

## **My Crown 1291**

### **Chapter 1291: Dying Along with Him**

*Qiaoqiao had only pointed her crow repeating crossbow at him for a moment.*

Yet that child harbored a grudge for that and waited for an opportunity to immediately take revenge.

It was rare to see such a narrow-minded child.

Mo Lian kicked that boy, which promptly flipped him upside down and to the ground.

Although his kick looked heavy, he had actually held back. After all, he didn't really want to fuss over this with a brat.

But that child's vicious actions just now really infuriated him.

If that child had been targeting him, he could dismiss it with a smile, but it was absolutely not okay for him to target his Qiaoqiao. That child even wanted to bite Qiaoqiao and make her get infected like him!

"You brat have huge guts."

"Youngest Young Sir." Liu Yuan quickly leapt over to shield him, and he lifted his arms to block Duan Yue's kick. "Stop, stop, stop. Please do not get angry, young sirs and misses. Youngest Young Sir is only doing this in a fit of pique. He is still young, still young, and is immature! I beseech everyone, do not hold it against him."

"Do not beg them." The boy glowered at Qiao Mu and company ferociously, his eyes indistinctly glowing red.

"Didn't she say that I won't be living for long! Then I'm going to bite her to death and have this woman die along with me." The boy kicked furiously, but he was unable to break out of Liu Yuan's arms.

Liu Yuan found a sturdy rope and tied up that boy. Afterwards, he wiped the sweat on his forehead and gave Qiao Mu an apologetic smile. "So-Sorry, this miss, Youngest Young Sir is only acting so brazenly because of the extreme shock from his parents' death."

Qiao Mu glanced at that boy and shook her head with a sigh. She then tugged at Mo Lian's sleeve and said softly, "Forget about it, let's leave."

Everyone thus passed them quickly and hurried toward their destination, Jiaozhong Base.

Duan Yue looked back and fixed his gaze nonchalantly on Liu Yuan. "Something's weird about this person."

"Weird indeed."

Normally, people who found out that a person beside them was mutating would still be somewhat terrified if not frightened to death. In any case, they would at least want to avoid the other person to ensure their own personal safety.

*But this Liu Yuan...*

He gave off a weird feeling.

Mo Lian scoffed, "Qiaoqiao is correct. This person has other intentions. You find him weird because he is the only one among them wearing a lined jacket that is out of season and has cotton padding around his arms."

Now that it was already spring, it still might be a bit cold in the morning, but wearing something like a lined jacket at this time of day was totally unbearable. You would die from the heat!

Realization dawned on everyone when they heard this, and they gave continuous nods.

"He had long known that the City Lord's Estate's youngest young sir had gotten infected," several people exclaimed in unison.

Mo Lian nodded. "Correct, he had long known and had also made complete preparations."

"Your Highness has eyes like a hawk. That should indeed be the case," remarked a male disciple from Daybreak Sect with a nod.

"Tsk, ts. Then what is this person's objective." The person who spoke was Eldest Qin, who had slipped into the hundred-man party. It wasn't until after they had departed that Mo Lian noticed this guy had fabricated a fake name to join this time's cleaning operation in Jiaozhong Base.

Mo Lian swept him a disagreeable glance. "You're so smart that you can fabricate a fake name to join our operation, so how can you not know what that person's objective is."

"Xiao Bao, the crown prince is scolding me." The eldest young sir turned his head around in a huff to look at the expressionless Qiao Mu.

## **Chapter 1292: As Expected**

"Serves you right." Qiao Mu deadpanned as she left him with these words. Afterwards, she trotted forward with short steps.

After recovering from his speechlessness, Eldest Young Sir Qin glowered at the nearby teammates who were laughing up their sleeves.

Mo Lian also smirked as he quickly chased after his little wife. "Qiaoqiao, walk slower. You don't need to hurry."

Qiao Mu was quite anxious. She wanted to inspect to what extent Jiaozhong Fortification had gotten destroyed.

*How exactly had the people from the underground organization contaminated the water sources?*

The group of people trekked on foot. Other than the superhumans with exceptional hearing ability who found the march strenuous, everyone else found it effortless.

After advancing for less than two hours, they saw Jiaozhong Fortification's city gates erected not far from them.

