

Path Of Martial Arts Patreon by Thomas Bell

(01/January/2024 - 11/April/2025)

[Update 2nd of January 2024](#)

[Jan 1, 2024](#)

Happy New Year - and to celebrate, here's an an early update =)

Size: 330k -> 349k.

A little bit of new stuff at the end of Caihong event, a very big new mission (can be drastically different depending on your choices).

New link: [click](#)

Reminder: if you can, consider switching to [boosty](#) to support me. I've explained the details in the pinned post =)

[Q/A questions](#)

[Jan 2, 2024](#)

Another Q/A session! Same rules as always:

- 1 question per tier (1 for Houtian, 2 for Xiantian, 3 for Shangtian)
- You can ask any **named** and **living** character.
- You can ask anything, but keep in mind that characters may lie or may just ignore you. So be careful whom and what you ask.

Leave your questions in the comments to this post =)

Dozens of tall peaks reach for the sky, their upper halves covered by the clouds. Gigantic symbols, visible even from afar, are engraved into the mountain sides. They are painted in crimson, a stark contrast to the snowy hills, and some magical power forces your eyes to look up. You don't even have to read them: their meaning is spoken out loud, a domineering, booming voice ringing out in your mind.

YANG: AN INVINCIBLE BODY BIRTHS AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, UNYIELDING WILL CONQUERS THE HEAVENS!

BREAK YOUR FLESH, ENDURE THE PAIN. EXHAUST YOUR SOUL, BEAR THROUGH THE SUFFERING. CHALLENGE YOURSELF, DISCOVER YOUR WORTH!

NOTHING IS GIVEN: FIND STRENGTH IN DILIGENCE AND TAKE WHAT YOU WANT!

[Training time?](#)

[Jan 2, 2024](#)

[Some changes/Current Password](#)

[Jan 4, 2024](#)

Hey guys! In order to make things simpler, I've decided to change how sidestories/QAs and etc are published. First of all, link to the game is now permanent (you can find it in the cog thread / itch description / discord) and requires a password (I'll be posting them bi-weekly here). Second of all, you will now be able to find all the QAs, Side-Stories and Fan Art in the game itself (UI is placeholder for now, will refine it as the time goes on), sorted by dates/characters.

Tell me if anything breaks/look weird

<https://nickydicky.itch.io/poma-premium>

Current PW: gjQ2C5Ag7P

The first one is a boy that towers over others. Even at what appears to be fourteen, his shoulders are already wide and body's got a decent muscle mass — if not for his face, which sports chunks of baby fat and adolescent round features, you would've easily mistaken him for a fellow sect disciple.

As you study him, recognition dawns upon you. It's been almost three years, and the boy has changed a lot, but it's undoubtedly him: Da Da, the child you saved once upon a time from a giant wolf.

[He's back! \(but not for everyone...\)](#)

[Jan 5, 2024](#)

"You've gone too far." — he says, his tone chilling, but Da Da doesn't seem affected — "You may still be a child, but you should already know right from wrong."

"Goodness, just shut the fuck up." — Da Da says and even you recoil in surprise at his audacity. Any other Xiantian would've killed the kid on the spot — "Who gives a shit? Go on and punish me already."

"Punish you?" — Chu Aiguo shakes his head in disappointment — "Get your stuff and leave."

"What?" — Da Da mutters, his nonchalance disappearing.

"You aren't worth the effort." — your Master judges — "Your potential is not worth the trouble of fixing your attitude. The sect no longer welcomes you."

"Get out."

[Oh no...](#)

[Jan 6, 2024](#)

It takes you a second to recognize her. Her features are the same, forming the same oval-shaped, plain face, but *she* is different. Her hair is short now, a mass of black laying on top of her head, and a scabbed scar from a nasty cut travels from the corner of her mouth to the upper end of her cheek. But it's neither her hair nor her wound that set her apart so drastically from the woman you used to know: it's her attitude.

Her gaze, before simple and naive, is now cold and callous. There's a firmness to it that wasn't present two years ago, inner strength swiveling in two black orbs.

[New girlboss has appeared](#)

[Jan 7, 2024](#)

[Vote Result](#)

[Jan 10, 2024](#)

Caihong ended up winning with an overwhelming 33 to 19. Whoever rigged this vote, you gave my gratitude LOL

"You're awfully demanding today, aren't you?"

Caihong pouts.

"Am not."

"Yes, you are."

"Whatever." — she replies, turning away from you — "Are you going to feed me or not?"

[Caihong](#)

[Jan 13, 2024](#)

ngl next update is turning out to be quite peaceful by PoMA standards (Yang Bohai route excluded...)

[Update 16jan 2024](#)

[Jan 16, 2024](#)

*Size: 350k -> 371k

* Master Events for Aiguo (massive, 10k words), Bohai (big, ~5k), MG (medium), Rin (...)

* Caihong Event (4k)

* A little something of Mei (because Mei is queen).

* Six achievements added.

* Character Dictionary for ROs is back (other characters still WIP)

* Reworked Rock Gambling

* You can now spend Qi to raise attributes beyond 500 cap after expedition.

New password: banana

[Q/A is out](#)

[Jan 19, 2024](#)

New q/a is out! Check the itch ;)

"Feeding the poor?" — you grimace — "Ew! My noble blood rebels at the mere thought."

Mei nods, understandingly.

"It's a sacrifice that we must make. Junior Brother, will you be able to bear it?"

You put your hand on your heart, your expression serious.

"For you, Senior Sister, I will try my best not to puke while handing bread to orphans."

"Thank you," — she says — "I realize that such a lowly act is beneath you and appreciate the effort you exert for my sake."

[Continuation of the Mei event =\).](#)

[Jan 19, 2024](#)

After some time spent walking, your shoes breaking fallen branches and stomping leafs, you arrive to a meadow. A lone figure waits for you there: a man, platinum-haired, crimson-irised and gangling. His face is sharp and hollow, eyes sunken and skin is far, far too pale.

Unlike you, he's done nothing to hide his identity. The man hasn't even bothered changing out of his sanguine robes.

Mei's step falters, a brief lapse in her facade that you barely catch, and you understand the reason why: peaceful deals rarely come through when dealing with disciples of the Havoc.

"Now I see why this friend lied about his identity." — Mei speaks — "If we had known that it was the Blood Hunter requesting my pills, we would've ran the other way."

Young Blood Hunter is a character of great renown to those below Xiantian: how could he not be, when rumors say he has slain more Houtians than any other being currently alive?

[Last peek into the Mei's event =\).](#)

[Jan 20, 2024](#)

"You know who I am." — he says — "You know what I can do. And yet, you... you dare fight me?"

He throws back his head and cackles with a loud, sneering laughter. When Yutai stops and looks at you again, your heart thumps. His eyes are cold and piercing, hiding a cruelty savage and primal. His stare twists your stomach into knots, makes all instincts scream of lethal, fatal danger.

"Do you know why they call me the Blood Hunter? Why they gave me a title despite being so young?"

"Because I hunt people like you as a fucking *sport*."

[Oh-oh...](#)

[Jan 21, 2024](#)

[New Update](#)

[Jan 22, 2024](#)

size: 370k -> 385k

The entire update is dedicated to Queen Mei, so if you're not on her route, you can skip this one

Password: apple

The Elder then gestures them in: and that's when Tang Ruo's gaze finds you.

It also, however, finds the woman standing next to you. The atmosphere immediately tenses. The air grows heavy, temperature hot enough to sweat. The dragon at your side *rages*: quietly, without making a sound, but with all the signs that usually reflect her anger.

Lightning dancing in her eyes, a fuming nose and tattoos that start to move and come alive. All that's missing is a spark to fuel her inevitable explosion.

Tang Ruo, on his part, has his hand on his sword. He wears the blade on his hip, like most swordsmen do instead of storing it inside their rings, and right now his grip on its hilt is tight, expression downright murderous.

[Oh-oh...](#)

[Jan 25, 2024](#)

"The upcoming auction will feature a few of my concoctions - and a certain individual, with too much money and too little brains will try to buy them at all costs."

"I need you to compete with him and help me drive up the price."

- ☒ "Isn't that against sect rules?"
- ☐ "And why would this 'individual' be so desperate for your pills?"
- ☐ "This is too dangerous. You're on your own."
- ☐ "Sure, but I want my cut."
- ☐ "Sure, but I want something else than gold."

[The pretty schemer schemes again](#)

[Jan 29, 2024](#)

Now that he's closer, you match his features with a name: Jing Yong, the strongest member of the Jing Clan's younger generation. He's not known for his power, however. No, it's his sleazy, vengeful reputation that makes him stand out amongst the rest of Peak-Houtians.

[0_0](#)

[Jan 30, 2024](#)

"The Rogue Clans became outrageously bold. If before they were happy not to be exterminated, now the so-called 'Three Kingdoms' are daring enough to send their practitioners across the sea."

"I've gotten word of a group that managed to avoid the patrols and infiltrate deep into the Empire's territory."

The prince then smirks, throwing one leg onto the other.

"Would you like to accompany me in ridding our country of a few treacherous pests?"

[Ruo's back](#)

[Jan 31, 2024](#)

"You look good." — you greet her.

"Now that you've confessed, are you going to shower me with compliments every time we meet?" — the young woman asks you.

"If its going to help you say yes, then I just might."

An emerging smile threatens to disrupt her serious facade.

"I see." — she responds — "Well, it's not in my power to stop Young Master Shen."

[Ai](#)

[Feb 2, 2024](#)

The Tigress walks inside, her gait, unlike the rest of her, familiar: her steps are light yet confident, measured but not slow. She may look civilized now, a normal, albeit quite muscular, citizen of the empire, but her predatory, savage nature has not been vanquished: just concealed by pretty clothes.

"I'll not beat around the bush." — Tigress says, turning around — "Can you lend me money?"

- ☐ "We haven't seen each other for two years and the first thing you want from me is gold?"
- ☐ "What for?"
- ☐ "Sure. How much?"
- ☐ "Loans tend to end friendships."
- ☐ "I'm actually don't have much money either."
- ☒ "No."

[Probably the last SP before the update](#)

[Feb 2, 2024](#)

I'm about 80% done, but also wanted to change-up some mechanics / finally add stuff I wanted to add for a long time now. Estimate for the update is ~1 week, maybe it will come out quicker.

"Thank you, Seniors." — a song-like voice says. You turn your head and see Xiwen clasping his hands, bowing to two figures draped from head to toe in black.

Figures that have strikingly cold eyes and lack any sort of presence: they do not make sounds, even as they breathe, and they have no scent.

The two shadows nod at Xiwen's words and then disappear, merging with the darkness.

[Remember these guys?](#)

[Feb 4, 2024](#)

[Update 5th february 2024](#)

[Feb 5, 2024](#)

Size: 385k -> 407k

Auction (a lot of variety for the ROs)

New LC convo after LC/Mei event

New Ai event after waking up

Story Mode now basically has infinite health

Xiwen rewrite

Flesh Worm now should be working

ALSO: there have been a lot of suggestions, some of which I found very, very good. Next update I'll entirely dedicate to implementing them, plus fixing / adding small stuff all over the game.

Reminder: if you can, consider switching to [Boosty](#). I've explained the reasoning in the pinned post =)

New password: money

[Wu Chao's Side Story](#)

[Feb 10, 2024](#)

Wu Chao's side story is finally out - check the game =)

[Tigress Side-Story is out!](#)

[Feb 20, 2024](#)

New Tigress Side-Story is out, check the game!

New password: tigress

You out in the sect, planning to enter one of the pavilions, when something soft and hairy jumps onto your shoe. Looking down, you see a cat sitting on your boot. Lavish layer of golden yellow fur covers its hide, three plush tails wiggling as it stares at you with intelligent, dark as the abyss eyes. Unexpectedly, the cat raises its paw and points at its mouth, waiting for you full of expectation.

Seeing its fat, hanging belly, you guess that it's certainly not the first time the cunning beast is performing this trick.

☒ Feed it.

☐ Throw it off.

Next

[Sneak Peak](#)

[Feb 23, 2024](#)

Next update will feature a bunch of small (500-1.5k words) events like this to fill up the free rooms and make the sect livelier. Still not sure on the release date, since it's the end of the last semester of my final year, so I have a lot of uni stuff to do.

When you arrive at the place where the sect rents flying beasts for its disciples, Tang Ruo and another man are already there. The man is bald and bulky, wearing an unusual attire: a red sleeveless robe, revealing his large arms, and nothing else. He doesn't even wear shoes, his bare soles touching the dirty ground. Seeing you approach, the man, whom you at a closer glance recognize as Yang Gan, smiles and clasps his hands in greeting. You notice prayer beads clutched inside his palm.

"Brother Shen, it's been long since Buddha aligned our paths together." — he says — "Beholding your presence brings me joy."

Your brows rising, you glance at Tang Ruo in search for an explanation: the young man sits serenely on his sword, as if disdained to dirty his feet with mortal soil, quiet and poised. His expression is impassive and uncaring - but when Yang Gan speaks, you notice the prince's lips twitch ever so slightly. He raises his lids, revealing two orbs of royal purple. First, he sneaks an almost imperceptible glare at the monk, then fixes his conceited gaze at you.

"You're late." — the imperial heir accuses, his tone sharp and face cold. Then, he goes quiet, waiting for an explanation.

Are you late? You're pretty sure you're right on time.

- ☒ "I apologize for my tardiness."
- ☐ "What are you staring at me so intensely for? Missed me?"
- ☐ "I'm not late."

Next

[Ruo!](#)

[Feb 26, 2024](#)

He waves his hand. Six daggers fly out of his spatial ring, targeting six seemingly random people from the turbulent crowd. Of course, the group avoids the artifacts capable of killing Middle Houtians with ease. The tigers then no longer pretend to be pigs: they accelerate, outpacing the mortals in an instant.

Ruo sighs and turns to Yang Gan.

"Fifty to whoever catches more?" — he asks.

Yang Gan laughs and unhurriedly stretches.

"Thank you in advance for your contribution to this humble one's praying incense fund."

"Just make sure you have enough money to pay out when you lose." — Ruo says and throws you a disdainful look — "You can chase after someone too. Just don't hurt yourself, that'd be embarrassing."

Without another word, Tang Ruo throws his sword in the air. It enlarges and he jumps onto the blade, before sailing away through the air as if traversing a river on a boat.

"Good luck, Junior Brother." — Yang Gan says with a clasps of his hands, before, with a single leap that cracks the ground, disappearing from your sight.

[I don't think we've had a proper chase before!](#)

[Feb 29, 2024](#)

Once again, you cross your arms and withstand the blast. Seeing you still hot on her trail, the woman stops and turns around.

"Prince Shen, must you chase after me so viciously?"

Her term of address catches you off-guard and she laughs.

"Do not be surprised, your Highness. Here, your identity may be a secret, but everyone back home is aware of it." — the woman then grins and tilts her head — "Me especially, considering I'm your sister's best friend."

- ☒ "My name is Wu Shen and I have nothing to do with the likes of you."
- ☐ "That's just another reason for you to die."
- ☐ "Sister?"
- ☐ "I must admit, that does sound nice."
- ☐ "If you're going to beg for your life, you better offer me a more tempting incentive than your relationship to people whom I've never met."

Next

[Last SP for Ruo's event =>](#)

[Mar 1, 2024](#)

"Whose side are you really on, Wu Shen?"

"Your Highness, w-"

"Shut up." — he quietens one of the rogues behind him — "I want to hear his answer."

His stare is venomous. Provoking. Burning. You've never met the man before, but he *hates* your guts.

You feel the questioning gazes from Tang Ruo and Yang Gan, both of them wondering as to the meaning of the blond's words.

[I lied. Guess who?](#)

[Mar 2, 2024](#)

Then, without waiting for an answer, Yang Gan uses one art after another.

"Heavenly Asura Art - Incomplete Transformation!"

His skin and pupils become red, body leaner and more dense. His veins pop, features turn even more ferocious.

