

## **My Crown 1071**

### **Chapter 1071: Is this Cult Master Stinky?**

Zhao Qiran had originally attempted to resist, but she couldn't budge at all after the cult master shot her with a flick of energy. As the cult master dragged her frozen body away, she couldn't hide the shock in her eyes.

It was for no reason other than the sentence that the cult master breathed into her ear. "This cult master knows that you are from the Raksha Ghost Sect."

Yet when the cult master saw Miss Ran's body had stiffened, he curled his lips wickedly before dragging her inside a room and slamming the doors shut.

The doors slammed heavily at Miss Ran's heart, causing her to practically gasp for breath in panic.

This man before her commanded a strikingly imposing manner that momentarily dazzled her mind.

"Sit down. Accompany this cult master in drinking another cup. Presumably, your sect master will arrive shortly." While pressing down on the young lady's shoulders, the cult master undid the block on her acupoint with his finger. He swayed the wine cup in his hand, his tone of voice not tolerating rejection.

"You..."

"Don't worry. As long as you cooperate well, this cult master will not make things difficult for you." The cult master curved his lips, coolly drinking a cup as he spoke unhurriedly, "There, there. Put away that dagger in your sleeve. Be careful of foolishly cutting yourself."

"If this cult master wanted you, do you think that you could stop this cult master with that lousy dagger in your hand?" The cult master observed her with a spurious smile.

Zhao Qiran blinked as she gazed at him in surprise.

*He, he knew. He actually knew everything?*

"You, then what do you want to do?"

Suddenly, the cult master stretched out his hand, pulling her to sit on his thighs with a magnetic force.

"I heard that you, the lead courtesan of Jade Hue Parlor, captivate all the men in the capital into scrambling after you." As his thin and soft sleeve brushed across her small face, he tugged the corner of his lips into a faint smile. "Since you've beheld so many men, you are the most qualified to speak."

"This cult master is asking you right now, do you think that this cult master is stinky?"

Zhao Qiran: ...

Why was she suddenly at a loss for words?

*Your Excellency, what kind of freaking question was this?*

“Sigh.” The cult master squinted his beautiful eyes in melancholy, pressing his thin lips together before turning to ask Miss Zhao, “Let me ask you again, do you feel uncomfortable when this cult master is holding you?”

Miss Zhao looked at him in bewilderment!

*Why did this cult master, an elegant man of striking appearance, seem to not be right in the head?*

“Why aren’t you responding to my question.” With this, the cult master’s breezy smile instantly turned chilly.

The speed at which he suddenly turned hostile flabbergasted Zhao Qiran to no end.

“It-It isn’t uncomfortable,” Zhao Qiran stammered in response.

Yet the cult master was enraged, throwing her to the ground as he stood up with a fling of his sleeves.

“Liar!”

Zhao Qiran: ...

“If you don’t speak the truth, this cult master will tear down your Jade Hue Parlor!”

Zhao Qiran: *So what do you want me to say?*

*Wasn’t this cult master a bit too temperamental!*

“It-It indeed is not that comfortable...” Zhao Qiran could only follow his trail of thought.

The cult master instantly smiled with relaxed brows. He then happily reached out to lift up Miss Ran from the ground, once again cuddling her in his embrace like a baby. He stroked the back of her head and queried, “Then is this comfortable?”

Zhao Qiran’s body stiffened, and she shook her head woodenly.

*This cult master seemed to be sick...*

“You women just like calling us stinky men! Could it be that this cult master’s body really is very stinky?”

## **Chapter 1072: Loony**

Zhao Qiran: ...

*What should she say? If she denied it, this cult master might turn hostile again like a loony!*

Hence, Zhao Qiran nodded her head reluctantly!

The cult master, on the other hand, instantly gave a long sigh. “No wonder she turns her nose up at me.”

“Say, why would this cult master still be stinky after bathing twice a day and wearing clothes that have been perfumed with incense?”

*Please pardon me for not being able to reply to this question of yours!* At this, Miss Ran pressed her lips tightly, not speaking altogether.

In truth, she could only smell a faint, delicate fragrance from this cult master's body. There simply wasn't any unpleasant odor.

Moreover, when this cult master was holding her, frankly speaking, she didn't feel repulsed at all.

His embrace was gentle and not at all uncouth. It really couldn't be considered uncomfortable...

"How do you girls like to be carried? Is it better horizontally or vertically?" The cult master modestly asked for advice.

Zhao Qiran: ...

