

## My Crown 1951

### Chapter 1951: The Second Round

“Back then, he came to enroll because of Young Sir Liuyun, seeking to become his closed-door disciple.”

“Wait! Let me interrupt too.” Qi Xuanxuan blurted out, “Are you talking about that Young Sir Liuyun who is famed throughout the Six Prefectures Continent? I seem to only have read a bit about his legends in storybooks.”

“I heard a bit from storytellers,” the little fatty said while raising his hand.

Zhou Danjin nodded, “But he didn’t see Young Sir Liuyun for a year and a half after that. Therefore, he...”

“Oh right, you guys still don’t know, right? Young Sir Liuyun is actually your extremely elusive dean who comes and goes like a shadow.” Zhou Danjin explained this when he recalled that the group of kids might not know who Young Sir Liuyun really was.

The group instantly revealed expressions of disbelief.

“What?”

“You’re saying that the number one expert of the Six Prefectures, Young Sir Liuyun, is our dean?” The little fatty was incredulous.

/So that Classmate Zhao Li who had come looking for trouble just now had run off because he didn’t see the dean after a year and a half?/

“Sigh. Because Zhao Li was actually rather talented, we mentors formulated a cultivation plan for him that would produce gradual results that supplemented his merits.”

“Mentor Wei Xu had spent a lot of effort on Zhao Li’s cultivation plan, so that punk’s sudden defection truly hurt your Mentor Wei Xu deeply.”

“Shut up, Zhou Danjin.” Wei Xu’s chagrined voice came from the back.

Zhou Danjin sped up his talking pace. “In short, Mentor Wei actually wasn’t born with a stern expression, so do show understanding. Classmate Qiao, Mentor Wei Xu only wants to temper your character and suppress your ego. Frankly speaking, it is also in consideration of your future cultivation journey. Don’t think that he is purposely targeting you.”

“Zhou Danjin!!”

“Fine, fine, fine, I won’t say anymore, I’m not saying anything.” Zhou Danjin immediately shut his mouth. He walked to the side with a smile and started his daily chatter, “Students, we’ll be relying on you in the second round to win honor for our academy!”

Everybody looked at him silently before simultaneously turning their heads away.

Mentor Zhou was helpless at this. When he saw Dao Wuji and company’s gazes, he laughed awkwardly, “The dean is correct. This batch of students are full of spirit.”

It only required a 15-minute walk to get from Anping Inn to Shenghua Battle Arena.

By the time they got to the battle arena, the people in charge of the competition were sitting at the door.

The three of them were experienced at organizing competitions. All these years, they would basically host competitions of all sizes that involved the Six Prefectures' academies in this battle arena.

That's why these people in charge of the battle arena were also rather familiar with the mentors from the various academies.

"Ah, Mentor Zhou and Mentor Wei from Apex Academy have come!" One person strode up and cupped his hands toward everybody with a smile. "Quickly come in. We have already arranged your seats."

"Thank you." Zhou Danjin naturally cupped his hands toward him in return.

"Elder Hong is the head judge in charge of the competition this time. Other than that, the other things you need to keep note of are written in the rules, so please look at that." The person in charge handed Mentor Zhou a red piece of paper with the rules and regulations. After that, he beckoned for a boy servant to lead their group inside.

Zhou Danjin nodded in thanks.

### **Chapter 1952: Qiaoqiao, You Go Up!**

After entering the circular battle arena, a noisy clamor filled their ears.

That boy servant led them to the seating area and bowed respectfully to Zhou Danjin. "Mentor Zhou, your party can sit here. Additionally, the first lot will be drawn in one hour. You can send one student up to the stage to draw the lot."

"Since you are clear on the competition rules, this humble one will not repeat them."

"Oh, oh, okay."

"This humble one will dismiss himself. If you need anything such as fruit and dessert, you can head to the purchase area over there for something quick." The boy servant pointed at the edge of the circular seating area.

Everybody couldn't help, but be exasperated at what they saw.

It turned out that the bigshots wanted to do business during the battle arena this year.

The seating area was set up with a purchase area. Upon a glance, there were melons, snacks, and fruits. The food there was rather abundant.

It was just that the price, uhm...

Because you had to use materials for this exchange, not many people were going to buy...

Everybody sat down.

Mentor Zhou skimmed through that sheet of paper listing the rules and told everybody after a bit, "These rules are about the same as last year's. The second round is a match between academies. In short, you have to send a student to the stage every day to draw lots. Academies with the same lot number will compete in a match."