"Mantra of Nirvana - Golden Buddha Body!"

A halo of serenity tames his savagery, a golden coating covers his crimson flesh. It glows, radiating sense of calm, peace and enormous *power*. So much of it that even ██████ grows serious, grips his daggers tightly and responds with a transformation of his own.

"Dark Monarch Art - Embrace of the Shadows!"

Shadows emerge from the ground. Chaotic strands of darkness envelop him whole, the silver blades and orange eyes the last two spots of colors. The man turns gaseous, his shape unstable and fluctuating.

[MC is once again out of their depth...](#)

[Mar 3, 2024](#)

"There's something I need to confess."

Ruo tilts his head, waiting for you to continue.

"My mother's name is... Zhong Zhi."

It takes him a second to react. When he does, though, the prince immediately draws a sword from his spatial ring and leaps forward, disregarding his still healing injuries. He presses the tip of the blade to your throat.

"At least, let me explain." — you chuckle. His reaction is expected - but that doesn't mean it isn't disappointing.

[Last SP, I promise...](#)

[Mar 6, 2024](#)

[Moving away from Patreon](#)

[Mar 7, 2024](#)

Hi! As most of you know, due to my country of residence, I'm unable to cash out money from patreon. I have no idea when that will change, so I have decided to withdraw from Patreon for the time being and move to other services.

[Nick - эксклюзивный контент на Boosty 18+](#) (only bank cards)

[Nicky_if | Hipolink](#) (PayPal)

I'll continue maintaining Patreon for the next month (until April 8th, until all the subs run out) and will no longer be accepting pledges here. Thank you for all the support you've given me throughout this time and I hope I'll see you all again on Boosty =)

P.S. update this week

I like to converse with beauties, finding pleasure in their ethereal looks and charming company. Lately, though, all my attention has been take up by one beauty in particular - and we even became pen pals!

The absolute essence of my existence, however, is music. I cannot imagine my life without hearing soul-stirring sounds of a zither. I listen daily to various performances, and, occasionally, take up the stage myself.

What about you, Sister S? What's your passion, aside from occupying my dreams with your dazzling visage?

[Pen-palling with Xiwen coming up next update!](#)

[Mar 9, 2024](#)

[Update 0.16](#)

[Mar 10, 2024](#)

405k -> 432k

Added:

Reworked talents, game completely rebalanced

two events before expo, xiwen sexting after expo (6.5k words)

Ruo event if you agree to go with him after auction (17.2k)

New saves needed

New password: xiwen

News of your betrayal spread like wildfire. People in the sect look at you, their expressions a mix of shock, mocking and disgust. Hardly anyone would approve of such a dishonorable act - and your father is no exception.

A letter from him finds you next morning. A piece of paper with a single word written on it.

Why?

But it's enough to relay your father's disappointment and hurt. You've spit six thousand years of heritage in the face, becoming the first Wu to ever defect: even if he loved you more than anything else in the world, a betrayal of this scale can never be forgiven.

- ☒ Don't reply.
- ☐ "Do you even need to ask?"
- ☐ "I'm sorry."
- ☐ "Go back to fucking whores, old man."

Next

[We're getting some Wu Chao letters next update ;\).](#)

[Mar 17, 2024](#)

Son,

One of the cities in our domain has been overtaken by a group of rebels. Although I loath to distract you from your training, I don't have a lot of manpower to spare. Think of it as a practice for your skills in a real battle.

I give you full freedom to handle this matter in whatever way you see fit.

Wu Chao.

- ☒ "Yes, dad, I've been well. Thanks for asking! Help you? Sure, let me just drop everything to do you a favor."
- ☐ "Deal with it yourself."
- ☐ "Go fuck yourself."
- ☐ "I'll deal with it."
- ☐ Ignore the letter.

Next

[New mission?](#) 😞

[Mar 18, 2024](#)

A few hours later, you're nearing Xuanchou. From what you've read, it's a small town with a population just above one hundred thousand. For the last thirty years it has been governed by Dai Pengfei, an old man in the Peak-Houtian stage. During all this time, he's been a loyal servant of your family: he paid his taxes right on time and always in a proper amount, never complaining about the rates going higher and higher as the years passed. There have been, however, multiple complaints reporting his rumored cruelty and tyranny to the Xuanchou's inhabitants.

As for the rebels, they are a group of Martial Artists local to the city. Led by a Peak-Houtian expert named Yao Yan, these practitioners expressed their dissatisfaction with Dai Pengfei through a public beatdown. The old man has since been imprisoned and his current fate is unknown.

They have not declared the town independent as of yet, but their actions are already akin to slapping the Wu Clan in the face. Dai Pengfei was a legitimate representative set up by the clan to rule in its name: his forceful removal, if not handled properly, will result in the Wu losing whatever prestige the family has left.

[More new mission info!](#)

[Mar 22, 2024](#)

His house is decorated with an expensive taste, art and other items of decor spread out through out the entire interior. You're going through some of his stuff when the door behind you opens. At first, you think it's one of the maids that has came back - but when the newcomer speaks, you immediately recognize the voice.

"You've gotten stronger."

[Taking guesses as to who this is...](#)

[Mar 23, 2024](#)

"There have been a lot of reports about you. People have accused you of cruelty and robbing."

"I'm sure that Young Master understands, such things cannot be trusted. People get jealous easily and their envy often turns malicious."

"Are you saying that it's all a lie?"

"This old man admits, he may has been a tad overzealous in protecting the peace and ensuring the... timely delivery of taxes." — Dai Pengfei chuckles nervously — "But I'm not the villain everyone paints me to be."

- ☒ "You are to be executed."
- ☐ "I will spare your life, but another Martial Artist will take over your position. You're too corrupted to be trusted."
- ☐ "I will spare your life, but another Martial Artist will take over your position. You're too incompetent to be trusted."
- ☐ "You can continue being this town's Protector, but I'm expecting my cut."
- ☐ "You can continue being this town's Protector."

[Those rebels must be lying...](#)

[Mar 24, 2024](#)

You close your eyes to get rid of your sight, cut off your sense of smell and touch, focusing only on the sixth sense provided by the Golden Seed - your ability to comprehend and unravel the universe around you.

Pouring all of your understanding about the void into the seed, you imagine yourself connecting one point of space with another. You *will* the space to obey you, to accommodate your wishes, and it *resists*.

Health (7998|10000): 80%

Faintly, you feel blood dripping from your nose. Acutely, you feel your mind starting to crack as if struck by a hammer. Your grasp on the space slips, your thoughts turn into disarray, and you decide to...

☒ ... endure it and forcefully submit the void.

☐ ... give up on trying to submit the void.

Next

[Death route?](#)

[Mar 26, 2024](#)

[Q/A Questions](#)

[Mar 29, 2024](#)

Another Q/A session! Same rules as always:

- 1 question per tier (1 for Houtian, 2 for Xiantian, 3 for Shangtian)
- You can ask any **named** and **living** character.
- You can ask anything, but keep in mind that characters may lie or may just ignore you.

So be careful whom and what you ask .Leave your questions in the comments to this post or in the discord =)

Right now, however, you don't care about them in the slightest. All your attention is focused on the central figure of the formation: the man's eyelids unfold and he raises his arm. Power flows into him, Inner Energy siphoned from every single warrior present. All of it pours into a single body, a single vessel primed to wreck destruction.

The man's skin *cracks* like marble. His orifices bleed and his limbs tremble from the strain. But at the same time, bright beam gathers in his palm. He aims it at you and, with difficulty, chants.

"Sun Triangle Formation - God Beam!"

His hand explodes, but you don't see blood. Your vision is overwhelmed by the blast of the most blinding light you've ever had the misfortune of experiencing.

[This event alone is turning out to be 20k+](#)

[Mar 31, 2024](#)

You find Ai in the midst of training, only her practice differs drastically from yours. You're used to hitting things in solitude: breaking rocks with fists and cutting wood with fingers. Ai, on the other hand, sits in a circle with four other disciples. Their hands are interlinked and their eyes are closed. Between them, a large drop of water floats, constantly pulled from one disciple to another.

None of them hear you entering the room, too concentrated on their battle for control over the water droplet.

☐ Cough to attract their attention.

☐ Wait for them to finish.

☒ "HEY, AI, COME TO THE FESTIVAL WITH ME."

100% DEATH ROUTE



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[Apr 4, 2024](#)

It happens three days later. Early in the morning, you're heading to where Lady Sha gathers you for training - but you're apprehended on the road, surrounded by about ten other kids all of whom glare at you with obvious hostility.

"Look who it is," — sneers Wu Shan. He's a descendant of Wu Clan's most powerful family branch, with his mother being the only Wu-surnamed Xiantian besides your father, and he never lets anyone forget this fact. A few years older than you, Wu Shan towers over you — "What a coincidence to meet you here, *Young Master*."

You don't miss the derision in his tone.

You shield your eyes from the burning sun, sitting on the grass and trying to catch your breath. Sweat glistens on your forehead, what little garments you wear soaked. Other children around you collapse as well, unable to resist exhaustion.

"You useless brats," — your instructor, Lady Sha, sneers — "You think this is hard? A little running and all of you are so tired you can't keep your butts off the ground? Get up! Get up, get up before I break your legs!"

"Thousands of years ago, all Celestials received a manual from him. But Su Wanye refused, unwilling to give up the spear in favor of the Art Tang Wei had offered. Instead, she stated that she would create a technique not inferior in any aspect to it by herself."

Su De's expression turns reverent, flames of admiration burning in her silver eyes.

"She succeeded. It took her a thousand years to create the Tyrannical Spear Art... but the result turned out to be not just on par with other Transcendent Arts, but better than the majority of them."

"Unfortunately, just a millennia of time wasn't enough to create a technique of such immense power. Su Wanye had to give up her life and reforge her body into a spear, becoming an artifact barely able of coherent thought, for the Heavens to be satisfied enough to allow our manual to be written."

"She left behind only a single sentence as her parting words: *To lead my clan, one must be worthy enough to wield me.*"

Su De currently stands on a single leg, arm holding a spear outstretched. Her slim figure is hidden beneath a waterfall of hair, long and dark, reaching beneath her waist. She's still as a statue, not allowing even a single tremor to disrupt her impeccable balance. Her eyes are closed, but that, perhaps, heightens her other senses: Su De notices you before you even manage to say a word.

"Leave." — she orders, managing to speak without breaking the rhythm of her perfectly even breathing — "You're in the wrong place."

- ☒ Throw a stone at her.
- ☐ "You have some guts, training here leisurely after messing with my restaurant."
- ☐ "I'm afraid I can't do that. We have things to discuss."

Next

[Missed sneak-peaks!](#)

[Apr 26, 2024](#)

Next update will feature a possible fling with one of the Spear Twins and an extended prologue/childhood scenes!

Your Aunt is a *mortal*, yet, at the same time, she's not. She was born with a physique that allows her to temporarily wield the power of a Shangtian ten times in her life: but each exertion wrecks her body, since its incapable of handling such strength.

She's now down to her last use, her organs long ago having stopped to function properly. She vomits back almost every meal that she eats, simple colds with her become life-threatening diseases. Eighteen hours a day, she spends asleep, getting up for her an enormous chore.

[Aunty Ya lore!](#)

[Apr 27, 2024](#)

p.s. I'll be gone for the next 3-4 days, so probs no sneak peaks till I get back =(

Every family member with the slightest bit of importance attached to their name is present, chattering in the bustling with voices room. Everyone, except for the one who matters the most - the head seat at the table is empty, its rightful owner missing and no else daring enough to occupy it.

You wonder what excuse your father will come up with time. Clan matters? Personal dealings? Feeling sick? At least, you hope he'll be apologetic enough to use one: lately, he hasn't cared enough to.

Him missing his only child's birthday only solidifies the possibility of you being ignored altogether.

[FraudChao strikes again!](#)

[Apr 30, 2024](#)

When you step inside the shop, you find the clerk's attention occupied by a couple wearing expensive robes. One is a young man, about four or five years older than you. His hair is an inch or two short of reaching his shoulders, wavy and unusually blond. The other is a woman of a similar age, shamelessly clinging onto the man's arm, her head leaning on his shoulder.

"Brother Gang, can you buy it for me?" — she pleads, her voice high-pitched — "Please, please, please~"

"What do you even need this useless plant for?"

"My mother loves to brew tea from it! But it's so expensive, she hasn't been able to taste it in a while..."

"It *is* expensive." — the young man replies, his arm snaking around the woman's waist. He yanks her closer, roughly, his fingers digging into her hip — "How are you going to repay me?"

[Everyone's favorite character is finally here!](#)

[May 1, 2024](#)

You and Lady Sha are placed under arrest, date of your release uncertain. The He are also a Great Clan - a real one, not a decadent and only named so out of tradition like yours. You attacking their Young Master in a public space is not a matter they can let go of.

Weeks start to pass. Fortunately, you are not treated too badly: food has much to be desired and He Gang comes to taunt you out of spite, but you're mostly left alone.

Until, three months into your capture, He Clan's Patriarch announces your punishment.

Execution.

[MC dies in the new prologue?](#) 🤔

[May 2, 2024](#)

"HEAVENLY ASCENSION SECTS WELCOMES ITS MARTIAL SEEDS!"

You fight the urge to roll your eyes at the pretentious greeting. When the rest of the people around you cry out in response, you lose the battle.

If such pompousness continues, you may as well forego the sect and return to Mayong - Elder Jian and his sword arts are not worth the hassle.

[p-povs...???](#)

[May 3, 2024](#)

You take out a parchment from your ring and write a message to Wu Shen.

You've kept your tabs on him: his astonishing progress hasn't escaped you. Sure, you know he must've not actually regressed two stages back. It'd be utter absurd if he did. His temporary lapse in Martial Level can be explained as a result of some sort of a technique he practices - most likely the same one that makes his stage unclear to the senses and his Inner Energy feel weird. But, still. From Middle-Houtian to Late-Houtian weeks after waking up from a coma?

All these geniuses make you sick with envy. How much easier your life would be if you had been the same?

[Another pov-sneak!](#)

[May 5, 2024](#)

[Update 8th May.](#)

[May 8, 2024](#)

472k -> 497k

added some childhood scenes before game start

rewrote some interactions in the beginning (with father/Tao)

added POVs for Ruo (after tourney), Mei (after BH), and Ai (after she makes her proposition/runs away)

added Spear Twin fling (right after expo)

added one of the two ways to restore hair for YB disciples (@Philybug), should trigger at the end of the game

fixed the bugs in bugs-premium bugs (I think... hope I didn't miss anything)

Everything after expo is still not public

new password: let_me_in

[Enabling POVs](#)

[May 8, 2024](#)

In order to enable POVs, go into statpage -> click 'input password for POVs'

Current POV password: 7965351

Current Arena Ranking: #9987

Total Arena Winnings: 0 Sect Points

Arena Record: 1W/0L

☒ Jia Tingguang (#897).

☐ Go back.

Next

[Ruo Simp is back!](#)

[May 10, 2024](#)

Except this time, you may be able to beat him up...

When you step into the arena this time, your opponent is yet to be present. Which is fine: you've arrived a little bit early today.

But time starts to pass and soon it's not ten minutes before your match should begin - it's ten minutes after. You start to wonder whether Lei Meirong has decided not to come, and hear the disciples in the stands murmur the same sentiment.

About thirty seconds before the automatic forfeit, however, a woman groggily waddles through the fighter's gate. She's short, barely five feet, with long black hair reaching her knees. Her arm is raised, covering her pasty face from the annoying rays of sunlight.

When Lei Meirong comes close enough, she gives you a tired wave.

"Sorry about the wait, this miss overslept a little. A 'tea' party gone late, you know how it is." — she says, not appearing apologetic at all. Rubbing her sunken eyes, Lei Meirong squints at you — "So, you're the new hot stuff everyone's been talking about?"

She shakes her head, getting rid of her fatigue, and smiles sweetly at you.