Thirty plus headless zombies were wandering about before the city gate.

When they smelled the scent of humans, they all turned their heads, their glowing red eyes flickering as they scanned Qiao Mu and company.

“Everyone be careful, these are all level-four zombies.” After giving this warning, Qiao Mu shot out an arrow from her crow repeating crossbow, and it pierced through one of the zombie’s skulls.

After piercing through the first zombie, the arrow continued to skewer the skull of a second zombie that was pouncing over.

A single arrow eradicated two zombies.

The crow-gold arrow spun a circle in mid-air before loading itself on the crow repeating crossbow again with a swish.

When everyone else saw this, they were not willing to be outdone, and they all thrust out their mystic energy at the several dozen zombies from far away.

One burst of dense, white mystic energy after another instantly struck down each and every zombie.

For the few that had evaded the first burst of mystic energy, the second round of mystic energy that followed closely bombarded them into smithereens.

This battle was basically a one-sided extermination.

Once the hundred great mystic cultivators had cleaned away the thirty plus zombies at the city gate, they followed Mo Lian and Qiao Mu quickly into Jiaozhong Base.

More than half of Jiaozhong Fortification’s arched gate had already collapsed, and shattered stones had been mixed into all the nooks and crannies.

Just as they entered, they saw a woman who had lost half of her head sitting at the city gate. She was also cuddling a child who had lost more than half his body.

“So pitiful.” A female mystic cultivator sighed as she strode up to the mother and son.

“Don’t go over!” Alongside a harsh shout, the woman who had originally been sitting stiffly this entire time suddenly opened a single eye. She was letting out shrill screeches as she attempted to pounce at the female mystic cultivator.

*\*Swish!\** The crow-gold arrow shot through the woman’s skull.

Simultaneously, that female mystic cultivator reacted quickly and flicked out a burst of mystic energy. She then pounced at the woman’s arms where she was carrying the child who had lost half of his body but still had his eyes open.

The mother and son were skewered simultaneously with the crow-gold arrow, and there was finally no noise after they rolled to the side.

The female mystic cultivator heaved a sigh of relief before she turned to nod at Qiao Mu. “Thank you.”

“These zombies have gradually gained intelligence,” Liang Qingqing commented with a cold but pretty face.

“At the start, they would learn to hide or disguise themselves, watching for a chance to launch an attack.”

“Be careful, it’s uncertain what else there will be in here.” Situ Yi looked up at the sky with a solemn expression.

The dark mist enveloping the sky above this fortification seemed to contain a little bit of something else.

### **Chapter 1293: Entering the City Lord’s Estate**

Everyone recollected themselves as they walked into the city.

There were scorched black traces everywhere, and hearing the uniform march of footsteps on the deserted road made their hair stand on end.

This place was too eerily quiet.

It made them feel like there were numerous pairs of eyes staring at them silently from the shadows.

Liang Qingqing abruptly pivoted her head, vigilantly sweeping her sharp gaze at the corner.

There was nothing there.

But she clearly sensed someone’s eyes on her just now.

*Was it her imagination?*

The entire fortification reeked of rotting and carried a putrid stench. This was evidently a ghost city already.

Even so, a large number of zombies had definitely amassed here before.

The best method of dealing with them was to round them up before disposing of them to prevent these things from fleeing and assaulting the nearby fortifications, such as Rice City.

Everyone stuck close to the group. However, they did not discover even a single zombie after treading through the city for five minutes.

“There’s something weird about this,” Liang Qingqing mumbled.

“Mhm. How is it possible for there not to be a single zombie after we’ve walked for so long. Where do you think they have gathered?”

“Unless there is some place or some thing inside the city that has attracted them.”

“Otherwise, it is impossible...”

Mo Lian suddenly halted, which caused everyone else to, as well. When they followed his gaze, their hearts jolted in shock.

They saw a gigantic black skull appearing before them.

It was formed from dense mist and did not seem like it would cause humans great harm.

However, its gaping jaws were seemingly waiting for its prey to venture inside on their own.

Mo Lian and company walked up to the skull's jaws before stopping. They felt that advancing any further would be like getting swallowed up by the jaws, and a bizarre mood couldn't help but infect their hearts.

