Even Chu Qingyi, as pure and untouchable as a snow lotus blooming atop an icy mountain, had been conquered by the member between his legs. She had shed her usual icy, untouchable demeanor, revealing the seductive charm of a young woman and surrendering completely to her physical desires, entwining with him in passionate embrace after embrace.

How could Li Xuan, at just fifteen years old, not be thrilled? He wished he could shout it from the rooftops for all to hear: The revered Fairy Qingyi, whom you all admire, not only lost her virginity to me but willingly submitted to my member, spending night after night in passionate union with me.

"Tsk tsk tsk, a celestial maiden truly lives up to her name. Not only is her cunt tight and slick, but even her love juices are more abundant than others', carrying a fragrant scent." Li Xuan praised Chu Qingyi's body incessantly, a look of longing appearing on his face.

He affectionately stroked his still-erect cock, his hand coated in a layer of transparent, sticky fluid. Then, as if compelled by some unseen force, he brought his hand to his nose and inhaled deeply, his greedy expression resembling that of a satisfied addict.

The familiar fragrance filled his nostrils, invigorating his spirit. As if bewitched, he extended his tender tongue to lick the moisture from his palm.

At this moment, Li Xuan appeared utterly depraved. Completely naked, his lean yet explosive body was fully exposed to the air. His features were somewhat decent, but combined with his current greedy expression, he looked terrifying in the dim moonlight of the night.

Only that unwavering, erect cock seemed out of place with the rest of him. Nearly twenty-three to twenty-four centimeters long, it was thick and rigid, veined and dark purple in color, like a fierce and formidable beast.

Anyone who saw him in this state would instinctively frown and keep their distance, afraid of being associated with him in any way.

However, Li Xuan had never paid much attention to his personal image. He took pride only in his cock, never considering his appearance a shortcoming.

Now, sitting alone on the bed, he paid even less heed to his actions. Like a starving wild dog, he frantically licked his palm, which was coated with his own fluids.

Chu Qingyi, who had already left, did not witness this scene. Otherwise, her stomach would have churned, and she would have been unable to suppress the urge to vomit.

At this moment, she sat quietly on the bed, her heart as chaotic as an overturned spice jar—complex emotions only she could understand.

From the nervousness, shyness, and regret during her first time with Li Xuan, to the naturalness, comfort, and desire when exploring new intimate positions with him, she didn't understand why such a dramatic change had occurred, nor did she know how she had ended up in this situation.

There were too many things she couldn't comprehend. The only clear and undeniable truth was the overwhelming pleasure that surged like tidal waves during her encounters with Li Xuan, completely engulfing her rationality.

What surprised her even more was that while his cock brought her boundless pleasure, it also stirred a strange affection for Li Xuan within her. This feeling wasn't romantic love but more like… a sense of dependency.

Unlike the desireless state of her previous decades, ever since she opened the door to physical intimacy, her body had developed a subtle craving. Every time she saw Li Xuan, her gaze would unconsciously drift toward his crotch, and her lower body would respond with a faint tremor. Uncontrollably, images of that iron-hard rod thrusting deeply into her would flood her mind.

And whenever Li Xuan made unreasonable demands, her first reaction was no longer refusal or rejection but a hidden longing. Though the last remnants of her rationality told her she should refuse in time, her body's genuine reactions left her unable to muster any resistance.

Over time, she no longer felt the intense aversion or guilt she once had toward her encounters with Li Xuan.

A significant part of this change stemmed from witnessing Li Ye's betrayal with her own eyes.

Chu Qingyi was lost in thought, sitting motionless on the bed. The room was dim and dark, with only a faint moonlight streaming through the window and draping over her, as if veiling her in a mysterious, delicate gauze.

Her thoughts drifted further and further away, inevitably returning to Li Ye.

"Ah..."

A soft, melancholic sigh escaped her lips, and a trace of sorrow appeared on her breathtakingly beautiful face.

Just as she was lost in melancholy, the gate of the Li family's old residence let out a sudden creak, followed by hurried footsteps echoing in the courtyard.

As if suddenly realizing something, Chu Qingyi's nerves instantly tensed, her consciousness fully focused on the entrance to the east wing.

The footsteps outside seemed to possess a certain magic—neither too heavy nor too light, each step resonating in her heart. Her heartbeat synchronized with the rhythm of the footsteps, and the blood in her body surged faster.

Though it lasted only a moment, to Chu Qingyi, it felt as long as an eternity.

A moment later, the footsteps abruptly stopped outside the door of the east wing.

Nerves taut, Chu Qingyi clenched her small hands tightly around her sleeves, her pearly teeth lightly biting her red lips. She could almost hear the frantic beating of her heart within her chest.

Creak.

After a few moments of frozen time, the door to the east wing was pushed open.

Almost instinctively, she looked up, her eyes filled with a mix of anticipation, confusion, and, most of all, resentment.