"Go easy on me, m'kay? I don't even know how I ended up this high up the rankings..."

[Next update](#)

[May 13, 2024](#)

will be an arena-focused one, featuring fights with the Ruo Simp and 3-4 OCs. Here's the first one ;)

Jumping back, Lei Meirong waves her hand and summons flying swords.

"Blade Mirage Art - Infinite Swords Strike!"

A *million* of them. In front you, an impenetrable wall of swords appears. A sea of blades, filled with the finest steel. Inner Energy *drowns* you, the sheer amount of it inconceivable to your senses.

"Scared yet?" — a laugh comes from behind the sharp barricade which pervades your vision —
"How about you surrender now and I won't have to hurt you."

[Meirong's skill =>](#)

[May 15, 2024](#)

When you look forward, however, Meirong has *triplicated*.

Oh, come the fuck on.

Three black-haired women, identical to every little spore on their pale skin, wave at you before their fingers move to summon another barrage of swords.

- ☒ Attack the left clone.
- ☐ Attack the middle clone.
- ☐ Attack the right clone.
- ☐ Launch ice spikes at all three clones.
- ☐ Breach the void and punch the three clones at once.
- ☐ None of them are real, Meirong is hiding somewhere else.

Next

[Last Meirong sneakpeak 🙏👉](#)

[May 16, 2024](#)

When you see your new opponent, you're can't help but be a little taken aback: since you saw the surname 'Yang', you've been expecting to face a hulking brute. And while Yang Long is muscular and tall, he's nowhere big enough to compare to his monstrously-sized family members.

But that's not the most surprising thing about his appearance. No, his lack of the bald, egg-like head is. Yang Long sports a long, gray hair gathered in a ponytail, something a true Yang would never do: they take pride in their baldness, view it as a necessary sacrifice on their path to power.

The existence of his hair distracts you so much, it takes you a minute to notice the intricate tattoo covering the entire right side of his face.

"Yang Long, of the Great Yang Clan, greets Wu Shen." — he says, giving you a proper bow — "I hope the two of us will have a good fight today."

And he is *polite*? What a weirdo. The Yangs have never accepted outsiders into the clan before, but this guy *must* be adopted.

[New challenger approaches!](#)

[May 18, 2024](#)

Lei Meirong fight is done (total 5.4k words), so here's the next OC =)

But it's not enough to knock him down. His head hurled to the side, he staggers to the side but doesn't fall. When he looks back, one of his hand caressing his jaw, the tattoo on his face is glowing blue.

Perception ... ❌ (100/4770)

"Not bad." — Yang Long comments — "Now, it's my turn."

He brings back his arm, a formidable amount of Inner Energy flowing into his fist. As the punch traverses the air, the wind it generates hits you in the face - and lets you estimate just how *much* strength this strike carries.

[not bad](#) 😞

[May 19, 2024](#)

Roaring, he charges. Much, *much* faster than he was before.

His body slams into yours: he lifts your legs and pushes his shoulder into your waist, taking you down to the ground.

Health (9558|10000): 96%

A horizontal health bar for Yang Long. It consists of a red segment followed by a grey segment. The red segment is filled with the text 'Health (9558|10000): 96%'. The grey segment is empty.

But he doesn't let you go. Yang Long punches you once, then switches his grip to your leg and *spins*, throwing you into the stands.

Health (9116|10000): 91%

A horizontal health bar for Yang Long. It consists of a red segment followed by a grey segment. The red segment is filled with the text 'Health (9116|10000): 91%'. The grey segment is empty.

Your back hits the wall and you groan, but there's no time to shake off the blow - Yang Long is already near, vaulting with his arm wound back.

[This is a succesful check...](#)

[May 20, 2024](#)

[POV vote](#)

[May 21, 2024](#)

Whose POVs to include in the next update? (2 will be chosen)

Mo Long (Pan Bo)

Tang Yuze

Tigress

Random passerby (a guard, a maid, some disciple etc.)

Xiwen

Hao Fan

71 votes total

Gao Bu is a muscular man, with a shaved head and a thin chin curtain of dark brown. He has bronze skin, wears a white silk robe that does little to hide his bulk and a bunch of ornaments: earrings in each of his ears, a bracelet and a necklace in the form of a golden spider. Scars cover him. On his face, on his neck, on his hands are cuts, healed and scabbed, but still very apparent. He's holding two makeshift daggers: fangs attached to wooden handles, with a green slimy coating dripping from the blades.

When he sees you, Gao Bu sneers.

"The snake has slithered in." — he says, stretching his arms and neck — "I've been waiting for this fight. Any day when I can beat the shit out of a bitch that sold himself to those bastards is a great fucking day."

[3rd OC](#) 🙏

[May 22, 2024](#)

You turn, push down his arm and knee him in the head. He jumps back and regards you carefully.

"You're quick. I'll give you that." — Gao Bu says — "But what good is speed, if you can't move?"

He attacks again, with the same slash, only now web shoots out from his other hand, gluing your legs together.

- ☒ Rip it apart.
- ☐ Strengthen your legs (2 qi).
- ☐ Burn it (2 qi).
- ☐ Try to block.



[May 23, 2024](#)

His necklace erupts with an enormous amount of golden light. When the fluorescence subsides, the necklace is gone. Replaced by a giant spider towering [REDACTED], eight human-lengthed legs supporting a horse-sized body.

Eight eyes, black and hostile, stare at you. The spider hisses loudly, trembles and its hairs, each the size of a kitchen knife, stand erect.

And then, they shoot at you, a hundred blades soaring with only a singular target in mind.

[turns out spider man is not exactly spider man...](#)

[May 26, 2024](#)

[Mo Long or Random Passerby POV?](#)

[May 30, 2024](#)

Combining boosty+patreon, these two options have identical vote count...

Let's find out who you guys want more ;)

Mo Long (Pan Bo)

Random Passerby

34 votes total

Unable to help it, you grit your teeth. Whatever. At least you get to watch an entertaining show without having to bankrupt yourself: in the arena, it would take you thirty points at least to obtain the seats to a fight between two Peak-Houtians.

And for Martial Artists of this level, with an addition of Tang Ruo? You're afraid the price would make you vomit blood if you were to ever see it. There's also Wu Shen involved, that one noble heir you've heard had a perfect purity, but you don't expect much from him. Even the future Celestial Emperor can at most fight in the Late-stage for now, how could a whoring drunkard's son be any better?

[Random passerby wins the vote ;\)](#)

[May 31, 2024](#)

You sneer. What an idiot. Who's Wu Shen showing off to? He must've gotten jealous of the attention Long Chen receives and is now trying to prove that he deserves the same. Well, coming from the clan that he does, you guess it's understandable. When everyone mutters 'trash' as you pass by, any Martial Artist worth their while would burn with a need to make those whispers obsolete.

[Last sneak peak before the update. Any guesses as to when this happens? 😊](#)

[Jun 1, 2024](#)

[Update 5th May 2024](#)

[Jun 5, 2024](#)

Size: 496k -> 520k

New:

- four new arena fights (after expo)

- two Tigress POVs (during her arena moment and after special training)

one random POV (during expo fight)

- added a new Perk system (gameplay/mechanics). Available post expo in meditation.

- Regeneration/Talismans/Items have been moved to the STAT PAGE (which means they are accessible at any point of the fight). I tested it, and it worked fine, but just in case I've yet to remove the old way to use them (do try it out though)

- Bleeding have been buffed and added to where I could remember to add it (before - increased damage you take in that instance by 10%. Now - deals 1/25 of your total health pool each time you suffer damage). Yes, that includes Yutai fight.
- Tigress 'husband' has been changed to 'lover'.
- Added temporary 'activities' to get money (for now - just a clicker). There are three of them and they, alongside suggestions (fuck, I will get to them someday) will be the focus of the next update
- Changed infusion. It can now reach critical checks.

password: oc_fighters

new POV password: <https://www.patreon.com/posts/103860135>

Two groups of disciples, visibly inebriated, argue with each other. Twelve people, five in one group, seven in the second, yell at each other. They stand so close to each other, you wonder how a fight has yet to break out: a single push, when alcohol and hot heads are involved, always escalates into an all-out brawl.

Before you can decide how to handle this disturbance, a mention of your name stops you. This conflict, you realize, is about *you*.

"I'm tel-" — the leader, you judge by his position and subtle deference the others give him, of the first bunch hiccups — "Telling you, all of you are blind fools! Tang Ruo this, Tang Ruo that, what good is he? Just a silver, no..."

The man sways, brows furrowing as he searches for a fitting word.

"A diamond fucking spoon! He's nothing special! Give me the pills he gets, and I'll be just as strong."

"And that Wu Shen you can't shut up about is any better?" — someone from the other party snorts — "He's not only a silk pants, he's also fucking useless."

[Sneak peaks already?! 🤔](#)

[Jun 7, 2024](#)

[Q/A questions](#)

[Jun 10, 2024](#)

Same rules as always:

- 1 question per tier (1 for Houtian, 2 for Xiantian, 3 for Shangtian)
- You can ask any **named** and **living** character that you've **met**. Exceptions: Yang Chen (Omniscient Sage).
- You can ask anything, but keep in mind that characters may lie or may just ignore you. So be careful whom and what you ask.

Leave your questions in the comments to this post =)

ALSO: will be largely afk for the next week-two (some IRL stuff that I need to take care of), so not sure on sneak peaks. I do promise to do a q/a and release a side story (maybe two) in this timeframe though

"Yes, yes, of course. Senior Brother, I've had the blessed opportunity to watch you unleash your strength. Ever since I saw you use that move against Long Chen, I've had no doubts that you will become an unparalleled existence in the future. However..."

He dramatically sighs.

"Some of the people I amassed to show our support towards you are not as convinced. They do not show it, of course, but I can feel their doubt. Would it be possible for you to hold a demonstration, so that their minds would be free of concern and full of devotion?"

/

[Jun 11, 2024](#)

"I knew, from the moment I first saw you, that your destiny was vast, but I could never have imagined..." — starts Lai Zemin — "I could never have imagined that the plans the Heavens have for you are so grand!"

Lai Zemin appears just as devout as the rest, absorbed in the revelation of your divine purpose.

"Senior Brother, is there anything you want us to do?" — he asks — "From this moment on, we will be your most loyal followers!"

☒ "I want you to spread the word of my greatness and beat up everyone who disagrees."

☐ "I want you to gather money for me. The bigger the amount, the better. Greatness is expensive, after all."

☐ "I want you to train and become as strong as you possible can. Turbulent times are ahead of us and you must be prepared."

☐ "Don't do anything. Just continue to support me."

Next

[one last sneak peak for this even](#)

[Jun 14, 2024](#)

It's three days later and just as Ai has asked, you're knocking on her door. She opens it before your knuckles can even make contact for the second time.

[It's happening!](#)

[Jun 15, 2024](#)

"Look, I understand. Your entire worldview must fell apart when you found out. You had these traditions you believed were meaningful, a certain understanding of the world you thought was right, and this revelation destroyed it all." — she smiles and strokes your cheek — "But it's not like that for me. The only custom my family had, was to eat less during winter in order not to starve. To me, there's no difference between a Shangtian and a God: both are existences far beyond my understanding. Both can kill me with a thought, so why would I worry more now that I'm aware of what lies beyond? If anything, I'm relieved."

"Relieved?"

"Yes. It means that I don't have to be afraid of the people here. In the grand scheme of things, aren't they just as insignificant and small like me?" Aren't they just some peasants too?"

[some talks with Ai =\).](#)

[Jun 16, 2024](#)

[Whose side-story is next?](#)

[Jun 18, 2024](#)

Tigress

43%

Mo Long (Pan Bo)

38%

Xiwen

19%

Poll ended Jun 23, 2024 · 42 votes total

When you wake up, you're covered in cold sweat and blood so fresh, you can still taste it in your mouth. You look down and notice that you're covered in bite marks. Attempting to stand, you stumble and fall. And then, for a decent amount of time, you can't lift yourself up.

why are you so weak? What the fuck is happening?!

Strength -500.

Agility -500.

Constitution -500.

Vitality -500.

[oh-oh...](#)

[Jun 21, 2024](#)

"That was before I knew."

"Before you knew what?"

"That you're a peasant fucker." — Mei replies, her vicious grin growing wider — "What a surprise that was for me, when I heard the disciples all around in the sect discussing your new title."

- ☒ "Hah. News sure spread fast."
- ☐ "Ahh, don't tell me you wanted me all to yourself?"
- ☐ "So what?"
- ☐ "That wasn't me."

Next

[probs 2-3 more sneak peaks before the update](#)

[Jun 21, 2024](#)

Fed up, you throw her across the yard. Her body hits the ground hard and *bounces*, mouth spurting blood.

"You really..." — she says, trying to get up by leaning on one arm — "Really should not have done that."

Finally back on her feet, Mei stares you down, no fear in her eyes as she takes out a talisman and tears it apart. Not even two second later, a suffocating presence erupts from above you. You look up and see an older man, short-haired and with a mustache sporting hints of silver, standing in the sky. You recognize him: He Xiaojian, one of the most senior Enforcers of the Disciplinary Hall and the most likely candidate to become next Sect Elder. Hands behind his back, posture straight as an arrow, he takes a quick glance at Mei - who, just in time, makes the most pitiable of expressions - and rage flashes through his expression. He snorts and *moves*.

[probs an OC fight sneak peak after this one and then update](#)

[Jun 22, 2024](#)

As He Xiaojian descends into thought, silence dawns upon the room. You glance at Mei and she gives you a wink, with one of those barely noticeable smirks she lets loose whenever something goes according to her plan.

"What do you want?" — He Xiaojian eventually speaks up.

Mei grins and gestures to you.

"Brother Shen, what do you need to win the tourney?"

You can pick two benefits.

- ☒ "I need some disciples to... sacrifice their lives for my technique."
- ☐ "I need money."
- ☐ "I need pills and elixirs."
- ☐ "I need access to the secret Training Zones."
- ☐ "I will need my opponents to be, let's say, not at their full strength."
- ☐ "Need? I don't *need* anything. For me, Wu Shen, this tourney will be a breezy exercise."

Next

[queen is doing queen shit 🙏](#)

[Jun 23, 2024](#)

[oops](#)

[Jun 24, 2024](#)

Someone just pointed out to me that I forgot to update the premium demo password in the pinned post. Fixed now. (Just in case, the premium password is oc_fighters). If something like this happens again, don't hesitate to comment/pm me!

"Does it matter? They won't delay it because I don't feel up to the task."

Mei's mouth makes an ugly twist, her nose wrinkles with disdain.

"You're right. The world doesn't care about how you *feel*, Shen. And you shouldn't either. Emotions are a restriction. A scheme of the Heavens to keep us fighting among ourselves. They've made us scared, they've made us prideful and they've made us angry." — she sneers, stretching her neck — "You can't conquer the world if you're too busy crying, too arrogant to ask for help and too blinded by rage to forgive an enemy that could be an ally."

- ☒ "Emotions are what make us human, Mei."
- ☐ "Emotions are what we live for. We yearn for happiness, joy and satisfaction."
- ☐ "And what about you? Are you an emotionless husk, like you often pretend to be?"
- ☐ "I understand. I'll do my best."

Next

[mei /:](#)

[Jun 24, 2024](#)

A young man, short and scrawny, sits at the entrance to the Arena. His hair is an unkempt, spiking black mass and he's dressed in rags, wearing a bandage that covers his eyes. But his apparent blindness doesn't stop him from tugging on the sleeve of each passerby, asking them to spare him a few Sect Points.

He does the same to you, grabbing onto your robe once you walk past him and refusing to let go.

"Friend, how about giving this Brother a little money?" — the man sighs — "This Brother is blind, but has four kids to feed. Times are tough, if this Brother doesn't come back with a respectable sum, his wife will cook soup out of his bones..."