"Afterwards, once there are less than 300 academy teams remaining, the competition will enter its final stage. There will be new rules again once students enter the final stage."

"With so many academies, I reckon that we will need ten or so days for the second round to finish."

"It was also taken care of in seven days in past years." Zhou Danjin finished his sentence and turned to look at Qiao Mu. "Classmate Qiao, you go up and draw a lot."

Qiao Mu eyed Mentor Zhou with an indescribable expression.

"Reason."

"The reason is very simple!" Mentor Zhou's face creased up from smiling like a flower. He laughed, "Everybody knows it. It's just three characters."

"You're lucky!"

Everyone: "..."

/Wouldn't Mentor Wei Xu make up four characters?/

Mentor Zhou looked at Qiao Mu with a smile. "Classmate Qiao, what do you think?"

"Nothing much." Qiao Mu spoke nonchalantly, "Truthfully speaking, my luck has always been erratic. I might possibly draw the strongest team as our opponent."

"Which academy has the strongest team?"

"That would be the top three of last year's competition, of course."

"Godsend Academy, Jiaqing Academy, and Sunlight Academy."

"Aren't they very strong?" Qi Xuanxuan was surprised.

They weren't too clear on Godsend Academy's strength, but Qiaoqiao had practically eliminated Jiaqing Academy when they were in the underground base.

"Jiaqing Academy doesn't only have Guan Yiyi's team." Mentor Zhou wagged his finger. "Jiaqing Academy was the runner-up of last time's ranking competition. Their captain, Li Nanshen, possesses great individual strength. Last time I saw him, he had already broken through the level-10 grand spiritual cultivator barrier."

"Li Nanshen ranks third on the individual ranking, which shows how strong he is. If you small fry run into Li Nanshen's team on the stage, listen to me and quickly surrender," Zhou Danjin said while pursing his lips.

"Mentor, what kind of unlucky things are you saying!" Ma Ta shouted unexpectedly, which nearly made Zhou Danjin jump.

/F\*ck, this brat had shouted straight at his ear./

“Mentor, we will definitely do our best to win honor for our academy!”

### **Chapter 1953: A Gang Fight?**

Zhou Danjin was gratified as he looked at his students.

/The dean was right. They are indeed a group of spirited young'uns!/  
“Okay then students. Your mentor’s meteoric rise and the academy’s standing in the Six Prefectures Continent all depends on you!” Zhou Danjin said with a smile before turning to Qiao Mu. “Classmate Qiao, we came to an agreement, right. It’s almost your turn to draw lots!”

“Qiaoqiao, help up draw a lot!”

Everybody ardently grabbed her petite hands.

Qiao Mu looked at them expressionlessly. She thought her classmates would say something inspiring.

However...

The little fatty shouted, “The weakest team!”

“Pfft.” Qi Xuanxuan burst out laughing and pushed the little fatty’s hands away. She scolded jokingly,

“Shoo, shoo, shoo.”

“Mentor, then what you’re saying is that after we finish drawing lots, the two academies are going to have a gang fight?” Qiao Mu blinked.

Everybody inexplicably discovered that the little fellow’s eyes were sparkling.

Her expression got particularly amusing at the mention of gang fights.

Beside them, Mentor Hu waved his hand and explained with a smile, “Of course it won’t be as simple as a group fight. Oh of course, it is possible if both academies agree to it.”

“Normally, the two academies compete in a one-on-one battle. Of course, it can also be a one against many battle.”

“We understand.” Everybody nodded simultaneously and shifted their gaze to Duanmu Qing.

Then they just had to let Duanmu go on later.

Duanmu Qing felt that the little fatty and the others were giving him questionable gazes and couldn’t help but shudder. “What are you guys looking at?”

Everybody shook their heads with goodnatured smiles.

Meanwhile, the battle arena’s boy servant led several more teams in their direction.

They nodded in acknowledgement as they passed by.

The academies sitting in their area were normally those without much reputation.

On the other hand, large academies like Sunlight Academy, Moonlight Academy, and Jiaqing Academy sat in the front rows.

There were forty to fifty academies between their tiny corner and the first rows...

Qiao Mu took out a bag of melon seeds and pastries. Yet before she could eat any of it, the people around her had already snatched it all...

Miss Qiao looked down at her empty bag and turned to see Crown Prince Mo's smiling gaze. She put away the empty bag in a huff and took out an apple to munch on.