As the door swung open, a tall figure appeared in the doorway. The moonlight gently draped over him, casting his silhouette into the room.

"Qingyi..."

A voice tinged with complexity called from the doorway—it was Li Ye, who had not returned home for a long time.

Though she had known it was Li Ye the moment she heard the commotion, seeing him in person still filled Chu Qingyi's heart with overwhelming complexity. Countless words choked in her throat, leaving her unsure where to begin.

The anger and impulsiveness from witnessing his betrayal, the boredom and resentment of being alone at home, the confusion and uncertainty of how to face him—all converged in that moment, like countless threads twisting into a thick rope, binding her tightly and rendering her immobile.

Her heart felt as if gripped by a powerful hand, making it hard for her to breathe.

"Qingyi, I'm back," Li Ye repeated from the doorway.

He had assumed Chu Qingyi would be asleep by now, but instead, he found her sitting alone on the bed, lost in thought.

A pang of heartache struck him, and an inner voice urged him to pull her into his arms.

Yet, the guilt he had carried over these days and the complex emotions of not knowing how to face her held back his impulse. He could only stand awkwardly in the doorway, watching her movements.

Scenes from the past flashed through Chu Qingyi's mind—moments of harmony and affection between her and Li Ye as husband and wife, the intimate scenes of Li Ye with Xu Ruanyao, and the passionate encounters she herself had shared with Li Xuan.

Struggling to free herself from the overwhelming tide of emotions, she forced herself to stand up hurriedly, pretending to know nothing, and walked toward Li Ye at the door.

"You're back? You must have been very busy these days, not returning for so long," she said softly, a faint smile gracing her face.

"Yes, the demon beasts outside the city haven't been dealt with yet, so I've been quite busy. I haven't had time to come back and see you. You won't blame me, will you?" Li Ye also tried to maintain his usual composure, striving to calm his turbulent emotions.

He looked at Chu Qingyi, whose expression was as calm as still water, and the guilt in his heart swelled infinitely, his gaze carrying a hint of apology as he regarded her.

"It's fine. It's good that you're back," Chu Qingyi responded with a gentle smile.

Sensing the guilt in Li Ye's eyes, she pretended to be unaware of the reason and walked toward him calmly.

"How have you been these days? Has your injury flared up again?" Li Ye took her delicate hand in his palm, asking with concern.

Chu Qingyi looked at her hand held in his and suddenly remembered that this same hand had once held Xu Ruanyao's, and had even caressed Xu Ruanyao's intimate parts.

A wave of intense nausea surged within her. Suppressing the urge to retch, she calmly withdrew her hand and walked over to a nearby chair to sit down.

"I'm fine. The injury is no longer a problem, thanks to my mother's elixir," she said, taking a sip of the long-cold tea. The bitter taste spread in her mouth, yet it couldn't overshadow the sorrow welling up from deep within her.

"Elixir? What elixir? Has Madam been here?" Li Ye was utterly confused, having no knowledge of this matter.

The term "Madam" sounded particularly distant to Chu Qingyi's ears. So, in his eyes, her mother was merely the wife of the Heavenly Master Manor's lord to him...

"Yes, she came once before, though not in person—just a projection," Chu Qingyi slowly set down the teacup in her hand and continued nonchalantly, "Mother sensed my injury, refined the elixir, and entrusted it to my grandmother to have it delivered to a nearby branch. I happened to go out a few days ago and retrieved it."

She didn't mention anything about the Yin-Yang Elixir to Li Ye, feeling that perhaps he was currently too immersed in the pleasure Xu Ruanyao brought him to care about returning to the Heavenly Master Manor anytime soon.

Since he showed no such intention, why should she provoke his displeasure?

"I see..." Li Ye breathed a sigh of relief.

When Chu Qingyi mentioned her mother, he had initially thought it was Yun Wanshang herself who had come. Knowing her temperament, if she saw her daughter in such a wretched state—not only living in far worse conditions but also severely injured—she would undoubtedly take Chu Qingyi back to the manor without hesitation.

In that case, his image in Yun Wanshang's eyes would be unimaginable.

For his future development in the Heavenly Master Manor, this would bring nothing but harm.

Now, hearing that it was merely a projection of Yun Wanshang, Li Ye couldn't help but relax, the tension in his nerves easing.

Chu Qingyi noticed his reaction, a trace of bitterness swirling in her heart as a self-mocking smile curled at the corner of her lips.

"And your injury, Qingyi..." Li Ye probed cautiously.

As soon as he asked, he felt it was somewhat unnecessary.

He had always been aware of Yun Wanshang's terrifying strength. As the wife of the Heavenly Master Manor's lord, although she rarely appeared in public

and left all manor affairs to Chu Tiannan, her own power was extraordinary, even surpassing Chu Tiannan's in some aspects.

What was even more astonishing was her prodigious talent in alchemy, which was almost unrivaled in the Profound Continent. Outsiders often sought her elixirs at the Heavenly Master Manor, willing to pay a hefty price for them.