Beside this, there were also two small alleys that allowed free passage, but they were so dark that you could not see their ends. Because the black mist obstructed their line of sight, making things blurry, it made the trek even more challenging.

Everyone directed their gazes at the crown prince, waiting for his decision.

Duan Yue waved his hand, and an illumination pearl abruptly flew into the skull's jaws, fully lighting up the surroundings with a crackle.

With this, everyone's line of sight broadened enormously.

It wasn't a skull up ahead but the City Lord's Estate. The skull's jaws corresponded to the main door of the City Lord's Estate.

It was quiet all around, without a lone zombie wandering about.

Everyone looked at each other before simultaneously sending inquiries to the crown prince with their gazes. "Going in?"

The crown prince nodded. "Let's go in for a look."

Thus, everyone trailed after him toward the City Lord's Estate's main entrance.

Liang Qingqing suddenly turned around to examine the space behind her vigilantly.

However, she saw that there were only her teammates and no one else.

*But then where did that extremely uncomfortable feeling that sent shivers down her spine come from?*

Liang Qingqing knitted her brows.

This City Lord's Estate was located right at the center of the city district. After the surroundings got illuminated by Duan Yue's illumination pearl, it was like daylight in the area.

Not only did the illumination pearl cover an extremely broad area, but it also had a long time of duration.

Hence, they would be able to clearly see their surrounding environment for at least an hour.

Everyone could only hear the light shuffle of footsteps and nothing else. There was only silence all around them.

Just like this, the party entered the City Lord's Estate's main hall under Mo Lian's lead, weaving through the hallway toward the rear court.

#### **Chapter 1294: Coming Uninvited**

At the same time in the Fan Clan, Fan Qiuming welcomed three uninvited guests.

In the middle of the night, these three people showed up inside his bedroom without meeting any resistance. Although they gave him a fright, he still faced them while maintaining his composure.

“You, who are you people.”

A well-endowed woman with ravishing looks walked forward. She looked to be just over twenty years of age, and her red lips were painted so brightly that it looked like blood at a glimpse.

“I heard that this young brother from the Fan Clan also went to the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm last time.”

Fan Qiuming’s heart trembled along with his body as he gazed at that woman and her companions in terror.

The fact that these three people could infiltrate into their Fan Clan without alerting anyone proved that they possessed higher cultivation than everyone in the Fan Clan.

Fan Qiuming felt that he might not be able to see tomorrow’s sunrise if he didn’t satisfy the woman’s questions.

Hence, he answered the woman honestly with a nod. “Yes.”

The woman giggled as she walked her supple fingers up Fan Qiuming’s shoulder and laid on him, smiling, “Sister wants to ask you something, okay. Sister heard that there is a very valuable Xuanji Core inside this Mystic Beast Forest secret realm. Did anyone obtain it?”

However, Fan Qiuming reflexively shook his head.

The woman promptly turned hostile as she slapped his face. She stated frigidly, “Think carefully before answering.”

Fan Qiuming shuddered from the pain in his face as he rapidly shook his head again, explaining, “Th- There really wasn’t, the entire secret realm collapsed not long after we entered. How could anyone have obtained...”

As he spoke, he recalled something and paused.

The woman’s eyes brightened, and she supported her arm on Fan Qiuming’s shoulder while coaxing like a trickster, “Young brother, you have to think carefully. There is a lot at stake for you and your clan. Hm?”

*\*Bam!\** Fan Qiuming’s door was suddenly kicked open.

In his surprise, Fan Qiuming glanced at the door, where he saw his elder brother gazing coldly at the three people inside the room.

“Hehe, I didn’t expect there to actually be someone in the Fan Clan who could detect our presence,” the woman giggled as she winked at Fan Qiuhe.

“You are calling on the Fan Clan so late at night to ask after the whereabouts of the Xuanji Core?” Fan Qiuhe questioned with a cold expression.

“That’s right, could it be that you are privy to this information?” The woman sized him up suspiciously before concluding with a shake of her head, “It is impossible for you to enter the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm at your age.”

“Qiuming, tell them the truth.” Fan Qiuhe secretly sent a look to his younger brother.