After waiting for almost an hour, the entire circular seating area was basically full.

A spirited elder getting on in years strode up to the battle stage in the center. He announced to the audience, "Alright, will the 677 academies that passed the preliminaries each send up a student representative to draw lots."

The elder did not speak loudly, but each of his words penetrated the people's eardrums, so they heard him very clearly.

"Classmate Qiao, we're counting on you!" Ma Ta and the others shouted excitedly.

When Qiao Mu stood up, she heard explosive roars from the front. "Certain victory for Jiaqing Academy's Classmate So-and-So!"

"A perfect lot for Sunlight Academy's Such-and Such!" and the like...

These shouts shook the heaven and earth.

The little fatty suggested enthusiastically, "Qiaoqiao, how about we also cheer for you?"

"Right, right, right, we'll chant Apex Academy..."

"Shut up!" Qiao Mu glared at them while sweating bullets. Her petite face flushed pink.

/Her face was burning from the embarrassment.../

/Chant my \*ss. It would look so stupid!/  
/

#### **Chapter 1954: Trust to Luck...**

"Eh? Qiaoqiao's face is red!" Before Ma Ta could finish commenting, he got so frightened by the daggers Crown Prince Mo was shooting from his eyes that he swallowed the rest of what he had to say.

/How preposterous. Only he could see his wife's red face!/  
/

The Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal was very down to earth as he cracked melon seeds next to Crown Prince Mo. He said, "Sigh, there should be a nice drama to watch this time."

Qiao Mu trotted to the battle stage and bounded up the stairs with the rest of the crowd.

With Crown Prince Mo and company's eyesight, they were naturally able to see the little lady standing at the edge of the battle stage. She was bored to death as she watched the other people squeeze inside with all their might, as if they would be able to draw lots earlier if they succeeded.

This large battle stage was several hundred feet wide, so it wasn't crowded even with several hundred people congregating there. However, the fact that everybody was fervidly squeezing toward the middle made the people standing outside the crowd extremely eye-catching.

"Alright, alright. Line up to draw lots one by one!" The number of academies participating in the second round greatly exceeded the organizers' expectations.

It would probably take 15 minutes for so many people to finish drawing lots one by one.

"Okay, line up properly and draw lots one by one. Do not hesitate or stop walking. If this old man discovers that you used your spiritual conscious to look at the contents of the lots, this will be viewed as cheating and be subject to disqualification."

Everyone wanted to protest, but the old man's warning caused the noisy clamor to go down. They quickly formed a line and walked toward the table with the lots.

It was actually rather quick for everybody to draw lots. If anybody purposely halted along the way, they would be sure to receive the elder's warning gaze.

Only after the people who finished drawing lots lined up apprehensively on the other side did stragglers like Qiao Mu walk forward.

One young man said to Qiao Mu with a nod, "Miss can go first."

Qiao Mu shook her petite hand, gesturing for him to go first. Only after waiting for everybody to leave did she then absentmindedly line up at the very end.

/Ha, didn't Mentor Zhou say that her luck was good./

Well, she wasn't going to go along with what he wanted. Since she would be the last one, they would put trust to luck and let the heavens arrange whichever team as their opponent.

Seeing her passive attitude, Mentor Zhou decided that he wouldn't let her draw lots again tomorrow!

As everybody finished drawing lots one by one, that young man also drew his lot. He turned to nod to her before walking to the side.

Qiao Mu only then pursed her lips and walked up, pleased with herself. She stuck her petite hand in and fumbled about for a long time.

"Cough." It wasn't until she heard the elder's light cough that she looked up and stared at that grandpa. "Where's the lot?"

The elder twitched his mouth and said in amusement, "Little lady, you don't need to draw one! This old man said earlier that there are 677 academies competing this round, which naturally means one academy will get a bye! Congratulations, little lady, your academy gets a free pass to the next match."

Everyone: "..."



Xu Xinran swept Yu Gui and company a cold glance before secretly contemplating: /Only when people get caught up in desperate straits do they realize how important a stroke of luck is./

Yu Gui's group were destined to be dogs that she, Xu Xinran, could order about as she liked. Just they wait.

A cold glint flitted across Xu Xinran's eyes.

Meanwhile, on the battle stage.

Elder Hong, the head judge in charge of drawing lots, looked up in surprise at this little lady who was wearing a complicated expression.