So although Chu Qingyi's injuries were quite severe, for Yun Wanshang, it was merely a matter of putting in some extra effort.

"She's out of danger now." Chu Qingyi smiled faintly, perhaps this was the only thing that had brought her joy in recent times.

"That's good, that's really good," Li Ye said with concern. "By the way, why didn't you tell me that Madam had come? I've heard about the branch of the Mystic Pavilion too—it's still hundreds of miles from Jinling City. At the time, you were still injured, and making the trip back and forth must have been quite taxing. If I had known, I wouldn't have let you go retrieve the elixir. I could have handled everything."

Hearing this, Chu Qingyi felt a complex mix of emotions.

Perhaps, before she learned of Li Ye's betrayal, his words would have warmed her heart, and she might have thrown herself into his arms for a tender moment. But now, she found his hindsight-driven concern deeply uncomfortable, even questioning how much sincerity lay behind his words.

"It's fine. The Ministry of Justice is busy—I understand. Besides, everything has been resolved now, hasn't it?" Chu Qingyi's smile was gentle, yet it carried a subtle sense of distance.

"Ah, it's all my fault. I wasn't there for you when you needed me." Regret flashed across Li Ye's face as he gazed affectionately at Chu Qingyi.

Her current composure was heartbreaking. The thought of her, injured and alone, traveling to an unfamiliar town, possibly facing unforeseen dangers along the way, sent a sharp pang through his heart, as if someone were tearing at it.

He took a step forward and pulled Chu Qingyi into his embrace.

Caught off guard, Chu Qingyi stiffened abruptly, flustered and unsure what to do. Her delicate hands clenched tightly together, not knowing where to place them.

She could feel the warmth radiating from Li Ye's body and the strong, steady beat of his heart against her ear.

A wave of bitterness, grievance, and resentment washed over her. Strangely, she found herself unable to harbor any hatred for this man who had betrayed her. Instead, her heart stirred with ripples of emotion, and tears welled up in her eyes.

Perhaps even she herself didn't fully realize that Li Ye was more than just her husband to her—he was family. Over the years of mutual understanding and

companionship, they had become inseparable, like a tree and the vines entwined around it, leaning on each other, unable to part.

If this was true for Chu Qingyi, was it any different for Li Ye?

During the days he had been away from home, he thought he had found the love of his life in Xu Ruanyao, who brought him endless joy. With her, he felt an unprecedented sense of ease, leading him to believe that only in her presence could he be his truest self.

But the moment he held Chu Qingyi in his arms, he realized he had been wrong all along—terribly wrong.

Never before had he felt so clear-headed. He had always loved the woman before him deeply; it was just that momentary pleasures had clouded his vision. He had forced his love for Chu Qingyi into a corner of his heart, thinking that as long as he didn't search for it, it would remain hidden forever.

Yet the delicate, pliant form in his arms told him with undeniable clarity that his feelings for her had never faded, never changed.

Perhaps others might ask, what exactly does Xu Ruanyao count as then? A momentary infatuation that clouded his judgment?

Even Li Ye himself could not answer this question.

His heart was in turmoil, for the joy, excitement, and physical pleasure Xu Ruanyao brought him were also undeniably real. When he was with her, his happiness was genuine.

In his mind, the two women each had their own unique qualities and could not be compared.

If possible, he would surely devise a perfect plan to have both women by his side at the same time.

However, now was clearly not the best time for honesty.

"Qingyi, how about I stay home with you for a few more days this time?" Li Ye spoke affectionately, tightening his embrace around the person in his arms.

Upon hearing this, the tears in Chu Qingyi's eyes grew even more pronounced. If she hadn't forced herself to hold back her grievances, her tears would have fallen like broken beads at that very moment.

She couldn't quite explain why she felt so aggrieved now. The moment Li Ye held her, all her previous anger and resentment vanished, replaced by an overwhelming sense of injustice.

"With the beasts wreaking havoc outside the city, won't the Punishment Department blame you if you delay for a few days?" Chu Qingyi's voice carried a hint of tears.

Li Ye keenly detected the sorrow in her tone and quickly released her, placing his hands on her shoulders. When he saw the misty tears in her eyes, his heart ached with pity.

"It's fine, a few days' delay won't matter. What could be more important than spending time with my Qingyi?" he said tenderly, completely forgetting the promise he had made to Xu Ruanyao to return early.

Hearing this, Chu Qingyi fell silent.

The couple held each other tightly, yet each harbored their own thoughts.

In truth, unbeknownst to them, the hearts that seemed so close had already grown distant. Neither was willing to pierce the thin veil between them, both trying to maintain the harmony before their eyes.

But more than that, it was because the two still held feelings for each other. In the face of the happiness they shared, the unsavory and unpleasant matters were subconsciously pushed aside, hidden away in the deepest corners of their hearts, with neither willing to bring them up.