

## My Crown 161

### Chapter 161: Not as Cute as Her (2)

They were truly completely different children.

The crown prince was a bit melancholy. 'It turns out it isn't because I changed and suddenly liked to become close with children.'

'It's because...'

The crown prince was uninterested in looking at his two sisters anymore and waved his hand. Xiao'xi'zi went to the two accompanying wet nurses and quietly spoke to them.

The two wet nurses were briefly startled before immediately nodding. Each held the hand of Ninth Princess and Tenth Princess before leading them out of Eastern Palace.

The two little princesses remained clueless from start to end.

Why did their royal brother only take one glance at them and then had them leave without saying a word?

After leaving Eastern Palace, Tenth Princess broke out in tears and asked shyly while sobbing, "Wet nurse, did we provoke Royal Brother Crown Prince's anger?"

The tenth princess' wet nurse dotingly embraced the child and quickly said, "No, no, it's just that His Highness the Crown Prince is busy with official business, so His Highness had us leave."

The tenth princess's tearful eyes were wide open as she pitifully pressed, "Really? Then why didn't Royal Brother say a single word to us? Does Royal Brother dislike us?"

The wet nurse quickly nodded before hastily shaking her head. "No, no, don't worry, Princess. Wet nurse will explain it to Her Highness, Royal Concubine Xi. The two princesses were both so polite and well-mannered, so why would His Highness the Crown Prince dislike you?"

Xiao'xi'zi, who escorted them out, helplessly watched the wet nurses bring the two princesses away before shaking his head and returning to Eastern Palace.

Ay, who knew which screw went loose in his lord's head that made him suddenly want to see his two royal sisters? In the end, His Highness did not say anything before sending them away again...

Your Highness will truly scare little children with Your Highness' reckless actions!

When Xiao'xi'zi returned to the room, he instantly saw his lord maintaining the same position of propping his chin up with his hand and intently staring at the desk like a statue.

His Highness must have stayed like this for at least 15 minutes, right!

Xiao'xi'zi moved lightly to the crown prince's side with tiny steps, wanting to take a look at the desk out of curiosity.

However, the crown prince picked up the thin piece of drawing paper with two fingers and raised it up.

Xiao'xi'zi was unable to see even a single dot...

On the paper, there was a stoic little girl expressionlessly looking at him. Her distinctive eyes were like two pits of icy water, as though they could suck people's soul inside if people were careless.

The little girl in the portrait was being raised above someone's head by a pair of arms.

If he really dared to do that in reality, she would certainly beat him black and purple, wouldn't she!

The crown prince stared at the portrait for a long while before muttering to himself, "You always look at me expressionlessly probably because you are... too! Lazy! To! Smile! Right?!"

"Who? Who's expressionlessly looking at Your Highness? Who dares to be so rude to Your Highness? Who is so lazy that they don't smile at Your Highness???" Xiao'xi'zi promptly bounced forward and launched a string of inquiries.

Which fearless soul dared to treat their lord like this? When has their lord ever had a good temper? He would kill them!

The crown prince glanced at his personal junior eunuch. 'So stupid, why did I take him to my side back then?'

"Your Highness, the two princesses left Eastern Palace full of apprehension and sadness," Xiao'xi'zi quickly reported. "They will likely be scolded by Her Highness, Imperial Concubine Xi, when they return."

The crown prince did not say anything.

Xiao'xi'zi covertly glanced at the crown prince and cleared his throat before asking, "Why didn't Your Highness say a word to the two princesses before making them leave?"

Saying two comforting sentences would be better than not saying a single word, wouldn't it?!

"Because..." The crown prince smoothed out the portrait before lightly folding it in half to store it on his person. Then, he stood up and languidly said, "They aren't half as cute as her."

Chapter 162: Practice Subjects

Vassal King of An'nan's Estate:

Wave after wave of shattering noises continuously came from Commandery Princess Hui'an's bedroom for an entire hour.

"Commandery Princess! Commandery Princess! Guard Nian has returned!" Her personal maidservant entered the room with trepidation. She was nearly hit in the head by an incoming teacup and crumbled onto the ground in a panic before begging for mercy with frantic kowtows.

"Moron, why aren't you calling him inside?!" Commandery Princess Hui'an angrily sat down on a circular chair and harshly slapped the table.

A tanned youth, who resembled a farmer, entered with large strides and cupped his hands in salute.

"Commandery Princess, this subordinate has discovered that the caravan is heading for Xijiu City."

“Where is Xijiu City?” the commandery princess asked with a frown.

