed in crimson flames, swept out horizontally. Her long, powerful leg drew a perfect arc in the air, striking the demon wolf hard in the side.

"Bang!"

The karmic flames instantly engulfed the demon wolf, which let out a mournful howl and was reduced to charred remains.

Ye Hongying used the momentum to somersault in mid-air, her full breasts swaying violently with the movement, beads of sweat sliding down her deep cleavage.

She landed lightly, her knees slightly bent, a posture that fully revealed her firm and pert buttocks.

Another wave of flying monsters attacked, their wings flapping and scattering corrosive poisonous feathers.

Ye Hongying spat out a mouthful of blood, took a vermilion wine flask from her waist, tilted her head back, and took a large gulp of the immortal wine.

Her snow-white neck arched gracefully, her throat bobbing gently.

The next moment, she suddenly bent over, spitting out the wine mixed with karmic fire from her mouth.

"Nine Dragons Burn the Heavens!"

Nine crimson fire dragons roared forth from her red lips, each one solid and clearly defined by its scales.

Wherever the fire dragons passed, all the poisonous feathers vaporized, and flying monsters turned to ashes amidst their piercing screams.

As she executed this move, Ye Hongying's entire body tensed, her soaked clothes clinging tightly to her heaving breasts, which trembled violently with her rapid breathing.

However, there were simply too many monsters.

A shadowy bat, which had been lurking for a long time, suddenly attacked from behind, its sharp claws aimed straight for her heart.

Sensing danger, Ye Hongying swiftly twisted to the side, her waist displaying incredible flexibility.

The demonic bat's sharp claws narrowly grazed her ribs, tearing a bloody gash and slightly opening her already tightly bound garment, revealing glimpses of her snow-white breasts and deep cleavage.

She grunted, then unleashed a powerful backhand punch, burning the demonic bat to ashes in karmic flames.

The battle had raged on, and her once-red hair was now soaked with sweat, clinging to her flushed cheeks.

Those ever-bright almond-shaped eyes were now burning with fighting spirit, her red lips slightly parted from heavy breathing, each breath carrying a scorching heat.

Not far behind her, Zhao Wuyou moved with profound footwork, his hands rapidly forming hand seals.

Streams of spiritual energy flowed from his fingertips, weaving into intricate trapping and killing formations on the city wall.

Countless demonic beasts charged into the formation, only to be pierced by suddenly rising earth spikes or torn apart by an invisible force.

His face was pale, clearly indicating a significant depletion of his spiritual energy, but his eyes remained focused.

Further out at the edge of the battlefield, Xuanjizi appeared to be fiercely slaying demonic beasts, but in reality, his movements were elusive, always remaining in the safest position within the battle.

His longsword danced with streaks of clear light, each strike precisely reaping the lives of lone demonic beasts, yet he never truly found himself surrounded.

Even so, a sudden spray of venom grazed his arm, leaving black welts and causing him to groan.

This was already the sixth large-scale beast tide.

Xuanjizi squinted at the seemingly endless array of demonic beasts, his unease growing ever stronger.

He secretly activated the sect's secret divination technique, his fingertips moving rapidly within his sleeve.

The instant the divination result appeared, his pupils constricted sharply—a terrible omen!

If you remain in Tianxi City, you will face certain death!

Just then, the beast tide's attack slowed slightly, seemingly about to retreat. A glint flashed in Xuanjizi's eyes as he spotted a heavily wounded, dying armored rhinoceros charging towards him, and surprisingly, he took half a step forward to meet it.

"Pfft!"

The demonic rhinoceros, in its dying struggle, slammed into his chest. Xuanjizi coughed up a mouthful of blood, his body flying backward and crashing heavily against the city wall, his face instantly turning deathly pale.

"Second Senior Brother!" Zhao Wuyou exclaimed, and with a wave of his hand, a golden light completely shattered the demonic rhinoceros. He rushed to Xuanjizi's side and supported his swaying body.

Ye Hongying, having dealt with the last few demonic beasts, leaped over. Looking at Xuanjizi's severely injured state, she sneered inwardly, but feigned concern: "Second Senior Brother, are you alright?"

Xuanjizi coughed violently, blood constantly oozing from the corner of his mouth, his voice barely a whisper: "I... I'm afraid my internal organs are injured... I must... I must return to the sect to heal..."

Zhao Wuyou nodded without hesitation: "I'll go and apply to the Immortal Alliance immediately to have my second senior brother return to the sect."

Ye Hongying lowered her eyelids, concealing the fleeting joy in her eyes. She could finally escape the clutches of this devil for a while.

However, when they dragged their exhausted bodies back to their stronghold, devastating news struck like a bolt from the blue—the area under the Tianyin Pavilion's command had completely fallen, and all the disciples… were annihilated!

Su Yao, Su Ling... missing!

"What...?" The color drained from Ye Hongying's face instantly. She felt dizzy, her legs went weak, and she almost collapsed.

"Hongying!" Zhao Wuyou pulled her into his arms just in time.

Ye Hongying gripped his collar tightly, her nails almost digging into his flesh.

She buried her face in his chest, unable to hold back her sobs any longer, her delicate body trembling violently: "Wuyou... Yao'er, Ling'er... how could they... how could they..."

Zhao Wuyou gently stroked her long hair, soaked with sweat and blood. His face was equally pale, yet he still forced himself to remain calm and comforted her: "As long as their whereabouts are unknown, there is still hope."

"Tomorrow… I'll go with you to look for them. Even if we have to turn Tianxi City upside down, we have to find them."

That night, escorted by several disciples, Xuanjizi boarded the spirit boat returning to Moshan Dao.

Before leaving, he glanced back at Ye Hongying, who was nestled in Zhao Wuyou's arms, a hint of reluctance flashing in his eyes, but ultimately he turned and left.

The night was deep, and only Ye Hongying's suppressed sobs drifted on the wind.

That night, the lights in Zhao Wuyou's room were dim.

Ye Hongying nestled in Zhao Wuyou's arms, her face still bearing traces of wet tears.

She suddenly tilted her head back and kissed his lips.

The kiss carried a hint of despair, yet was astonishingly passionate.

Her fragrant tongue eagerly probed in, entwining with his, carrying the salty taste of tears.

Zhao Wuyou was taken aback at first, then responded gently.

His hand gently stroked her back, and he could feel her slender body trembling slightly.

Gradually, he noticed something was wrong with his senior sister in his arms—her breathing had become unusually rapid, her body was burning hot, and her usually bright almond-shaped eyes were now misty, with an unnatural redness at the corners.

"Senior Sister?" Zhao Wuyou stepped back slightly, his voice filled with worry.

Ye Hongying, however, seemed driven by something and chased after him again.

Her kiss grew more passionate, even a little forceful.

The karmic fire within her stirred restlessly, and coupled with the fact that she had been repeatedly teased by Xuanjizi these past few days without ever truly being satisfied, even a mere kiss now made her legs weak, and an unbearable emptiness and itching emanated from the depths of her valley.

She unconsciously rubbed against Zhao Wuyou's legs, letting out sweet, soft moans.

This reaction was too intense; Zhao Wuyou vaguely sensed something was wrong, but the warm, soft woman in his arms was his long-admired senior sister, and he simply couldn't control himself.

His hands unconsciously slid along her back, yet he remained perfectly respectful, daring not to overstep any boundaries.

This feeling of being scratched through a boot only made Ye Hongying more uncomfortable.

She could feel Zhao Wuyou's hard, burning heat pressing against her, filling her with both shame and desire.

Finally, unable to resist any longer, she rolled over, pinning Zhao Wuyou to the bed, her long, crimson hair cascading down like a waterfall, brushing against his face.

"Senior Sister?" Zhao Wuyou looked up at her in surprise.

Ye Hongying didn't answer, but instead reached out and unbuckled his belt.

As the burning hot penis sprang out, a blush rose on her face, her voice soft and seductive: "Junior brother... you're like this here..." She leaned down, her lips parting slightly, "Let... let your senior sister help you..."

She lowered her head and carefully took the hot tip into her mouth.

Unlike her initial awkward attempt at detoxification under the guise of loneliness, her recent experience of being forced to serve Xuanjizi had made her adept at pleasing men.

Her tongue moved deftly, licking and teasing, sometimes gently sucking the tip, sometimes swallowing deeply, letting the heat sink into her throat.

Zhao Wuyou gasped, the unprecedented pleasure rendering him incapable of thought.

Her movements were so practiced, each swallow precisely stimulating his most sensitive spot.

He could feel her soft little tongue entwining and licking, her warm mouth tightly enveloping him—all of this far exceeded his expectations.

"Senior sister... I can't take it anymore..." He breathed heavily, wanting to push her away, yet also craving this unfamiliar pleasure.

Ye Hongying, however, worked even harder, even using the techniques Xuanjizi had forced her to learn. Before long, Zhao Wuyou's body stiffened, and a surge of heat gushed out, shooting entirely into her mouth.

After releasing himself, Zhao Wuyou suddenly came to his senses and hurriedly said, "I'm sorry, Senior Sister, I... I couldn't help it..."

Ye Hongying slightly rose and spat the white, cloudy essence from her mouth into her palm.

The viscous liquid looked particularly striking between her pale palms, and the air was filled with the sweet, pungent scent of desire.

She seemed oblivious, gazing intently at Zhao Wuyou, tears still glistening in her eyes: "It's alright, Junior Brother..."

She nestled back into his arms, pressing her burning cheek against his chest, her voice as soft as if in a dream: "I'm so happy... so very happy..."

After a moment of silence, she suddenly asked softly, "Yao'er, Ling'er... they'll be alright, won't they?"

Zhao Wuyou gently stroked her sweat-dampened hair, but his gaze involuntarily drifted to the white discharge on her palm. He suppressed the strange feeling in his heart and said softly, "It'll be alright."

The moonlight outside the window was hazy, casting their embracing figures onto the wall. Ye Hongying trembled slightly in his arms, whether from lingering passion or something else on her mind, it was unclear.

Chapter 22: The Fall of the Twin Lotuses

Inside the cave of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun.

The dim candlelight cast flickering shadows on the stone wall, and the air was thick with a heavy, decadent atmosphere mixed with a faint scent of herbs.

In the center of the cave, on a stone bed covered with black animal hide, lay the twin sisters Su Yao and Su Ling, completely naked.

Two almost identical jade bodies gleamed with a translucent white luster under the candlelight, as if carved from the finest mutton-fat jade.

They both had slender, long necks, and below their beautifully defined collarbones were two pairs of shapely breasts.

Their full, rounded shape was just right, and the tips were adorned with delicate pink buds, standing slightly upright in the cool air.

Their slender waists seemed almost too delicate to be grasped, forming a smooth curve with their slightly rounded hips.

Their legs were straight and long, and their skin was so smooth that not a single blemish could be seen.

Su Ling was lying slightly back, her short brown hair spread out messily on the animal hide.

The old monster's gaunt body lay on top of her, his wrinkled head buried against her chest, greedily sucking and biting at her soft flesh.

His rough hands kneaded the other breast forcefully, his fingers maliciously pinching and teasing the tender pink tip.

"Ah... no..." Su Ling shook her head helplessly, her eyes glazed over, her fair skin flushed with a passionate pink.

Her legs were forcibly spread apart, and the old man's other withered finger was wantonly digging and probing between her thighs.

The once-closed garden was now a muddy mess, with glistening nectar seeping from the forcibly opened paths, trickling down her legs and soaking a small patch of the animal hide beneath her.

The old monster's fingers moved rapidly in and out of that tight, moist, and hot orifice, each thrust drawing out more glistening fluid.

His rough knuckles deliberately scraped against the most sensitive flesh of the inner wall, causing Su Ling to tremble all over.

"Mmm... let go..." Su Ling's protests gradually turned into intermittent moans. Her waist involuntarily lifted slightly, seemingly trying to escape the excessive stimulation, yet also appearing to be yielding to the cruel manipulation.

Her hands weakly pushed against the old man's shoulders, her fingertips digging deep into his withered flesh.

While Su Ling was being wantonly abused, Su Yao, who was unconscious nearby, was also not spared.