/Could it be that she wasn't happy or excited?/

/This was getting a bye in the first match of the second round!/  
/

At least, this would allow their entire team to save one to two days of combat power.

On the other hand, the other academies might get dog-tired today and tomorrow. The second match of the competition would continue, but they...

/Wasn't this good?/

/However, the little lady's expression clearly showed that something was off./

"Little lady, which academy do you belong to. Let this old man register this for you!" Hong Chi coughed lightly.

"Apex Academy!" Mentor Zhou jumped up and shouted at the top of his lungs from far away.

The elder: "..."

Zhou Danjin delightfully waved his paw toward the little one in the center of the battle stage. He nodded in gratification. "As expected of our Classmate Qiao who overflows with luck!"

Crown Prince Mo and the Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal beside them couldn't resist laughing.

From their understanding of the little fellow, this child had probably wanted to secretly dupe Mentor Zhou. Yet... the result turned out contrary to her wishes!

Miss Qiao expressionlessly watched the elder finish her registration. He nodded at her and said, "Once again, congratulations on helping your academy pull a bye for the first match."

### **Chapter 1956: Difficult to Withstand**

"Applause, everybody. Congratulations to this classmate from Apex Academy with extremely good luck!"

Qiao Mu had mixed feelings under that stoic little face of hers...

Everybody else below was clapping with all their might. It was possible to hear Mentor Zhou's doltish shouts of "Good!" mixed in with the applause.

All the people on the battle stage had indescribable expressions as they looked at this stoic-faced little lady.

/How come it was like this?/

/If they had known that the last person would automatically get a bye, what the f\*ck had they been squeezing past each other for!/  
/

In the end, their struggles couldn't even compare to the little lady leisurely standing at the back of the line.

Classmate Qiao sighed.

/Sure enough, it was all fate, without leaving humans any choice.../

She couldn't block her luck from coming at all!

"Next, will everybody find the person with the same number as you. Please line up in pairs."

Everybody promptly sighed, and they continued to match numbers with each other.

Qiao Mu also drooped her head and walked dejectedly off the battle stage.

The remaining stuff really had nothing to do with her at all!

The people in the seating area watched on curiously as this stoic-faced little lady walked down.

Yu Gui's gaze was on the little lass the entire time. When she saw Qiao Mu skip past the stairs beside her, her hand that she had cupped around her knee clenched into a fist.

Subsequently, her breathing became uneven.

/They couldn't get agitated!/  
/

/But how could she not be agitated?/

"Classmate Yu, are you fine?" Xu Xinran couldn't help being surprised when she heard Yu Gui's breathing turn labored.

Yu Gui lowered her head silently. She secretly decided that she would go seek out Little Junior Sister after leaving the Shenghua Battle Arena.

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When the little lady returned to Apex Academy's seating area, she got surrounded by a group of people.

Everyone wanted to caress her head, but that was too many people. Yet who knew that Crown Prince Mo would abruptly snatch up Miss Qiao.

/They couldn't touch!/  
/

/How could they all touch his wife's head?/

“Sigh.” Qiao Mu sighed and sat down reticently next to Crown Prince Mo. She pulled out a carrot and munched on it with a crunch.

She felt a bit dejected.

/Look at Mentor Zhou’s wide smiley face that made his face look like a chrysanthemum!/  
/Looking at him made her annoyed!/  
“Qiaoqiao.” Zhou Danjin praised with a grin, “Thanks for the trouble.”

Qiao Mu silently cast him a glance before dryly responding, “I occasionally get more lucky.”

/Don’t worry, all her luck will be used up tomorrow!/  
“How is it occasionally.” Mentor Zhou chortled, “He trying to sound modest, right? Let me tell you, Qiaoqiao...”

Zhou Danjin squeezed next to Qiao Mu. Of course, there was still Crown Prince Mo between them. When Mentor Zhou saw the crown prince’s chilling gaze, he coughed lightly and backed away with a smile. “Our competition this time is decided by the lots your drew. I see that everybody definitely has no objectionse.”

“No objections, no objections.” Everybody shook their heads. If talking about luck, no one else would dare replace their Qiaoqiao as number one!

Qiao Mu laughed sarcastically while maintaining her stoicness. Other than her voice which sounded like she was laughing, her exquisite brows didn’t even flinch.

Everybody found the little lady’s expression to be rather hilarious.

“Let’s meet back with them later.” Qiao Mu kept a straight face as she yanked at Mo Lian, who was next to her.