*Princess, why haven't you come to rescue this subordinate yet?*

*Knock-knock.* Two knocks came from the window frame, and a deep voice informed lightly, "Cult Master, the Raksha Princess is several thousand feet away from here. She will be able to get here in less than three minutes!"

Upon hearing this, the cult master immediately pushed Zhao Qiran off his thighs before turning back to smile at her bewitchingly. "This cult master will come again next time to consult your experience. Goodbye for today!"

By the time he finished saying this, he had already nimbly flipped out from the window like a fleeting cloud, instantly disappearing without a trace.

*Bang!* A gorgeous woman kicked open the door to the room with a forceful stomp.

As she scanned the room with her pretty eyes, the Raksha Princess called out sweetly with her inborn childish voice, "Mister Ding!"

Afterwards, she looked in confusion at Zhao Qiran, who had collapsed to the floor, unable to move.

"Wh-Why is there only you? Where did Mister Ding go?"

As she spoke, she flicked a thread of mystic energy at Zhao Qiran's blocked acupoint.

Zhao Qiran released a sigh of relief before quickly getting up and curtsying, "Princess, the cult master just left."

After stomping her feet with gritted teeth, the Raksha Princess chased the cult master outside while calling out, "Ding Yun, my destined sweetheart, let me see where you can flee to!"

When Cult Master Ding, who had already run very far away, heard the Raksha Princess's shout, his tall figure involuntarily shuddered, and he hastily skedaddled even more quickly.

It wasn't until he had fled a considerable distance that he slowed down and breathed out a sigh of relief.

*So close, so close! That crazy woman was one step away from catching him!*

"Cult Master, this subordinate has something to report."

"Left Guardian, just say it." While recovering from his fright, His Excellency turned to look at the man who had appeared like his shadow.

“The saint left headquarters several days ago for the Mystic Beast Forest. By now, she should be in the forest’s secret realm with elites from the various kingdoms for practical training.”

The cult master was left stunned, after which he nodded. “Sikong Fuling has always been an indolent person. Why did she think of going to the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm to do that kind of strenuous but unrewarding task?”

The secret treasures and spiritual weapons inside the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm had always been the stuff of folklore.

He simply didn’t believe that with Sikong Fuling’s laziness, she would believe in popular hearsay and go suffer hardship at the secret realm.

“Reportedly, that person is also in the party.”

“Who?” A bad premonition slipped past the cult master’s mind.

“Crown Prince Consort Mo.”

A hint of wrath instantly flitted across the cult master’s picturesque eyes. “Why does she need to meddle and concern herself with my affairs?”

### **Chapter 1073: Hightailing It**

The left guardian was reticent, absolutely aware that it was best not to speak up when this person was in a temper, in case he did some abnormal things after getting even more angered.

It was best to let him calm down quietly by himself...

“How many days has it been since she left?” Cult Master Ding asked him in a foul mood.

“Four to five days.” The left guardian replied succinctly. Suddenly, he saw the cult master’s figure flash, his tall figure flitting up a tree.

Before he could even gasp, a gorgeous woman dressed in very revealing clothing suddenly darted in front of him, pressing down on his shoulder with her hand.

The left guardian felt his chest tightening, but he didn’t say a word, merely looking at the newcomer in silence.

“Kekeke, Brother Left Guardian.”

The left guardian: ...

This old hag was probably even a bit too old to be his mother, so hearing her call him ‘Brother Left Guardian’ made all his goosebumps pop off to the ground.

“Where is your cult master?” The Raksha Princess pursed her small, brilliant red lips as she gazed at the left guardian with misted eyes, her supple hand indistinctly kneading his shoulder.

The left guardian instantly felt like he was a hog waiting to sell for a good price. His breeder was currently groping him to test whether he was fat enough to be sold off!

His Excellency actually ditched his charming subordinate without a word and bolted up the tree. He really wanted to sell him out!

“Brother Ba Shan. We haven’t seen each other in quite a while.” Like a snake, the Raksha Princess’s fine and smooth hand travelled down the left guardian’s square-shaped face.

Upon reaching his neck, her small hand caressed his protruding Adam’s apple.

Left Guardian Ba Shan’s hair was standing on end!

“So where is your cult master.” The Raksha Princess giggled as her tender small hand slid down the left guardian’s hard chest.

She acted as if she intended to grope the left guardian’s entire body.

The left guardian really wanted to cry, but as men don’t cry easily, he forcibly held his tears back!