Although her eyes were closed, and she appeared to be still unconscious, her body was exhibiting unusual reactions.

Her long, slender legs unconsciously rubbed against each other, and the tender valley between her thighs glistened with moisture, as if an unseen hand were caressing it.

Tiny beads of nectar seeped from the flower's bud, glistening on the skin at the base of her legs as she unconsciously writhed.

"Ah... Tianyin Pavilion... won't... let you go..." Su Ling threatened intermittently, but her voice became fragmented due to the pleasure in her body.

Her hips swayed slightly involuntarily with the old man's fingers, and waves of shameful, tingling sensations emanated from her forcibly opened vagina.

Upon hearing this, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun let out a hoarse chuckle, his finger movements becoming even more violent.

He plunged two fingers fully into that tight, secluded opening, forcefully spreading the soft inner walls, while his thumb maliciously pressed down on the already swollen pearl above.

Su Ling let out a sharp whimper, her waist arching violently, and her nectar gushed out as if she had lost control of her bladder, completely soaking the old monster's fingers.

Meanwhile, Su Yao, though still unconscious, was honestly responding to the invisible invasion.

Her legs clamped tighter and tighter, fine beads of sweat seeping from her fair skin, mingling with the honeyed fluid constantly secreting from between her legs, shimmering with a lascivious sheen in the candlelight.

Unconscious, soft moans escaped her lips, mingling with her sister's groans, echoing in the dimly lit cave.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun suddenly stopped twitching his fingers. The sudden emptiness made Su Ling instinctively blurt out: "You... why did you stop?"

The words had barely left her mouth when she realized her mistake, her face flushing crimson with embarrassment. She quickly turned her face away, stammering, "I... I didn't mean that..."

"Then what do you mean?" The old monster's hoarse voice carried a hint of mockery. Before she could answer, he roughly pried open her legs, admiring her still slightly parted, pinkish flower-like opening that continuously secreted glistening nectar.

The area was already muddy and slippery, and the delicate petals trembled slightly, as if recounting the pleasure they had just experienced.

"Tsk tsk tsk, your cunt seems quite welcoming of this old man..."

Having said that, he bent down and buried his ugly head between Su Ling's legs, his rough tongue directly licking the already swollen pearl.

At the same time, his fingers began to probe and dig into that tight, moist opening again, occasionally bending his knuckles to scrape the sensitive spots on the inner walls.

"No... don't lick there..." Su Ling cried out, gripping the old man's hair tightly with both hands, her legs involuntarily clamping together, only to weakly open again as the next wave of pleasure washed over her.

Her hips swayed slightly, uncontrollably, responding to the shameful violation.

Just then, Su Yao slowly awoke to her sister's seductive moans and a strange itching sensation in her lower body.

The first thing she saw was the old man's repulsive profile, followed by her sister's wretched appearance.

"Ling'er!" she cried out in alarm, then shouted fiercely at the old monster, "What... what are you doing! Stop! Stop it now!"

However, just as she opened her mouth to shout again, a surge of intense pleasure, identical to Su Ling's, welled up from her lower body.

She couldn't help but let out a soft moan, feeling as if an invisible mouth was licking her sensitive clitoris, and an invisible hand was probing and digging inside her tight, moist opening.

She tried desperately to endure it, but her legs gradually weakened against her will, eventually involuntarily opening into the same shameful position as Su Ling.

Sensing something amiss, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun exclaimed in surprise, then seemed to ponder. His other hand swiftly reached out, his rough fingers inserting directly into Su Yao's honeyed orifice.

"Ah!" the two sisters exclaimed simultaneously.

This discovery greatly pleased the old monster.

In stark contrast to Su Ling's warm, sticky nectar, Su Yao's love fluid was cool and smooth to the touch.

The starkly different sensations from his two hands made him realize—this was clearly the rare and renowned treasure, the "Spiritual Rhinoceros Harmony," described in the "Summer of Bliss"!

He greedily quickened the pace of his hands, his right hand thrusting rapidly in and out of Su Ling's warm, tight honeypot, while his left hand explored Su Yao's icy, smooth flower path.

The sisters' moans rose and fell, Su Ling's cries were alluring and seductive, while Su Yao's whimpers carried a hint of coldness.

Their legs involuntarily spread wide, their waists swaying slightly with the old man's movements, and honey-like fluid seeping from their point of contact, soaking the fabric beneath them.

The old monster would sometimes bend down and lick Su Ling's clitoris, eliciting screams from her; at other times, he would turn and nibble on Su Yao's nipples, causing her to let out suppressed moans.

Two delicate bodies trembled under his caresses, their fair skin flushed a passionate pink, and fine beads of sweat slid down their graceful curves.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun's cloudy eyes widened in ecstasy, and a sickly flush rose on his wrinkled face.

His rough hands ravaged the two delicate bodies even more vigorously. His right hand's three fingers thrust rapidly in and out of Su Ling's warm, tight honeypot, drawing out even more viscous love juice; his left hand, meanwhile, explored deeply into Su Yao's icy, smooth flower path, feeling its unique, cool touch.

The sisters' moans mingled together; Su Ling's cries grew increasingly alluring and melodious, filled with an unbearable longing; Su Yao's whimpers, however, were clear and cold, yet tinged with suppressed emotion, possessing a unique charm.

Under such extreme stimulation, the sisters' bodies trembled violently in unison.

Su Ling reached her climax first; her slender waist arched sharply, her legs straightened uncontrollably, her toes curled tightly, and a large amount of warm, viscous nectar gushed from deep within her honeypot, drenching the old monster's rough fingers.

She let out a long, seductive moan, her whole body going limp as if her bones had been removed.

Almost at the same moment, Su Yao also reached her climax.

Her reaction was completely different from her sister's. Her body trembled violently at first, then a stream of clear, cool liquid gushed from deep within her vagina, accompanied by a short, clear whimper. Her delicate body convulsed slightly, and a complex expression of both pain and pleasure appeared on her beautiful face.

Two streams of primordial yin fluid, vastly different yet equally abundant, gushed forth. The Old Monster of the Setting Sun greedily savored this extreme experience of contrasting ice and fire, letting out satisfied groans.

In the afterglow of their climax, the two sisters lay limply on the disheveled bed, their chests heaving with rapid breaths, their fair skin flushed with passion, and drenched in sweat.

The old monster could no longer restrain himself; he abruptly pulled down his trousers, revealing a massive, monstrous object that had been forged over many years.

The penis was incredibly thick and long, with prominent veins, and a large, dark red glans the size of an egg, radiating intense heat and a strong masculine aura.

"No… no!"

Su Yao was the first to react. Seeing its terrifying size, she struggled in terror, trying to protect her still somewhat dazed younger sister. This… this thing was too big… Ling'er wouldn't be able to handle it!

Su Ling was also terrified by the horrifying sight before her, her face turning pale. She let out a terrified scream, her hands instinctively pushing against the old monster's approaching waist and abdomen, a futile attempt to push him away.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun ignored all this; at this moment, all he wanted was to quickly savor the legendary "Spiritual Rhinoceros Harmony."

He grinned maliciously, pressing his large, burning-hot glans against the entrance of Su Ling's wet, muddy vagina, and began to rub it slowly and threateningly.

The rough edges scraped against the delicate, sensitive petals and buds, sending shivers down the spine —a mixture of fear and pleasure.

"Ugh... Sister... It's so strange... It's hot and numb..." Su Ling's resistance gradually softened with the continued stimulation. Her hands, which had been pressed against the old man's waist, became weak and powerless, and her resisting moans gradually turned into intermittent, seductive cries.

Her waist began to sway slightly, almost unconsciously, as if seeking deeper contact.

"Let her go!"

"Come at me!"

Seeing her younger sister gradually losing herself, Su Yao cried out anxiously. Meanwhile, her own flower path, amidst the terrifying atmosphere and the faint burning sensation, uncontrollably contracted, secreting more cool sap.

As the Old Monster of the Setting Sun felt Su Ling's honeyed orifice gradually soften and accept it, his eyes gleamed with lust. He began to slowly exert force with his waist, squeezing his terrifyingly large member little by little into the tight, untouched flower path.

"Ah—! No! It hurts! Get out! Get out now!" The tearing pain instantly brought Su Ling back to her senses, causing her to let out a piercing scream and struggle violently.

At the same time, a sharp, inexplicable pain, seemingly originating from a soul-linked connection, instantly swept over Su Yao, causing her to let out a painful moan. Her waist instinctively rose along with her sister's, her legs spread wide uncontrollably, and her slender hands gripped the wet sheets beneath her tightly.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun grunted, feeling the thin barrier ahead. Far from showing pity, he became even more excited. He thrust his hips forward with tremendous force!

With a soft "plop," accompanied by Su Ling's heart-wrenching scream of pain, a trickle of bright red virgin blood slowly flowed from the point where the two had joined.

The amazing thing was that at the very instant Su Ling's honeypot was penetrated, Su Yao, several feet away, also felt as if the thin membrane symbolizing chastity deep within her flower path was being torn apart by an invisible force, sending a clear, sharp pain through her.

The two sisters froze simultaneously, clearly feeling the bloating and burning sensation of their bodies being completely filled by that hot, large, and hard foreign object.

The tight, moist heat of Su Ling and the icy, slippery feel of Su Yao—two completely different sensations of envelopment—were simultaneously transmitted to the Old Monster of the Setting Sun through that wicked phallus, causing him to throw his head back and let out a long roar of pleasure.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun thrust his hips wildly, his heavy breathing mingled with wildly joyful roars: "Wonderful! That's brilliant! This is the legendary masterpiece! No wonder those core disciples risked their lives to obtain a Heavenly Maiden possessing extraordinary abilities!"

With his slow but steady thrusting, the sisters clearly felt an astonishing change taking place inside their bodies.

In the depths of that forcibly entered valley, something slumbering seemed to be awakening.

Su Ling's tight, moist flower path began to pulsate with a strange rhythm; the tender flesh of the inner walls coiled around her as if alive, each contraction bringing a thrilling, tingling sensation.

Although Su Yao's honeypot was icy cold, it secreted even more refreshing fluid with each thrust, as if countless tiny whirlpools were swirling within, bringing a strange feeling of complete cleansing.

"Ah... sister... it feels so strange inside..." Su Ling moaned in a daze, her hands, which had initially resisted, unconsciously climbing onto the old monster's thick arms.

Her waist began to sway slightly in rhythm with the thrusting, and her legs unconsciously wrapped around the old man's waist.

Su Yao's eyes gradually became hazy; she could clearly feel every detail of that scalding hot object moving in and out of her body.

An indescribable emptiness made her involuntarily reach out and slide her hand down her smooth thigh towards her sensitive clitoris, beginning to gently press it.

"Mmm..." With her movement, the two sisters simultaneously let out a sweet moan.

It felt as if an electric current was coursing between them, amplifying the pleasure many times over.

Su Ling's flower path contracted even more violently, while Su Yao's flower cave secreted even more sweet nectar.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun sensed the simultaneous changes occurring in the two renowned treasures, and his eyes turned bloodshot with excitement.

He changed angles, sometimes penetrating deep into Su Ling's tight core, sometimes rotating and grinding within Su Yao's slippery passage.

Each time the large, thick glans struck the deepest, soft flesh, it elicited increasingly loud and seductive moans from the two sisters.

Slap... slap... slap...

The sounds of flesh colliding echoed in the stone chamber, mingling with increasingly loud groans and gasps.

Su Yao's slender waist writhed more violently, her fair skin flushing a passionate pink.

Su Ling completely let go, her legs tightly wrapped around the old monster's waist, welcoming each deep thrust.

It's hard to imagine that these fairies, who once led the disciples of the Tianyin Pavilion to play beautiful melodies on the battlefield, are now performing a lascivious and erotic piece in a completely different way.

Their bodies swayed with the old man's movements, their snow-white breasts drawing alluring arcs in the air, sweat-dampened hair clinging to their flushed cheeks, their eyes glazed and lost in reverie.

As the Old Monster of the Setting Sun savored the ultimate pleasure brought by the two exquisite treasures, his movements became increasingly wild.

Sometimes he penetrated both of them simultaneously, sometimes he took turns thrusting into them, each time bringing a completely different and wonderful sensation.