[Last sneak peak before the update \(unless I decide to post some POVs too\)](#)

[Jun 25, 2024](#)

You teleport behind him, causing him to miss. Instantly realizing what is it you're doing, he takes a step, disappears and comes out a long distance away from you.

"Come on." — he says — "Do you really think you understand the Void better than I do? Hah!"

☐ "Understand the void? No, I *command* it." (10 qi)

☒ Engage in a teleporting battle with him (5 qi).

☐ Abandon the idea.

Next

[teleporting homeless man for the win 🙏](#)

[Jun 26, 2024](#)

[Update 1 of July 2024](#)

[Jul 1, 2024](#)

- **520k -> 553k (10k povs)**
- new possible simp club event (or something else...)
- continuation of Ai's 'three days later' event
- new Mei event
- new OC fight in the arena
- Caihong POV during her first meeting

new password: dont_cheat_on_mei

[POVs](#)

[Jul 1, 2024](#)

<https://nickydicky.itch.io/poma-premium-povs>

Password: bananas

[regarding triggering new events](#)

[Jul 1, 2024](#)

I've changed how I'm tracking romances (so that you could try and romance multiple people at once), so if you're using an older save, the 'romance' won't trigger.

To fix that, either use a new save or change 'ai_romance' and 'mei_romance' variables (depending on whose path you are, or both) to true

[new Tigress side story out](#)

[Jul 8, 2024](#)

new Tigress side story out (game -> side stories -> Tigress -> Story #3)

[q/a is out](#)

[Jul 9, 2024](#)

you can check it out in the game -> q/a sessions

"I hope that you two will continue being friends. You are fellow disciples, trained under the same master. Family aside, there are few other bonds as close as yours. I'm relieved to know that when I'm gone, you will be able to rely on each other."

"Gone? What do you mean?"

Chu Aiguo doesn't answer you. Instead, he turns around, sighs and silently stares at the surroundings that pass you by.

[Next update will feature new master events =>](#)

[Jul 11, 2024](#)

It's the smell that wakes you up this morning. Instead of the stuffy air of your room, your nostrils take in the fresh scent of nature. Confused, you open your eyes and find yourself definitely outside of the confines of your home. You're outside, in some kind of a meadow, lying on the dirty ground.

And that's only the third weirdest thing about this entire situation. The second is your Master, Monkey God, sprawled half-naked in the shadow of a tree - with a missing arm and both of his eyes plucked out.

The first, is a gigantic pile of women's underwear right in front of you.

[Monkey God is monkey_goding](#)

[Jul 14, 2024](#)

When you step closer, Monkey God moves. He hurls himself backwards, raising his remaining arm and nervously shouting.

"Stay back, stay back! We had a deal, stay back!"

You almost can't believe it, but he sounds *scared*.

After a second, however, Monkey God seems to realize who it is that stands in front of him.

"Ah, it's just you." — he says, exhaling in relief and slumping back to the ground — "Stupid brat, I almost pissed myself thinking *she* came back."

[MG #2](#)

[Jul 16, 2024](#)

"What are you doing this for?" — your Master asks, standing in front of Tigress. He domineeringly observes her, piercing through whatever secrets her body holds — "Your foundation is unstable. Your flesh is not as refined as it can be, pathways of Inner Energy tangled and ineffectively formed. What are you rushing for, girl?"

Tigress, impassive as she stares down Yang Bohai, takes a step back.

"Apologies, but it's none of your business."

Yang Bohai's eyes narrow at her audacity and nostrils flare.

"None of my business? Do you even take me as your Master?"

[YB #1](#)

[Jul 18, 2024](#)

Yang Bohai flies you out of the sect, traveling for hours silently until you reach you've a city never visited before. A city you don't even know the name of, not that you should - there are thousand of towns just like this all over the empire, ant nests filled with people.

"How much do you know about Heavenly Asura Transformation?" — your Master suddenly asks you.

[YB #2](#)

[Jul 19, 2024](#)

Surprisingly, there are no longer disciples guarding her quarters. Unlike before, there's no one to stop you from simply going up the stairs and entering the Elder's rooms.

You become even more confused when the previously lavish interior is now utterly devoid of things. Empty walls greet you, lacking the paintings they hosted before, and the already spacious hallways now appear endless.

When you finally find your Master, she's in her bedroom, standing before an open closet. One by one, in quite a bit of hurry, Ma Rin takes out dresses and throws them to three servants behind her. The servants then pack the clothes into bags, of which there are already dozens on the floor.

[Ma Rin #1](#)

[Jul 21, 2024](#)

"Before you go, Brother Shen," — Hao Fan stops you — "I wonder whether or not you'll be up to attending a tea party?"

"Indeed." — he nods — "Me and some friends convene every few weeks, enjoying good tea and making small small talk."

- ☒ "Who will be attending?"
- ☐ "What's the point of these gatherings?"
- ☐ "Alright, I'll be there."
- ☐ "Apologies, but that doesn't sound like something I'd enjoy."
- ☐ "Not interested."
- ☐ "Don't waste my time with nonsense like this again."

Next

[Hao Fan Tea Parties?](#)

[Jul 23, 2024](#)

"Wu Shen, and these are my friends. Tan Xiaohui, the second in charge of the Alchemy Pavilion. He Xiabo, the person responsible for setting up Arena Fights. Kong Jiayi, the one responsible for missions given to Outer Disciples. Su Yang, the head healer amidst Houtians. Peng Shihong, a master of arrays. And the most fierce fighter among us, Chu Muchen."

You may not recognize the others, but you surely known of the last man - rated fifth in the arena, one of two in the rankings who doesn't come from one of the Great Clans. His build is wiry and athletic, his hair crystal blue, almost white and spiked. He stares at you, corner of his mouth tugged and his arms disrespectfully crossed.

- ☒ "Greetings, everyone. It's a pleasure to meet you all."
- ☐ Nod.
- ☐ "Fellow with the ugly hair, do you have a problem with me?"

Next

[Tea Party Members!](#)

[Jul 24, 2024](#)

"Yes. It's been difficult for her to acquire good missions. You know how fierce the competition for them is. A..." — Kong Jiayi pauses, searching for the least offensive words — "...soft girl like her can only either risk her life doing tasks nobody dared to take or waste her time on scraps that nobody wanted. If this continues, I'm afraid she may get into debt, her martial journey may halt and she herself may face expulsion."

"Are you going somewhere with this, Sister Jiayi?"

Kong Jiayi smiles brightly.

"How about I help you out, Brother Shen? I have a group of friends who are looking for another person to do missions with. They are the trustworthy sort and will take good care of your cousin until she's able to stand on her own two feet."

[Tea Party #2](#)

[Jul 25, 2024](#)

Your opponent today is a man named Longwei, a commoner without a surname. He's of impressive height and with lean muscles bulging underneath his sleeveless robe. A streak of blue runs through his shoulder-length free-flowing hair, obscured by an otherwise black mass of strands. His expression is neither hot nor cold: it's impassive, the look in his eyes completely dead and apathetic. Without even a flicker of human emotion in him, the man gestures to the ground with his guandao in an indication of his readiness to start the fight.

[New OC](#)

[Jul 26, 2024](#)

Before his blade reaches, you lift your hand and blast him with a heavy water stream. The stream hit him in the chest and sends him flying back.

Once he lands on the ground, however, Longwei doesn't get up. Instead, the weird guy starts *chanting*.

"Caught Off-Guard, Emotions Stirred. Those Who Shock Others, Themselves Should Prepare For A Fright - Fourth Mortality!"

He raises his head, letting you see his distorted, wide-eyed expression of surprise: but when you blink and he's somehow before you, slamming a fist into your face and knocking you down with the same indifferent look.

[Longwei](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

His face morphs, contorting into an ugly, demonic expression that scowls with envy. The color in his eyes disappears, replaced by a series of flashing images - of a small child begging on the streets for food, of a teen begging like a dog for a simple martial technique.

"Born In Privilege, Stealing Fortune Of Another. Strength Unearned, Heavens Take Away What Is Undeserved - Sixth Mortality!"

Even in mid-air, you feel yourself slow down. Feel chains appear inside you, sealing your strength and preventing it from being used.

[Last Longwei sp](#)

[Jul 30, 2024](#)

[0.21 update](#)

[Aug 6, 2024](#)

Size: 553k -> 576k (23k words, overall update on the smaller side)

new master events (for everyone)

Hao Fan tea parties (agree to them when waking up from expo - if your save is after expo, change haofan_party to "attending")

new fight

Xiwen POV during expo start

new gossip

regen cost reduced to 1qi

new password for non-POVS: tea_parties

Gong Xiaohui - that's the name of the disciples blackmailing Mei. You've asked around and she's nothing much, a woman from a mediocre clan with a mediocre talent. Her job in the Disciplinary Hall serves as her only backing, ensuring that ordinary people can't touch her without suffering the repercussions.

- ☐ Ask Yang Bohai for permission to deal with Gong Xiaohui violently.
- ☐ Ask Hao Fan whether he knows somebody in the Disciplinary Hall.
- ☒ Repercussions? You don't give a fuck. She dared to blackmail Mei, and now she will pay no matter what it costs you.
- ☐ Approach the problem from another angle: record her shady dealings with Mei and counter her blackmail with blackmail of your own.

Next

[Current plan for next update](#)

[Aug 12, 2024](#)

1. continuation of Mei's bath deal
2. Ai event
3. Xiwen event
4. New tea party
5. Ruo event (maybe)
6. new OC fight

Looking up, you see it. A beast that has appeared on the horizon, running across the sky as if it was ground. It's a small dot at first, but with each second that it traverses the air, it becomes bigger. Bigger and bigger, until the disciples around you start to gulp in instinctual anxiousness.

The beast is bigger than your house, be it length or height. It's shaped like a horse, with four hoofed legs and a tail. But with that, the similarities with the ordinary animal end: two deer-like antlers protrude from its lion-resembling head, green reptilian scales cover its body and flaming orange fur grows around its extremities and face.

There's no other creature like this in the world - qilins do not reproduce. One only appears when an unprecedented sage is born, one possessing wisdom and insight unmatched by any human in existence.

The Heavenly Judgement Sect has arrived.

[Timeline is moving!](#)

[Aug 15, 2024](#)

Afterwards, an old man, well-known to all from the countless portraits spread throughout the Empire, comes down from the beast. His skin is sagged and wrinkled, but his hair, despite being silver-gray, is long and thick. His beard is even more impressive, almost reaching down to the floor.

But when you look at his face, stare into his unfathomable deep eyes, the illustriousness of his facial hair stops to be important. Despite never meeting him before, the Omniscient Sage feels *familiar* to you. You feel warm and safe, as if it wasn't a stranger you were seeing - but a respected elder who stood by your side your entire life and guided you with his perfected through the centuries acumen.

You try to shake off the sensation, but you can't. Even when you shudder at the realization of how terrifying whatever Art he's using is, you still fail to escape the effects of his spell.

He doesn't pay you any attention, besides a glance. And yet, this single glance stirs your heart. You want to run to him, to embrace him tightly and thanks him as he was the one who raised you.

When the weird emotion passes, the last two figures have already gotten off the qilin's back. You can't tell much about them since they are wearing cloaks and masks, except that one is shorter and thinner than the other.

[Omniscient Sage makes an appearance!](#)

[Aug 16, 2024](#)

When you walk out of your house next day, an unexpected guest is there, waiting for you. He's leaning on the wall, eyes closed and head raised as he basks in the sunlight that falls upon his flawless skin.

"Good morning." — Xiwen says, as he uncrosses his arms and gives you a wave — "The weather today is pretty great, don't you think so?"

- ☒ "Good morning. It is."
- ☐ "What, missed me so much you couldn't even go a day without coming by to see me?"
- ☐ "I much more prefer the rain."
- ☐ "Won't your little wife mind that you're at another woman's house so early in the morning?"
- ☐ Ignore him.

Next

[Xiwen is here](#)

[Aug 18, 2024](#)

The spot she's picked is on a river shore, a grass-covered bank with no one around. Only the sounds of nature, the running water and chirping of the birds, accompany you two.

Ai opens her basket, setting down a cloth for your clothes not to get dirty, and takes out two dishes: a plate of dumplings and a salad. She also retrieves two pairs of chopsticks, handing one of them to you.

"Looks good, doesn't it? Come on, have a taste."

☒ "Only if you feed me."

☐ Try a dumpling.

Next

[Ai Picnic!](#)

[Aug 20, 2024](#)

Ai and Liu Wencheng stare each other down, their face off observed by thousands of eyes. The stands are almost full: matches to the death are always entertaining, not to mention when one of the participants is a Great Clan heir, and the other a disciple of a recently dishonored Master.

Wencheng is grinning, his attitude easy-going and relaxed. You can tell why: Ai's restraining herself, doing her best to prevent her Inner Energy from leaking. The deceit will be discovered as soon as she moves, but, for now, it's good enough.

"You actually showed up." — Wencheng taunts, his gaze one of undisguised mocking —
"Count me surprised. But I hope you've said your goodbyes, because you're not leaving here alive."

[its happening](#)

[Aug 23, 2024](#)

Taking a deep breath, Lin Lin forces a grin and jumps up, stretching her neck and shoulders.

"That's all I know. Now, excuse me. I have important business to attend to." — she says, pointing at Jing Guo with her finger — "GET UP, FATTY! IT'S TIME TO RUN!"

"Noooooooo....." — Jing Guo begs, not even noticing your presence.

But Lin Lin doesn't listen to his pleas.

"Do I have to kick you, huh? You don't think I will?"

"No, I know that you will..."

"Then start running!"

Left without a choice, Jing Guo gets up with an obvious anguish and starts to run.

"Too slow!"

You leave the two of them alone. *Long Chen, huh?*

[what's going on here?](#) 🙄

[Aug 25, 2024](#)

Jet black hair, dull red eyes and a bored, impassive gaze. Yu Yeong, a woman of tall, athletic yet slim stature, doesn't greet you when you both enter the Arena. She doesn't introduce herself, doesn't wish you both to have a good fight but neither does she try to antagonize you. She just stands there, fluttering her long lashes, waiting for the fight to start.

☒ "Greetings. I'm Wu Shen. Let's have a good fight."

☐ "You dare not greet me? Arrogant brat!"

☐ Also wait.

Next

[new oc](#)

[Aug 29, 2024](#)

Yu Yeong moves a bit away, hopping at her feet with her hands hanging at her sides.

"You think that'll work? He's kinda quick." — she asks, before her expression changes and she rolls her eyes — "I told you, I'm not doing that. I'm already fast enough."

"What do you mean, I'm lazy? When was the last time you've ever done anything but yell at me, you stupid geezer?"

"Yeah, yeah. Believe me, it wasn't my choice. Hah, what, I hurt your pride? Not my fault you're useless."

☒ "Who... who are you talking to?"

☐ "Shut up!"

Next

[new oc#2](#)

[Aug 30, 2024](#)

"Wu Shen." — calls out to you He Xiabo — "I've heard a rumor about you, one that I'm not sure I should voice. For it is a... *vile accusation*."

"What is it?" — you question. All the people present focus on He Xiabo, waiting for him to continue.

He doesn't. Instead, he plays for time, reveling in the attention. He takes his cup, takes a long sip, swirls it in his mouth and exhales in pleasure.

"Good tea." — he says. Only then, when he meets the impatient glares, does he chuckle, wipes his mouth with a napkin and continues — "Well, it is said that you're romantically involved with the peasant slut. What's her name? Oi? Ei? Ai? Something like that."

"I heard those rumors too!" — Kong Jiayi exclaims — "Are they true, Brother Shen?"