“Brother Ba Shan, if you keep trying to cover it up, I’ll bed you on the spot! But I won’t be too gentle when I’m angry!” The Raksha Princess spoke these indecent words with a straight face.

Cult Master Ding, who was hiding among the luxuriant tree leaves, didn’t dare to move.

Since he concealed his presence while hiding up here without moving, the Raksha Princess naturally couldn’t detect him.

However, if he moved, then the consequences were too horrible to contemplate.

*What a terrifying woman!*

Even if it meant death, he didn’t want to go down to see this old woman...

*Ba Shan, by sacrificing your individual self to fulfill this cult master’s greater self, your death will not be in vain!*

Meanwhile, Left Guardian Ba Shan’s eyes were streaming tears, while his heart was trickling blood...

He watched as the Raksha Princess toppled him to the ground, and the clothes on his upper body suddenly split apart with a light slash of her fingertip!

*His pure body that he was keeping for the right guardian was about to be tainted, wuwuwu...*

Suddenly, he heard a huge boom, and a thick white cloud of mist pervaded the area beneath the tree. Meanwhile, the left guardian instantly felt his body lighten as someone picked him up and skedaddled.

In her indignation, the Raksha Princess had merely grasped half of Cult Master Ding’s sleeve. By the time she charged out of this thick cloud of white mist, how was it possible for her to still catch sight of Cult Master Ding’s silhouette?

“Ding Yun, you brat. Let me see where you can flee to.” The Raksha Princess rubbed her jade-like fingers together as she harrumphed. “Wait until this lady catches hold of you brat. I must torment you to death in every sort of way.”

**Chapter 1074: Arranging for a Duel with You**

“Princess.” A soft, stammering voice spoke up. “Are we going back right now?”

“No!” The Raksha Princess looked as if she was going to wrestle with Cult Master Ding to the death.

“What are the results of what I told you to investigate?”

“This subordinate found out that the Saint of the Demonic Cult departed the Demonic Cult’s headquarters several days ago for the Mystic Beast Forest.”

“It must be this little b\*tch that bewitched Brother Cult Master’s eyes, that’s why he is unwilling to accept my goodwill no matter what.” The Raksha Princess exclaimed wrathfully, “Let’s go, we’re going to the Mystic Beast Forest to see this little b\*tch.”

That female subordinate glanced at the Raksha Princess speechlessly before trailing after her in silence.

In reality, the princess had pursued Cult Master Ding for so long already, but Cult Master Ding had never taken her to heart. This was clearly a sign of rejection!

However, as the Raksha Princess pulled a long face, she suddenly inquired, “How many days has my Snake been away?”

The female subordinate promptly replied, “Ev-Ever since you dispatched her to Beilan City last time to find the spiritual weapon, sh-she has not returned again...”

“It-It’s been a very long time...”

The Raksha Princess indignantly flung her sleeves. “So hateful! Everything is just going against me!”

Afraid to utter another word, the female subordinate quickly followed her to leave.

—My Lian’s section break—

A simple and low-key carriage headed for the palace after departing the Great Sea Monastery.

Mo Lian leaned against the brocade that lined the window as he massaged his temples with his hand.

The Pacification Pagoda’s reconstruction was going quite smoothly, and according to a normal construction speed, it could be completed within a year.

After taking care of these troublesome matters, he felt much more relaxed.

When his little crown prince consort came back safely, they could happily get married.

Once he thought of this, Crown Prince Mo curved his lips upward with smiling eyes.

*Was this little fellow happy playing inside the secret realm?*

*Swish!*

Narrowing his eyes, Crown Prince Mo tilted his head to the side. A short arrow abruptly shot through the thick curtain and got pinned to the window frame.

The arrow tail quivered, and there was also a piece of bright yellow silk cloth clinging to the arrowhead.

“Who is it!” The guards outside bellowed as they all drew their swords.

Huifeng also hastily lifted up the curtain and called out, "Your Highness."

"I'm fine." Crown Prince Mo shook his head insipidly.

Huifeng hastily bowed before boarding the carriage. He removed the bright yellow silk cloth that was pinned to the window frame and handed it to the crown prince.

Out of the corner of his eye, the crown prince caught sight of the signature on the silk cloth: 'Ding Tingding.'

Subsequently, his face turned cold, and he bolted out of the carriage without a second word, hurrying in one direction.

"Your Highness!" Huifeng and the others' expressions changed drastically, and they quickly followed after him.

Just as the group turned the corner, around a dozen men wearing ferocious-looking masks pounced over. The two sides exchanged blows and started fighting on the spot.