Su Ling's tight, moist flower path was like the finest silk, while Su Yao's cool, slippery passage was like jade soaked in a clear spring.

"I'm... I'm going to come..." Su Ling suddenly screamed, her flower path contracting violently, and a gush of scalding nectar spurted out.

Almost simultaneously, Su Yao also reached her climax, her clear fluids gushing out like a spring, soaking their joined bodies into a slippery wetness.

Under the extreme stimulation of both reaching climax simultaneously, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun could no longer restrain himself.

He let out a low growl, his thick waist thrusting forward, burying his bulging, menacing penis deep inside Su Ling's body.

The scorching primordial energy, like a burst dam, gushed forth violently, pouring entirely into the depths of Su Ling's flower palace.

"Ah—!" Su Ling let out a high-pitched scream, her delicate body trembling violently.

The scalding impact caused her vaginal canal to spasm uncontrollably, and a large amount of white, cloudy fluid was squeezed out from their tightly joined bodies, splashing onto Su Yao's fair abdomen and between her legs.

Su Ling collapsed to the ground, her eyes glazed, her lips slightly parted, murmuring intermittently: "So hot... so full... it feels so good inside..."

Su Yao's legs involuntarily parted, her pretty face flushed, her eyes filled with unsatisfied longing, as she shyly whispered: "I... I haven't..."

Upon hearing this, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun turned to look at Su Yao.

Her legs were spread wide, revealing her pink and moist vulva, the entrance to her honeypot still slightly opening and closing, as if yearning for something.

He chuckled mockingly, stepped forward, and roughly grabbed Su Yao's slender ankle, spreading her legs even wider.

The enormous penis, which had just been withdrawn from Su Ling's body, remained erect, covered in a mixture of nectar, and gleamed with a lascivious sheen in the dim light.

The old monster aimed at the entrance of Su Yao's honeyed orifice, which was flowing with clear, cool fluid, and with a thrust of his waist, he mercilessly plunged his entire length inside.

"Mmm—!" Su Yao let out a satisfied moan, her slender waist involuntarily arching upwards.

As the massive object entered, streams of cool, sweet fluid gushed from her body, washing over the old monster's glans and bringing a strange, pleasurable sensation.

As the old monster began his slow but powerful thrusting, the "spiritual resonance" effect of the legendary treasure manifested once more.

Still limp from the afterglow of her climax, Su Ling suddenly felt a familiar fullness and heat within her body, as if the old monster's enormous member was entering and exiting her.

She opened her eyes groggily, struggled to sit up, and her right hand unconsciously went to her still slightly twitching vulva, beginning to gently probe.

"Sister…" Su Ling, panting, crawled to Su Yao's side, bent down, and took Su Yao's pink nipple into her mouth, beginning to greedily suck and lick it.

"Ling'er... no... don't suck..." Su Yao moaned sweetly, but involuntarily brought her breasts closer to her sister's mouth.

Meanwhile, an astonishing change was taking place inside the sisters' vaginas.

Fine folds began to form on the inner walls of Su Yao's flower path, like countless tiny tongues wrapping around the old monster's penis, each thrust bringing layers of stimulation.

Meanwhile, Su Ling's vagina began to contract rhythmically, as if echoing the movements within her sister's body.

The old monster felt an unprecedented and ultimate pleasure, his eyes turning bloodshot with excitement.

He would sometimes move shallowly and then deeply, sometimes rotating and grinding, his thick penis slamming into their clitoris, each time eliciting simultaneous tremors and moans from the two sisters.

"Ah... sister... it's so itchy inside..." Su Ling sucked on Su Yao's nipple while writhing uncontrollably.

Her flower-like opening unconsciously pulsated with desire, yearning for a more complete filling.

Stimulated by her sister's sucking and the thrusting within her, Su Yao felt waves of pleasure wash over her. She actively arched her back, welcoming the old man's thrusts, her clear, sweet juices flowing even more profusely.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Su Ling raised her dazed eyes and sealed Su Yao's lips with hers.

Two soft, tender tongues immediately intertwined, exchanging sweet saliva and making blush-inducing smacking sounds.

"Mmm…" the sisters' moans became blurred during their kiss, their bodies writhing violently under the old monster's thrusts, like two intertwined beautiful snakes.

Finally, in another deep penetration, both of them reached an even higher climax.

Su Yao's flower path contracted violently, and clear juice gushed out like a fountain; Su Ling's whole body convulsed, her flower orifice spasming incessantly, and her inner thighs were soaked with honey-like fluid.

Under this extreme stimulation, the old monster poured all his abundant primordial yang energy into Su Yao's body.

At the same time, he activated the Heavenly Maiden Token in his arms, and two eerie pink lights silently entered the depths of the sisters' flower palaces, where they took root, awaiting more nourishment from the primordial yang, preparing to take root and sprout.

The moment the slave seeds were born, subtle changes occurred in both the sisters' bodies and minds.

They felt a strange warmth emanating from the depths of their flower palaces, followed by an inexplicable sense of closeness to the old monster, and an indescribable emptiness and longing.

A barely perceptible pink glint flashed in their once clear eyes—a sign that the slave seeds were beginning to influence their minds.

Unconsciously, Su Yao tightened her legs, squeezing the old monster even more tightly. The tender flesh inside her flower path seemed to suckle at the still-erect giant member as if it were alive.

Su Ling nestled close to her sister, her little hands wandering restlessly between the old man's legs, her eyes filled with infatuation and dependence.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun looked on with satisfaction at the two sisters who were now completely under his control, a smug smile playing on his lips.

He knew that from this moment on, these twin fairies, possessing rare and exquisite treasures, would become his absolute possession, with no chance of escape.

Chapter 23: Golden Buds Flowing Fragrance

Before the great calamity befell the Southern Region, the Golden Bud Garden on Moshan Dao was perpetually filled with the refreshing fragrance of spiritual plants.

Princess Golden Flower Chu Lingye's cave dwelling was neither as desolate as Lonely Sword Cliff, nor as scorching as the Crimson Flame Abode.

This place was more like a meticulously maintained paradise, with warm jade paths, babbling springs, and exotic flowers and plants stretching their branches and leaves under the soft glow of the light.

A stillness permeated the air, as if even time itself had slowed down.

In the center of the herb garden, a graceful figure dressed in a long black robe with gold patterns was bending slightly, carefully tending to a rare "Moon Shadow Orchid."

Chu Lingye possessed a slender and graceful figure. Her unique black robe was embroidered with intricate, budding golden flower patterns in gold thread. The soft fabric rippled like water, conforming to the curves of her body with every movement.

Her short, jet-black hair was neat and playful, and the golden flower headdress at her temple, crafted from spirit gold and using secret techniques, shimmered with a warm glow in the light, making her delicate and serene profile appear even more fair.

When she was focused, she naturally exuded an extremely delicate, almost imperceptible fragrance of orchids.

The collar of the black robe was slightly open, vaguely revealing the graceful lines of her collarbone, and below that, on her snow-white skin, faint silver spiritual patterns remarkably similar in form to the Moon Shadow Orchid were quietly emerging. The patterns were exquisite, seemingly naturally grown, spreading from below the collarbone and disappearing deep into the fabric, outlining the astonishing curves of her full, pert breasts.

Her slender waist, so delicate it could be encircled by a single hand, appeared even more alluring under the sash of her robe. Occasionally, when she bent over, the fabric stretched taut, outlining her rounded hips with a breathtakingly full silhouette.

Her movements were gentle, a pale green aura of life flowing from her fingertips as she brushed against the leaves of the spiritual plant. Her expression was focused and serene, like a frozen image of a celestial maiden tending to fragrant blossoms.

"Sigh—"

A long sigh, more like a languid groan, came from a nearby, lush "Ancient Tree of Concentration."

Yun Yichen leaned against a thick branch, one leg bent, the other dangling casually.

He wore a slightly casual blue robe with cloud patterns, the lapel slightly open, revealing a small patch of his muscular chest.

Holding a vermilion wine gourd in his hand, his handsome face bore his usual nonchalant smile, but his gaze wasn't fixed on the beauty below. Instead, it pierced through the layers of branches and leaves,

watching the ever-changing clouds simulated on the cave's dome, as if there lay a profound truth of the universe there that was more captivating than the stunning beauty before him.

"Little Lingye," he took a swig of wine, his voice slightly hoarse and habitually languid, "you see all these flowers and plants in your garden, tended to so meticulously year-round, yet they can't keep you company or relieve your boredom. How dull is that? Why not come with me, your senior brother, to wander beyond the mountains and see the world's hustle and bustle? That's what you call lively!"

Chu Lingye didn't look up, her fingertips still steadily channeling spiritual energy. Her voice was as gentle as a spring breeze caressing flower petals: "Third Senior Brother, spiritual plants also possess sentience. Their vitality in return for me is the best companionship." She paused, the orchid fragrance emanating from her seeming to intensify slightly, her voice soft, "Besides... it's too noisy outside."

Upon hearing this, Yun Yichen laughed heartily, sat up abruptly, his dark hair casually draped over his shoulders, and leaned down to look at his junior sister below, his eyes filled with amusement: "Noisy? That's just the warmth of everyday life! Look at you, spending all day in this flower room, you've practically turned yourself into a delicate flower." His gaze swept over her, lingering for a moment on the golden flower at her temple, and he chuckled, "However, when it comes to being pampered, no other fairy flower can compare to our little Lingye."

Chu Lingye felt her ears burn slightly at his blunt words, and a faint blush rose to her cheeks, like white porcelain touched with rouge.

She instinctively raised her hand, her fingertips brushing against the gold flower at her temple, trying to hide her racing heart.

As her emotions subtly shifted, the delicate orchid fragrance surrounding her quietly transformed into a sweeter, slightly shy scent of gardenia. Meanwhile, the pale silver spiritual patterns beneath her collarbone rippled like water, gradually taking the shape of a gardenia.

"Senior brother is... teasing me again." Her voice lowered, almost burying itself in the moonlit orchids before her.

"This isn't a joke," Yun Yichen said, shaking his wine gourd with a carefree smile. "It's the truth. Who in the sect doesn't know that our Seventh Junior Sister is the quietest, most obedient, and most lovable little flower of Moshan Dao?" His words were light, but his eyes were clear and open, without a trace of intimacy, as if he were simply stating a perfectly natural fact. "It's just that this flower is too quiet, so quiet that one worries that a gust of wind might blow you away one day."

"I... I won't run away," Chu Lingye whispered, her fingertips unconsciously twirling a single orchid leaf.

She furtively glanced up, her eyes darting quickly to the carefree figure in the tree. The feelings buried deep within her, like vines, quietly began to entwine.

But the way he looked at her was always like a brother looking at his sister—protective, but lacking the flutter of passion she craved.

"It's good that she won't run away." Yun Yichen seemed oblivious to the girl's delicate thoughts, tilting his head back to take another gulp of wine, and sighed contentedly, "It's still so comfortable here with you, so quiet, and the flowers smell so nice. It's much more interesting than scheming against that guy Cang Feng, or watching Junior Sister Hongying fight."

He lay back down, gazing at the dome, and murmured to himself, "The great way is natural, roaming freely between heaven and earth... that is the true principle..."

As Chu Lingye listened to his gradually lowering voice, feeling the air return to its usual calm and carefree atmosphere, and sensing his unwavering "brother-sister" attitude towards her, a slight pang of sadness welled up in her heart.

She gently lowered her eyes, composed herself, and the floral fragrance surrounding her gradually returned to its original subtlety, while the spiritual patterns on her skin slowly faded.

She fell silent, focusing even more intently on tending to the Moon Shadow Orchid in her hands, as if pouring all her unspoken thoughts into this vibrant patch of grass and trees.

Chu Lingye gently put down the jade shovel, her fingertips still damp with spiritual soil.

She raised her eyes, gazing at the languid figure in the tree. Her voice, still gentle, held a subtle firmness that betrayed a hint of determination: "Third Senior Brother, I need to go to the market down the mountain to buy some spirit herb seeds." She paused slightly, her full breasts rising and falling gently with her breath beneath her black robe. "Would you be willing to accompany your junior sister?"