[probably last sneak peak](#)

[Aug 31, 2024](#)

[0.22 update](#)

[Sep 2, 2024](#)

update is out! We're finally at 600k words 🥳

~25k words update

1. new tea party
2. ai event
3. mei continuation (small)
4. xiwen + OS event
5. caihong event (small)
6. new OC fight

no povs password: where_is_caihong

[PoVs password](#)

[Plan for the next update \(hopefully the pre-tourney one\).](#)

[Sep 4, 2024](#)

1. Wu Chao event (yes)
2. Possible Ruo event
3. Cousins event
4. Simp Club / Haunting story line continuation
5. Implementation of various suggestions
6. Some mechanics changes (regarding qi and other stuff)
7. Some Tigress stuff
8. Some explaining of the MC power level / advancement /progress after the expo

You're in your bed, about to fall into slumber. But your sleep is shattered when, from above, comes a fishing hook - and, unable to withstand its allure, you bite on.

You're whisked away. You're going up. And up, and up, and up. You breach into the cosmos, enter the void and *soar*. You can't quantify your speed, because it's far, far beyond your understanding. At first, you can catch glimpses. Get brief looks at planets and at stars that you pass by. But soon, you accelerate and the world becomes a blur.

You don't know for how long you travel. Your sense of time quickly gets distorted, with seconds feeling like eternity and millennia occurring in a blink. You only get it somewhat back when you start to feel gazes upon yourself. When you *feel* others probing into you, only to be repelled by the same mysterious force that carries you forward.

Eventually, you find yourself in the water. The hook pulls you up and a second later, you find yourself on the grass ground, disoriented and gasping for breath.

"Please, accept my apologies for such a rude invitation. This XXXX XXXX is incapable and knows only of this way to meet you."

"This old man's is known as Dreamweaver, the Traveler of Dormant Minds and the Grandmaster of Divine Revelations." — he says, before he suddenly drops to his knees, pressing his head into the ground — "He must apologize. He begs forgiveness for the error that he made. Due to his incompetency, he was tricked and led you to your doom: he will punish himself by staring into the void, not daring to dream, for the next hundred thousand years."

Only after his declaration does he return to his feet, giving you a soft smile.

"What a wonder. A true copy, down to the last minuscule of the soul, and yet independent and without memories. Old friend, even when you die, you do so extraordinarily."

- ☒ "Enough with this bullshit. Where the fuck am I? What the fuck do you want?"
- ☐ "Your old friend? I've never seen you before."
- ☐ "Could you, maybe, please, explain what in all the hells is happening?"
- ☐ "Senior, I think you got me confused with a previous uhhh.... reincarnation."
- ☐ "Hah, you think I'll fall for such a stupid trick? Dispel your measly illusions, they don't work on me."
- ☐ Wake up.

Next

[Things are happening...](#)

[Sep 5, 2024](#)

"Tang Wei had many talents. Out of us all, he was the most versatile and well-rounded. But, a wide path means a longer road. When he just began, Tang Wei spread himself too thin, focused on too many things and almost failed. His indomitable will was the only reason he succeeded in the end and you, little one, lack the same drive. So, this old man will help you uncover a little of his memories."

Dreamweaver sighs as he waves his hand, causing all the mirrors to shatter. The glass fragments rise and fly into you, disappearing into your flesh without drawing blood.

"Perhaps, the experience of a life already lived may help you survive the incoming doom. Perhaps, it'd be enough for you to somehow escape the wrath of *Shen Long Mu*."

[Oh-oh](#)

[Sep 7, 2024](#)

"When I was crowned as the Emperor and given the Ancestral Droplet, I had a vision." — he explains, looking through the window outside — "A vision of our world destroyed. Land was broken, sky was shattered, mountains had collapsed and oceans had dried. No being was left alive: no human, no beast, not even a single bug or ant."

"Our world had died, became a wasteland, and, in the end, it exploded into pieces. Six thousand years of history, and everything that came before, simply disappeared. Our traditions and our culture vanished. The lives we lived, the lives of our ancestors and the lives of their predecessors became meaningless trash. The void consumed it all and left no trace, not a single remainder of their existence."

His gaze grows firmer and posture straightens. His body looks like it has welcomed death, yet his spirit refuses to waver.

"I've spent my entire life looking for salvation. I've tried to figure out the cause of our destruction and I've tried to find the solution. In the end, I've become aware of things that I wished I never knew."

"I've met Tang Wei once."

[will start gathering questions for q/a tomorrow](#)

[Sep 8, 2024](#)

[Gathering questions for the q/a](#)

[Sep 9, 2024](#)

Same rules as always:

- 1 question per tier (1 for Houtian, 2 for Xiantian, 3 for Shangtian)
- You can ask any **named** and **living** character that you've **met**.
- You can ask anything, but keep in mind that characters may lie or may just ignore you. So be careful whom and what you ask.

Leave your questions in the comments to this post =)

As you descend, you notice the symbols written on the walls. Symbols that you don't recognize, except for very clear drawings of a butterfly.

"Excuse me for it being a little shabby." — your companion says — "It was constructed in a hurry."

"What is this place?"

Xiwen smiles.

"It's a temple, of sorts."

"Temple? Temple for whom?"

"For her *Ladyship*."

[/](#)

[Sep 11, 2024](#)

She's pale and unhealthy skinny. Her skin is fiddled with cracks, her flash a marble damaged by the hammer of time. Her expression is frozen, her body stiff and rigid. Only her eyes of almost transparent blue are vibrant and alive. Her pupils are butterflies that dance and fly, their wings fluttering and flapping.

Despite her current state, you don't see a broken girl. You don't see a feeble, half-dead human. Because she isn't. She is...

Noble.

Dignified, perfect and superior.

You're startled, because those thoughts were not your own. They just appeared, instincts you could not defy. It's as if the world itself told you the words, for nothing else could adequately describe her.

[oh-oh](#)

[Sep 12, 2024](#)

"This girl that you possess... is she alive?"

"Depends on your definition of alive."

"There's more than one?"

"Of course. Technically, yes. Her body breathes and needs food, but there's nothing inside. Her soul has been purged completely."

☒ "This... this is disgusting! You're a monster!"

☐ "That is... unsettling."

☐ "I see."

☐ "That's a neat trick. Will you teach me?"

Next

[best no massive spoilers SP I could do lol](#)

[Sep 14, 2024](#)

One week before the tournament, the Elders make an announcement that shocks the entire sect: the Prime Disciple Tournament is cancelled.

But *a* tournament will still happen. Only instead of it being an event consisting only of the Heavenly Ascension's Disciples, Houtians of all backgrounds will be eligible to participate.

The Elders do not explain their decision, but it was obviously not done in haste: both the Omniscient Sage and the Demon Queen has already confirmed the participation of their sects. Judgement Sect's top disciples are even already here.

Alongside the announcement, the Elders also release the itinerary of the tourney and its general rules.

The contest, now called New Celestial Tournament, will be held in stages. The first, Showcase Stage, will feature only Martial Artists below Peak-Houtian. The showcase will have three categories: Early, Middle and Late Houtians. These disciples will fight purely for a monetary prize and recognition.

Two weeks later, after the Showcase ends and three winners are determined, the Preliminary Stage of the tourney will begin. All participating Martial Artists will be divided into groups of thirty. They will engage into a free-for-all battle, until only one remains.

Next, comes the Group Stage. Three versus three battles, with only one group proceeding forward. And only when thirty-three disciples are left, will individual battles begin.

All Houtian-grade artifacts are permitted. Talismans and alchemy pills are permitted. All participants will be given token that, when destroyed, teleports them out of the tourney and into safety. However, although advised against, killing is not forbidden. No Elders or Xiantians will be monitoring the fights: if someone dies, its their own fault for unable to keep themselves safe.

[tourney rules](#)

[Sep 15, 2024](#)

"I'm sorry."

Your apology startles him. And it concerns him.

"What for?" — he asks, tilting his head.

"I must confess something, da-" — you falter, swallowing as your voice threatens to crumble — "I must confess something, Senior Chao. I'm not your son."

At this, Wu Chao's no longer confused. He's furious.

"What nonsense are you spewing? Not my son? Then, who are you?"

"I'm Tang Wei. Or not. I'm not sure who, or what, I am. But I know that I'm your child - I..." — you gulp, the words causing your heart to ache — "I killed him before he was born. His soul was destroyed and replaced with mine."

[Wu Chao](#)

[Sep 17, 2024](#)

"So... I have a girl I like."

"Eh? You girl you like?" — Wu Chao brightens, the handsomeness returning to his face as he broadly grins — "Who? Is she pretty? Wait, what am I asking. Of course, she's pretty. My boy would only settle for a real jade beauty. What's her name? What clan is she from?"

"Well," — you hesitate, unsure of how he's going to react — "Her name's Ai. And yes, she's pretty. But the matter of her clan is a little complicated."

Your father furrows his brows.

"What do you mean?"

"She's a common-born."

"How common-born? With a minor clan surname or without one at all?"

"The latter."

"I see." — he says, his excitement dying down as he grows quiet.

[Wu Chao #2](#)

[Sep 18, 2024](#)

His skin is flushed. Neck corded. Breathing, from second to second, becomes more intense. The hands around your neck start to squeeze. The air in your lungs quickly ceases its supply and you choke. You strike at his wrists, try to wrestle out of his grip - it's hopeless. Wu Chao's far, far too strong.

For a second, the thought even appears in your mind: what if he actually decides to kill you? Who, or what, is there to stop him?

But he doesn't end your life. He steps back, shaking his head.

"You're an abomination. A mistake that should've been killed off long before your birth. It is my deepest regret that I failed to convince your mother to do so."

- ☒ "Then do it now, you piece of shit."
- ☐ "You're pathetic." — you laugh at him.
- ☐ "Love you too, pops."

Next

[Wu Chao #3](#)

[Sep 20, 2024](#)

You're in a secluded room, training. Submerged in the state of semi-meditation, you're comprehending the concepts of Dao as you move your body... when the door unexpectedly flies open.

You turn your head, wondering what could be so urgent for the staff to not even bother knocking, but you don't see a clerk. No, instead purple eyes and blue hair come into view. Tang Ruo moves quick and, before you can even realize what's going on, his sword is out of its sheath and presses to your neck. Step after step, the prince pushes you back and only stops when your spine hits the wall.

He doesn't remove his blade, however. The edge remains dangerous against your skin, almost as sharp as the stare Ruo levels you with.

"Give me a reason not to slit your throat."

- ☒ "Remove your blade before I lose my patience."
- ☐ "What is this about?"
- ☐ "What is this, some sort of freaky foreplay? But hey, I'm into it."

Next

[Ruo Event](#)

[Sep 22, 2024](#)

"And here I thought that we were friends."

"Friends? Your ancestors betrayed their vows, thinking of nothing but their self-gain. You, yourself, is a liar with a myriad of secrets. An apple doesn't fall far from the tree: your heritage consists of sordid bastards and you are a person fundamentally incapable of possessing even a shred of integrity. I, Tang Ruo, will never be your friend."

Having said that, Tang Ruo walks away without bidding you goodbye. Simple exits through the door, leaving you alone to continue your training.

[Tang Ruo #2](#)

[Sep 23, 2024](#)

[Little break](#)

[Sep 27, 2024](#)

Got some health issues, so probs no sneak peaks for a week or so. Hopefully I'll be alive by then

You've noticed it before, but now you're sure: many disciples of the sect glare at you whenever you pass, their gazes indignant and hostile. Many of them sport bruises and limps, their curses and their whispers come from busted lips.

The same afternoon, you're visited by two students of the Disciplinary Hall.

"Brother Shen, this won't do." — one of them says, all three of you seated around a table in a secluded room — "You must reign them in."

"What are you talking about?"

"As if you don't know." — the other snorts — "Listen here. Stop causing trouble, or else."

[Fan Club #1](#)

[Sep 30, 2024](#)

You're in the sea, enjoying a swim. The weather is charming and the water is warm, with calm, light waves rocking you ever so slowly. You close your eyes, enjoying the serene atmosphere... when a sudden feeling of *wrongness* erupts within you.

The sky above you has turned red. The sea, previously at peace, grows rowdy. Waves slam into you, their impact no longer pleasant but dangerous instead.

You need to get out. Need to get on shore - but when you move to it, the land moves back. As if you're rowing backwards, instead of swimming forward.

You double your efforts, going faster and faster... until a wave, somehow coming from another direction, shoves you back right to where you have started.

/

[Oct 2, 2024](#)

Like now, for example, when a disciple of Heavenly Ascension Sect is thrown through a shop's window, landing right before your feet. Not even a second passes before another joins him, falling on top. And a moment later, it's time for the third.

The last one is familiar. It's Chu Muchen, a top-5 Arena Ranked disciple. Only now, he doesn't look so grand. He lies on his back, with a fist imprint *charred* into his chest. He's also the only one who's conscious: the other two are out cold. They are so still, you even doubt whether they still live.

Suddenly, Chu Muchen bursts out laughing. Helping himself with an arm, he gets back up and looks into the building he came flying from.

"Who are you, freak?" — he asks, pressing a hand into his wound. Blue light erupts and soon, the injury disappears — "State your name!"

No audible response follows his question. Instead, a man steps out through the shattered window, looking at him with an apathetic gaze. Lightning dances around him, streaks of electricity flickering around his frame. He's tall, broad-shouldered and *sick*: even his clothes can't hide his unnatural skinniness, sticking out bones and unhealthy pale skin. Red veins pulsate on his face, growing brighter with each beat of his heart. And his eyes lack both whites and pupils: they resemble seas of blood, two pools of nothing but pure crimson.

[second sneak peak for today, so that I can go afk for the next day or two](#)

[Oct 2, 2024](#)

"Why did you leave so abruptly last time?" — you say, sitting down near him.

"Isn't it obvious?" — Mo Long deadpans — "Because I do not want to talk to you."

"Why?"

At this, he hesitates. The red in his eyes swirls and, just a little, he lowers his head.

"I do not need a reason." — Mo Long eventually replies, his evasion beyond obvious — "Leave me alone."

"Can't." — you shrug and rub your stomach — "I'm hungry. How about we go for a meal?"

You catch another emotionless stare.

"The only meal I permit myself is the flesh of dead He Clan descendants."

☒ "You know, there is such a thing as trying too hard to be murderous and broody."

☐ "Ew. That is disgusting."

☐ "That explains why you're so skinny. Should I go kill some for you?"

☐ "Honestly, respectable."

Next

[Mo Long#2](#)

[Oct 3, 2024](#)

"Good. Then I will be brief." — he says, producing a weird-looking artifact. It's a vial, with a tube attached: a large needle sticks out from it, golden in color and immaculately sharp — "Remember when I told you there was a way for us to recover the second part of the Heavenly Asura Art? This is it."

You point at the strange tube.

"And how exactly is that thing going to help us?"

"This artifact is capable of extracting comprehended Arts from someone's mind. It can then be injected into another person, carrying over all of the insights."

- ☒ "What? That's impossible. There's no artifact capable of such a ridiculous feat!"
- ☐ "What will happen to Mo Long afterwards?"
- ☐ "Why me? Do it yourself."
- ☐ "I won't do it. I refuse to harm him."
- ☐ "What's in it for me?"
- ☐ "Alright. I agree."

Next

[last sneak peak for while. Maybe until the next update](#)

[Oct 4, 2024](#)

[update on monday/tuesday/wednesday at the latest. Had to move the the Pan/DQ variation of the Mo Long event to the next update though.](#)

[Oct 6, 2024](#)

[0.23](#)

[Oct 9, 2024](#)

size: 600k -> 641k

small Ruo event (3.7k)

small haunting/fan club event (2.5k)

chao events (10k)

Mo Long event (10k)

Dreamweaver event (14k)

One new POV (Ruo);

Kindle cameo (coming tomorrow).

Qi no longer's used for body refinining. Instead, every 5 qi gained, you get 1 'Refinement Point' (yes, I know, I have the greatest name sense) that can be used for the same purposes. While this doesn't address the problem of qi moves feeling not as 'impactful' (which I can't solve without doing a rewrite for now), you're no longer forced between choosing qi moves in fights / character progression.

Non-pov version password: lady_butterfly

[Q/A tomorrow](#)

[Oct 17, 2024](#)

Q/A tomorrow. Wanted to do it today, but the thingy where I did the site broke and I had to redo it the site from scratch...