Mo Lian immediately understood and stood up.

**Chapter 1957: Obstruction**

Since they didn’t need to fight, why should she still waste her time here? She was naturally going to do whatever she needed to do!

The young couple drifted away after flicking their sleeves. Feng Chen, the Little Despot, Dao Wuji, and the other third wheels naturally couldn’t care less about staying here. Hence, they also left with the couple.

Mentor Zhou laughed awkwardly and scratched his nose. “Ah, everybody watch how other people fight in competitions. You’ll be able to gather more experience by doing so. As the saying goes... you have to know yourself and the enemy in order to come out unscathed.”

Mentor Zhou speechlessly looked at the students who had turned around to discuss.

*Alright, children, as long as you're happy!*

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On the other side.

Xu Xinran turned her head with a frown. There was a huge mass of black heads behind them, so she simply couldn't find what Yu Gui was looking at, but she was fully aware that Yu Gui's thoughts had wandered from the competition starting from earlier.

Xu Xinran said coldly, "Our academy is about to go up. Yu Gui, Jiang Qi, you people best concentrate."

"Don't get eliminated in the first match!" A crisp laugh came from behind Xu Xinran.

The young lady who spoke was in her early twenties. Her round face was full of smiles.

She purposely tilted her head to act naive, as if she was only making a joke with no malice at all.

"Zhuang Meng, don't worry. We will definitely take responsibility for our own matches," Yu Gui responded. She then turned her head, not looking at Xu Xinran and them anymore.

Zhuang Meng shrugged. "Fine, fine. I was only worrying about you guys. After all, even though we belong to different teams, our total points will be tallied together."

Since Yu Gui didn't respond to her, Zhuang Meng didn't say anything more.

In reality, Xu Xinran and Zhuang Meng were indeed worrying too much.

Yu Gui and company's strength basically determined that they would be crushing the competition in the first few rounds of the semifinals.

Soon, Yu Gui led Jiang Qi and them from the arena stage. They did not return to their seats and simultaneously headed out of the battle arena.

"Where are you going?" Xu Xinran and Zhuang Meng's voices suddenly appeared behind everyone. They scrutinized the group.

"Since we finished our matches, we planned to take a walk outside," Lu Ling responded quietly.

"Mhm, it's rather stuffy in here."

"These two senior sisters, please pay more attention to your imminent matches."

Xu Xinran smiled. "I find that you all are very strange. You people couldn't be spies from another academy, no?"

Yu Gui's expression turned cold. "What does Godsend Academy have that we would covet?"

"Oh? Is there not any? Godsend Academy's spiritual techniques are at earth rank at the least."

"Who would covet those spiritual techniques?" The little cannonball Fang Xu sneered, "You people only have that bit of discernment!"

"Fang Xu, pay attention to your attitude!" Xu Xinran berated.

*What a joke, these bumpkins who came from the Lower Star Domain thought that they had a broader scope than the natives of the Six Prefectures Continent after living here for several years?*

“Aiya, everyone are schoolmates from the same academy. There is no need to fight.”

“Shut up, you still act cute when you’re so old already. You think that you really are cute just because the character ‘Meng’ in your name means cute?” Finding a release, the little cannonball made a direct attack. “So disgusting! Your coquettish tone just makes me so squeamish every time. Sorry that I’m a woman and can’t fall for your charms!”

“You!!” These incisive words thoroughly beat down Zhuang Meng, and she was so enraged that her entire body shook.

### **Chapter 1958: A Routine?**

“What’s the ruckus?” A middle-aged mentor from Godsend Academy walked over with a stern expression.

“Mentor, they’re leaving without permission.”

Yu Gui responded coldly, “We have already concluded our matches.”

“Does that make it okay?” That mentor lectured without room for objection, “You think that you can be arrogant after successfully winning the first match?”

“We did not say that.”

Yu Gui looked straight at this middle-aged mentor with a frown.

This mentor had always been standing on the side of the eldest young lady of the Shen Clan.

Compared to the Shen Clan, Yu Gui and them had no background. If not for the fact that they were rather talented, how would they have the chance to be standing here representing their academy in this competition?

“Arrogant and complacent! You have no sense of team unity!” The middle-aged mentor reprimanded sternly in a sanctimonious manner, “Even if you have already concluded your matches, can’t you stay and watch Xu Xinran’s team compete?”