Yun Yichen didn't even lift his eyelids, shaking the wine gourd in his hand, his tone drawn out: "Alas, Little Lingye, didn't you see that your senior brother is currently lost in thought, comprehending the ultimate principles of heaven and earth? Such a great path cannot be delayed for even a moment..."

Before he finished speaking, the gentle floral fragrance that had always surrounded Chu Lingye suddenly became crisp and clear, like a cold orchid in a secluded valley.

The pale silver spiritual patterns on her skin transformed into frost-like designs resembling ice crystals.

His tone remained calm, yet carried a cool, mountain-spring-like quality: "In that case, Senior Brother, please return to the Golden Dawn Platform for quiet cultivation. My humble herb garden has shallow spiritual energy; I fear it might disturb Senior Brother's 'Great Dao.'"

Upon hearing this, Yun Yichen finally turned his head lazily.

His gaze fell on her profile, seemingly serene yet with a slightly taut jaw, and on the slender yet subtly resolute lines of her waist, accentuated by the black robe.

He stared at her for a couple of moments, then suddenly chuckled, a hint of helpless indulgence in his voice: "Sigh, fine, fine, I'm really scared of you."

Almost the instant his words fell, the icy aura emanating from Chu Lingye melted away, replaced by a warm, sweet floral fragrance, like honey under the sun. The snow-like spirit patterns on her skin transformed into entwined, sweet-dreamy vines.

A rare, mischievous smile played on her lips, like a lotus flower just beginning to bloom, carrying an air of undeniable authority: "Then, Senior Brother, let's set off." With that, she turned and walked away from him, no longer looking at him.

Yun Yichen watched her retreating figure—her slender waist swaying gracefully beneath her dark robes, the natural, rounded curve of her movements, and the captivating, sweet aftertaste lingering in the air. He could only shake his head with a wry smile, climb down the tree, and slowly follow her.

……

Inside the Liuyun Market, Chu Lingye quietly selected seeds, while Yun Yichen wandered aimlessly.

Suddenly, he stopped in front of a stall, his gaze drawn to a white jade bracelet.

The bracelet had a warm, smooth texture, and what was even more peculiar was that the gold flowers engraved on it seemed to faintly emanate the aura of a protective magical treasure.

"Boss, how much is this?" He picked up the bracelet, feeling the faint fluctuations of spiritual energy emanating from it on his fingertips.

After some playful banter and a mix of genuine and feigned bargaining, Yun Yichen bought it at an extremely low price. He turned around and naturally took Chu Lingye's hand, who was selecting seeds.

"Here," he said with his usual nonchalance, but his movements left no room for refusal as he slipped the bracelet onto her slender, snow-white wrist. "It suits you quite well. Take it and play with it."

Chu Lingye's body trembled almost imperceptibly the moment he touched her.

She instinctively tried to pull her hand away, but her fingertips were unintentionally pressed down by his warm palm.

A tingling sensation shot up from her wrist, instantly flushing her ears crimson.

The warm, sweet floral scent around her suddenly intensified, becoming intoxicating, like ripe fruit bursting with juice. Beneath the black robe, large patches of blooming, velvety red rose patterns instantly appeared on her skin, subtly spreading along the inner sides of her arms.

Yun Yichen seemed oblivious to her unusual behavior, simply slipping the gold flower bracelet onto her wrist.

The white jade accentuated her snow-white skin, and the gold floral pattern echoed her robe and hair ornaments, creating a truly harmonious effect.

"Hmm, not bad, quite nice." He examined it for a moment, nodded in satisfaction, and then released his grip.

She kept her head down, her long eyelashes trembling violently, not daring to look at him. Her fingers, held in his, curled slightly, and her voice, barely audible, trembled with barely suppressed emotion: "Thank you... thank you, Senior Brother."

……

By the time all the seeds had been purchased, the sun was already setting.

"Little Lingye, you go back to the sect first." Yun Yichen stretched, his gaze drifting to the distant "Listening Wind Garden," now dimly lit and filled with the faint sounds of music. "Senior brother, I'll go listen to some music there and relax."

Chu Lingye tightened her grip on the seeds, watching his departing figure with a carefree air. The whispered words escaped her lips almost unconsciously: "There's such a beautiful flower right before my eyes... why go elsewhere..."

The words had barely left her mouth when she suddenly snapped back to reality!

In an instant, a vibrant red glow spread across her entire face, even tinging her delicate collarbones with a rosy hue.

She was so ashamed she wanted to disappear; the rose-patterned runes around her burned intensely, as if they were about to ignite on her skin.

She hurriedly lowered her head, but her fingertips involuntarily traced the jade bracelet on her wrist.

The warm touch, intertwined with his lingering body heat, transformed into a strange, comforting current that slowly seeped into her heart, dispelling the earlier bitterness and embarrassment.

Finally, she gently pressed her bracelet-adorned wrist against her pounding chest, savoring the secret flutter and sweetness, suppressing all her overflowing fragrance and spiritual energy, returning to her serene state, and walking home alone into the twilight.

Only the warm, ring-shaped mark on her wrist, and the unseen, exquisite sea of flowers quietly blooming in her heart, became the most private treasure of this evening.

……

Several days later, the great calamity of the Southern Region descended without warning.

The dark pinkish-black evil clouds, like spilled ink, instantly stained the sky. That eerie aura, a mixture of decay, resentment, and extreme allure, swept across the entire Southern Region like an invisible plague.

Within Moshan Dao, piercing screams and desperate roars echoed. The light of the sect's protective array flickered erratically under the impact of the evil energy. Elders above the Nascent Soul stage were either dead or injured. Blood instantly stained the sect's bluestone floor tiles, transforming the once pristine land, shrouded in immortal energy, into a living hell.

Several days later, night deepened.

Deep within Moshan Dao, a forbidden celestial pool quietly began to ripple. The pool water, imbued with rich spiritual energy, emitted a milky-white mist, transforming the surroundings into a hazy, dreamlike realm.

Two figures were faintly visible in the pool water.

Senior Sister Wen Guanyu stood still in the water, her long, dark green hair, wet and cascading over her smooth, jade-like back, with a few strands clinging to her strikingly curved collarbone and neck.

Her eyes were still covered by the black ribbon, yet this did not diminish her unparalleled beauty in the slightest.

The pool water just covered her round, full hips, but couldn't completely conceal her breathtakingly beautiful body—most striking were her proudly erect, unusually large, snow-white breasts, their size enormous yet perfectly shaped like inverted jade bowls, full and firm. In the rippling water and swirling mist, the two rosy peaks were faintly visible, rising and falling gently with her soft breaths, as if containing endless magic.

Water droplets slid down the deep creases and smooth, delicate skin, leaving a shimmering, ambiguous sheen.

A short distance away from her, Seventh Junior Sister Chu Lingye displayed a different kind of charm.

Her figure was even more slender and delicate, like a newly blossoming bud.

The pool water barely covered her flat stomach, outlining her slender, alluring waistline.

Her skin was fair and translucent, unlike Wen Guanyu's mature and voluptuous beauty, appearing more youthful and pure.

However, what was most peculiar was that on her bare arms, fragrant shoulders, and even the half of her breasts slightly above the water, there were naturally occurring pale pink, strange patterns resembling interwoven vines and petals, currently exuding a delicate and serene fragrance of orchids and musk, perfectly complementing her calm and gentle temperament.

She also possessed a pair of full, rounded breasts, not as shockingly beautiful as Wen Guanyu's, but still round and perky, swaying gently in the water, possessing a unique and captivating charm.

Chu Lingye sighed softly, a deep worry etched on her brow, her voice trembling slightly: "Senior Sister... this calamity in the Southern Region has caused immense suffering, and Master has entered seclusion for life-or-death cultivation. I wonder how his injuries are... I... I'm truly filled with anxiety."

Upon hearing this, Wen Guanyu sighed softly. Her face, hidden beneath the black ribbon, revealed no emotion, but her voice carried a heavy, helpless tone: "Although I glimpsed a sliver of heavenly secrets through secret techniques and sensed the impending calamity, I never expected... such a devastating scene, directly shaking the very foundation of the Southern Region." She slightly turned her head, facing Chu Lingye, her tone softening, carrying a reassuring strength, "However, Lingye need not worry too much. When the sky falls, the tall ones will hold it up. Within the Immortal Alliance, there are still some old fogies holding things up; it's not necessarily a hopeless situation."

As she spoke, she reached out her slender, jade-like hand and gently stroked Chu Lingye's damp hair, her movements tender: "It'll be alright."

Feeling the warmth and comfort of her senior sister's palm, Chu Lingye felt somewhat at ease.

However, Wen Guanyu suddenly changed the subject, her tone becoming unusually playful, a mischievous smile curving her lips: "Speaking of which... that brat Yun Yichen, he's been... running around your Golden Bud Garden quite a bit these past few days, hasn't he?"

She paused deliberately, emphasizing a particular form of address: "Although that guy always talks about 'comprehending the ultimate principles of heaven and earth' and is utterly irresponsible, something this big must have happened... so our obedient little Lingye can be left to worry alone, right?"

"Senior Sister!" Upon hearing this, Chu Lingye's pretty face flushed crimson instantly, as if painted with the most vibrant rouge.

Even more strangely, the pale pink patterns on her body, in response to her embarrassment, visibly transformed into a fiery, intense rose-red. Simultaneously, the fragrance she emitted changed from a delicate orchid and musk to a richer, more alluring aroma, like a blooming rose garden.

She hurriedly waved her slender hands, explaining repeatedly, "No, no! Senior Brother Wen just... just came to my place to discuss the medicinal properties of spiritual plants and to comprehend... to comprehend the Way of Nature! He didn't..."

"Oh?" Wen Guanyu raised an eyebrow. Although she was blind, she seemed to "see" her current predicament, and her smile deepened. "Then what's the deal with these suddenly... so 'fiery' patterns on Junior Sister's body, and this alluring fragrance?"

"I...!" Chu Lingye was both embarrassed and anxious by her words. She bit her lower lip lightly, looking at her senior sister's astonishingly large breasts, which remained majestic and undulating even in the water. She didn't know where she got the courage, but she abandoned her usual calm and composed nature, suddenly reaching out her hands, with a hint of "revenge," and began to knead Wen Guanyu's enormous, soft, snow-white breasts!

"Mmm~!"

Caught off guard and struck in a vital spot, Wen Guanyu let out a short, seductive moan, a sound completely different from her usual cool and composed demeanor, carrying an undeniable allure.

Her delicate body trembled slightly, her full breasts shifting and changing alluring shapes under Chu Lingye's palms.

But Wen Guanyu reacted extremely quickly. Almost instantly, her seemingly slender yet strong arms wrapped around Chu Lingye's delicate waist, pulling her close so that their soaked bodies were pressed tightly together.

She lowered her head, her breath sweet and fragrant as she spoke to Chu Lingye's flushed ear, her voice slightly hoarse and teasing: "Junior sister, why envy me? Your waistline..." She took a deep breath, intoxicated by the now rich and alluring scent of roses, "and the intoxicating fragrance surrounding you... it's not much different from my 'conditions,' is it?"

As she spoke, her other hand slid down stealthily in a "retaliatory" manner, and through her thin, soaked clothes, lightly grasped Chu Lingye's breasts—a pair that, while not as large as hers, were still quite impressive and perky—and gave them a malicious, gentle squeeze with her fingertips!

"Ah!" Chu Lingye gasped in surprise, her body going limp on one side.

"And..." Wen Guanyu leaned even closer, her lips almost touching her earlobe, her voice seductive as a demon, "Junior Sister's 'assets' here... aren't they small either..."

"Senior Sister! You... you're so annoying!"

The two immediately began to frolic in the warm celestial pool, splashing water everywhere.

Chu Lingye tried to break free, but Wen Guanyu held her firmly in her arms, her coquettish laughter and slightly panting gasps echoing in the misty air.

Two exquisitely beautiful bodies, each with their own unique charm, intertwined in the water. Their fair skin, alluring curves, and pervasive fragrance created a vivid and sensual scene.

At this moment, it seemed as if the gloom that shrouded the Southern Region and the oppressive atmosphere within the sect had been temporarily dispelled, leaving only the beauty and joy of this small world.