Fan Qiuming also happened to have realized something at this time and said with a nod, “Before the secret realm collapsed, there was only one person who entered Senior Xuanji’s small cottage.”

“But it remains unknown whether she obtained the Xuanji Core or not,” Fan Qiuming added.

“Oh? Who was it.” A predatory glint danced in the woman’s eyes, and her entire body was taut.

“The crown prince consort.”

The woman’s eyes glimmered as she curved her lips that were as crimson as blood. “From the looks of it, we have to make a trip into the palace.”

“There is no need.” Fan Qiuhe’s gaze flickered as he shook his head.

### **Chapter 1295: A Gamble**

“The crown prince consort is not inside the palace at present. She has gone to a small fortification faraway and will not be returning temporarily,” Fan Qiuhe explained impassively.

“May this humble one ask where the seniors hail from.” Fan Qiuhe cupped his hands towards the three people in salute. “If it is needed, this humble one is willing to guide you to the small fortification and search for the crown prince consort.”

Fan Qiuming’s eyes widened at once when he heard this, and he gazed at Fan Qiuhe in disbelief.

Of the two people who had not spoken, the young man announced coldly, “We come from Anyi Prefecture. This is the fourth miss Guan Yiyong of our Anyi Prefecture, and he is our Pundit Zhao.”

From beginning to end, the elder addressed respectfully as Pundit Zhao had shut his eyes to rest, folding his arms as he sat by the side.

Fan Qiuhe cupped his hands toward them once more. “The crown prince consort has gone to Jiaozhong Fortification with a hundred great mystic cultivators who are level-11 and above to clean up the remnant zombies there.”

Upon hearing this, Fourth Miss Guan Yiyong involuntarily smirked with an amused yet apathetic expression. “Oh? So many of them, one hundred level-11 great mystic cultivators.”

“How unfortunate that they only amount to ants in our eyes,” Guan Yiyong cackled.

Fan Qiuhe’s eyes flickered as he brown-nosed, “That is only natural. How can the crown prince consort and her party compare to you masters.”

“Lad, your words are pleasant to hear.” Guan Yiyong smiled at Fan Qiuhe. “How about this, lead us to that base. I really am curious about whether that crown prince consort has obtained the Xuanji Core.”

Fan Qiuhe chuckled. "How does an ant deserve to possess a divine item like the Xuanji Core. Even if she has obtained it, it will inevitably become yours, Miss."

"Kekeke, hahaha." Guan Yiyang laughed heartily as she praised Fan Qiuhe with a nod, "Lad, you sure know what to say."

Fan Qiuming was distressed. "Eldest Brother, this."

*After clashing so many times, was Eldest Brother still unaware of the crown prince and crown prince consort's methods?*

*If the crown prince consort found out that it was their Fan Clan that sold her out, then... would she even let them off?*

*The entire clan would meet with disaster! At that time, would they be able to withstand the flames of His Highness the Crown Prince's wrath!*

However, Fan Qiuhe merely glanced at his younger brother coldly. "Qiuming, this matter has nothing to do with you anymore."

He had been troubled as to how to make his move. After all, the amount of time that person gave him was almost up.

Their last interaction at the Mystic Beast Forest told him that it was impossible for him to get close to this crown prince consort.

For some reason, this crown prince consort was like a psychopath, wanting to kill him every time she saw him.

*But he had clearly never exposed his identity in front of her before, so how could she have known that he harbored malicious intentions toward her?*

His original plan was to approach her by infiltrating the Huge Bear Squad. After all, his prior investigation showed that she had always been treating everyone in the Huge Bear Squad favorably.

But from the looks of it now, there was simply no opportunity.

That person had already given the word to deal with her as soon as possible. There was no need to do anything unnecessary.

Since that was the case, then he would just as well take a gamble and exterminate her through someone else's hand.

Fan Qiuhe exhaled deeply and smiled at Guan Yiyang. "It is just that this journey to Jiaozhong is quite far..."

"You don't need to worry about this. With Pundit Zhao's Six-Winged Goshawk, travel is simply not an issue."

Fan Qiuhe replied with a smile. "Then that is for the best."

## **Chapter 1296: Cores**

Qiao Mu was unaware of the sizable crisis looming upon her.

During this time, she had made a lap through the City Lord's Estate with the rest of the party before following them to the main hall.