Yet the crown prince's figure floated up onto an arch bridge like a wisp of smoke.

The small stone arch bridge had a steep incline, and at the center stood a tall figure dressed in a bewitching purple.

"Ding Tingding." Mo Lian gazed icily at that silhouette.

"Mhm, it's me." That person turned around, revealing an amiable and genial smile akin to the Laughing Buddha's.

However, this smiling face was completely incompatible with the killing intent emanating from him.

Mo Lian naturally wouldn't be so stupid as to believe that this face was Ding Tingding's true appearance.

"You came to court death." Crown Prince Mo sneered, his arctic eyes settling on Ding Tingding's body.

### **Chapter 1075: Stripping Your Pretty Human Skin...**

He hadn't yet found the time to cause trouble for this person, yet this person just handed himself over on a silver platter.

*What could it be if not that he was courting death?*

"We don't know who is going to die yet." Ding Tingding stuck out a fair and long finger, wagging it in mid-air.

Subsequently, he looked Mo Lian up and down before clicking his tongue.

A sneer slipped past the man's lips as he slowly enunciated, "Crown Prince Mo. After accepting a generous gift, this one will naturally keep my promise. This one will take your honorable life."

Mo Lian involuntarily sniggered, five flame clusters dancing about his raised fingers.

Ding Tingding's chuckle also deepened, and he abruptly flung out a wriggling snakelet.

Unfortunately, before it could reach Mo Lian, it was burnt to ashes by a cluster of flames.

“If I defeat you, how about you gift me this good-looking skin of yours?” While blinking his eyes, Ding Tingding beseeched, “The little lady would definitely be very happy if I use your human skin to produce a pretty drum for her.”

Mo Lian was unwilling to respond to this person’s inferior tricks. *You think a mere few threats could shake his immovable heart? That was too hilarious.*

“You had better first contemplate whether you have the chance to live on if you lose to me.”

A wave of flames abruptly fell immediately afterwards. The two people flew forward, and the slender, jet-black Raven Moon sword clashed against a glittering green sword.

That sword was actually created from a vine, but it was exceptionally sturdy.

*A great spiritual cultivator that grasped the wood spirit?*

He truly had underestimated this petty thief!

Mo Lian’s eyes flickered as he ensheathed Raven Moon with his fire spirit, causing a horrifying spiritual energy aura to directly pounce at his opponent.

*Crackle!* The red flames suddenly turned purple as they enveloped the green vine sword in Ding Tingding’s hand, instantly burning it into ashes.

“A formidable fire spirit. Is it grade-one spiritual fire?” After blinking his eyes with a chuckle, Ding Tingding directly whipped the ground with five to six vines that abruptly shot out of his sleeve.

In response, Mo Lian rapidly leaped up to evade those vines that had swept over.

When his purple flame landed on those vines that were wriggling like snakes, it instantly scorched them into pieces.

“As expected, it is still too difficult to battle grade-nine spiritual fire with a grade-eight wood spirit. Then... try my spiritual weapon!” Ding Tingding muttered to himself, “Try my heaven-and-earth treasure bell. This is a magic weapon that has been forcefully sealed as a level-15 spiritual weapon. Its original realm is beyond that!”

Ding Tingding called out childishly, “Take that!”

In the blink of an eye, a huge black big bell jumped out from his conscious and threatened to come down on Mo Lian.

If the bell trapped him inside, the ensuing brutality would truly be the death of him.

Mo Lian tugged his lips into a sneer as he whisked his sleeves.

*Was there a reason to not meet an enemy’s attack when the enemy was bearing down on him menacingly?*

*No matter what, he couldn’t lose to this petty thief!*

Suddenly, his figure flashed. When he appeared again, he was already in front of the heaven-earth treasure bell.

He then formed several complex hand seals that were indiscernible to the naked eye at a rapid speed.

A pitch-black, ink-colored lotus flower that was emitting a dim light suddenly floated into appearance in his hand. It looked as light as a feather, as if it was completely unable to withstand a single blow.

Yet in truth, when it collided with the heaven-and-earth treasure bell that came with a vengeance...

After Mo Lian's lotus flower strike sent the heaven-and earth treasure bell flying backwards several meters, it started spiraling around in mid-air.

### **Chapter 1076: Lian vs. Ding**

*Boom!* The pitch-black lotus flower exploded, generating a momentous energy that instantaneously knocked the heaven-and-earth treasure bell flying.