Tonight, in this brief but genuine warmth and playful laughter, had quietly slipped away.

Chapter 24: The Flesh Mountain Buddha

At this moment, in a remote and desolate wild temple, the air was unusually thick with the smoke of incense.

The hall was dimly lit by candlelight, and the air was thick with the strong scent of sandalwood, yet strangely tinged with a cloying, unsettling, and decadent aroma.

In the center of the main hall, beneath the Buddha statue that should have been dignified and solemn, the Flesh Mountain Buddha sat cross-legged on a specially made futon that almost completely covered his enormous body.

His obesity was truly beyond imagination; layers upon layers of grayish-yellow fat piled up on his body like melted wax, and his greasy skin gleamed uncomfortably in the flickering candlelight.

The dirty, oversized, dark yellow monk's robe was open, revealing a large, sweat-soaked belly that bulged like a small mountain, and a navel that was almost invisible, sunken deep into the fat.

At this moment, a stunningly beautiful female cultivator with fair skin, petite figure, and exquisite curves straddled him!

She was completely naked, her skin as white as snow, creating a striking visual contrast with the greasy, obese body of the Flesh Mountain Buddha.

She was actively and passionately heaving her hips, repeatedly manipulating and swallowing the fleshy Buddha's unusually thick, long, and grotesque dark red phallus, covered in twisted blue veins, hidden deep within her flesh, in her tender, moist, and ever-opening secret valley!

The penis was terrifyingly large, its glans enormous and full, exuding a rich yet sinister Buddhist aura. Mixing with the glistening fluids secreted from her body, it produced lewd, squelching sounds.

"Ah... Master... so... so deep... it's reached... it's reached me..." The female cultivator's face was flushed, her eyes glazed and unfocused, as if she were immersed in ultimate pleasure and unable to extricate herself.

Her long hair was loose, tracing messy arcs in the air with the rise and fall of her body. Her full, perky breasts bounced wildly up and down, creating waves of white flesh, their rosy nipples already hard as rocks.

Her hands rested limply on the fleshy, greasy chest of the Buddha, her slender waist twisting like a water snake, welcoming each deep thrust. Her lips parted slightly, emitting intermittent, melodious moans and gasps of pleasure.

The Flesh Mountain Buddha's small eyes, sunken deep within its fat, narrowed to slits, a satisfied yet lewd light gleaming in their murky depths. Its thick lips parted, revealing a smile that appeared benevolent but was actually chilling.

His large, thick, fan-like hand, covered in oil and sweat, gently kneaded the woman's incredibly elastic buttocks like a feather. His other hand, radiating Buddhist light, grasped one of her throbbing breasts, his delicate fingers twisting and pulling at the already swollen nipple, eliciting even higher moans from the woman on top of him.

Just as this lewd scene reached its climax, the Heavenly Maiden Token, placed to the side and emitting a dim light, suddenly trembled slightly. The hoarse, chilling voice of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun directly entered the Flesh Mountain Buddha's consciousness: "Fat monk, find some time soon to come to Tianxi City. I have a 'deal' to make with you." The voice paused, carrying a confident allure, "I guarantee... you'll be interested."

The Flesh Mountain Buddha paused slightly, a flicker of hesitation crossing his murky eyes. But as his gaze swept over the exquisite body still writhing ecstatically, dripping with fluids, and he felt the tight, warm embrace, a satisfied yet lewd smile returned to his face.

Unlike the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, who preferred violence and cruelty, he enjoyed the sense of control he derived from using unorthodox Buddhist teachings to convert people's hearts, causing these self-proclaimed noble female cultivators to succumb to desire and willingly offer themselves.

However, the next instant, the seemingly kind, fleshy face of his suddenly tightened!

A lewd light surged in his tiny eyes, and his flabby body emitted a teeth-grinding "crunch," as if his internal structure was undergoing rapid changes!

The once massive, obese body visibly shrank and solidified, layers of greasy fat seemingly refined by an invisible force, transforming into bulging, knotted muscles, as if cast from iron!

In the blink of an eye, the kind-faced, obese Buddha transformed into a wrathful Vajra, nearly ten feet tall, with bulging muscles, protruding veins, and radiating ferocity and anger!

The dark yellow monk's robe was stretched almost to the point of tearing by his suddenly swollen muscles.

He exuded a suffocating aura of oppression, and his already monstrous penis swelled even more, turning a dark, iron-like blue-black, radiating a scorching and violent aura!

"Roar!" The Flesh Mountain Buddha, transformed into an angry Vajra, let out a deep roar. A massive, muscular arm suddenly gripped the slender waist of the female cultivator on top of him, lifting her body and propelling her directly to her feet from the futon!

"Aaaaah—!" The female cultivator let out a short scream, startled by the sudden turn of events, but it was immediately drowned out by an even more violent and ferocious impact!

Standing upright, the Flesh Mountain Buddha supported her delicate body and began thrusting into her with a rapid and brutal force, like pile driving!

Each entry was deep and forceful, reaching the very core of her being; his thick penis almost tore that tender, secret place apart!

Each withdrawal brought out a large amount of sticky fluid, splashing onto their joined bodies and the ground.

"Ugh... Master... please... please spare me... It's... it's too powerful... I'm... I'm going to die..." The female cultivator was completely overwhelmed by this storm-like onslaught. Her initial initiative turned into utter passivity. Her arms weakly encircled the muscular neck of the Flesh Mountain Buddha, her head thrown back, her hair flying wildly, uttering incoherent moans and cries. Her breasts swayed wildly with each violent impact, creating a dazzling display of flesh.

With a deep, furious roar like that of a wild beast, the Flesh Mountain Buddha thrust his hips forward, burying his engorged member deep within the female cultivator's body. Immediately afterward, a torrent of scorching, powerful primordial energy, imbued with an evil Buddhist power, surged like a burst dam, violently flooding the already filthy depths of the female cultivator's womb!

"Ugh—!" The female cultivator's eyes rolled back instantly, her body convulsing and spasming violently as she reached an unprecedentedly intense climax!

A large amount of yin essence mixed with the thick yang essence that had just been injected gushed uncontrollably from the gap between their tightly joined bodies, sliding down her slightly trembling inner thighs.

The Flesh Mountain Buddha tossed the limp female cultivator, still trembling slightly from the afterglow of ecstasy, as if discarding a plaything, onto the brocade-covered bed beside him.

He watched as the fair, delicate body writhed unconsciously on the bed, her secret orifice still opening and closing, releasing a mixture of turbid fluids, a cruel satisfaction creeping onto his face.

He muttered to himself, his voice like the scraping of metal, a stark contrast to his previous "amiable" demeanor: "Moshan Dao... interesting." He cracked his neck, making a snapping sound. "This humble monk... shall go to Tianxi City."

After speaking, his aggressive and lustful gaze once again fell upon the temporarily unconscious yet still alluring, snow-white body on the bed.

……

Inside the dimly lit stone chamber of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, the air was thick with a cloying, sensual scent mixed with the pungent stench of lust. On the large bed covered with an unknown animal hide, the scene was utterly depraved.

Su Ling and Su Yao, the once elegant and refined beauties of Tianyin Pavilion, were now entwined like swans with intertwined necks.

Su Ling lay on top of Su Yao, their two fair bodies pressed tightly together, sweat making their skin gleam with a smooth, slippery sheen in the dim light.

Their short brown hair was already soaked with sweat, sticking to their flushed cheeks and foreheads.

Su Ling was passionately kissing her sister, her tongue deep inside Su Yao's mouth, entwining and sucking intensely, making blush-inducing "tsk tsk" sounds.

Her hands kneaded Su Yao's breasts, which, though not large, were beautifully shaped. Her fingertips would occasionally pinch and twist the already erect, rosy nipples, eliciting broken moans from Su Yao's throat.

Their private parts were already a muddy mess, with copious amounts of nectar gushing out uncontrollably, meandering down their fair inner thighs and staining the animal hides beneath them with dark watermarks.

On their wrists, the pair of "Butterfly Twin Rings" emitted an ominous, vivid red light. The butterfly patterns that had originally fluttered on the rings were now twisted and deformed, transforming into a lewd image of two women in alluring poses, lost in their own pleasure.

The two sisters felt unbearably hot, as if they were being burned from the inside out by an invisible flame.

They writhed wildly, their two hot, delicate bodies rubbing tightly together.

Especially those two already soaking wet valleys, now pressed tightly together in an overlapping position, the full mons pubis pressing against each other, the slippery flesh and sensitive clitoris rubbing intensely, bringing waves of even more intense, maddening pleasure.

"Mmm... Sister... It's so itchy inside..." Su Ling gasped, parting her sister's entangled lips and tongue, their tongues still taut.

She gazed dazedly at Su Yao beneath her, her hips swaying more violently, causing their intimate parts to rub together even more tightly, producing a wet, squelching sound.

Su Yao was also deeply moved, her eyes shimmering with tears.

Her long, slender legs were spread wide, and she moved her hips in rhythm with her sister's movements, welcoming that irresistible friction.

"Ling'er... harder... harder..." she pleaded intermittently, her hands gripping the animal hide beneath her tightly, her knuckles white.

The entrances to their intimate parts were already swollen and engorged with blood, slightly opening and closing like ripe fruit, constantly releasing glistening nectar, as if silently pleading for a more powerful filling and comfort.

Their eyes, filled with a hazy longing, all turned to the imposing figure beside the bed, anticipating his arrival and wondering which prepared haven of tenderness he would choose to enter first.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun stood naked beside the bed, as if examining his most prized possession.

His bronzed body was muscular and exuded power.

And below, his enormous, menacing phallus stood proudly erect, its veined shaft radiating scorching heat and a savage, aggressive aura; its size was astonishing, its shape terrifying.

A smug, sinister smile played on his lips as he slowly approached the bedside.

Rough, large hands unceremoniously covered the sisters' constantly writhing, sweaty, and slippery waists and hips, feeling the trembling and amazing elasticity of the skin beneath his palms.

Without the slightest hesitation, he thrust his hips forward, precisely squeezing his hot, hard member into the tightly pressed, muddy crevice between Su Ling and Su Yao!

"Ah!"

The two sisters simultaneously let out a sharp, delicate moan.

The thick, foreign object forcefully embedded itself into their most sensitive and vulnerable private areas, bringing a strong sense of being stretched and violated.

The old monster didn't immediately penetrate either side; instead, taking advantage of the abundant, slippery love fluid, he began to thrust rapidly in and out of that narrow, moist crevice!

The rough glans scraped against their swollen labia and sensitive clitoris, sending waves of intense, tingling pleasure through them. The sticky, wet sounds accompanied his movements.

"Master... choose... choose me..." Su Yao raised her flushed face, her eyes glazed, her voice trembling with sobs, filled with a humble plea.

"Master... first... first me..." Su Ling, not to be outdone, twisted her waist, trying to bring the burning tip closer to her entrance, her voice sweet and urgent.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun reveled in the sisters' rivalry for his favor, a low chuckle escaping his throat.

His waist suddenly sank, and his enormous glans, like a battering ram, abruptly broke through the already slippery, slightly parted entrance to Su Yao's honeyed orifice, plunging deep inside!

"Ugh—!" Su Yao let out a long, satisfied moan, her delicate body trembling violently, as if her entire soul had been pierced and filled by that thrust.

Her flower path was instantly stretched to its limit, the cool, slippery flesh inside seeming to possess a life of its own, layering and wrapping around it, tightly enveloping the invading giant, bringing an extreme sense of tightness and oppression.

Su Ling, above, let out a disappointed whimper, feeling the deadly heat leave the edge of her entrance, a feeling of emptiness and helplessness instantly gripping her.

However, just as the old monster began to move rhythmically within Su Yao's body, the strange effect of "spiritual resonance" manifested once more!

Each powerful thrust from the old monster, each grinding deep within Su Yao's core, brought intense pleasure that, like a tangible electric current, was transmitted without reservation through that mysterious connection to Su Ling's body, pressed tightly against him!

"Mmm...!" Su Ling suddenly tilted her head back, her neck forming a graceful arc.