"It's so strange." Liang Qingqing scratched the back of her head as she thought aloud, "Why haven't we seen anything after making such a big circle."

"Could it be that we arrived too late? All the zombies have already fled Jiaozhong Fortification?"

"That can't be possible!"

"If that is the case, then how should we account for the several thousand villagers? They would have long gotten torn into pieces and swallowed up."

Mo Lian's thoughtful gaze just so happened to meet Qiao Mu's when he turned around.

The pair nodded at the same time, and Mo Lian turned to instruct everyone, "Search around. There may be a secret tunnel."

That Liu Yuan had mentioned that the city lord and his madam had fought to the death to stall time for the citizens to flee.

Yet not a single zombie was to be seen inside this City Lord's Estate.

*If not a secret tunnel, how else were they to explain this eerie situation?*

Everyone automatically split up, knocking here and hitting there to look for a secret tunnel.

After searching the main hall, they continued inside and made a circle inside the City Lord's Estate. At last, they gathered next to a well in the rear court.

Someone had used several boulders to stop up the mouth of the well.

Everyone exchanged glances as they made several guesses in their minds.

"The mouth of this well may be narrow, but it is not impossible for these level-five zombies, some of which can rival human great mystic cultivators, to push away these boulders.

"Unless there aren't any zombies inside this well at all." Duan Yue frowned as he kicked the boulder. "We'll find out when we get it open."

Several mystic cultivators stepped up to help Duan Yue push away the boulders at the mouth of the well, revealing a dark hole.

"Be careful." Qiao Mu shot a zombie about to leap out from the mouth of the well in the chest with her crow-gold arrow.

That thing then crashed to the ground before rapidly floundering about, with both its contorted arms propping it up against the ground. It arched its half-missing neck and then rolled its long tongue outside its mouth.

It was so freaking disgusting.

A female mystic cultivator swiftly followed up with a mystic energy strike to that zombie's head. In the end, it got blasted several meters away before smashing into a corner.

Everyone turned their gazes aside in distaste after getting repulsed.

However, just as everyone was about to descend the well, that zombie that had originally been flung motionlessly to a corner abruptly turned around and started squirming. It kept floundering its broken body, attempting to pounce on the people in the crowd.

"Why hasn't it died?" The female mystic cultivator shouted in wrath and horror.

She had clearly hit its head with her mystic energy just now. From past experience, this zombie should already be deader than a doornail.

Yet there was nothing wrong with it, and it could even slip and slide on the ground.

"Allow me!" A mystic cultivator wielding a great broad axe beheaded that disgusting zombie with a clang at once.

A green and sticky fluid spurted out from the head, making them feel awfully queasy.

Although everyone turned around, Qiao Mu coldly inspected that decaying head that had been lopped off.

Her eyes glimmered as she saw a piece of crystal the size of a rice grain separate from the brain fluid.

"What is that."

Duan Yue walked up and picked up that rice grain before turning to look at Qiao Mu.

"It's a core."

### **Chapter 1297: Secret Tunnel**

"A core?" It was everyone's first time hearing that zombie brains could also produce cores.

*Wasn't that something only mystic beasts possessed?*

Qiao Mu's expression was also particularly grave.

Zombies whose brains produced cores only appeared in her past life after she had trained with the Huge Bear Squad for two years.

This meant that the zombies had exceeded the scope of primary level-five three years in advance to reach the standard of an intermediate-level zombie.

With enough intelligence, a portion of them would be able to conspire against normal humans with rudimentary and immature schemes.

Qiao Mu took out a bag and pattered over to Duan Yue's side. She then had him throw this lustrous green grain-like crystal into the bag.

Duan Yue's mouth twitched. "It has a use?"

However, Qiao Mu shook her head. She indeed had no idea whether or not it had a use.

In her past life, it wasn't long after zombie brains started producing crystals when Fan Qiuhe captured her. Hence, she simply had no time to properly research this item's use.

She planned to just collect them first since she did not like to be wasteful.

"Let's descend?" Everyone had encircled the mouth of the well, while someone even tossed a lighter inside.

The well was quite deep as the light from the lighter lasted for a long time before disappearing.