“Xijiu City is a tiny city quite far from the royal capital.”

“Why is Brother Crown Prince sending someone there?” Hui’an mumbled to herself.

“This subordinate also discovered that the crown prince ordered people to make a bulk purchase and bought a lot of feminine products...”

“A woman?” Hui’an’s voice shot an octave higher, and a fist heavily slammed onto the table. She squeezed out between clenched teeth, “What a little slut.”

Since when did a little slut seduce His Highness the Crown Prince without her knowledge?

“Nian Kui, I want you to immediately bring two people and follow them. When you arrive at Xijiu City, meticulously investigate that slut’s background.” Hui’an’s voice was as cold as an icicle.

“Yes, Commandery Princess.” Nian Kui nodded. “Do I need to capture her?”

“No need.” Hui’an gritted her molars and pushed a small box toward Nian Kui. “You merely have to make the little slut consume this.”

Hui’an’s lips stretched into a malicious smile. “I want that slut to be in utter misery, unable to live or die.”

She dared to steal Brother Crown Prince’s love from her, the noble Commandery Princess Hui’an? Then she would make that slut to be in so much pain as to wish for death for the rest of her life!

“Your Highness.” Huifeng jumped and lightly landed outside the pavilion and performed a salutation.

The crown prince was leaning against the railings, looking relaxed and elegant. His slender fingers picked up a few cake crumbs and tossed them into the pool.

“Commandery Princess Hui’an sent three guards to Xijiu City. One of them is a seventh layer body cultivator.”

Huifeng’s words caused the crown prince’s finger to pause briefly.

Derision flitted through his eyes before the crown prince indifferently said, “As she wishes.”

Heh, if she looks down on Darling Qiao too much, she will die.

Oh? He inexplicably became excited. His darling must be quite bored after settling inside Xijiu City. Giving her three idiots to be practice subjects was a good thing.

“Your Highness, the king has an edict.”

“Recite it.” The crown prince gently flicked his sleeves. His voice was apathetic.

The king’s edict stated: “Zombies have plagued the royal capital for days, causing the people to be drowning in misery and destitution. Worry has plagued Our heart and sleep has evaded Us. Hence, We have decided to head to Mt. Hong to pray for the people immediately. We order the crown prince to supervise the kingdom and handle the daily affairs.”

The summer afternoon breeze gently brushed over the crown prince's face.

Although the weather was blisteringly hot, the edict-issuing eunuch could feel cold gales slam into him. After he finished reciting the edict, he stood frozen in his spot, too frightened to move.

The crown prince's phoenix eyes slightly raised, and a sardonic smile appeared on his face.

"Who else did the king bring?"

Although the crown prince did not unleash his anger, the eunuch could still feel a terrifying rage from him. The eunuch answered while trembling with fear, "H-his M-majesty... b-brought Noble Consort Zheng and N-Noble Lady He..."

"Hm?"

"A-also..." the edict-issuing eunuch quickly reported several royal beauties' names.

The crown prince nodded, his eyes cold. "You're dismissed."

The edict-issuing eunuch wiped his sweat and eagerly left. He felt like there was a chilling wind attacking his back. 'King, after leaving behind a terrible mess and fleeing, d-does Your Majesty r-really think H-his Highness the Crown Prince will l-let Your Majesty soundly have a p-peaceful v-vacation???'

"Isn't having only beauties a bit too plain?" The crown prince mumbled to himself with narrowed eyes. "Throw a few zombies there and let the king have some fun too."

Huifeng: '...King, you're on your own.'

Xijiu City:

After our darling Qiao Mu finished absorbing the final magnetite, she looked up at the dark sky outside.

"Miss, there's a youth from the Daybreak Sect who says his Daybreak Sect is seeking to see you."

Why did Duan Yue come here?

Chapter 163: I Don't Have Friends

There was a camphor tree planted outside the window where several kingfishers rested on its branches and called out occasionally.

The sky had turned completely dark outside.

After tossing away the last magnetite from her hand, Qiao Mu sighed.

Five-hundred low-grade magnetite, but the mystic energy that she could absorb from it was less than 10%, the rest was all consumed by the sapling.

She was truly too... cheated! At this rate, heavens knew when she would rise to the ranks of level five mystic cultivator?

Qiao Mu was looking outside the window when two knocks came from the door.

“Miss, there’s a youth from the Daybreak Sect who says his Daybreak Sect is seeking to see you.”

Qiao Mu jumped down from the bed and opened the door, walking toward the steward with her tiny hands behind her back. “Why did he come here?”