Ding Tingding maintained his composure on the surface, but he was shocked on the inside as he recalled the bell. Afterwards, he smilingly sized up Mo Lian.

"Now this is exciting! Crown Prince Mo." Even with his eye of discernment, he was unable to distinguish what kind of cultivation technique Mo Lian had exhibited.

Mo Lian didn't speak, straight up forming several more ink-colored lotus flowers and tossing them all at Ding Tingding.

Even though he had only grasped the second layer of the death lotus seal inheritance, it was more than sufficient enough to deal with someone whose cultivation had been sealed to the level-15 mystic realm.

*Are you ready to die?*

*Thief Sage Ding Tingding!*

Pressing his lips together, Mo Lian dashed forward and grabbed at the other party's arm with his slender fingers.

The purple flames that sprouted from his fingers were about to burn through Ding Tingding's arm.

Yet Ding Tingding suddenly opened his mouth and spewed out a thin mist. After fusing with the fire stag dark-fanged snake, its poison had long been integrated as his own.

If it were anyone else, they would definitely be caught off guard and get poisoned.

But unfortunately, Mo Lian had long put up his guard against him. Besides, he himself was also an apothecary that could nullify all kinds of abnormal body conditions.

Therefore, this fire stag dark-fanged snake poison was naturally of absolutely no use to him.

By this time, another black lotus seal had appeared in Mo Lian's palm. Taking advantage of Ding Tingding's instantaneous confusion, Mo Lian struck his palm, which had accumulated a tremendous amount of mystic energy, against Ding Tingding's chest with a bam.

Yet Mo Lian suddenly felt a sharp pain in his palm, quickly pulling his arm back afterwards.

“Cough!” Ding Tingding staggered a step back, and blood unavoidably trickled from the corner of his mouth.

Nevertheless, he started neurotically cackling in laughter. “Mo Lian, oh Mo Lian! You think you’ve won? Do you see your hand?”

Mo Lian expressionlessly looked down at his own palm. A bead of blood had oozed out of where his hand had been pricked.

Ding Tingding was immeasurably pleased with himself as he hooted at the sky with laughter. “I specially affixed a poisoned needle to this area, and you got taken in! Crown Prince Mo, you’ll die shortly! Hahaha! I’ve obtained my pretty human skin!”

Nevertheless, Mo Lian didn’t utter a sound, merely jumping up like a phantom and locking Ding Tingding’s shoulders with a grab while he had been preoccupied with laughing.

A dim light surfaced in Ding Tingding’s pitch-black eyes, and without thinking, he produced a green vine sword in his hand and viciously stabbed it at Crown Prince Mo’s heart.

However, this swift, fierce, and precise stab was naturally blocked by Crown Prince Mo’s full-body spiritual armor.

He once again struck Ding Tingding’s chest up close with a lotus seal, which even exploded several times on his body.

In the blink of an eye, half of the arch bridge had been blasted to smithereens.

Ding Tingding gazed at him in astonishment as he fell off the destroyed end of the bridge.

He seemed to be very surprised as to why Crown Prince Mo looked to be totally fine, producing no kind of reaction at all, when he had clearly been pricked by the poisoned needle on his chest.

Mo Lian looked down at the small red dot on his palm, and his body suddenly tottered as he smothered several coughs.

Huifeng bolted to his side with several leaps and exclaimed in worry, “Your Highness!”

Mo Lian waved his hand to stop him from talking further. “Immediately return to the Eastern Palace.”

A great spiritual cultivator that possessed a grade-eight wood spirit and also fused with the power of a demonic beast was not an easy opponent.

### **Chapter 1077: Advanced!**

“Cult Master, are you okay!” The left guardian softly exclaimed in worry as he supported his drenched cult master while walking quickly along the riverbank.

“Cough, cough. Cough.” Although His Excellency the Cult Master was in a sorry state, he was in ecstatic joy. “Hahaha! Cough, cough.”

At this, the left guardian quickly fed him a pill. "Cult Master, you have not recovered completely from your previous serious dagger wound near your heart, yet now, your chest area took two to three of Crown Prince Mo's palm strikes... you should take better care of your body."

"Haha, cough, how much better off than me could he be?" His Excellency declared with a complacent smile, "Even though I took two strikes to the chest, it's fine as long as I shift away my vital organs."

He asserted without worrying in the least, "It's not like I'm going to die! It's different for him though."