She could clearly feel as if an invisible, equally hot and thick object was frantically thrusting and ramming deep inside her honeypot!

The pleasure of being filled and conquered was so real and intense that she instantly forgot her earlier disappointment.

Her own flower path involuntarily spasmed and contracted in sync, the tender flesh of its inner walls mimicking the sensations within her sister's body, violently coiling and sucking at the non-existent intrusion. A torrent of nectar gushed forth like a burst dam, mixing with her sister's love fluids, flowing even more turbulently.

Su Yao, below, also sensed her younger sister's presence.

As the old man thrust into her, she could not only feel the fullness of her own vaginal canal being stretched open and the tingling sensation of the impact on her clitoris, but she could also clearly "share" the unique rhythm and sucking sensation produced by her sister's tight, moist vaginal canal.

Two distinct yet complementary pleasures surged together like waves, overwhelming her senses and making her moans grow ever higher and more chaotic.

"Sister... it's so full inside... ah..." Su Ling moaned unconsciously, her waist uncontrollably swaying up and down in rhythm with the shared thrusts, as if she were riding on an invisible behemoth.

Su Yao, below, experienced the real impact and shared pleasure, her hands gripping her sister's arms tightly, her nails almost digging into her skin.

"Ling'er... together... we'll be together..." she murmured intermittently, actively raising her hips to meet the old monster's increasingly rapid onslaught.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun, feeling the exquisite reactions amplified and intertwined by the two exquisite treasures beneath him, caused by their "spiritual resonance," roared with excitement.

Su Yao's honeyed orifice was like a beautiful jade soaked in a cold spring, cool and slippery inside, yet secreting more and more sweet juice with each thrust. Deep within, countless tiny whirlpools seemed to swirl, bringing a strange feeling of being thoroughly cleansed and purified. Meanwhile, the sensation of Su Ling's flower path, shared through Su Yao, was like the finest warm silk, tight and elastic, the tender

flesh of the inner walls coiling and writhing like living things, bringing an extreme sense of being tightly enveloped, almost suffocating, and intensely pleasurable through friction.

These two sensations acted simultaneously on his penis, as if he were simultaneously engaging in intercourse with two vastly different yet equally alluring orifices. The extreme pleasure of the interplay of ice and fire, tightness and slipperiness, drove him to madness.

He swayed his hips, his movements becoming increasingly wild and brutal, each thrust penetrating deep into Su Yao's core, enjoying the penetrating sensation, while simultaneously, through that mysterious connection, he seemed to be simultaneously penetrating Su Ling's body above.

"Slap! Slap! Slap!" The sounds of flesh colliding violently echoed in the stone chamber, mingling with the sisters' increasingly loud and intertwined moans and gasps.

Their bodies, like small boats in a storm, rose and fell violently with the old man's movements, their snow-white breasts swaying in alluring waves, beads of sweat flying everywhere.

The twin rings on their wrists glowed even brighter, their erotic patterns seeming to come alive, shifting and changing with their movements.

The old monster's rough fingers, with irresistible force, suddenly plunged into Su Ling's already swollen and eagerly awaiting honeyed orifice.

The moment his fingertips entered, they were enveloped and absorbed by the tight, slippery, and intensely hot flesh.

He showed no mercy, using his fingers to dig and rotate, mimicking a thrusting motion, precisely scraping the most sensitive folds of the inner wall.

"Ahhh—!" Su Ling let out a sharp, seductive cry, her delicate body trembling violently as if electrocuted.

This real, brutal violation, combined with the shared, intensely hot sensation of the massive object pounding inside her sister's body, created a double, maddening fullness and stimulation.

She felt as if two enormous objects were simultaneously penetrating and churning her flower path, and the pleasure overwhelmed her like a tsunami.

Su Yao, below, also felt the combined impact.

Each deep thrust of the old man into her body was accompanied by a different, sharper, and more subtle ripple of pleasure, created by the digging and rubbing of her sister's flower path with his fingers.

These two sensations intertwined and amplified, leaving her mind blank. Driven only by instinct, she twisted her waist even more frantically, meeting the fatal thrust with each upward movement, broken yet satisfied moans escaping her throat.

The sisters' waists moved as if controlled by invisible threads, their rhythms more harmonious and unified than ever before, frantically responding to the old monster's increasingly rapid and profound thrusts.

Inside their honeyed caves, fluids flowed freely; the sticky love juices were churned into large amounts of white foam by the vigorous movements, producing increasingly loud "splashing" sounds.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun roared, his waist suddenly straining, and the monstrous phallus inside Su Yao's body, like a red-hot iron pestle, slammed heavily against the soft and elastic entrance to that deep, dark place with the force of splitting mountains and shattering rocks!

"Ugh! Master... it's too deep... it's... it's going to break..." Su Yao's beautiful eyes rolled back, her delicate brows furrowed, her face a mixture of extreme pain and pleasure. Her long, jade-like legs wrapped tightly around the old monster's waist, as if trying to push that wicked behemoth even deeper into her body.

Finally, with a particularly fierce penetration, the steadfast gates of the flower palace seemed to let out a silent wail as the scorching, hard tip forcefully forced open a crack!

"Boom—!"

As if some forbidden barrier had been broken, an indescribable, soul-piercing pleasure instantly swept over Su Yao's entire body!

She let out a long, sharp, tearful scream, her body tensing like a bow, her flower path convulsing violently deep within.

At the same time, through their telepathic connection, Su Ling above also simultaneously felt the moment the barrier was breached, as if her own flower palace had been pierced through as well!

She too let out a scream of ultimate satisfaction, her body convulsing violently, and even more love juice gushing from her honeypot.

At this critical moment, a sudden change occurred!

Deep within the sisters' flower palaces, two completely different vortexes rose from each other.

Within Su Ling's flower palace, a powerful, scorching heat, intensely yang, erupted, forming a small, swirling golden vortex that radiated a heart-pounding heat.

With the appearance of this cyclone, the nectar she secreted suddenly became incredibly viscous and warm, like molten gold, carrying a masculine, exotic fragrance.

On her flat, smooth abdomen, beneath her skin, a complex and mysterious sun-shaped Dao pattern, radiating a faint golden light, slowly emerged!

At the same time, within Su Yao's flower palace, a stream of extremely yin and cold, bone-chilling energy emerged, forming a slowly rotating, dark blue vortex of frigid air.

Her secreted love fluid instantly became cool and slippery, like an ancient, frigid spring, carrying a crisp, refreshing fragrance.

On her lower abdomen, a corresponding crescent-shaped pattern, shimmering with the gentle glow of moonlight, also appeared!

The patterns of the sun and moon, reflecting each other's brilliance!

Through that close connection and the profound sharing of spiritual understanding, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun clearly sensed the astonishing changes within the two's intimate parts.

One was like the scorching heat of molten lava enveloping and sucking, the other like the icy chill of a deep, dark spring soaking and entwining.

This exquisite sensation of two extremes, so diametrically opposed yet perfectly coexisting, drove him almost mad with excitement!

He knew this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity!

Without hesitation, the Old Monster of the Setting Sun frantically activated the secret technique of "Wildfire Gu Flame."

A powerful suction force emanated from the base of his penis, like two invisible vortexes, greedily drawing in the newly awakened, incomparably pure primordial yin energy—the ultimate yang primordial yin and the ultimate yin primordial yin—from the depths of the sisters' flower palaces!

"Aaaaaah—!"

The two sisters simultaneously let out even higher, more uncontrollable screams.

This was no longer simply physical pleasure, but a complex tremor stemming from the stirring and extraction of the very essence of life, a mixture of ultimate joy and a certain emptiness.

Their consciousness seemed to drift away from their bodies, rising and falling in an endless storm of senses.

The rotation speed of the sun and moon energy within the flower palace suddenly accelerated, and the secreted special nectar gushed forth like a spring, passively and violently drawn into the old monster's body by the greedy suction force.

As the pure yin energy continued to flow in, a terrifying change occurred on the arms of the Old Monster of the Setting Sun!

His left arm muscles bulged, and the same golden, flowing sun-like Dao pattern as Su Ling's lower abdomen appeared on his skin; while on his right arm, the same cool, moon-like Dao pattern as Su Yao appeared!

The sun and moon shine together, Daoist patterns adorn my body!

A powerful aura erupted from the old monster's body, causing the air in the stone chamber to vibrate.

His long-standing cultivation bottleneck was suddenly broken through, and he officially entered the late stage of the Golden Core realm!

The sun and moon Dao patterns shone brightly on his arms, radiating an oppressive aura that made people dare not look directly at him.

"Hahahaha!" The old monster, feeling the surging power within him, let out a triumphant and arrogant laugh.

He abruptly withdrew his penis from Su Yao's muddy, still slightly spasming honeypot, the massive member, coated in a mixture of love fluids, tracing a lewd arc in the air before mercilessly piercing Su Ling's already eager and drippingly wet valley above!

"Master! Give it to me! Give it all to me!" Su Ling let out a near-hysterical, seductive cry, tightly embracing Su Yao beneath her, her waist heaving and swaying wildly, actively responding to the brutal invasion and thrusts.

The sensations of extremes, ice and fire, flowed and collided wildly within her and her sister through their shared spiritual connection, pushing the pleasure to an unprecedented peak.

Finally, after the old monster's final, relentless thrusts, like pile drivers pounding earth, the sisters' patience reached its limit.

Su Ling let out a long, heart-wrenching wail. The solar vortex deep within the flower palace suddenly erupted, and an incredibly thick, scorching, viscous nectar, rich in pure solar energy, surged forth from her body like a volcanic eruption, drenching the old monster's still-ravaging phallus inside her!

Almost simultaneously, Su Yao below also reached her peak, releasing her yin energy vortex. A large amount of clear, cool, and yin-infused nectar gushed out, mixing with her sister's scorching yin energy, creating a strange sensation of ice and fire intertwined.

Unable to restrain himself any longer, the old monster roared, and his thick, scorching primordial yang, like a wild horse unleashed, split into two streams. One stream shot deep into Su Ling's flower palace, while the other, seemingly through an invisible connection, simultaneously poured into Su Yao's body below!

"It's so hot! Master... it's scalding Ling'er... ahhh..."

"Ugh... it's so hot... it's going to melt inside me with Master's semen..."

The two sisters spoke in completely different tones—one high-pitched and alluring, the other cool and melodious—yet both were filled with an extreme sense of fulfillment and conquest, emitting intermittent moans.

Their bodies convulsed and spasmed violently, like withered leaves in the wind.

At the very instant that scorching primordial energy poured in, the "slave seed" deeply embedded within the sisters' flower palaces, like a parched vine receiving rain, frantically absorbed the life essence from the old monster.

The dark, rusty chains that had covered their golden cores due to the curse of the Southern Region Calamity, now resembling corroded chains, began to shatter and dissipate inch by inch under the impact of this extremely yang and extremely turbid aura!

The shattered shackles did not completely disappear, but transformed into wisps of extremely pure, eerie pink smoke, which, as if possessing a life of their own, coiled around the slightly dimmed golden core within their dantian.

The swirling smoke seemed to coat the golden elixir with an alluring halo, or perhaps etch indelible marks of servility onto its surface.

An unprecedented sense of ease swept through their meridians; the stagnation and obstruction they had experienced during their previous practice vanished completely.

The shackles of the curse were replaced by this mutated pink haze; from this day forward, their path of cultivation would be smooth sailing, without any more obstacles!

It was at this very moment that Su Ling, the "Black Sun," who would later strike fear into the hearts of the entire cultivation world and become a divine envoy of the Heavenly Maidens Association, wielding both blazing desire and bewitching power, and Su Yao, the "Frost Moon," responsible for coldness and erosion, were quietly born in this decadent and fertile bed!

The intense spasms gradually subsided, and Su Ling, as if all her bones had been removed, collapsed limply onto Su Yao's delicate body beneath her.

Two sweaty bodies pressed tightly together, short brown hair intertwined, their breaths mingling, filled with the languid sweetness of post-coital lovemaking.

Su Yao's usually cool face was now flushed. She instinctively reached out and gently wrapped her arms around her sister's smooth back, her fingertips tracing unconsciously along her sister's skin, which was glistening with fine beads of sweat.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun looked smugly at the two beauties beneath him, watching as they were completely imprinted with his mark, inside and out.