“Miss, isn’t this youth your friend?” Chang Zai was startled. The youth had cheerfully come to the door and claimed to be Little Miss’ friend.

He thought the youth was familiar with his little miss.

Qiao Mu’s steps paused, her eyes extremely icy.

The child’s voice should originally be soft, but it inexplicably carried a trace of killing intent. “I never have friends.”

The steward’s heart jolted. He took a step back and bowed in salutation. “This old servant understands.”

Qiao Mu walked toward the sitting room with loud steps. Although she did not say anything the whole journey, the steward could feel the low pressure emitting from his little master.

It was not until Qiao Mu entered the room and her sight landed on the graceful youth who was sitting there and drinking tea that Qiao Mu coldly said, “From now on, don’t casually allow unimportant people inside.”

Duan Yue was originally leisurely drinking his tea but the hand holding his tea abruptly froze when he heard the child’s insult.

Why did this child just have to be so not cute?

“Hey, is this really the attitude you should have toward a friend?” Duan Yue angrily tossed his teacup onto the table and leaped up from his chair. “No matter what, the two of us have shared life’s joys and sorrows together and treaded through fire and waded through water! We are friends who conquered death together!”

“I don’t have friends.” Qiao Mu frowned and sent him an odd look.

Duan Yue instantly exploded. “You, y-you! What kind of gaze and attitude is that? You! What did you say? What do you mean don’t have friends?! I thought we... would become good friends who will suffer through trials and tribulations together after experiencing a life or death situation, isn’t that so?”

So aggravating! How could there be such a terrible child in the world? When she did not speak, she looked so incredibly cute with her docile and soft looks.

But as soon as she opened her mouth, he wanted to kill her every single second!

“I don’t have friends!” the child retorted without any courtesy, angering Duan Yue so much that he wanted to jump up and leave.

He did not want to speak to her!

This stoic! This icy wooden doll! This scoundrel! He was a masochist to have served himself on a silver platter for her to insult!

The child pattered over to the chief seat and hopped up. Then, she turned to coldly look at the youth standing in front of her.

The little fellow sat on a circular chair, but she was only half the size of the chair. She sat on the chair like a squishy ball with her tiny arms and legs hanging in the air.

Duan Yue suddenly wanted to laugh.

'Why am I getting angry at a small child?'

Duan Yue decisively sat back down in his seat and faced the child. "You didn't have friends before, but it doesn't mean you won't have any in the future. From today onward, we are friends. Tomorrow, the Mystic Cultivator Association will send people here to guide the children inside the city and trigger their mystic meridians."

"Qiaoqiao, let's go and take a look together."

Chapter 164: Voided!

"I'm uninterested." The child's words were like a giant rock that forcibly suppressed Duan Yue's enthusiasm.

How could there be such a heartless and unfeeling child in this world?

Didn't normal children enthusiastically agree as soon as someone invited them to go out and play?

What mutated species of children was this kid? How could she be so unlikeable?!

"Qiaoqiao." Second Uncle suddenly entered with an excited expression. "Did this young brother just say mentors from the Mystic Cultivator Association will come tomorrow to guide and trigger the mystic meridians of children inside the city?"

Qiao Mu glanced at Qiao Hu, who was hiding behind Second Uncle. The boy's round head was downcast and he kept nervously rubbing the edge of his shirt.

"Yes." Qiao Mu jumped down from the chair and waddled over to Qiao Hu. "Brother Xiao Hu, I'll come with you tomorrow to find a mentor to trigger your mystic meridians tomorrow. Don't worry, it doesn't matter whether you succeed or not! We're just going to give it a try, so you don't need to put yourself under too much pressure."

Qiao Hu looked up pitifully at Qiao Mu. "Younger Sis, I've tried for three consecutive years, but I still didn't successfully trigger my mystic meridians."

"So what? Some people only succeed after trying 10 consecutive times! You've only tried three times, it's nothing. Perhaps we will succeed this time!" Qiao Mu comforted with a clap on her cousin's shoulder.

"Really?!" Qiao Hu's eyes brightened!

Duan Yue felt his feelings take a plunge as he looked at the child. How come she put on an icy and unapproachable expression when he talked to her?

Yet, when she talked to this dunderhead brat, the child even knew how to comfort him!

“Then I’ll come early tomorrow morning to pick you up!” Seeing the child look back and about to reject him, Duan Yue quickly added, “I can take you guys to a special channel, and you don’t need to line up!”

The child pattered to his side. She looked up and gestured at him.

So adorable! She was a darling whenever she remained silent!