[new q/a is out](#)

[Oct 17, 2024](#)

Su Bo isn't very tall. He is, however, bulky and dressed extravagantly. Instead of a robe, he wears armor: leather boots, a scale skirt, a cloak and a breastplate with an image of a lion dog's engraved on it. His brown hair is cut short and a guan, with two long pheasant feathers, decorate his head. He's holding a spear, pointing it at you slightly with a heroic, self-confident expression.

You, in return, give him a weird look. Martial Artists do not wear armor. Clunky pieces of metal are for mortals to use - unless that breastplate is a sacred artifact, it won't hold up against a single punch.

"Another naive junior." — Sun Bo lets out a dramatic sigh — "Listen, Xiao Shen, I understand you desire to challenge someone as great as me. But you need to consider your own capabilities before you set foot in the arena. As it stands, you have eyes, yet cannot see Mount Tai."

[New OC fight](#)

[Oct 19, 2024](#)

You didn't put much thought to it when you saw the name. After all, in the Heavenly Ascension alone there could be a dozen [REDACTED] - those not belonging to a Great Clan do not bear unique names. But when you see him now, there's no doubt in your mind: it is *him*, the same boy [REDACTED] [REDACTED] currently stands before you as a Peak-Houtian.

He's changed, of course. His face has lost its baby fat, his shoulders become wider, frame slimmer and hair cropped. A tattoo of a dice occupies an entire side of his neck, white with black dots on it. But his most notable change is in his eyes. Before, his gaze was naive and pure. Shining with the adolescent light distinctive to budding Martial Artists just entering the Jianghu. You remember it filled with righteousness and hope. Now, however, it has turned dull. Exchanged the excitement of youth for mature cynicism.

Looking him over, you can't understand. [REDACTED] [REDACTED] How has he managed to reach a stage sufficient enough to now be your challenge?

[Another arena fight.;](#)

[Oct 26, 2024](#)

"We meet again, Young Master Shen." — he says. Gone is the awkwardness and nerves that used to permeate his speech. Now, it's relaxed and nonchalant — "You must be surprised to see me."

"I am. I thought you [REDACTED]"

"Indeed. Back then, I was just another loser [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] chuckles — [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]"

"And how did that happen?"

"Curious, eh?" — he smiles, a deck of cards appearing in his hands — "How about this, Senior Brother Shen. Instead of fighting, let's play a game. If you win, I'll forfeit the match and tell you my secret. If you lose, you'll be the one to surrender. We can even put some gold on the line, provided you can put forth enough of a bet to pique my interest."

- ☒ "Alright. Let's play cards."
- ☐ "No. This is the arena - it's meant for fighting, not to play some stupid cards."
- ☐ "No. I want to beat you up."
- ☐ "Apologies, Brother [REDACTED] but I refuse. I do not like to rely on luck."

[new arena fighter #2](#)

[Oct 28, 2024](#)

He produces a deck of cards and shuffles it.

"The rules are simple." — he says, splitting the deck in two, bending the packets and releasing, mixing the two parts together — "Cards like this are worth eleven points."

He takes out a card with *Tang Yichen* drawn on it, dressed in an extravagant robe, staring straight with a piercing gaze. Then shows you another with the Demon Queen, and another with the Monkey God. The theme becomes apparent: *Shangtians*.

"This card, is worth ten."

He flips a card, revealing Ma Rin wearing a provocative dress with her bosom falling out of it. *Xiantians*.

"And these are worth their value."

shows you cards with numbers painted on them, from two to nine.

"I will give you cards until you tell me to stop, then do the same for myself. Then we'll see who's got more points. But if you go over *twenty-one*, you lose. The only exception is if you have two *Shangtians*, which means an automatic win. And if we draw," — grins — "Then the house, which is me, wins."

[New gambling mechanics coming up](#)

[Oct 31, 2024](#)

Your opponent today is different from the people you have fought so far. Ji Jinwen, a slim young woman, doesn't wear a martial robe. She doesn't wear armor either. Instead, she has opted out for a dress: a long, loose red hanfu adorned with intricate embroidery of golden color. But it's not a traditional hanfu either, lacking the big baggy sleeves and revealing her fair arms instead. In her hands, Ji Jinwen is holding ribbons. Long and heavy strips of cloth that lay on the ground, weaved like a pair of embracing snakes.

Besides your opponent, the atmosphere in the arena today also appears in strange. You don't hear the usual calls for violence and brutal endings, don't find the bloodthirst in the gazes of the disciples present. Instead, the crowd appears festive. Excited. As if the two of you are here to perform a show, rather than to battle.

☒ "Greetings. Let's have a good fight."

☐ "Nice dress."

☐ "Don't tell me you're planning to dance."

☐ "Great. Another freak. Where are all the normal people who fight with their fists instead of using nonsense?"

Next

[Make your own games with ChoiceScript](#)

[Last OC fight for this update](#)

[Nov 4, 2024](#)

[Update date](#)

[Nov 7, 2024](#)

Next update planned for Monday (11th).

Will feature 3 new OC fights, Demon Queen's child route of the YB asura event and a bunch of qol/flavor changes.

Size-wise a bit smaller than usual, ~20-23k.

[0.24 \(LAST UPDATE BEFORE TOURNEY\)](#)

[Nov 10, 2024](#)

password for non-pov: last_arc
641k -> 663k.

3 new OC fights

New DQ event if you killed Mo Long

changes:

1. Ai can now be romanced without having Aiguo as a Master.
2. Added 'Beauty Parlor' where Battle God Abusers can restore their physique/face.
3. Added a possibility of unlocking Alchemy Pavillion after having Mei lock it
4. Points/Gold merged together.
5. Mei becomes enemy if you throw out the bomb.
6. Added protected save in the middle of the expedition.
7. +exp in Ai deathmatch event
8. Added Dao Levels in stat page
9. Qi Artifacts are now not random. Instead each day. Cost is always 5k.
10. Opinion talents removed (except Bad Smeel ofc). Now 5k charisma grants +1, 10k +2.
11. You can now unlock Alchemy Pavilion if Mei is enemy, through Hao Fan
12. Paragon/Overlord nerfed to x1.5 EXP instead of x2. Reqs for alignment increased (>90, instead of >80)
13. Elemental Assistance doubled in cost
14. Crushing Strength buffed. By a lot (from -200 at max to -800)
15. new perk Overloaded Pathways
16. berserk buffed
17. overwhelming invigoration changed. Now triggers every stat check, but requires regen
18. new charisma perk "Cutie Pie"
19. new charisma perk "Like Me, Please"
20. new dao perk "Targeted Infusion"

A day before the tournament begins, you stumble upon Tigress leaving the sect. Or trying to, at least.

"We told you already," — one of them says, irritated — "Inner Disciples cannot leave without permission of an Elder or a specific purpose. If you're on a mission, then show us proof and we can let you pass."

Tigress caresses the hide of a flying beast she stands next to. Madness flickers across her face, the same primal look she had when the two of you first met, as she turns around. She faces the two disciples blocking her entry with an angry scowl - and yet, she is unable to hide the *excitement* in her gaze.

"Move." — she growls, voice low, threatening and feral.

[Pre-tourney shenanigans...](#)

[Nov 15, 2024](#)

You scan the boards, searching for yourself. It takes you a while, for there are just too many Martial Artists taking part, but, eventually, you do.

Most of your opponents are outsiders, coming from other sects or even loose practitioners without a sect at all. A few are your Martial Brothers and Sisters, whom you've seen before in the Arena Rankings. But one name stands out from the rest, grabbing your attention as soon as it comes into view.

Liu Mogui.

He is the Arena's #17, but that's not the only reason why you know him. He's the fighter whom others in the sect avoid the most: he's almost never challenged and when he issues a challenge of his own, most prefer a forfeit to a battle with him.

The reason? His strange, disgusting art inflicts injuries that the Infirmary cannot fully heal. You've heard it took Martial Artists months to achieve a complete recovery despite the support of the best medicine available - and those disciples without sufficient funds remain forever crippled.

What a great enemy to face in the very beginning.

[Tourney starts](#)

[Nov 17, 2024](#)

"Your luck has ran out, shithead." — He Gang finally speaks, with a mocking smirk — "I'm back to crush you like the insignificant ant you are."

He steps closer, your until faces almost touch, and grins.

"I don't get why everyone is so obsessed with you." — he says — "You must think yourself above us. Must believe that you are a *god* in the making, isn't that so?"

"Well, let me make it clear."

Qi flares out. A massive amount of it comes into existence, roused from its dormant state. But this qi, it is not yours - it's *his*.

"You're not that special."

[Look who's back...](#)

[Nov 18, 2024](#)

"Immensely. But I can't endlessly receive, can I? How about I give Brother Gang a few gifts of my own?"

The disciple crosses his arms with a smirk.

"Of course. Brother Gang is waiting for you." — he says — "However, you should probably check up on your cousins first."

Cousins? Must be Wu Lisha and Wu Dong.

"Brother Gang was gracious enough to pay them a visit himself." — the disciple smiles with the width of his entire mouth — "So, Brother Shen, I suggest you hurry. Before it is too late."

☒ "If you harmed even a single hair on their heads..."

☐ "Where are they?"

☐ "I couldn't care less about them."

Next

[He Gang #2](#)

[Nov 19, 2024](#)

[0.24 POV password](#)

[Nov 20, 2024](#)

poor_ai

Cautiously, you step inside. You see upturned furniture. Shattered vases. Knocked over bookshelves. There was a struggle here, that much is clear.

You stumble upon Mei sitting at a dressing table, applying some kind of paste to her skin.

"Mei?" — you call out.

Instantly, she freezes. Hands halt mid-air, posture stiffens. It's only when she recognizes your voice that she relaxes. She chuckles, puts down her cream and turns to you.

A hand-shaped bruise sullies her dainty neck. One of her eyes is swollen, the other's so damaged that it is shut. And her cheek, previously of the purest porcelain, is now colored purple.

"Bad timing, Bao Bei." — Mei tilts her head, tries to smile. Winces because it hurts and gives up — "I look a little rough right now."

[Last He Gang SP](#)

[Nov 23, 2024](#)

"He used to." — Mei Mei says, after a moment of consideration — "Especially when we were younger. I was born without martial talent, as you know, so He Bojing didn't attach much worth to me. And Gang knew that. So, for a long time, to him I was a stress reliever. A fleshbag to beat and humiliate whenever the mood struck him."

She speaks all this in a distant, detached tone - as if she was reading pages from a book instead of recalling her own memories.

Perception ... ❌ (9998/9999)

"It stopped, however, when my alchemical skills were discovered. That's why I didn't anticipate Gang's visit today: after I became able to concoct useful drugs, He Bojing explicitly forbid him from touching me. So... either my little brother suddenly grown ballsy enough to defy him or he became important enough for the satisfaction of his whims to be more important than my pills." — she explains, before suddenly grabbing your wrist — "This reminds me. What's qi?"

Of course, she's heard about it. He Gang wasn't exactly quiet when he shouted about cultivators and all your other secrets. Question is, do you trust her enough to reveal to her the entire truth?

[Mei](#)

[Nov 24, 2024](#)

"I only do it so that you'll think I care." — she says, in a tone that can't be anything but truth — "And it seems to work wonders."

"Is that so? Since when have your manipulation tactics included telling me all about them?"

Mei laughs, now sounding *cruel*.

"Since I understood you were so hopelessly in love with me, you'll do whatever I say anyway. You're a fool that will get on his knees and lick the ground if I ordered you so."

☒ "You're cute."

☐ "You're being mean for no reason."

☐ "I care for you, that's true. But if you continue to treat me this way, these feelings will disappear and I won't miss them."

☐ Get on your knees and lick the ground.

Next

[Mei#2](#)

[Nov 27, 2024](#)

"I'm not against helping you, Mei Mei. But you do realize that a task like this will have a hefty price tag attached to it, right?"

"Naturally." — she says — "And I've already readied my offer."

"I'm listening."

"First, I can guarantee you a good result in the tournament. Maybe even victory, if you're have at least half-decent skills."

"How?"

Smirking, Mei waves her hand and reaches into her spatial ring, producing a filled to the brim bag. She opens it and shows you the insides.

"Fifty of Heaven Blasting Pellets. Each one of these little things is capable of crippling, maybe even killing your average Peak-Houtian. All of them together? Even someone from the Arena's top-ten will be in massive trouble." — she proudly explains, tilting her head — "So, how about it? You want it?"

☒ "... you had this all the time? Why didn't you use it on He Gang?"

☐ "Yes!"

☐ "You said 'first', right? You have something else?"

☐ "Not really. I'm not interested in bombs."

[what does she want again...](#)

[Nov 29, 2024](#)

A few hours later, you descend down the mountain. All fifty of you gather together, standing before Yang Bohai as he explains the rules.

"There are no rules." — he states — "You're allowed to kill, lie, cheat, ally together and betray each other. Talismans, artifacts, and treasures are permitted, as long as they do not exceed the rank of Houtian."

"If you find yourself in mortal danger, crush the token. If you are not fast enough to do so, then we'll meet again when you reincarnate."

"Also, I will remind you once again that the tokens record and transmit your every action in real time. So I advise you to remain from engaging in activities you don't want others to see."

"You have an hour of safety, where any kind of attack on another participant is forbidden. When it runs out, your token will flash with red light."

"That is all. I declare the tourney started!"

As soon as the last sentence is said, Martial Artists surrounding you break into runs and leaps, many using arts to gain as much distance as they can. Some begin to fly or become invisible, others send clones rushing in separate directions.

[I declare the tourney started!](#)

[Nov 30, 2024](#)

"Oh, this is going to be hilarious." — you reply, an amused smile emerging on your face — "Alright, I'll bite. Who are you?"

"We are the Demon Executing Squad." — the bald man explains — "We are the core disciples of Heavenly Judgement Sect that roam the Celestial Empire and purge it of monsters that should never wield the martial powers."

☒ "So you know what I'm capable of and still dare cause me trouble? Insolent fools."

☐ "And you think I'm such a monster? Wow, guys, I'm flattered."

☐ "Still don't care."

Next

[Demon Executing Squad](#)

[Dec 1, 2024](#)

One man, however, is not in a hurry. He is young, with long wispy platinum hair, pale skin and extremely obese. His massive gut spills out of his loose-fitting, semi-open robe, his fat fingers barely fit into the dozen of his rings. Two horns, cut off and grinded down, sprout from his forehead, and black, pulsating veins protrude from every part of his body. He's sitting cross-legged on a levitating ball of consolidated blood, half-asleep. But when he feels you looking, his grotesque face, frozen in a cold, uninterested expression, turns to you.

Slowly, lazily, he raises his thick arm and gives you a wave.

"Good evening." — he says, his voice hoarse and his manner of speech lethargic — "Good weather today."

You recognize him: *Liu Mogui*.

- ☒ "Indeed, it is."
- ☐ "Who cares about the weather right now?"
- ☐ "Don't talk to me, fatso."
- ☐ "You are fucking ugly."

Next

[Liu Mogui](#)

[Dec 2, 2024](#)

His knuckles crack, but he ignores the pain, spins and elbows you. You step back, kneeing him. He blocks it with two hands and, just as you're about deliver him a strike to the chest, a spear penetrates your side.

Health (11796|15000): 79%

You are bleeding!

Immediately after, a hammer slams into your spine, displacing, breaking and shattering bones.

You're bleeding. Additional damage received.

Health (7989|15000): 53%

You go down on one knee, only to be plastered on your back by a punch.

"Punch Art - Skull Cracker!"

You're bleeding. Additional damage received.

Health (3383|15000): 23%

A kick then follows, sliding you across the ground until a house wall stops your uncontrollable glide.

You're bleeding. Additional damage received.

Health (1575|15000): 11%

Dizzy, with your vision blurry, you cough out blood. Your ribs hurt, face aches, skin swells. There are too many of them. Each one of these people would be a formidable opponent on their own and together? Against them all, you don't stand a chance.