"He got poisoned with the devil grass's poison, which is completely incurable, hahaha! Cough, cough, he! Is dead for sure! Right now, he still doesn't know that he will turn into a corpse very soon, ha-cough, cough, cough..." After saying his piece, His Excellency roared wildly in laughter again, stopping only when he started laughing out blood.

"Cult Master?" The left guardian paled in fright as he supported his worrisome master, inwardly grumbling that he didn't cherish his body.

*The cult master had seen the vicissitudes of life and was playful by nature, making it difficult to tell his mood.*

*When had there been someone who wounded him to this extent? Yet he had the nerve to laugh!*

"Bring me to the Mystic Beast Forest." His Excellency's fingers grabbed his wrist.

Yet the left guardian opened his eyes wide in shock. "Cult Master! You are already injured to this extent. What are you still going to the Mystic Beast Forest for?"

*Shouldn't he immediately return to headquarters to recuperate right now!*

"Stop fussing, bring me there." His Excellency coughed out a mouthful of blood, and his body involuntarily slumped against the left guardian.

When the left guardian looked down and saw that his master had fainted like this, he could not help but be anxious and angry. He was both furious and indignant, but he didn't dare go against his master's will. Hence, he could only find somewhere to treat his master's wounds first before bringing him toward the Mystic Beast Forest.

His heart's voice: *How did I get you as a master!*

—Ding Tingding the Fool—

While slaughtering mystic beasts for seven days and six nights, Qiao Mu had unceasingly absorbed the boundless mystic energy in this place.

After wildly assimilating the essence earth in her body, she smoothly advanced a level without any surprise, stepping into the ranks of a level-13 mystic cultivator.

When she used her inner sight, she discovered that with this time's swift assimilation of the essence earth, there was less than one-third remaining.

From the looks of it, she would completely assimilate it sooner than expected.

Suddenly, she abruptly opened her eyes. Her heart started beating inexplicably like a thundering drum, and she felt a strange alarm in her heart.

Quickly stroking her drumming chest, she gazed in confusion at the azure sky inside the secret realm.

*What was going on?*

She actually felt so panicked all of a sudden.

Before she could dwell on it, however, she heard the sound of approaching heavy footsteps.

She didn't need to look to know that that wily giant ape senior had come over.

After the giant ape tromped up to her, it suddenly extended its long and furry arms to pick her up again just like before.

Without allowing for rejection, it tromped on the loose dirt with its thick and fat feet to bring her back to the stone tablet.

"Xiao Qiao." When Sixth Zheng saw her, he involuntarily heaved a sigh of relief.

In reality, they had already been released from their closed spaces two days ago, so Sixth Zheng had been apprehensive when he didn't see Qiao Mu appear the entire time.

### **Chapter 1078: Suddenly Making a Move**

He felt relieved seeing that she was safe and sound now.

Qin Susu also nodded at Qiao Mu.

This secret realm was rather strange. After being isolated into that vexing closed space at the start, those swarming mystic beasts nearly tore her apart.

When she recalled how Second Young Sir told her to protect Miss Qiao at all costs after entering the secret realm, she could not help but feel a bit embarrassed.

It seemed like there wasn't anything she could help with. Right now, she suspected that the ten thousand-year Xuanji Core was inside the cottage, but they simply couldn't traverse there at all.

Meanwhile, the giant ape lifted Qiao Mu over the entire way.

The gargantuan giant ape's single arm was seven to eight times thicker than her thigh.

This scene of being lifted over was simply... too indescribable for words.

Today was the eighth day that they entered the secret realm.

By now, everyone had already completed the first round of the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm's special training.

According to the stone tablet, those people who advanced a level in ten days after completing the first trial round could thus head to the cottage in the woods and pay a visit to Senior Xuanji.

However, when they were transferred out two days ago, Little Sixth Zheng, Qin Susu, Baili Wu, and Baili Zhen all felt that they had reached the breakthrough point to the next level, but two days had passed, and they still hadn't advanced.

At this time, they all looked at Qiao Mu.

Soon afterwards, they instantly widened their eyes.

*She advanced!*

Because of the aura-repressing talisman on Qiao Mu's body, it subtracted five levels of her cultivation.

At this time, everyone saw that the little lady was at level-eight mystic realm cultivation.

Previously, Miss Qiao was at level-seven cultivation the whole time, though truth be told, her cultivation didn't exactly match up to her strength.

However, the majority of people attributed this inconsistency to the reason that Miss Qiao was a great talisman practitioner.

Crown Prince Consort Mo had actually advanced a level!

This meant that she could head to the cottage before everyone else.