Duan Yue bent down with astonishment and brushed back a strand of hair. “You want to tell me something...?”

Slap! A talisman smacked onto the youth’s forehead. “Faint!”

Second Uncle: ...

Duan Yue: ...

Qiao Hu: “Younger Sis, so cool! Is this a demon warding talisman?”

‘Brat! You thought too much, alright?! The Daoist priests who go everywhere with fake talismans in hand and claim there are demonic spirits acting up in your house are all con artists, alright?!’

‘You’re the demon! Your whole family are demons!’ The youth’s chest heaved up and down due to his repressed rage.

A moment later, the youth used two fair fingers to rip off the torn talisman drifting from his forehead.

The youth was rendered speechless when he met the child’s sparkling eyes.

“This is...? A new toy?”

Qiao Mu sighed and stepped over the tall door sill with her arms behind her back like a grandma. As she walked, she muttered to herself, “He looks like a weakling, but his cultivation is surprisingly higher than mine.”

So exasperating!

Any random stray off the street had a higher cultivation than her! It’s all the sapling’s fault for continuously stealing resources from her!!!

Qiao Mu looked up at the sky.

The unconscious talisman’s effects were voided against opponents who were a level or more higher than her.

Duan Yue stiffly stood behind the door sill with his arm extended as if he wanted to call the strange child back. ‘Come back here! Tell me who’s a weakling again?!’

Early next morning:

After washing up, Qiao Mu headed straight for the front door.

As expected, Duan Yue was waiting outside the Qiao Estate and greeted her in high spirits when he saw her. "Qiaoqiao, good morning!"

### **Chapter 165: Triggering Mystic Meridians**

It would not do to snub someone who was doing you a favor, so Qiao Mu expressionlessly nodded at him.

Duan Yue's smell was more brilliant than a flower in full bloom. "Get in the carriage, Qiaoqiao, let's go. Today, there isn't only people from the Mystic Cultivator Association, but the three sects also sent people here..."

Qiao Mu donned on a serious face in response as soon as she got inside the carriage.

Next to her, Qiao Hu nervously peered at his cousin. When he saw her intention to remain silent, he also sealed his lips.

The wheels started rolling and the carriage headed for the populated western district.

In the plaza located on the main street of the western district, many common people were already gathered there after catching wind of the event. They dragged their whole family in tow to line up and exchanged information with their neighbors.

They never would have expected the Mystic Cultivator Association to send people here today to attempt to trigger the mystic meridians of children.

If their children could successfully trigger their mystic meridians and ascend to the ranks of a mystic cultivator, it would certainly improve their respective family's impoverished circumstances. They also would not have to reside in a tiny shed in the shed area of the western district anymore.

Life in the shed area was difficult and supplies were insufficient, so there would often be occurrences of robbery.

Whoever had the stronger fist was the boss.

Two days ago, a young couple had just entered the shed area and they were immediately robbed to their knickers. All the food in their luggage was stolen, and now they led a miserable life. They went around everywhere begging for help to survive.

The messy main street plaza of the western district was inhabited by quite a number of refugees from nearby towns and villages.

However, since the Mystic Cultivator Association decided to test the children in the plaza, the city lord evicted all the refugees from the plaza before the sky brightened and had the the plaza cleaned.

Hence, by the time Qiao Mu's group arrived in their carriage, their path was free of obstructions.

The carriage drove into the main street plaza, and Qiao Hu opened the curtain to look outside. "Hey, it looks like the western district isn't as chaotic as I imagined."



“They merely tidied it up because there are visitors coming.” Qiao Mu did not need to look to know the normal situation here.

Earlier at Xijiu City’s city gate, the young married couple ahead of them was unwilling to give up their supplies and obtained a low-rank tablet to live in the free shed area. Mr. Zhang’s meaningful look made it clear to Qiao Mu that life in the shed area might not necessarily be good.

In a place like this where the weak were prey for the strong, a couple that entered with food was destined to be robbed barren in a flash.

Even if they did not relinquish their supplies, they would not be able to protect their possessions.

If they had submitted it back then, perhaps they would have obtained a normal residence like in the southern district or northern district.

The married couple’s decision was very stupid, but it also was not Mr. Zhang’s responsibility to remind them.

When Qiao Mu descended from the carriage, countless pairs of eyes immediately gathered toward her.

The child wore a pearly white garment and had a stoic face. Although she did not wear any jewelry or accessories, she gave people an indescribably noble feeling.