Qiao Mu gave Mo Lian a glance. "I'll go down first!"

Yet everyone hastily stopped her. "Wait."

"I'll go down first! In these kinds of situations, of course we men should be the first to test the waters!" That mystic cultivator who wielded a broad axe secured his big axe on his back.

He then dug out a full suit of cumbersome armor from his inner world and armed himself to the teeth, only showing his eyes and his mouth. He cracked a grin at everyone.

"Big Bro Axe, you must be careful." Qiao Mu exhorted with a stoic face. On the other hand, everyone was thunderstruck by her nickname for him.

Brother Axe gave a nod before twisting his wrist guard, which enveloped his body with a transparent shield.

The level of his defensive mystic weapon was not too high, but it could cope with the gnawing of several sporadic zombies.

Besides, he had a Plan B prepared with his thick armor. The zombies wouldn't be able to bite through it.

"Hold this." Duan Yue threw him a baton with a night luminous pearl secured to the end. It was most likely a lighting tool he had created himself. There was no problem with using it to illuminate things in a small radius...

Brother Axe caught that night luminous pearl baton with a nod and stuck it into his belt. He then took a deep breath before leaping to the mouth of the well and sliding down slowly.

Should zombies be springing out, the rest of the people who circled around the well were prepared to go on the offensive so they could come to Brother Axe's aid in time.

After five minutes passed by like this, Brother Axe had finally landed at the bottom of the well. He swiftly slaughtered two zombies that pounced at him before calling out to the mouth of the well, "Come down, there aren't many zombies."

After beheading a young zombie hiding in the dark with his axe, he dug around but stopped when he did not discover that kind of core.

At this time, everyone had already slid down the well, and they examined the corridor in front of them that only allowed a single person to pass through.

*\*Fwoosh, fwoosh, fwoosh—\** Torches started burning, promptly making the corridor as bright as day.

There were many unmoving zombie bodies strewn all over the corridor.

Qiao Mu gathered those miniature cores as she walked.

“Let’s go.” Everyone followed the group as they examined their surroundings vigilantly.

Suddenly, Mo Lian tugged Qiao Mu’s petite hand.

Qiao Mu halted and looked ahead.

At some point in time, it seemed that a silhouette had appeared at the other end of the corridor not far away.

### **Chapter 1298: Lead the Way**

However, that silhouette was like a ghost, vanishing instantly after a glimpse.

A female mystic cultivator cried out as she rubbed her eyes out of reflex, “He’s gone.”

“Just trying to be mystifying.” Qiao Mu shot a silver needle in front of her with a flick.

A faint *\*ding\** could be heard.

The silver needle fell to the ground, as if hitting a wall.

Everyone was shocked. After all, they had clearly seen that the corridor ahead was empty and not that something like a wall was blocking them.

“This is a bit interesting.” Eldest Young Sir Qin shook the fan in his hands as he chortled, “You say, could it be that we have truly encountered a ghost.”

Qiao Mu cast him a glance and suddenly decided, “You go.”

The eldest young sir gazed at her pitifully. "Why am I taking the lead?"

Qiao Mu deadpanned as she praised without meaning it at all, "You're amazing."

Eldest Young Sir Qin blinked and then immediately turned radiant. "Really! You truly think I am very amazing."

"Okay! Then I will go!" Eldest Young Sir Qin walked up smugly, as if he had received a great honor.

Everyone looked at each other in dismay. When they turned around, they noticed Crown Prince Mo and Fourth Young Master Duan both revealing looks of disdain and rolling their eyes at the exact same time...

At this time, a cyan-feathered little chick landed on Qiao Mu's shoulder.

Even so, Qiao Mu cast a sidelong glance at Mo Lian, providing a rare explanation. "He'll be our coolie to lead the way."

Duan Yue: ...

*What to do, the little fellow was getting cuter. She was explaining why she was praising that Eldest Qin earlier.*

The eldest young sir, unaware of Qiao Mu's intentions, was still quite giddy. He went up and paced before that formless "wall" several times before abruptly striking that "wall" with mystic energy.

That wall was like soft cotton, absorbing all the force from his strike that it sucked his palm in before rebounding it back fiercely!

Eldest Qin did not strike open the wall, merely tilting his body and using both hands to forcefully rip something open before him.