- ☒ Flee.
- ☐ "ENOUGH!"
- ☐ Awaken the Asura.

[Demon Executing Squad #2](#)

[Dec 2, 2024](#)

The four others shield them and, unlike before, they now take out talismans. They burn dozens of them at once, their auras rising right before your eyes.

"Wu Shen, it's such a shame that you've decided to pledge your life to evil." — the bald man shakes his head — "With your strength, you could've helped a lot of people."

- ☒ "I would've liked that too. But most of us don't have a choice. We can't help ourselves, much less others."
- ☐ "Our world is cruel. It doesn't care about fairness and justice, so why should I? I must look after myself, I must grow strong, because if I don't, I'll forever be a pawn in someone else's game."
- ☐ "What for? Helping others doesn't benefit myself."
- ☐ "Don't make me laugh. Help the weak, feed the poor? Can you be more childish?"
- ☐ "Poor people stink, I don't want to be near them."

Next

[turns out other people can also use talismans...](#)

[Dec 4, 2024](#)

When the bald man is done, you don't know where you are. You don't know *who* you are. All you see is blood, all you hear is the ringing of your brain tossed around in your skull.

Unable to bear it, you close your eyes. You stop taking breaths. You give up.

You accept your end...

Death...

[Last DES SP](#)

[Dec 5, 2024](#)

[Update vote](#)

[Dec 7, 2024](#)

Heya. So the situation is as follows: I can release a 30k update quite soon (within a week), which will feature He Gang/Mei events and Demon Executing Squad path of the first tourney stage. Or we can wait until probably January for me to finish the first stage.

Which option do you guys prefer?

shorter, soon

longer, later

142 votes total

There is a lot of people in this tourney stage, a lot of time and a lot of space. What do you want to do?

<input checked="" type="radio"/> Walk into the very center of the town and wait. What need is there for plans when your strength is so overwhelming?
<input type="radio"/> Cooperate with other disciples of the Ascension Sect.
<input type="radio"/> Hide, waiting for the majority of participants to be eliminated.
<input type="radio"/> Hunt other disciples.

Next

[Finally done with the DES fight](#)

[Dec 10, 2024](#)

"SOMEBODY PLEASE ATTACK ME!" — you yell, laughing — "COME ON, I'M BORED!"

At first, no one answers your proposition. In fact, most of the gazes disappear, scared off by your displayed confidence. But in this world, there's no shortage of fools.

"Friend, you are quite conceited!"

You turn your head to the side and see a young man standing on a rooftop. His hands are clasped behind his back, his long, floor-length black hair swaying with the wind.

He sits down on its edge, sneering at you.

"I wonder what gives you the right." — the man says, looking you up and down with a mocking gaze — "From what I can see, you Heavenly Sect Disciples are nothing special."

- ☒ "Are you stupid? Why are you on the roof?"
- ☐ "WHAT? YOU ARE TOO FAR AWAY. I CAN'T HEAR YOU!"
- ☐ "Brother, I will kill you with one punch."
- ☐ "Is that so? Come down then. Let me show you."

[Tourney](#)

[Dec 11, 2024](#)

"Are you in awe? Of course, I understand. I'm in awe of myself every time I look into the mirror, how can you not prostrate yourself when you're still not used to my presence? Tsk, just don't make it so obvious, it's embarrassing."

Before you can respond to his boast, both of your heads snap to the side. A man, badly injured, runs in your direction, panting. Blood stains his Heavenly Ascension robe, half a dozen wounds still leaking crimson. Another disciple chases him, shortening the distance more and more.

Hardly unexpected, considering the second disciple moves on four legs instead of two. He hops like a dog, jumping instead of running, and the first Martial Artist can only throw anxious, panicked glances across his shoulder. At least, until he sees you, hope immediately filling his resigned expression.

And when he recognizes your face, that hope turns palpable.

"BROTHER SHEN, HELP! HELP!"

[Brother Shen, help!](#)

[Dec 12, 2024](#)

Six Havoc Sect members, at least you assume so by their disheveled looks and crazed expressions, attack a staunch young man. The young man is tall, wearing a black robe that conceals a slim build, and with long, falling freely to his waist, platinum hair. A pair of crescents replace his eyes and he fields two ethereal scimitars made of silver light. His movements are elegant and graceful, but they are also strong and steadfast. Beseeched from all directions, he doesn't falter: between the six enemies he dances, avoiding arts and blocking spells, not a drop of his own blood staining his clothes. He does so while protecting a woman laying unconscious on the ground. Upon her he's casted some sort of silver shield, not letting any of the Havoc disciples comes close to destroy the barrier. His expression is one of calm, but his gaze is not - with every attack, his moon-like pupils become more crimson.

[Tourney#3](#)

[Dec 13, 2024](#)

"Friend *Fang*?" — he snarls, diving under a strike and cutting open one of the attacking him Martial Artists — "You backwater hicks don't even know how to address people properly."

He rolls his eyes, crosses his blades together and sends out a light strike that forces the Havoc disciples back.

"We're not close enough for you to address me by name. Call me Daoi- no, Friend Yue." — Yue Fang explains and, underneath his grumble, you sense him to be sincere: the way you called him before truly offended him — "Now, are you going to move your ass or are you going to continue staring at me?"

☒ "Stare at you? Friend *Yue*, you're nothing much to look at."

☐ "Say please."

☐ "For that woman's sake, I'll help you."

☐ Refuse to help him.

Next

[Friend Yue](#)

[Dec 14, 2024](#)

"Stare at you? Friend *Yue*, you're nothing much to look at."

At this, Yue Fang smirks.

"That so? I'll have you know, back home, seventeen thousand fairies already offered themselves to me in marriage!" — he boasts, not an ounce of shame. He then looks you over and lets out a mocking smile — "An ugly hag like you, why do you even open your mouth?"

☒ "Hah, and you want me to help you? Go fuck yourself, Friend *Fang*."

☐ "Heard worse."

☐ "Oh my, now you'll have to beg me on your knees to help you."

Next

[For all of you who don't get CB Imao](#)

[Dec 14, 2024](#)

"I'm Yue Fang. Don't bother introducing yourself, I won't remember you anyway." — he says, avoiding another spell — "Either come and fight, or scram!"

Now that he faces you, you realize he's handsome. No, pretty. No, even that is wrong: he's gorgeous in a way you've never seen a man be. His looks are not as soft as Lei Xiwen's, yet also not as square and masculine as Long Chen's. Instead, he is... perfect. That's the only word fit to describe him. A statue, carved from marble to be an example of flawless aesthetics.

But the way he speaks, despite his velvety voice, irks you.

☒ "Won't remember me? Friend Fang, I assure, I'm unforgettable."

☐ "Friend Fang, pretty people shouldn't speak so crudely."

☐ "You're being rude, yet ask for my help? Friend Fang, I don't know where you're from, but that's not how we do things here."

☐ Ignore him and remain where you are.

☐ "Help you? Hah, you mistake my reason to be here."

Next

[Last Yue Fang.sp](#)

[Dec 15, 2024](#)

You catch her, hugging her waist. Now in your arms, she looks up at you shyly, then quickly lowers it and leaves your embrace.

"So-sorry, Senior Brother, I didn't mean to fall like that..."

"Didn't you?"

Resolute, Shen Jingjing shakes her head.

"Of course not, Senior Brother, of course not." — Shen Jingjing states — "So, what do you say? Can we be together?"

There's *no* way the phrasing of her request is a coincidence.

- ☒ "Very well. You may join me."
- ☐ "You, Junior Sister? Sure. But that friend of yours, we'll have to leave him behind."
- ☐ "You're asking me to carry you through the tournament, are you not? Sure. But you'll have compensate me."
- ☐ "Apologies, Junior Sister, but I move alone."
- ☐ "No. I don't need dead weight."

Next

[I didn't mean to fall like that...](#)

[Dec 17, 2024](#)

At injustices I cry, at senseless deaths I weep. My tears form oceans, my tears create tides. I watch from the above, shining light onto the darkness yet too far to intervene. Alone, I hang in the sky, keeping my eternal watch against the evil - and alone, you saved a soul when my champion could not.

Cruelty and bloodthirst triumphs over kindness, this goddess disagrees. Demonry exists for self and is short-lived; righteousness lives for noble cause: therefore what's good can never die.

Next

[this goddess disagrees](#)

[Dec 20, 2024](#)

Going over Ai's group, you don't see anyone impressive. No one stands out, a bunch of loose practitioners and low-ranked Arena Fighters, until you stumble on a name that makes you freeze.

Liu Yutai. The strongest Houtian of the Havoc Sect. The brother of the disciple that she killed...

[its doomed...](#)

[Dec 28, 2024](#)

You freeze. Your body, your thoughts, your soul - all of it becomes paralyzed in front of the overwhelming, omnipotent *gaze*. You feel the crescent observe you, judge you... and carry out the sentence.

"Irredeemable sinner."

The gaze then disappears and you? You *burn*.

Health (-790008|10000): -7900%

Death...

[one of the upcoming bad ends...](#)

[Dec 29, 2024](#)

When you arrive at the center of the town, a square with a well in the middle and houses surrounded it, another person is already there.

A large, round man sits on a large, round amalgamation of swirling blood. He appears tranquil and still, not even his chest rising for his breaths. Only when he senses you does he move, his head tilting slowly up and one of his eyes opening halfway through.

"Expected." — he says, his voice a lethargic whisper — "The two of us don't have to fight."

That's true: since three people can pass through this stage, you can leave each other be. You may even team up against the other disciples that will come - but you don't have to.

- ☒ "Haha, Brother Mogui, you read my mind!"
- ☐ "What are you proposing?"
- ☐ "How about we still have a spar? I'm itching for a fight."
- ☐ "Maybe if you weren't so ugly. I can't look at you without feeling murderous."
- ☐ "If you're scared, that's alright. You can pay me not to beat you up."
- ☐ "But I want to."
- ☐ Attack him.

Next

[we don't have to fight...](#)

[Dec 31, 2024](#)

First, his head morphs. Skin changes color to marble white, skull, with audible cracks, assumes a bullish shape. Horns sprout from its sides and his two eyes merge, forming one enormous oculus.

His feet become a pair of worm-infested hooves, his spine births a cyst-like hump and from his coccyx springs a scaled tail.

"I have a rule, Wu Shen." — Liu Mogui speaks, his voice now a deep and guttural. You see the ground on which he stands *rot* beneath him — "Those who see my true form must perish."

With another puddle of blood, he forms a hammer. Tilts his head forward, scrapes his hoof across the ground, bellows and charges.

[true form...](#)

[January 2](#)

As you ready to depart, a few people also give you their parting words. First, comes Tang Ruo.

"The Heavens spared you this time." — he says — "But worry not. As soon as we face each other, I will put an end to your miserable existence."

He then looks you over, not hiding his disdain.

"Then again, perhaps I expect too much out of a trash like you. It'd be a miracle if you even pass this round."

- ☒ "For you to come and find me just to say these words, you must really think about me a lot, prince Ruo."
- ☐ "Since you're so confident, don't use your token when we fight."
- ☐ "Apologies, but it's time. Time for you to go fuck yourself."
- ☐ "I'm growing tired of insignificant pups like you barking at me."
- ☐ Yawn.

Next

⌵

[January 5](#)

But when you turn around, you come face to face with a *shadow*. A male figure clad from head to toe in black. Even his face, you cannot see: it's pitch black underneath his hood, except for a pair of brown eyes looking ruthlessly at you. His arms are crossed, posture arrogant.

"In this alliance of yours, I will be the third. No one has any objection, right?"

Liu Mogui shrugs.

"Doesn't matter to me."

- ☒ "Haha, welcome, friend, welcome! I'm Wu Shen."
- ☐ "And who are you?"
- ☐ "I do. I don't like arrogant bastards like you."
- ☐ "See, if you would've asked nicely, I would've agreed. But now, I must refuse on principle."

Next

[update sometime in january. Can't give an exact date, too much stuff that's still needs to be done](#)

[January 7](#)

There's a lot of time left before the end of the tournament: isn't it better to hide for now and let other participants to fight against each other? Why should you waste your energy when you could simply wait most of your competition out?

Your plan decided, you pick out an inconspicuous house and enter. You traverse the empty interior, since the sect hasn't bothered to furniture the buildings' insides, and settle on the second floor, await from windows. You then lie down, close your eyes, quieten your breathing and slow down your heart, making yourself invisible to the senses of disciples passing you by.

In this pose, you wait. Hour passes, then another...

[hiding...](#)

[January 9](#)

Deciding that eliminating as much disciples as possible is your priority, you go on the hunt.

The first victim that you find is some disciple from a minor sect. He's trying his best to hide, moving in-between the houses and using their walls to conceal himself. He checks out every corner, observes the way ahead from cover.

As you look down at him from a roof, his fruitless antics at clear display, you can't help but become amused.

- ☒ "Who are you looking for?"
- ☐ Play with him a little.
- ☐ Don't waste time, eliminate him and move on.

Next

[hunt path](#)

[January 12](#)

"Haha, no worries, I'm not that famous!"

"No, no, Senior Brother, that can't be true!" — the man flatters you, sensing a chance — "And if it is, then the world has gone insane! Someone of your strength cannot be, and should not be, living in obscurity!"

He shakes his head, expressing righteous rage.

"Big Brother, how about I go and spread word about you to everyone I meet in the tourney? This is the gathering of elites, at least everyone present must know your name!"

☒ "Alright."

☐ "Yes, you do that! Make sure to say it very loudly!"

☐ "What need do I have of your introductions? You think I'm incapable of becoming famous on my own and are desperate for your help?"

☐ "You think a ploy like this will help you escape?"

☐ "You can do whatever you want, I don't care."

☐ "You will? Strange, why haven't you still asked me for my name then?"

☐ "No, don't do that."

[probs last sneak peak, will try pushing for beta/update](#)

[January 14](#)

[update tomorrow;](#)

[January 19](#)

beta took a long time due to all the bugs, but it is peak;)

[update 0.25](#)

[January 20](#)

the biggest poma update yet (more than 70k words total), but it does have a lot of branches so the amount of content you may see ranges from 30k+ words to like 5-6k depending on your path
Apart from new events, there are lot of mechanics changes for those of you who don't play story mode - new items, tattoos, rebalances and more.

current password (non-pov version): tourney_start

FYI: unless you know what you're doing, I do **not** recommend playing on mortal. New fights are very, very difficult, even with all the buffs/rebalances I did during the beta testing.

[Crit Stat Check Enders for fights?](#)

[January 24](#)

Question: should I add crit stat checks to fights that would instantly end them/skip a lot of the damage/attacks/moves? This is in order to account for situations where the player has much higher stats than the fight presumes them to have.

The downside, however, is that people on story mode will probably be missing out on like 70% of the fights content because they auto-pass all checks.

Yes

No

157 votes total

[patch](#)

[January 30](#)

uploaded a patch with a bunch of changes to gameplay mechanics and some rebalances. No story updates in this one, but Mortal should be better now

[gathering questions for q/a](#)

[January 31](#)

Same rules as before. Houtian 1question, Xiantian 2q, Shangtian 3q.

Can ask any named, living character that MC has personally met and I will answer in character.

Please, though, keep it short.

Hours pass in silence. You sit cross-legged, eyes closed, but you are the furthest thing from tranquil: because despite the lack of noise, you *sense* gazes directed at you from all directions. You feel their probes, followed by occasional flares of Inner Energy.

Martial Artists, their number increasing as time goes on, observe you. Appraise you. Measure how much of a problem you would be to fight and whether or not they stand the chance to take you down.

And, of course, it doesn't take long for the first brave fool to step forward from the shadows. A large man, more than seven feet in height, with a shaved head and a tattooed face makes his way to you, dragging two enormous axes across the ground. Instead of a robe, he wears furs, his muscular torso left bare.