“Oh hey, Qiao Hu, you came to trigger your meridians again! You truly come every year without fail, not that it does you any good. My mother said that you’re a piece of trash, and there’s no way you’ll ever become a mystic cultivator in your life!” A child’s mean words drifted to Qiao Mu’s ears, causing her to frown.

Qiao Mu’s icy gaze shot to the voice’s owner. It was a child around eight or nine years old wearing a white robe from the Daybreak Sect with the circular emblem of Daybreak Sect embroidered on his chest.

“Who are you?” Qiao Mu found the boy in front of her to be a bit familiar.

“Younger Sis, h-he’s Second Aunt’s son, Qiao Cong.”

“Second Aunt?” Qiao Mu’s lack of recognition incited fury within Qiao Cong’s heart.

“Are you an idiot?” Qiao Cong broke into insults as he pointed at Qiao Mu, “You don’t even know your second aunt, my mother?”

### **Chapter 166: You Are the Trash**

Qiao Mu’s eyes plunged to sub zero temperatures.

Without any hesitation, she walked up and kicked Qiao Cong in the stomach.

Qiao Cong’s eyes shot open as he flew back straight into the crowd, eliciting a wave of shrieks.

Duan Yue was behind her but did not have a single opportunity to stop this!

He angrily flicked his sleeves!

Why did Daybreak Sect keep taking in all these harebrained idiots?! They did not have the strength but just had to provoke the little girl!

What were they doing but seeking death?

“AH!” Qiao Cong felt incredible pain stab his stomach and actually burst out bawling.

“My son!” A middle-aged woman nestled out of the crowd and dashed toward Qiao Cong.

Qiao Mu glanced at the woman. Only then did she remember... wasn't this so-and-so Second Aunt the Madam née Li who came to her doorstep and wanted to steal her supplies?

It turned out to be this 'supreme-grade' Second Aunt!

Qiao Yingchun followed behind Madam née Li and, tilting, toddled over as well. When she looked up and saw Qiao Mu, her eyes bulged out of their sockets. “Mom! It's her! The little wench who stole our clothes and jewelry is here! Quick, punish her!

“You hoodlum rascal!” Madam née Li turned and pointed at Qiao Mu as she flew off the handle. “You dare to show yourself before us? Where's your mother?! Tell Wei Ziqin to get her ass out here! I need to have a good talk with her and ask if she knows how to teach her daughter! What kind of imp did she raise?! Not only do you steal things but you also attack your brother! You don't have the slightest of manners! You're truly a complete bastard!”

Ink filled Qiao Mu's face, and she pulled out her identity tablet and showed it to the stupefied guards of the City Lord's Estate near them. “Seize her!”

“High rank” was carved onto the back of the tablet!

She was a distinguished guest from the central district!

The guards' expressions turned solemn, and they immediately charged toward the screaming and raging Madam née Li. They twisted the woman's arms behind her back and shoved her in front of Qiao Mu in a flash.

“Slap her mouth until I'm satisfied,” Qiao Mu coldly ordered, her glutinous and childish voice devoid of any emotion.

A guard swung his arm and slapped Madam née Li's mouth.

Slap!

Silence descended on the plaza in the blink of an eye.

Even the three mentors, who were sitting behind the long table and giving guidance assessments to the queuing children, stood up and looked at the commotion with bemusement.

Slap! Slap! Slap after slap landed on Madam née Li's face.

Madam née Li's arms were clamped behind her back. At first, she could still struggle and run her foul mouth off with angry curses toward Qiao Mu. However, after her face suffered a dozen slaps, her face became a bit numb and she could not open her mouth anymore.

Qiao Cong's rage hit the ceiling, and a layer of mystic energy enveloped his fist. He furiously charged toward Qiao Mu and swung his fist toward her face. "B\*tch! Die!"

"You arrogant fool." Qiao Mu caught his fist.

Qiao Cong's eyes shot open in shock. He knew very well how fast he charged over, but this little girl who was two years younger than him actually... caught his fist!

"Are you amazing simply because you're a mystic cultivator? Can you abuse other people's lives simply because you're a mystic cultivator? A mere level one mystic cultivator has his nose up in the heavens! You are the true piece of trash!" The little girl's voice was flat but everyone present could hear the chilliness in it.

Crack!

"Ah—AHHHHH!" The pain that radiated from his wrist being snapped broken caused Qiao Cong to involuntarily let out a terrible cry.

"Mystic cultivators also know how to cry?" The little girl derisively sneered. Her words sent a torrential coldness into its listeners' hearts...

## **Chapter 167: You?**

"Then cry louder." Qiao Mu flung Qiao Cong away.