Consequently, an opening was ripped open in that “wall” with the sound of this tear.

Eldest Qin squinted his eyes and released several bursts of mystic energy, knocking down the three zombies that had abruptly pounced over.

Everyone concentrated fire in a round of attack, bombarding the dozen zombies behind the invisible wall into smithereens.

Subsequently, they advanced forward while treading on zombie bodies.

Qiao Mu bent over to collect the minimal amount of cores with bronze tweezers. Occasionally, she would also get disgusted by the zombies staring at her, and she would have to pat her chest.

Finally, everyone successfully made it out of the corridor. They had seen light streaming in from the outside after a short walk. Speaking of which, this corridor was not considered especially long, and a mere five minutes’ walk was basically enough to reach the end.

Eldest Qin stretched out his hand to stop everyone. He then tilted his head and took a sniff. “Do you smell something?”

“What can you smell? The stench of decay.”

Duan Yue harrumphed. “You couldn’t be scared now, could you?”

“I am scared?” Eldest Young Sir Qin couldn’t help feeling stifled as he cast him a sidelong glance. “There has yet to be something that scares me, Qin Xuan.”

Duan Yue gave him an ironic laugh before subsequently pointing ahead. “Lead the way!”

Eldest Young Sir Qin unwillingly trekked forward. However, just as he was about to exit the corridor, the sounds of two roars travelled over.

He hastily retreated backwards and dodged to the sides of the corridor.

Two robust zombies jumped into the end of the corridor while baring their teeth and brandishing their claws. Their first move was to tear apart the people in front of them with their claws.

### **Chapter 1299: Retreat!**

“Ugly!” Qiao Mu shot that zombie with another arrow up close.

The crow-gold arrow pierced the zombie’s head but did not disrupt its core. Hence, it still lunged at Duan Yue to claw his face.

*D\*mn you!* Duan Yue decisively pulled out a small and intricate firelock, aimed it at the zombie’s head.

*\*Bang!\** The zombie’s head promptly caught on fire. After it got incinerated to ashes, a lustrous green core slightly bigger than a rice grain fell down.

Qiao Mu picked it up with her tweezers and threw it into her cloth sack. Then, she gave Eldest Qin, who had dodged to the sides of the corridor, a holler. “Lead the way!”

Everyone: “...”

Eldest Young Sir Qin shook his head helplessly as he shook his folding fan with a sigh. “How did I get involved with you little one.”

Despite his words, with a flash of his figure, Eldest Qin ripped open the invisible “wall” at the other end of the corridor. Afterwards, quaking howls and roars, accompanied by several shrieks, surged into their eardrums that same instant.

Although startled, Eldest Qin slipped out of the corridor after a slight hesitation.

Immediately afterwards, Eldest Qin stretched out his hand with an unsightly expression, stopping Duan Yue and the rest from advancing behind him.

“I’m telling you guys, there might be enough time now to go back the way we came,” Eldest Young Sir Qin said in a murmur.

Qiao Mu pushed him out of her way and peered outside the corridor. What she saw made her stunned.

Duan Yue, Mo Lian, Situ Yi, Liang Qingqing, and company also walked out. Upon seeing the scene before them, they gasped in shock.

At the center of the small plaza before them was a round base the shape of a torch, upon which stood a sculpture of the city lord.

However, there were more than one thousand people crawling up and carpeting it at this time.

They intertwined like tangled hemp: the people on top were stepping on the heads of the people below them. Everyone was finding a place to clutch onto for dear life as they worked hard to climb upwards.

However, even a pot-bellied old geezer was hanging from the top of that sculpture’s head, swaying in the wind with a ghastly face.

When he saw that the mass below him were still climbing upwards unceasingly, the old geezer couldn’t help but screech, “Don’t crowd upwards, don’t crowd up...”

After getting jostled by the people below, his body plunged from the tip of the sculpture at once.

There was a circle of mystic cultivators and body cultivators at the foot of the statue who had just about depleted their mystic energy. They were unable to even fend for themselves, not to mention extending a hand to grab that falling old man.

Everyone looked on helplessly as he fell off the sculpture and got caught by a group of frenzied zombies. It only took seconds for them to rip him into pieces, turning him into a bloody mess.