His rough hands slowly and deliberately traced the lines of Su Ling's sweat-dampened spine, feeling her slight trembling, and he spoke in a hoarse voice:

"Yao'er, Ling'er, I have a task for you."

His voice carried a smug satisfaction and an undeniable authority. Hearing him, the two sisters, their dazed eyes barely focusing, tilted their still-flushed faces up to him, as if listening to a divine pronouncement.

"In a few days, you will set off back to Tianxi City." The old monster's gaze was deep and unfathomable, as if it could pierce through the stone walls and see that burning figure far away on Moshan Dao. "Go and bring your beloved 'Sister Hongying'... to me. Then, you sisters can be with her day and night, properly 'serving' me."

As he spoke, he flicked his finger, and a faint, almost imperceptible stream of light fell into Su Ling's hand.

It was a small, seemingly ordinary piece of dark purple wood core, no more than the length of a finger joint, with a smooth surface and no odor.

"This item is called 'Alluring Fragrance,' a wondrous incense I obtained from an ancient secret realm," the old monster's voice carried a hint of the uncanny. "Simply light it and place it in Ye Hongying's quiet room, preferably near her bed. It will silently release its effects."

He paused, his tone hardening, carrying a stern warning: "The two of you must 'stay' by her side day and night, acting with utmost care. You must not let her discover this object, and even more importantly, you must not allow her to suspect your 'intimacy' in the slightest. Understand?"

"Yes... Master..."

"Understood, Master..."

Su Ling and Su Yao responded almost simultaneously, their voices still husky and sweet with the afterglow of their climax, their eyes hazy and watery, full of dependence.

At this moment, the two sisters lay sprawled, their bodies exposed, a scene both lewd and alluring.

Su Ling lay sprawled on top of Su Yao, her pretty face buried in the crook of her neck, her warm breath caressing Su Yao's sensitive skin.

Her not-so-large but well-shaped breasts pressed tightly against Su Yao's equally perky nipples, the soft flesh slightly deformed by the pressure, the buds at the tips quietly hardening with friction.

Su Yao quietly bore her younger sister's weight, her clear, cool eyes half-closed, shimmering with tears. One hand unconsciously stroked her sister's smooth back, while the other rested softly on the blanket beside her, her fingertips slightly curled.

Their fair skin, marked with the traces of lovemaking and fine beads of sweat, gleamed alluringly in the dim light of the stone chamber.

Their legs were slightly parted, their crotches a muddy mess, a mixture of the old monster's primordial energy and their own aroused secretions, slowly sliding down their inner thighs, leaving dark, damp stains on the carpet beneath them.

Chapter 25: The Alluring Fragrance

Several days later, the Moshan Dao stronghold in Tianxi City was brightly lit.

When the familiar figures appeared at the door, Ye Hongying, who was discussing matters with Zhao Wuyou, froze, then transformed into a blazing fire shadow and instantly rushed to the door.

"Yao'er! Ling'er!"

Her voice choked with emotion, filled with unbelievable joy, and before the twins could react, she opened her arms and embraced them tightly.

Su Yao and Su Ling's faces were immediately buried between her exceptionally full and soft breasts, enveloped by a warm, fragrant scent and an amazingly supple and bouncy feel.

"You... you're alright, I'm so so glad..." Ye Hongying sobbed uncontrollably, her arms tightening so much she almost wanted to meld the two sisters into her own body.

Her fiery red long sleeves cascaded down, completely enveloping their two petite figures.

Zhao Wuyou stood to the side, watching this scene, a gratified smile on his face.

The two sisters were a little breathless from the sudden embrace, but they still nestled obediently in that warm and soft embrace.

Su Ling's cheek was pressed against Ye Hongying's full left breast, and she could clearly feel the rapid heartbeat beneath it; Su Yao's nose was against the top of Ye Hongying's right breast, her breath filled with the warm, feminine fragrance.

Tears glistened in their eyes, yet hidden deep within the hazy, watery depths was a subtle, unsettling undercurrent.

"Sister Hongying..." Su Ling called softly, her voice muffled between the soft fabric and her skin.

Ye Hongying loosened her grip slightly, but still held their hands tightly, as if afraid they would disappear if she let go.

Through tear-filled eyes, she looked at the two sisters, making sure they were unharmed, before she calmed down a little.

"There are no disciples left at Tianyin Pavilion."

Her voice was low and sorrowful, then firm: "From now on, you will live here with me and sleep in my room."

"The three of us sisters will never be apart again."

Zhao Wuyou, standing to the side, touched his nose and smiled gently: "Senior Sister, what about me?"

Ye Hongying was both crying and laughing, giving him a reproachful glare: "Go and keep your formation company!"

That night, the candlelight in Ye Hongying's dormitory was warm.

Su Yao took out the dark purple, fragrant charm from her brocade pouch, her fingertips trembling slightly. She looked up at Ye Hongying, who was making their bed, and said softly:

"Sister Hongying, this is a special calming incense made by our Tianyin Pavilion. It has a calming and soothing effect."

She lowered her eyes, avoiding Ye Hongying's concerned gaze. "These past few days, my sister and I have been wandering and restless, and it's only with this that I can fall asleep peacefully..."

Ye Hongying, unsuspecting, took the smooth piece of wood core; it was slightly cool to the touch.

She gently stroked Su Yao's head with pity: "You've both suffered." Then she turned and placed the incense in the white jade incense holder on the bedside table. A wisp of karmic fire flashed between her fingertips, and the incense immediately ignited, sending up a barely visible wisp of blue smoke.

Just then, Ye Hongying suddenly noticed that the spiritual energy fluctuations around the two sisters seemed different from usual, and couldn't help but exclaim in surprise: "Your cultivation... seems to have improved quite a bit?"

Upon hearing this, Su Ling immediately pounced on Ye Hongying, hugging her from behind and gently rubbing her cheek against her back: "That day, we hid in a cave and unexpectedly discovered a spiritual spring."

"Thanks to the spiritual energy in the spring, we managed to break through to the mid-stage of the Golden Core realm, a stroke of good fortune despite the misfortune."

As she spoke, her warm breath seeped through her thin nightgown and onto Ye Hongying's sensitive back.

Meanwhile, Su Yao nestled into Ye Hongying's arms, her slender fingers unconsciously fiddling with the ties of Ye Hongying's nightgown.

As the Alluring Fragrance burned silently, the colorless and odorless aphrodisiac gradually filled the room, which Ye Hongying inhaled without any warning.

Her already agitated karmic fire, fueled by emotional turmoil, now seemed to be infused with new fuel, surging even more violently through her meridians.

Before long, an unnatural blush spread across Ye Hongying's fair cheeks, as if she had applied the finest rouge.

She unconsciously brought her legs together, rubbing them slightly, trying to alleviate the strange emptiness that was quietly rising from deep within her legs.

Fine beads of sweat seeped from her forehead and neck, gradually soaking her thin nightgown.

The originally loose silk nightgown was now soaked with sweat, clinging tightly to her slender figure and clearly outlining her breathtaking curves—her full, high breasts stretched the fabric into a full arc, the two nipples peeking out from beneath the damp fabric; below her slender waist, her rounded, full hips revealed their alluring shape under the wet fabric as she unconsciously shifted her body.

"Sister smells so good..." Su Ling noticed her unusual behavior, but instead of pointing it out, she buried her face even deeper into Ye Hongying's neck, her soft lips lightly brushing against her sensitive earlobe.

One hand quietly encircled Ye Hongying's waist, the palm resting precisely on her slightly heaving abdomen.

Ye Hongying's delicate body trembled, as if a flame had ignited where Su Ling had touched her.

Worse still, the itching in that hidden valley between her legs became increasingly intense, and even began to ooze a little warm, sticky fluid, soaking her innermost underwear.

She shifted uncomfortably at her waist, her breathing becoming rapid without her realizing it, her chest heaving with each breath, stretching her soaked clothes even tighter.

Seeing that the time was right, Su Yao said softly, "It's late, let's rest."

As she spoke, she gently blew out the candle, plunging the room into darkness, with only the moonlight filtering through the curtains and casting a soft, hazy glow.

The three lay side by side on the large bed.

Ye Hongying was in the middle, with Su Yao and Su Ling flanking her on either side.

In the darkness, the senses became exceptionally sharp.

Ye Hongying could clearly feel the soft, warm bodies pressed tightly against her on both sides. Su Ling's leg had even unconsciously draped over hers, her knee resting against Ye Hongying's slightly burning inner thigh.

That alluring, fragrant piece still burned quietly by the bedside, releasing its aphrodisiac aura.

The karmic fire within Ye Hongying's body, like a tamed wild horse, surged and coursed through her limbs and bones, bringing waves of heart-pounding heat and emptiness.

She kept her eyes tightly shut, her long eyelashes trembling slightly, trying to suppress the moan that almost escaped her throat, but she couldn't control her body's honest reaction—her breasts were hard and swollen under the damp, cold fabric, and the honey-like fluid between her legs was flowing even more profusely, soaking her underpants into a muddy mess.

In darkness, the senses were amplified infinitely.

The dam of reason teetered on the brink of collapse under the onslaught of passion.

An inexplicable impulse, as if bewitched, drove Ye Hongying's right hand, trembling with guilt, to slip silently between her tightly pressed legs.

Fingertips, through the thin panties already soaked and sticky with honey, touched the most sensitive, swollen, and delicate clitoris.

A faint, suppressed whimper escaped her throat.

She covered her mouth tightly with her other hand, her nails digging almost into her palm, trying to block out any shameful sounds that might escape.

The image of Zhao Wuyou's gentle and handsome face uncontrollably surfaced in her mind.

She imagined him now, with those hands that always steadily formed hand seals and inscribed runes, with the familiar gentleness and focus, caressing... caressing her shameful, private place.

The thought sent shivers down her spine, a mixture of shame and a secret longing rising within her.

Her fingertips unconsciously began to mimic the aggressive and skillful rhythm of Xuanjizi's movements from her memory, rubbing and pressing the protruding core with varying pressure through the soaked fabric.

At first, she was awkward and hesitant, but as that familiar tingling sensation, a mixture of subtle pain and intense itching, exploded again from her clitoris, shooting through her limbs like an electric current, her movements gradually became bolder and more rapid.

Zhao Wuyou's image seemed even clearer in her mind; his clear eyes were gazing at her with deep affection, as if encouraging her to succumb.

However, gradually, that imagined gentle touch began to become more aggressive.

The hand that caressed her clitoris seemed to have longer, stronger fingers, and the rhythm more skillful and provocative.

Even... the male body she imagined, pressed against her, exuding a cool, refreshing scent, seemed to be subtly changing.

Zhao Wuyou's handsome face blurred for a moment, then another face—Xuanjizi's face—with a gentle smile but eyes hiding calculation and desire, suddenly intruded into her illusion!

And the rhythm and force of those wicked fingers groping between her legs increasingly mirrored the torturous teasing of Xuanjizi in her memory!

What terrified her even more was that, in her imagination, the male symbol pressing against the entrance of her valley, radiating a burning hardness, was also twisting and changing... gradually transforming from the still-immature form she imagined, belonging to Zhao Wuyou, into... into Xuanjizi's far larger, more ferocious, and undeniably possessive shape!

"No..." she cried out silently in her heart, trembling with fear at the sight of this mixed, blasphemous fantasy.

However, her body's reaction betrayed her will.

Stimulated by the dual illusions, the clitoris became even more sensitive, each friction bringing an overwhelming pleasure.

The honey-like fluid gushing from deep within her legs grew increasingly abundant, already soaking her underpants and even slowly sliding down her groin, bringing a cool, sticky sensation that contrasted sharply with the burning emptiness within her.

Her eyes were half-open, hazy and watery in the darkness, long since unfocused.

The hand covering her mouth tightened its grip, her knuckles turning white, but it still couldn't stop the intermittent, faint moans, like a kitten's whimper, that leaked through her fingers.

Her waist began to arch slightly upwards uncontrollably, in rhythm with the increasingly rapid and heavy fingertips.