The boy crashed loudly next to Qiao Yingchun, causing her to jump up like a grasshopper and release a piercing shriek.

"Shut up," Qiao Mu harshly berated.

Qiao Yingchun's eyes were wide open with fright. She instantly muted herself, but she ceaselessly trembled and subconsciously clutched her mouth with her hands.

W-why was this child so t-terrifying?

"Stop," Qiao Mu aloofly said and ambled toward Madam née Li.

She looked up at her swollen cheeks and mouth, an icy glint radiating from her eyes. "Your son wanted to kill me."

"He should be dead."

"What do you want?" Madam née Li feebly squeezed out, her mouth aching.

A chilly feeling crawled up her back, and she felt like she was submerged inside an ice pit.

She regretted it. Why did she have to provoke this child? She had already realized back in Qiaotou Village that this child might be young, but she was not to be trifled with.

"In consideration of my father, I'll spare his life." Qiao Mu chillingly glanced at Madam née Li. "Only this time. Just this..."

Before she finished speaking, she suddenly heard Qiao Cong's aggravated scream.

"Master! Master, Master!!!"

Qiao Cong launched himself toward an approaching figure and bawled his eyes out. He pointed at Qiao Mu in rage. "She wants to kill me! This little b\*tch wants to kill me! Master! Master, save me!"

"My disciple, be calm." The newcomer was middle-aged and wore the uniform of the Daybreak Sect. His eyes sharply turned to Qiao Mu. "You have quite the nerve, child! State your name and origin!"

Qiao Mu raised her brows and scoffed. "I hit the young one, and the old one comes leaping out boisterously! How protective of your pride!"

"You little imp, you speak without any manners! You truly deserve a beating," the middle-aged man angrily said with a dark face.

"You want to beat me?" Qiao Mu indifferently swept her eyes over his square face. Then, her voice slightly raised and contained a vicious current. "You?"

"Uncle-Master Bi, you aren't her match. Retreat quickly." Duan Yue really wanted to kill these trouble-causing sect mates.

They came running toward the little girl with their life on a silver platter one after another. Did they really think he had enough magnetite to pay their exorbitant 'ransom'?

"Duan Yue, you are the disciple of our Daybreak Sect's Sect Master, the number one star of our sect's younger generation. Yet, how can you stand by and do nothing when you see your little junior brother bullied?" Uncle-Master Bi turned to Duan Yue and angrily chided him with an "I'm very disappointed in you" expression.

"That's not it, Uncle-Master Bi, this matter..."

"Say no more. Little girl, let me see how incredible you are. You must know that there's always someone better out there, you will suffer in the future for how conceited you are..."

Bang! Qiao Mu sent a flying stomp to the ground in front of Uncle-Master Bi.

Immediately, a crater was formed on the ground, and cracks started appearing from the center, spreading outward like a spiderweb.

Uncle-Master Bi's pupils contracted. The power behind this stomp exceeded his expectations.

It also exceeded the expectations of everyone else present. The laymen watched for fun while the professionals watched for the methodology. The three mentors from the Mystic Cultivator Association gasped sharply and their eyes glittered as they watched the swiftly moving child before them.

After the stomp, Qiao Mu did not give Uncle-Master Bi any chance to react and leaped up, rapidly shooting toward him.

**Chapter 168: Face the Attack! Face the Attack!**

Uncle-Master Bi had not recovered from his shock yet when Qiao Mu's fist, which was drenched in intense mystic energy, and the sound of wind arrived in front of him.

BANG!

Pain engulfed his left cheek, and Uncle-Master Bi could hear the crisp crack from his cheekbone before he was forced to stagger back several steps from the punch. He grimaced in pain, and loud wails escaped his mouth.

Gasps, mixed with a few shocked exclamations, came from the audience in the plaza.

Heavens!

This child's punch looked as tender as a cotton ball and as light as a feather, but it sent an uncle-master from Daybreak Sect back so many steps.

A few keen-eyed people saw how Uncle-Master Bi's left face rapidly swelled up in clear sight and turned into a giant red ball. The great power behind the punch was obvious.

"Master!" Qiao Cong watched his master get trounced with astonishment and disbelief.

In his eyes, Master barely needed to lift half a finger to squish a worm like Qiao Mu to death.

However, the reality was this disappointing!

Qiao Cong was not the only one in disbelief. Uncle-Master Bi himself found it inconceivable. He had no choice but to abashedly say, "Tyke, I was negligent just now, so you succeeded. Don't be too proud of yourself..."

Before he finished speaking, wave after wave of shocked yells were heard from the crowd behind him.