"THE ABYSSAL LION HAS ARRIVED! ONE OF YOU WILL GIVE YOUR SPOT TO HIM OR HE WILL TAKE IT ALONGSIDE YOUR HEADS!"

[Entering the last stage of the Free-For-All!](#)

[February 2](#)

"Ah. These three brothers are really annoying." — Mogui says, proving your conjecture —
"Brother Shen, I hope you have a few defensive tricks underneath your sleeve."

"You know who shot those arrows?"

"I do. They are demonic rogue practitioners who call themselves The Phantom Bowmen. They appear out of nowhere, shoot their arrows from complete invisibility, never let their faces show and never say a word."

"How do you deal with them?"

"Deal with them?" — Liu Mogui repeats, scratching his chin — "The last time I encountered them, I just waited until they ran out of arrows and left."

☒ "Let them shoot then."

☐ "Sounds like an excellent plan."

☐ "Annoying."

☐ "And how long that took?"

☐ "I'm not letting some invisible bastards shoot arrows at me without repercussions!"

☐ "How about I just go and kill them?"

[Another challenger\(s\) appear\(s\)....](#)

[February 3](#)

The blood coalesces around him, forming a protective shield. Satisfied with this defense, Liu Mogui once again closes his eyes and continues to meditate.

Jingjing, however, looks at you and bites her lip.

"Senior Brother Shen, please, protect me... I don't think I will be able to withstand those arrows..."

☒ "Naturally. Junior Sister, with me around you don't have to worry."

☐ "I'm getting tired of babysitting you."

☐ "Do fucking something by yourself, will you?"

☐ Ignore her pleas.

Next

[someone help her...](#)

[February 4](#)

But their departure doesn't end this trial. No, it signals the beginning of the real challenge. All those Martial Artists who've so far stayed dormant, come into sight. A dozen Peak-Houtians, working together for their common goal - to knock you out of the tournament and take your spot.

"I hope you still have some strength in you, Brother Shen." — says Liu Mogui, even his nonchalant, lackadaisical expression growing serious — "These fellows look determined."

The man clad in black reemerges nearby, only to sneer at the dozen warriors.

"No matter how this fight turns out, I'm going to the next stage." — he tells you — "Everyone's for themselves. If you end up in danger, don't expect me to come to your aid."

The Martial Artists begin rousing their Inner Energies, infusing their bodies and readying their weapons.

- ☒ "Anyone who dares to act against me today, I will remember. After the tournament ends, you better scurry away and hide like rats because I will hunt every single one of you down."
- ☐ "Actually, there's no need for us to fight. I just want my spot: who takes the other two is of no concern for me."
- ☐ "We are not barbarians, what need is there for a chaotic brawl? How about we duel instead?"
- ☐ "What have you come here for? Scram, before I grow angry and kill you all."
- ☐ "Friends, how about a deal: to anyone who leaves the tourney now, I will pay ten thousand gold."
- ☐ "Let's have a good battle."
- ☐ Don't say anything.

[Final battle has almost begun](#)

[February 8](#)

A sword stabs into your gut from behind, penetrating a few inches deep before your dense muscles stop it. You spin and backhand the attacker, only for the person that you hit to *dissipate*. A small army of identical clones stare at you, all with the same empty expressions and blades raised. Above them, a woman floats in the sky. Her robes fluttering, crackling lighting courses through her.

Another woman, this one with a golden spear, is intermixed amongst the doppelgangers. Beside her is a man with a fan, behind her a dwarf with a massive hammer.

A half-naked man with flaming fists and an elderly lady with a pair of chop sticks stand in another direction, also eyeing you.

And then, there's a figure covered head from toe in metal.

Clutching at the hole in your abdomen, you take a deep breath and focus - just in time for all of them to attack at once.

[Wu Heir is dead](#)

[February 11](#)

The disciples continue throwing spells, you continue fleeing from the fight. After a few minutes of such chasing, your assailants, understandably, grow annoyed.

"Wu Shen, what are you doing?!"

"Shameless bastard, fight us!"

"You should be embarrassed of yourself!"

☒ "So sorry, but I'm very tired!"

☐ Ignore them, continue dodging.

Next

[the most superior path in the upcoming fight...](#)

[February 12](#)

As they continue raining blows, you can't help but think: *is this really the end?* Are you done with the tournament, forced to escape by a bunch of riffraff you don't even know the names of?

PATHETIC LOSER.

The arrogant, vicious voice comes from the very depths of your soul. It rings through your mind, taking over until it's all hear. Your vision changes too, filled with crimson, and the pain simply disappears.

PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER.

You are, aren't you? Supposed to be this reincarnation of a true god and you're this weak. This useless. This worthless.

PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER. PATHETIC LOSER.

An inexplicable surge of power spreads through your flesh, but with it comes *hate*. Unadulterated and overwhelming hate for everyone and everything...

☒ Let the hate consume you.

☐ Resist it.

[its back...](#)

[February 13](#)

Once again, you call upon the Asura. Arms sprout from your back, your body grows and, suddenly, the previously formidable opponents now appear *puny*.

"Is that... is that the Heavenly Asura Art?!"

"WHY DOES HE HAVE THE DEMON QUEEN'S ART?!"

"Don't panic, you idiots! Attack, attack with everything you got!"

Only, their spells now simply bounce off your flesh. Their punches no longer hurt, their stabs, at most, tickle.

[last free-for-all sneak peak](#)

[February 15](#)

Current word count is 15k, will probs write the events/reactions that come right after for the update

Ten minutes later, the Elders arrive at the scene. Yang Bohai alongside six others, descending from the sky like gods that have arrived to judge the mortal realm. All of them stare at you, different emotions swirling in their deep, profound gazes.

Most are intrigued. Many are perplexed. One looks at you in disbelief, another with concern. And Yang Bohai himself? He does not reveal his inner thoughts, the old man as always much more contemplative than his brutish appearance would suggest.

"Wu Shen must be put in solitary confinement." — the Elder whose gaze expressed his worry says — "Until we determine that he's not a danger to other disciples."

You frown. Solitary confinement? What for?!

They are jealous of you! They want to hamper your growth, they want to control you!

With these thoughts, rage begins to build within you. Qi wakens, breathing quickens.

"Look at his eyes. He isn't sane."

[They want to control you...](#)

[February 17](#)

"That's correct." — Mei nods — "But, just as there are countless arts, there are countless Devils. Some sincerely want to help their 'original' self overcome their weaknesses, others hate themselves so much, they'd rather slit their own throats than relinquish back control. Most devils are destructive and murderous, but some are cunning and quiet, preferring subtle manipulations to brute force. There is, however, one common characteristic to them all - no matter what, they are still, at the core, the same person as the original."

Mei crosses her legs, gives you an inquisitive look.

"Tell me, Bao Bei, does your Devil feel like you?"

- ☒ "Devil? What are you talking about? I'm not crazy, He Mei."
- ☐ "Is that what's happening to me? Is that why I almost...?"
- ☐ "No..."

[Devils...](#)

[February 20](#)

When you return to the sect, however, the reactions you get from other disciples are... unexpected.

You see pity in expressions of the passerby. Why would they show you pity when you've won?

You also see concord. Disciple after disciple nodding their heads at you while murmuring 'the Martial Road is difficult, only those who dare may succeed'.

But there's also *glee*. Cruel, vicious mocking directed at you in the form of ruthless whispers and malevolent snickers. And two disciples conveying those hateful feeling come up to you.

"When you were picking your peasant, you could've at least picked a sturdier one."

"Hey, Liu Ru, don't be rude. That bitch already lasted longer than expected, considering that she only had worthless pigs in her lineage."

☒ "What are you talking about?"

☐ "What did you do?!"

☐ *Squeeze* the truth out of them.

[oh-oh...](#)

[February 22](#)

"No!" — you shout, forcing yourself up — "No! NO!"

Finding the nearest wall, you start to pound it with your fist. It doesn't budge but you don't either. Roaring, you pummel your knuckles into the stone, uncaring about the damage you do to your hands.

"NO! I REFUSE TO ACCEPT THIS!"

A minute passes. Ten, thirty, an hour... you continue punching until the wall behind you parts and two men walk in, both of whom you recognize at a glance: Yang Bohai and, surprisingly, Lei Xiwen.

[Refuse to accept... what?](#)

[February 24](#)

"I have a way to duplicate it."

"You... you can duplicate it?" — his breathing quickens, greedy thoughts dominating his mind — "How many times? What do you need to do it? Would other be able to use it?"

- ☒ "No need to get excited. This method is my own, I won't share it."
- ☐ "Unfortunately, this method won't work on anyone else but me." — you lie.
- ☐ "Yes, they would. Unfortunately, it's very tiring for me to do. And I can only teach one person at a time..."
- ☐ "Yes, they would. I could even draw up a manual."

Next

[duplicate it...](#)

[February 27](#)

[update 0.26](#)

[February 28](#)

update 32k.

- final of the tourney (both battle in the center / hiding path)
- Ai event
- Mei/Devil event

if you're not on those paths, might skip this one (since all the content is in them)

no povs password: oh_no

[q/a is out](#)

[March 8](#)

Check out the updated game page -> questions/answers

You've been in the sect for a long while already, yet you still can't help but marvel at the *miracles* craftsmen here are able to produce. Houses ten times more spacious than they appear from the outside, artifacts controlled through nothing but the power of your voice, buildings that float in the sky...

And now, you sit down before an enormous piece of paper stretched between two tall columns. It's blank so far, but a few minutes later an Elder will stroke it with a brush - and the parchment will reveal the participants of the tourney, transmitting the view from their tokens.

[first new pov sneak peak](#)

[March 9](#)

I'm back to being alive after my little break;)

You sit down on the couch while your uncle walks over to your personal transmitting array, a large piece of blank paper. His presence annoys you: ever since that little assassination incident, he hasn't left your side. Wasn't allowed to, your grandfather promising to take his head if something like that happened again, and didn't want to - out of all your relatives, Tang Yuze has always been the most bothersome.

You don't need this coddling. The traitors did the best they could and even then, you weren't at real risk of death. Now? Now you could kill them all without drawing your sword.

Feeling your stare, your uncle turns and sends you an amused wink.

"Aww. Don't be so glum, nephew. People will think that you don't like me."

"I *don't* like you."

[ruo pov#1](#)

[March 12](#)

"Demon Executing Squad, Formation 20!"

Two pillars erupt from the ground, chains wrapping around weakened Wu Shen's limbs.

"Repent."

"Repent!"

"REPENT!"

Is this it?

Suddenly, you feel unease. Feel your heart beat faster in anxiety as the disciple lash the exhausted Wu Shen, peeling skin off his back. You clench your fists, nails digging into the skin.

"Do something!" — you unwittingly exclaim — "Get up! Fucking get up!"

[guess whose pov this is...](#)

[March 14](#)

One such relative is Wu Dong, your cousin. You have some memories of him from your childhood, remembering him as an older, burly kid with a stubborn mind and a heavy fist. He wasn't nowhere close enough to being a prodigy, but worked hard enough to scrap his way into the Heavenly Ascension sect as soon as he turned nineteen.

You haven't heard from him since. It's been weeks since you've entered the sect as well, yet forget a personal greeting, he didn't even send you a congratulatory letter.

- ☒ He's probably too busy to care about this.
- ☐ Well, it's not like you were the best of friends.
- ☐ How disrespectful! You should have him flogged for being so rude.

[Finally adding cousins content :pray:](#)

[March 15](#)

You find Wu Dong and his 'master' in a restaurant, having a meal. Well, Tan Zhirong is eating: he stuffs his chubby face with duck legs, consuming them as if they were snacks. Wu Dong stands beside him, not allowed a seat at the table.

He's changed a lot since you've met him last. Grown taller, now probably halfway to seven feet, and more muscular. He's dressed in a cheap sleeveless martial robe, which reveals a bit of his sculpted hairy torso and the entirety of his veiny, tanned arms. His face, with rough features, a few scars and a stubble, maintains an impassive expression, only his deep-sunken eyes revealing a tinge of his impatience.

[Wu Dong#2](#)

[March 16](#)

"The clan took care of you when you needed it, Wu Dong. Don't forget to do the same in return."

Wu Dong nods, just as the tea shop waitress comes by, asking what he'd like to order. He hesitates for a moment and casts you an uncertain look.

"Cousin, how about we go drink something a little stronger than tea?"

☒ Drink with him.

☐ "Tea is fine."

Next

[You guys wanted drunken adventures, I deliver...](#)

[March 23](#)

"Old fart, your idiot offspring owes me his tongue."

"What the fuck are you saying, Wu Shen?!" — Wu Dong exclaims, panicked — "Do you want to die?"

"They wouldn't dare." — you snort, staring Mao Cai down — "Now that they've heard my name, what choice do these backwater hicks but bow?"

Indeed, Mao Cai's expression turns ugly, his father's voice grows quiet. You cross your arms behind your back, tilt your head.

"You've spoken to me in an unacceptable tone. Give me your tongue or this entire city will be razed to the ground."

"JUNIOR, YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR!"

[Wu Dong adventures continue...](#)

[March 30](#)

"Who gave you the right to gawk at me, dog?"

The man's eyes widen at your unexpectedly sharp words, but his reaction to them proves just as surprising: he smiles, chuckles and bows his head.

"I apologize. I didn't mean to offend you, miss. You were just so striking, I failed to restrain myself." — he says, though you find no sign of apology in his amused eyes — "How about this, whatever you order today, it'd be on me. Treat it as a token of my sincere remorse."

- ☒ "Don't talk to me, trash."
- ☐ "I have no need of your paltry gold."
- ☐ "Pay for my drinks? Hehe, don't blame me for going broke."
- ☐ Agree with a nod.
- ☐ Ignore him.

[femmc content](#)

[March 31](#)

"There's no need for you to fight, handsome brothers." — she says, revelling in the attention — "We are not offended."

"Your kindness and poise is not a reason for this drunk pig to ogle you, Fairy Yuan. I, Chang Hong, can't let it be!"

Yuan smiles, giggles.

"But a fight would ruin this wondrous atmosphere." — the second woman, called Shu, pouts — "How about instead of swinging fists, you drown cups?"

[drinking competition?](#)

[April 5](#)

"You... you..." — flabbergasted Mao Cai tries to pull himself out of his stupor — "Miss, you're incredible!"

He walks over to you, clasps his hands and bows deeply.

"I am Mao Cai, heir of the Southwestern Province Mao clan and son of Mao Yang, the protector of this city. I am twenty-eight years old, born in winter with a calm and independent temperament. I'm an honorable and righteous man with a clean reputation. I've never been engaged in promiscuous relations and haven't caused a single scandal." — he says, still remained bowed — "With me, you'll never know want, never experience hunger and will never suffer any pain. Miss, I ask you with the entirety of my sincerity, marry me!"

[marry or not?](#)

[5 days ago](#)

The hostess laughs, calming the audience down and gesturing at the masked dancer.

"Fairy Jie is indeed still without a partner. So, as is tradition, we will now try and find her one. However, as most of you know, Fairy Jie is not interested in single men. If there are any couples confident in their dancing ability and their love, willing to put both to the test of Fairy Jie's discerning eye and irresistible temptation, then, please, step forward!"

The proposal is met with silence. It's not hard to see the reason for it: the men who dare to show an inkling of interest immediately get scolded by their partners, a few even getting hit with heavy slaps.

"Do you dare?" — 'Shu' asks you, a devious smile gracing her thin lips as she extends her hand to you — "Or were you Wus not taught to dance?"

[first a drinking competition, now dancing...](#)

[Yesterday.](#)

[regarding the update](#)

[Yesterday.](#)

Decided I'd shed some light on when the update will be released: been in a bit of a stump lately, so update will be a little late this month. I'm currently at 32k words of new content (povs + cousin events), should be ~40k by release.

You can expect it to drop in April, though I can't specify the exact date. Will depend on how busy I'll get with irl stuff/how much stuff I decide to add.