Her legs unconsciously rubbed against each other, trying to relieve the increasingly intense itching and longing originating from deep within her flower path.

Just as she was lost in passion and nearing her limit, her two sisters, who had been "sleeping" on either side of her, began their actions almost simultaneously.

As if in a dream, Su Ling turned to the side, one arm naturally encircling Ye Hongying's waist, while her hand "unintentionally" slid upwards, precisely resting on one of Ye Hongying's high, full breasts, which were heaving violently with passion, through the thin nightgown.

Fingertips, almost imperceptibly, with a strange rhythm, lightly brushed against the already erect nipples, which were clearly protruding through the damp fabric.

On the other side, Su Yao slightly raised her head, her warm lips, lightly breathing, like falling feathers, gently kissing and caressing Ye Hongying's sensitive neck and behind her ears, seemingly intentionally or unintentionally.

The warm breath sprayed onto the most delicate skin, sending shivers down her spine.

First, there were her uncontrollable fingers frantically teasing her crotch; then, Su Ling's subtle kneading and scratching of her breasts; and finally, Su Yao's warm breath and gentle kisses on her neck and ear… Under this triple assault, Ye Hongying's already taut string of reason finally snapped with a resounding "clang!"

"Ugh—!"

A seductive moan, finally able to be suppressed, tinged with extreme pleasure and a desperate sob, burst through her fingers, ringing out clearly and alluringly in the quiet room.

At the same time, her delicate body convulsed and tensed violently, and from deep within her flower path, as if a dam had burst, a large amount of warm, viscous nectar gushed out!

The honey-like liquid carried a rich, intoxicating aroma of wine, instantly soaking through the thin underpants and bedding. Its intense and unique fragrance quickly filled the room, as if a jar of fine vintage wine had been overturned.

The afterglow of the climax washed over her body and mind like a surging tide.

She was breathing heavily, her chest heaving, her body limp and powerless, as if even her fingertips were trembling slightly.

Her mind went blank, leaving only the exhaustion and languor after that ultimate release.

It took her a while to recover slightly from the overwhelming pleasure.

Feeling guilty and cautious, she turned her head slightly, using the dim moonlight to look at Su Yao and Su Ling beside her.

Seeing that their eyes were still closed and their breathing steady, seemingly unaffected by her commotion, Ye Hongying finally let out a long, quiet sigh of relief, her heart filled with a mixture of relief and lingering shame.

An overwhelming wave of exhaustion washed over her, engulfing her last vestiges of consciousness.

Covered in sticky sweat and with her crotch still slightly twitching and reeking of alcohol, she fell into a deep sleep.

……

The next morning, sunlight streamed into the room through the window.

Ye Hongying was still asleep when she felt someone gently nudging her. She groggily opened her eyes and met Su Ling's seemingly innocent, large eyes.

"Sister Hongying, Sister Hongying!" Su Ling wrinkled her delicate little nose, her voice soft and sweet from just waking up, but deliberately amplified, "Smell this! Why is the bed damp? And... it smells so good, so fragrant with wine! Even better than 'Drunken Spring Breeze' from Drunken Immortal House!"

Ye Hongying was instantly jolted awake, as if a bucket of ice water had been poured over her head!

She sat up abruptly and looked down. There was indeed a small, dark water stain on the bedding beneath her that wasn't completely dry, and the rich, unique aroma of wine was emanating from that spot. After a night of fermentation, it hadn't dissipated; instead, it had become even more mellow and enticing.

Her cheeks flushed bright red instantly, as if on fire, and even her ears and neck were tinged with a vibrant pink.

Her heart was pounding wildly, so panicked it felt like it would jump out of her throat.

She opened her mouth, wanting to explain, but stammered and couldn't utter a single word. Her eyes darted around, and she wished she could disappear into the ground.

Just then, Su Yao on the other side also sat up. She rubbed her eyes, seemingly just woken up. Her gaze swept over the water stain, then fell on Ye Hongying's embarrassed expression. A quick, knowing glint flashed in her eyes, followed by a look of sudden realization, and her tone was teasingly mocking:

"Sister Hongying~" she drawled, extending a slender finger to tap Ye Hongying's burning cheek, "You didn't... sneak out for a drink in the middle of the night, did you? And accidentally... spilled it on the bed?"

Ye Hongying, who was just looking for an excuse, seized upon this as if it were a lifeline. She quickly nodded vigorously, her voice stammering with guilt, "Yes... yes! It's just... it's just that last night I suddenly had a craving and couldn't resist... stealing a little... I didn't expect... I accidentally spilled it..."

Her voice grew softer and softer as she spoke, her cheeks flushed crimson, and she dared not look the two sisters in the eye.

Su Yao and Su Ling exchanged a glance, their lips simultaneously curving into a meaningful smile, carrying a subtle sense of control.

That smile held a deeper, unspoken meaning, far beyond mere sisterly banter.

"Hahaha, Sister Hongying, really!" Su Ling laughed first, rushing over to hug Ye Hongying's arm and shaking it.

"Next time you sneak a drink, be sure to call us!" Su Yao chimed in with a laugh, reaching out to tickle Ye Hongying.

For a moment, the room was filled with the laughter of the three sisters playing and frolicking, seemingly dispelling the secretive and lewd atmosphere of the previous night in the seemingly innocent and beautiful morning light.

Only the lingering, sensual aroma of the wine, still faintly present in the air, silently told the story of what had happened.

In the days that followed, Ye Hongying's life descended into a bizarre state of flux.

By day, she remained the most dazzling Flame Princess amidst the beast tide.

A fiery red figure streaked across the battlefield like a meteor, engulfing the invading enemy in a raging inferno.

Each of her attacks carried immense power, unleashing raging flames that reduced ferocious beasts to ashes.

The cultivators looked up to her as if she were a goddess of blazing fire. Her heroic and sharp appearance was no different from usual; in fact, due to the days of battle, her control over the karmic fire seemed even more refined and formidable.

However, as night fell, returning to her increasingly suffocating dormitory, she became a prisoner, bound by her own karmic fire and bizarre emotional currents.

The alluring poison, the "Alluring Fragrance," accumulated nightly, like the most cunning, corrosive maggot, silently seeping into her meridians and bone marrow, transforming her body from the inside out.

Her skin became increasingly sensitive; even the slightest friction from ordinary clothing could trigger subtle shivers.

The karmic fire within her body, originally restrained and transformed into pure flames by the "Red Dust Technique," seemed to be gradually being stirred and ignited by this strange poison, revealing its suppressed essence of lust.

The two sisters, Su Yao and Su Ling, were like two obedient yet clingy kittens, snuggling up beside her every night.

Their seemingly unintentional touches—arms brushing against waists during an embrace, calves pressing against each other's thighs as they turned over, cheeks pressed against necks in sleep—all transformed into sparks that ignited dry tinder in the darkness.

Ye Hongying's resistance became increasingly difficult, aided by her growing sensitivity and the tacit understanding between the twins.

The suppressed breathing in the dead of night, the taut body, and the damp stains, often tinged with the strong scent of alcohol, that were frequently found in the mornings all indicated that she was sliding towards the brink of complete succumbing.

The day when she was completely consumed by karmic fire and lust seemed not far off.

Meanwhile, amidst the bustling crowd of cultivators in Tianxi City, an inconspicuous old man in a gray robe was gazing into the distance at the crimson figure traversing the city walls.

It was none other than the Old Monster of the Setting Sun, who had disguised himself and was now mingling here.

His cloudy eyes narrowed slightly, his gaze sharp as a hawk's, fixed intently on the raging crimson flames surrounding Ye Hongying.

That scorching, explosive aura, however, gave him a strange sense of familiarity.

This feeling... was very similar to the "lustful" aura he had sensed from the Demon Lord of Desire Refining on Desire Peak back in the Blissful Pavilion!

Domineering and intense, it could ignite the most primal desires in people's hearts.

However, Ye Hongying's karmic fire seemed to have been forcibly suppressed and transformed by something, twisting the power of lust that should have been burning her heart and soul into a raging inferno purely used to incinerate external enemies.

But with his understanding of the nature of lust, he could still detect a faint, rich fragrance of hidden desire deep within that raging fire.

His thin fingers stroked his chin, a glint of realization and calculation in his eyes.

"That's it... Back then, the one Moshan Dao's Yan Leizi led his team to conquer seemed to be Desire Peak... Could it be that this girl's cultivation technique is related to that?"

A bold hypothesis took shape in his mind.

If that was true, then Ye Hongying was practically a walking, untapped treasure trove of lust!

The primal desire within her, forcibly suppressed by her cultivation technique, once ignited and released, would far surpass the purity and intensity of ordinary cultivation vessels!

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun couldn't help but smirk, revealing a wicked and greedy smile, as he murmured, "If that's really the case... then this will be interesting." He felt the increasingly uncontrollable lust surging within Ye Hongying's karmic fire, as if admiring a work of art nearing completion.

"Judging by the time, this fire... has almost burned out," he muttered to himself ominously, his eyes gleaming with a determined light. "It's time to pluck it."

After speaking, a communication jade talisman in his sleeve flashed almost imperceptibly, and a command was issued.

At Ye Hongying's residence, the twin sisters simultaneously felt a faint vibration emanating from the identical jade talismans they held.

The Old Monster of the Setting Sun took one last, deep look at the blazing flame on the city wall, then silently retreated into the surging crowd, disappearing like a ghost, as if he had never been there.

Only the fierce fighting outside Tianxi City remained, and an even more deadly crisis was quietly approaching Ye Hongying from the shadows, unknown to anyone.

Late that night, the candlelight in the dormitory flickered slightly more than usual.

Su Ling and Su Yao exchanged a glance. Su Yao spoke softly, her tone carrying just the right amount of regret and reluctance: "Sister Hongying, we... we received a message from our sect, ordering us to return to Tianyin Pavilion immediately." She paused, then added, "All the fellow disciples from the pavilion who came to support Tianxi City have perished. The Immortal Alliance has approved our return to the sect."

Upon hearing this, Ye Hongying's face drained of color, her eyes filled with tenderness and worry.

She took the two sisters' hands and held them tightly: "Going back... is for the best. But the journey is long and arduous, and the Southern Region is not peaceful right now. You must be careful, understand?" She sighed, her voice filled with deep sorrow, "This parting may be the last time we meet."

Su Yao raised her eyes, her gaze brimming with tears. Seemingly innocent, she spoke softly, her voice carrying a profound meaning: "It won't be long, Sister Hongying. I believe... we'll see each other again soon."

Ye Hongying took it as a consolation, but her heart ached. She embraced the two women again, feeling their soft, warm bodies. The faint, sweet scent emanating from them, somewhat similar to the calming incense, filled her nostrils. Her heart was filled with reluctance and a subtle emptiness she herself didn't even realize.

The next morning, as dawn broke.

Su Yao and Su Ling then bid farewell to Ye Hongying and Zhao Wuyou, who had come to see them off.

The two sisters remained as obedient and lively as ever. They bowed gracefully to Ye Hongying and Zhao Wuyou before turning and boarding the departing flying boat.

Ye Hongying stood on the city wall, watching the flying boat disappear into the distance, feeling as if a piece of her heart had been hollowed out.

The weariness of the past few days, the reluctance to leave, and a sense of uncertainty about the future welled up in her heart. She swayed slightly and instinctively leaned towards Zhao Wuyou beside her.

Zhao Wuyou noticed her dejection and gently put his arm around her shoulder, letting her lean against him.

Ye Hongying did not resist, resting her head on his shoulder. Gazing at the flying boat, now a black dot on the horizon, her bright face bore an unyielding sadness, like a pearl covered in dust.

In stark contrast to the sorrowful farewells on the city wall, Su Yao and Su Ling on the flying boat wore expressions of almost jubilant joy.

They weren't happy about returning to their sect, but rather because they were about to return to their master's side and witness the fulfillment of the promise to "see each other again soon."

They eagerly anticipated their upcoming "encounter" with Ye Hongying, a reunion that, under their master's control, would undoubtedly be... a completely different kind of reunion.

The airship vanished completely into the horizon, leaving only a pair of figures embracing on the city wall, and the lingering, eerily sweet scent of parting in the air.