'What...'

'...was going on?'

Uncle-Master Bi looked back and faintly saw a tiny figure high in the air with a pitch-black ferule in her hand. The ferule emitted an eye-catching glint under the morning light.

The girl was clearly in front of him just now! When did she get behind him?!

'Wasn't this speed a bit...'

Slap! The ferule landed mercilessly straight on top of Uncle-Master Bi's head.

Duan Yue, who was standing nearby with his hands clasped together, felt his lips twitch.

Uncle-Master Bi sensed a rivulet of blood slide down from his forehead. He dazedly reached up to touch his face and unsurprisingly felt sticky blood there.

Instantly, his face turned ferocious. He angrily roared at Qiao Mu, "You d\*mn tyke, you are dead!"

How could his old pride handle this?

How could Uncle-Master Bi disgrace himself in front of so many commoners and the people from the Mystic Cultivator Association?

He clenched both fists and gathered all of his mystic energy into the two before furiously launching himself toward Qiao Mu.

Qiao Mu did not evade at all. Her eyes even lit up when she saw Uncle-Master Bi spring toward her as though his life depended on it!

A fierce stomp on the ground and the child's tiny figure shot straight toward Uncle-Master Bi like an arrow leaving its dock.

'Is she? Is she facing the attack head-on without any evasion?!

Everyone present held their breath and unwaveringly stared at the duo.

Close! Close! They got closer and closer!

Uncle-Master Bi felt an immense pressure all of a sudden, and his speed slowed slightly.

Meanwhile, the girl clearly did not hold any hesitation and was brazenly springing straight toward Uncle-Master Bi like a whip.

Qiao Cong nervously clenched his hands. He did not realize that cold sweat had already drenched his hands!

"Wah!" Uncle-Master Bi shouted and a dense mystic light erupted from his fists and rushed straight toward the little girl.

In the blink of an eye, dense mystic energy engulfed the girl, as though she was soaking inside a bath of mystic light. She burrowed in the exact center of Uncle-Master Bi's mystic light.

A loud rumble like the earth was quaking and the mountains were shaking caused everyone in the plaza to recede back like a tidal wave.

### **Chapter 169: Awfully Shameless**

When they collided, Uncle-Master Bi felt his chest grow heavy and screamed in panic before he was involuntarily flicked back.

After the mystic light dissipated, there was a little girl standing there alone. She apathetically dispelled the mystic energy covering her body and expressionlessly looked at the shallow human-shaped crater a little distance away.

Uncle-Master Bi was sent five feet back from the clash of mystic energy. He crashed down face-first and laid in the crater, spread eagle.

Perhaps due to shame or a lack of energy, Uncle-Master Bi did not turn over and sit up for a while, and he bleakly laid in the plaza spread eagle.

Chatter erupted from the watching common people, causing his face to flush red.

He, h-he had never humiliated himself like today!

It was all the fault of that d\*mn tyke!

' UGH!!! ' Uncle-Master Bi was nearly burned alive from the fury in him.

Qiao Mu raised her hand and looked at the mystic energy enveloping her palm.

Her mystic energy was more intense than a normal person's, so it gave her a great advantage in battle.

When she ran into an opponent that was a similar level to her, her mystic energy alone would be enough to suppress her opponent.

Today's battle awarded her with a better understanding of her strength.

Uncle-Master Bi was a level six mystic cultivator, so it appeared that it was not too difficult to bypass her level and challenge a level six mystic cultivator with how intense her mystic energy was.

However, if she wanted to kill an opponent of a higher level than her in one hit, it would be more difficult and required other tricks.

In other words, Uncle-Master Bi might be lying on the ground and feigning death...

But his injuries were not that serious in reality? Then why did he remain sprawled in the crater and refuse to get up?

Qiao Mu's lips turned up derisively before she turned around and grasped Qiao Hu's hand, leading him toward the three mentors from the Mystic Cultivator Association.

When the three mentors saw Qiao Mu walking toward them, their cheeks flushed with excitement.

Heavens! A little girl who was so young but was so formidable that she could knock down a level six mystic cultivator in a flash! The Mystic Cultivator Association must try its best to recruit her!

They absolutely could not let a genius like her slide by!

Suddenly, Uncle-Master Bi's finger twitched and he flipped over.

He maliciously looked at the back of the little girl who trounced him as he laid at an angle and flicked something toward Qiao Mu.

*Bang!* Before the thing could touch Qiao Mu's clothes, a burst of energy coming from the side knocked it down.

A twirl of a pink sleeve and the item lightly landed in the fair hand that peeked out of its sleeve.