“Your teammates are Xinran and them! I don’t know what you are thinking all day to be so eccentric. You think about things you shouldn’t, while you don’t think about the things you should! Sit right back down! Pay attention to team unity in the future. Do not leave on your own again!”

The little cannonball Fang Xu was about to explode from anger. Just as she was about to speak, Chen Hanzi stopped her by grasping her hand.

“Understood.” Yu Gui nodded apathetically and cast a glance at Xu Xinran and them who looked pleased with themselves. She led Lu Ling, Fang Xu and them back to their seats.

That middle-aged mentor also followed them back in a huff. He glanced at Yu Gui and them from the corner of his eye.

He couldn't help but fume in anger when he noticed their indifferent expressions.

*These students really couldn't be disciplined!*

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Two days later.

Apex Academy's spirited entrance into the arena attracted gazes from the other academies.

Everybody whispered, "Apex Academy really has fantastic luck."

"That's right."

"Look at their complexion. They didn't compete these two days, while on the other hand, we're still so tired after a night's rest."

Just as Qiao Mu sat down, she heard Mentor Zhou's laugh which reminded her of the Laughing Buddha. "Heh heh heh, Classmate Qiao! I'll have to trouble you to go up to draw lots again!"

Qiao Mu eyed Mentor Zhou before slowly getting up and trudging to the battle stage.

After ascending the battle stage, she discovered that everybody was freakin' holing up the corners, leaving the space in the center empty.

Yesterday, those students who she observed standing at the edges with her were standing in the center. They gave her a helpless look.

*Yo, so these people learned their lessons!*

Qiao Mu's eyes flickered, and she walked up to the first spot as a matter of course.

*Since so many people wanted to fight over that free pass, she'd give it to them!*

Just as Qiao Mu took her place, she heard the elder's furious shout coming from next to her. "What are you all doing? All of you line up properly! Line up!! What are you all hiding in the corners for? Those who don't line up within three minutes will be disqualified."

"There are 339 academies competing in matches today. Everybody line up properly to draw lots. Don't dillydally in the back. Same rules, anyone who uses spiritual conscious to cheat will be disqualified."

Everybody looked at each other. They all wanted the other people to line up first so that they could fight for the last spot.

*Don't kid, who didn't want to get a bye for a free pass to the next round if they all knew the routine?*

"Miss, do you want me to draw lots first?"

**Chapter 1959: Holy Sh\*t...**

Qiao Mu waved her hand. The man from yesterday was yielding to her again out of courtesy, but she didn't need that. It didn't matter to her whether she was first.

Qiao Mu walked up and drew a bamboo stick. Afterwards, she puttered away to stand on the side.

*Humph!*

*Whoever wanted to line up last to get a bye could do as they liked. In any case, Qiaoqiao didn't want to come up to draw lots again tomorrow!*

Everybody finished drawing lots.

The elder gave a nod before looking at the stupefied student who was the last person in line.

*This blockhead was probably confused as to why he still had to draw a lot when he had already fought for the last spot in line.*

*Shouldn't it be a free pass?*

"Is everybody also puzzled as to why the last person also has a bamboo stick?"

A bad premonition crossed everybody's minds.

*Ha ha, Shenghua Battle Arena really is expert at playing these mind games!*

"Like yesterday, find the person with the same number and stand in pairs." The elder stroked his beard and chuckled, "Don't look, number zero. Come out and stand beside this old man."

Everybody looked at each other in dismay. Only then did they realize that this time's free pass was number zero!

Everybody quickly found the person with their matching number. Some were delighted while others were worried. Those who saw that their opponents were weaker naturally beamed, while those who saw that their opponents were more than just a tad big stronger immediately drooped their hands dejectedly.

Miss Qiao gripped her bamboo stick and gave it a weird stare. Afterwards, she shuffled over slowly to the elder with the speed of a turtle.

The elder was watching everybody while stroking his beard. When he sensed someone come over, he turned around and said, "Lucky little fellow, you drew a free pass, right. Uh? How is it you again!"

Qiao Mu looked weirdly at the elder with an indescribable expression.

The several hundred student representatives from the other academies who were on stage all whipped their heads toward her. They all stared daggers at Qiao Mu with a swish.

One time was luck, but the second time was due to the ancestors' blessing, right!?

*How come this little lady could draw so much aggro?*

"Mentor, I suggest that we cannot allow this miss to draw lots the next time!"