Wei Nanshu gazed at Qiao Mu glumly, his heart filled with unwillingness.

When he thought of how Qiao Mu would be the first to choose secret treasures from the cottage, it felt as if millions of tiny ants were crawling inside his heart. He was in such extreme agony!

Crown Prince Consort Mo would definitely first choose to take the ten thousand-year Xuanji Core!

"Keke, Senior Giant Ape, is this not a bit unfair?" Sikong Fuling flashed in front of the giant ape with a giggle.

"The little miss has it much easier than most of us, raising her cultivation from level seven to level eight! After all, everyone knows that it is harder to advance a level the higher a person's cultivation. The mystic energy needed to advance from level seven to level eight is much less than what I need to advance from level 12 to level 13. The disparity could be said to be as far apart as heaven and earth! The difference between a canal and the sea!"

Everyone's pupils contracted upon hearing this.

*A level-12 mystic cultivator!*

The Saint of the Demonic Cult was actually already a level-12 mystic cultivator at such a young age. Her talent was simply terrifying to the extreme.

Without doubt, the Saint of the Demonic Cult's cultivation should be the highest out of all of them.

"Roar, roar." In understanding, the giant ape roared at her twice, as if chiding her to quickly back down.

"Humph." The Saint of the Demonic Cult, Sikong Fuling, instantly turned hostile.

Following this, she suddenly reached out to grab at Qiao Mu. "If this young lady slaughters this little lass right now, then doesn't that mean that the ranking should start over?"

Wei Nanshu, Ying Jian, and the rest couldn't hide the schadenfreude in their eyes as they watched from the sidelines.

It truly couldn't be better that the Saint of the Demonic Cult was willing to make a move.

It was just a matter of minutes for a level-12 mystic cultivator to kill a level-eight mystic cultivator.

### **Chapter 1079: Watching for a Chance to Counterattack**

Qiao Mu was simply impassive, as if completely not surprised that this Saint of the Demonic Cult would suddenly attack her.

After throwing out a defensive talisman to fend off the saint's claw, Qiao Mu flitted behind the giant ape.

"Roar!" Just as expected, the giant ape senior suddenly intervened in the next second.

It swept out a large and firm palm, mercilessly striking toward Sikong Fuling's face, seemingly intending to flatten her small face with this slap.

The saint flashed to the left, and although she was quick enough, she was no match for the giant ape's agility.

It followed up by lunging forward, striking toward the saint's face again with its large, spread-out palm.

Sikong Fuling's face darkened as she scolded, "How abominable."

*This damned giant ape was aiming for her face every time. Didn't it know that of all places, you really shouldn't hit other people's faces?*

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu stood leisurely to the side, calmly watching as this Saint of the Demonic Cult ward off the giant ape's offensive left and right.

After continuously missing the saint's face, the giant ape bellowed angrily at the sky.

The Eastern Ying Kingdom's eldest crown prince, Ying Jian, who had originally been enjoying the show from the sidelines, was caught off guard and spurted out blood from the roar's vibration.

*Such a strong sound wave!*

From the fact that this giant ape could injure others with its roar, its strength was obviously not ordinary.

Right now, the giant ape was already so triggered by the Saint of the Demonic Cult's slipperiness that its temper flared up from the depths of its heart.

Because it remained inside this secret realm suffused with concentrated mystic energy all year round, its combat prowess was comparable to a peak level-15 mystic cultivator.

Therefore, the more they exchanged blows, the greater Sikong Fuling's shock.

At the same time, she became fully aware that the reason she was able to smoothly enter the secret realm at the start was that this giant ape hadn't used its full strength.

Taking a deep breath, Sikong Fuling suddenly summoned her mystic beast: four-winged jade-eyed tiger.

After that mystic beast landed, it fearlessly pounced at the giant ape with a roar.

The giant ape angrily roared several times in response. It then hopped up with a fierce stomp against the ground, very agilely evading the four-winged jade-eyed tiger's attack before slapping back at the tiger's face with its palm.

The four-winged jade-eyed tiger wasn't as fortunate as its master. This palm just so happened to land on its head, causing it to stumble backwards as it shook its head dizzily.

Just as Sikong Fuling turned to check on the four-winged jade-eyed tiger, Qiao Mu moved at once.

With an agile flash of her body, she abruptly shot the several dozen shining white ice spikes in her hand toward Sikong Fuling's back.

The sound of swishes filled the air.

Promptly sensing danger closing in, Sikong Fuling evaded those ice spikes by rolling to the side.