“My heavens.” Liang Qingqing’s teeth couldn’t help but chatter even though she had seen her fair share of grand fights.

A concentrated mass of zombies filled their sight; there were no less than ten thousand there.

Mo Lian was also shocked, but he did not appear as panicked as the others.

Previously, when they were besieged by more than ten thousand zombies at Beilan City, they at least possessed the impregnable city walls as well as had the citizens that numbered in the ten thousands as their backing.

But right now, their squad totaled only a bit more than a hundred people.

Clashing head-on was certainly not wise. From the looks of it now, they could only retreat for now.

“Retreat!” Mo Lian commanded.

Everyone decisively turned around and ran to the corridor.

However, the people who had given up hope on the round base had already noticed them, and they immediately yelled, “Save us! Don’t go! Don’t leave!”

When Qiao Mu looked back, she saw two body cultivators wielding heavy swords tumbling down the round base because their legs had given out.

### **Chapter 1300: No Route of Retreat**

“No, we beg you, don’t leave! Take pity and save us!”

“Qiaoqiao, let’s go.” Duan Yue tugged her along, and the entire party bolted full speed ahead in the corridor.

They advanced at least three times faster than when they had come. However, when they saw the mouth of the well above them not far away...

A bright light suddenly flashed.

Duan Yue’s heart jolted, and just as he reached out to grab Qiao Mu, Mo Lian had pressed her down to the floor and bellowed, “Get down.”

*\*Boom!\** A huge boom resounded in the narrow corridor.

The blast instantly made everyone’s ears buzz, and their faces turned pale.

Someone had blasted the mouth of the well!

Crumbling debris showered down, tightly sealing up half of the corridor.

If they hadn’t retreated several dozen meters after getting up again, some of them might have been buried alive.

“D\*mn it!” A viciousness flitted across Eldest Young Sir Qin’s eyes.

The huge blast attracted a portion of the zombies outside. However, because of the narrow corridor, it was not possible for the zombies to pass through in large numbers.

They would deal with each one as it came.

Qiao Mu looked gravely at the zombies blocking up the corridor. "Duan Yue."

"Okay, I'll use firearms!" Previously, he was afraid that using a destructive firearm would make the corridor collapse, but since it had already happened, another explosion wouldn't matter.

Duan Yue pulled out a brightly-shining emerald-green bead from his sleeve before abruptly flicking it into the air. Then, he retrieved a jade-green bamboo tube from his waist and opened the lid before sucking the emerald-green bead into it.

"Retreat backwards." At Mo Lian's order, everyone retreated backwards together.

Meanwhile, Duan Yue twisted open the mechanism at the end of the bamboo tube and pressed lightly. A green light promptly surged!

After a light shot out and landed at the zombies' feet outside, this triggered a series of explosions and subsequently a sea of flames.

Qiao Mu's eyes lit up. She dug around in her inner world and also pulled out a small box, taking out the Jade Heavenly Thunder that she had confiscated earlier.

"Wait, use it in the middle of the zombie pack later." Duan Yue winked at her before brandishing his hand. "It looks like we have no route of retreat! We'll fight our way out. There must be an exit behind this plaza."

Everyone gritted their teeth and charged out with him.

Due to the Jade Heavenly Thunder's might, one side of the round base had been plunged into a sea of flames, with many zombies struggling and howling inside.

But the fire also affected the people on the sculpture.

The low and intermediate-level mystic cultivators resisting the zombie army on the round base were still okay, but the rising temperatures were a bit torturous for the people hugging the bronze sculpture.

That bronze sculpture was like a slowly heating iron. The burning metal made people pull their hands away without thinking, which caused them to fall down and end up as the zombies' feast.

Most of the people were confined to the sculpture like tangled hemp, and they wailed painfully.

Mountains and seas of corpses were down below. All the zombies raised their contorted arms up high to drag those normal people down from the sculpture.

Qiao Mu let out Qingluan, who skewered several hundred zombies with a spray of ice.

But even with icicles piercing through their bodies or heads, most of them still moved freely.

They waddled toward Qiao Mu in a run and lunged at her.

Just as Qingluan flapped its wings to fly up, a thick, billowing fog assaulted it.