"Right, have their academy switch representatives!"

Below the stage, Mentor Zhou's mad laughter could be heard again. "Old Mister! You should start recording! As before hahaha, Apex Academy!"

The elder looked speechlessly at the group of incensed representatives. He coughed lightly and beckoned to Qiao Mu. "Little lady, come follow me to record your academy."

"Don't worry. There won't be a free pass tomorrow." The elder hastily placated everyone's moods.

"F\*ck, don't let this girl come draw lots with us together."

"Right, right, we request a switch!"

"Switch representatives!"

Qiao Mu looked at everyone innocently before turning around and hopping off the battle stage. She made a beeline for her seat.

Because too many teams were participating in the first round of the semifinals, it took two full days of matches.

However, as teams got eliminated, the strength of opposing teams in the subsequent matches would also become more pronounced. The matches in the following days would not be too easy.

The second round of the semifinals would probably take at least two days of matches too.

In other words, Apex Academy had hit the jackpot to be loafing for four days straight...

### **Chapter 1960: The Long Unseen...**

Shenghua Battle Arena.

In the front rows where the key academies were seated.

Zhuang Meng pursed her lips and tugged on a corner of Xu Xinran's clothes.

Xu Xinran turned around impatiently to look at her, and she saw Zhuang Meng gesture forward with her pursed lips.

Xu Xinran followed her gaze and saw Yu Gui, Jiang Qi, and the others sitting together. Even though they didn't say anything, it was evident that they were in a rather good mood. They had an indistinct smile on their lips.

Especially Yu Gui, this girl, who normally had a stern expression all day. Her eyes also had a valiant air about them, which made her look somewhat unapproachable at a glance.

However, Yu Gui was a bit different from usual today.

"Humph." Xu Xinran rolled her eyes and slowly turned her head back. She inquired of a servant who stuck close behind her, "Have you finished preparations?"

"Yes, my lady. Everything has been prepared according to your instructions."

Xu Xinran nodded and revealed a sneer. She wanted to see what kind of... bestial wails a group of supercilious people would make in desperate straits.

At this time, Godsend Academy's middle-aged mentor slowly walked toward them with two other mentors.

"Everybody come get your spiritual-returning solution for the day." One of the mentors said with furrowed brows, "Three bottles for Xu Xinran, two for Zhuang Meng, and one for everyone else."

Yu Gui and company took their portions nonchalantly and returned to their seats. Not a single ripple could be seen in their expressions.

Don't ask why Xu Xinran could get three bottles and Zhuang Meng two.

This kind of inequality was omnipresent. Ever since entering this Godsend Academy, there was no lack of this kind of action.

If they were to nitpick over everything, they would soon infuriate themselves to death.

In this world, there was no longer a place like the Holy Water Sect that treated everybody equally.

There was no such distinction as inner and outer sect disciples. Both the three peak masters' personal disciples and normal disciples received basically the same cultivation resources.

*A paradise like the Holy Water Sect...*

*They would definitely use their entire lifetime's effort to get it back!*

"Classmate Yu Gui, do you want to go up together?" Zhuang Meng tilted her head, acting innocent.

Yu Gui ignored her, which made Zhuang Meng's smile freeze on her face.

Fang Xu let out a harrumph before standing up with Yu Gui, and the six of them walked up to the stage.

"Senior Sister, Little Junior Sister hasn't left."

During the first round, Little Junior Sister had left with the crown prince of the Mo Kingdom after drawing lots, but Little Junior Sister was still sitting here for the second round.

"I saw." Yu Gui was extremely anxious too.

These two days, the three mentors strictly forbid them from leaving the inn and strolling on the streets. Xu Xinran and Zhuang Meng had also been drifting in front of them all day like phantoms, preventing them from finding a chance to speak to Little Junior Sister.

When they ascended the stage later to compete, Little Junior Sister would definitely see them. *Would Little Junior Sister misunderstand...*

"Senior Sister, don't think too much. First deal with what's in front of us before anything else," Jiang Qi advised in a low voice.

"Mhm."

Yu Gui nodded, and she took a deep breath before stepping onto the stage with her five martial sisters.

Their opponents, who were already standing on stage, matched them in number. They were students from Shuntian Prefecture's Moonlight Academy.

"Please instruct us, these senior sisters." The other six people saluted them courteously.

Yu Gui's group of six naturally returned the salute.

Subsequently, both parties drew their blades and triggered their spiritual energy.