Yet in the next second, she jumped in fright from Qiao Mu's sudden appearance before her in mid-air.

The Startled Swan Dagger abruptly grazed the Saint of the Demonic Cult's left cheek. If not for the fact that she once again rolled on the ground to dodge, then this Startled Swan Dagger would have probably slit her throat.

The little lady was too ruthless in her attack, not leaving any leeway.

The Saint of the Demonic Cult broke out in a cold sweat, yet when she turned around to look at Qiao Mu, she chuckled seductively. "What a swift dagger."

Yet Qiao Mu didn't utter a word, taking to the sky instead after lightly leaping up with the tip of her foot. With a flash, the several hundred ice spikes in her hand rapidly streaked through the deathly still air.

"Swish, swish, swish, swish!"

The saint repeatedly flashed in retreat, a wrath stirring in her still eyes as she activated her defensive weapon to ward off Qiao Mu's attacks.

*Good heavens!*

A level-eight minor mystic cultivator was forcing back a level-12 mystic cultivator without using talismans.

### **Chapter 1080: Dumbfounded**

With the sound of numerous swishes, the ice spikes successively struck Sikong Fuling's defensive barrier.

The defensive weapon could ward off a dozen fierce strikes, but how was it able to ward off more than a hundred?

Sikong Fuling's expression sunk, and the ice spikes broke through the defensive barrier with a bang when her mystic energy slackened.

*Boom, boom, boom.* Everyone turned around speechlessly to look at the giant ape senior jubilantly clapping its large, furry palms with a big grin.

He was definitely super biased.

They had originally felt that it was very strange how the giant ape senior was acting so chummy with Miss Qiao. After all, it was completely different from how it treated the rest of them.

*Could this be an innate fondness at first sight?*

"Cough. Cough, cough." After the defensive barrier got broken through, Sikong Fuling evaded a line of ice spikes at the speed of light.

Nevertheless, several ice spikes still hit her thigh and shoulder. The red marks and scrapes were particularly eye-catching on her fair, white skin.

Sikong Fuling's eyes had completely turned frosty when she looked up at Qiao Mu. "I had originally thought that you were a nice young lady, yet who would've known that you also knew how to launch surprise attacks."

Even so, Qiao Mu simply blinked her eyes and didn't say anything, instead shooting over a sharp, blue blade in response. Sikong Fuling bent over backward in time, so the blade merely grazed her head.

"Swish, swish." The coursing water arrows were difficult to guard against.

Meanwhile, Ying Jian and the other spectating people had long been dumbfounded by this scene!

*Why was a minor level-eight mystic cultivator able to beat up a level-12 mystic cultivator?*

*Could it be... Miss Qiao secretly used talismans while they weren't looking?*

*This was too shocking!*

Wei Nanshu's eyes were smoldering in fervor. *No wonder people said that great talisman practitioners possessed phenomenal methods. From the looks of it today, that was surely the case!*

"You should be using some kind of magic treasure to conceal your cultivation realm." Yet by this time, the saint finally realized the truth.

It wasn't like she was a fool. If she still didn't realize that Qiao Mu wasn't merely a level-eight mystic cultivator after fighting to this point, then she really could go kill herself now.

Qiao Mu didn't respond, merely casting her a side glance before retracting her gaze and looking at the giant ape instead.

The giant ape seemed to be very pleased with her victory. After stomping up to her, it directly stretched out a gray, furry arm and picked her up.

Then, it turned around and left the crowd alone.

A dim light flickered in Wei Nanshu's eyes as he was burning in jealousy, but he didn't dare to attack.

After all, even Sikong Fuling wasn't a match for the giant ape. Moreover, Qiao Mu's savageness had already left a very deep impression in his mind. With his intelligence and wisdom, he naturally couldn't choose this time to be the bird that stuck its head out.

On the other hand, Xiao Mi jumped up joyfully. "She is going to the cottage in the grove to pay a visit to Senior Xuanji, right! Wonderful, Younger Sis is amazing as expected."

The Akedo Tribe's Achir couldn't help but purse her lips in a scoff. "It's not like you're the one going to the cottage. What are you so happy for."

Xiao Mi arrogantly glanced at her with a harrumph. "What do you know. How would brainless and big-breasted women like you who only know how to pounce at men understand our precious sisterhood!"

Achir's expression turned green from Xiao Mi's blunt words. As she stomped her foot, she turned to grasp Ali's arm and whined coquettishly, "Ali, look at her."