An extremely languid voice was heard in the plaza. "Why are the people from Daybreak Sect becoming tackier and tackier? You threw a level five mystic energy bead toward this little fellow's back. How awfully shameless of you."

Uncle-Master Bi climbed up from the ground, a thunderous expression on his face.

This mystic energy bead was a rare treasure that he obtained. As its name denotes, it was a bead congealed by a level five mystic cultivator. As soon as a person imbued mystic energy into the bead and threw it, the energy inside would detonate.

In Uncle-Master Bi's mind, Qiao Mu had just fended off an attack from him, so she must be at the end of her tether and could not dodge this level-five mystic energy bead's attack!

However, before his underhanded tactic could unfold, it was wrecked by this d\*mn woman! Uncle-Master Bi wanted to vomit blood.

"Murong Xun, why do you like to stick your nose in other people's business?!"

"Pft." The woman named Murong Xun lightly drifted onto the ground and burrowed to Qiao Mu's side at once. She extended two fingers and pinched the little fellow's icy poker face without any room for objection.

### **Chapter 170: Holy Water Sect First Peak**

"You clearly have an adorable face but why do you just have to be a little stoic? Smile!" This little face was so elastic and really fun to squeeze!

Murong Xun blinked and blinked at Qiao Mu before bursting into laughter and picking the little fellow up. She straightened herself and kept pinching and pinching the child's face!

Until!

*Slap!* A crisp sound rang.

The child slapped away her claws without holding back! Qiao Mu expressionlessly looked at her.

Murong Xun was an extremely beautiful and alluring woman. Her features were stunning and even though she had light make-up on, it was still radiant and lustrous.

And also... \* *Cough cough* \*... Qiao Mu reached out and disdainfully pushed the woman away.

Why did she have to shove her poor face into those magnificent mountains! She nearly suffocated!!!

"Haha!" Murong Xun brightly laughed and enticingly lured, "Little one, you perfectly suit my taste and you are quite talented, why don't you join my Holy Water Sect First Peak?"

Darling Qiao Mu frantically shook her head at once, nearly tearing her head off from how hard she shook it. No, n, no...

"You don't need to reject me so quickly! Master's feelings will be hurt!"

Qiao Mu: Ha ha...

The three mentors from the Mystic Cultivator Association hastily rushed forward.

A rash mentor reached out to snatch Qiao Mu from Murong Xun's claws and protested noisily, "Mentor Murong, this is wrong of you! You are a mentor who represents the Mystic Cultivator Association today, so how could you privately take in disciples? Even if she is taken in, she should be taken in by our association!"

Murong Xun swung her fist and knocked back the 'impertinent' mentor.



And so, the pitiful mentor flew back in an arch under the torment of Mentor Murong and her off-the-charts violence measurement.

The other two mentors: ...

Qiao Mu: ...

“Darling, don’t be scared.” Murong Xun patted the child’s head with a grin. “With your master here, those weird uncles can’t approach you! Be good! Master will protect you!”

*You be good!*

Qiao Mu revealed her sharp little teeth. She really wanted to bite this woman’s face!

Who is she to suddenly leap out and claim she was her master without room for protest...

Couldn’t she give people a chance to object?

Wait!

She came here today for... Ah, her official business!

“My brother wants to test—” *‘My goodness, can’t she let people finish speaking?’*

Qiao Mu suddenly felt Murong Xun turn her around and displeasure hung over her!

“Hm, this level five mystic energy bead!” Murong Xun stuffed the bead into the child’s hand. “Here, a toy for you.”

Qiao Mu narrowed her eyes and imbued a trace of mystic energy inside. Then, she flicked the mystic energy bead toward the stupefied Uncle-Master Bi.

“Everyone, dodge quickly!!!” Duan Yue’s folding fan clattered onto the ground as he focused on evading it with a shocked cry.

Everyone receded to the side like a flood, leaving behind an empty space in the center where the dazed Uncle-Master Bi still stood...

**BANG!!!** The mystic energy bead detonated by mystic energy instantaneously exploded on Uncle-Master Bi!

This was quickly followed by a burst of mad guffaws from Murong Xun. Her lithe figure rose into the sky with Qiao Mu in her arms and looked down on the chaos below her with narrowed eyes.

“Not bad, not bad! You sought revenge immediately! It is a perfect fit for your master’s style! Hahahahaha...” Murong Xun could not stop laughing.

Qiao Mu aloofly glanced at the woman and humphed. In truth, she merely wanted to test out the power of the level five mystic energy bead.