

My Crown 311

Chapter 311: He Is a Zombie

A sharp glint flitted through Queen Zhao's eyes, and she called, "Seize this rowdy wretched servant outside and flog him to death!"

"Yes." Senior Royal Maid Hexiang immediately bowed and led a group of burly women toward him.

They converged on him from both sides and easily grabbed a hold of the thin eunuch. Then they started walking outside the garden.

Xiao'en'zi's teeth chattered in fear, and he kept screaming, "T-this servant came here on Noble Consort Zheng's order, Your Majesty! This servant came here on Noble Consort Zheng—"

"Slap his mouth!" Queen Zhao angrily shouted, interrupting Xiao'en'zi's words, and heavily slapped the table.

A stern-faced servant carrying a ferule instantly walked out from behind Hexiang, and howls of pain quickly escaped the captured Xiao'en'zi's mouth.

"THE KING IS HERE!!!"

"Her Highness Noble Consort Zheng is here!"

"Your Majesty, Your Majesty! Save me, Your Highness, save me, Your Highness! Xiao'en'zi only came here on Your Highness' order to request for medicine! Who knew Her Majesty the Queen would start beating me up without distinguishing between right and wrong!" Xiao'en'zi yelled as he kept struggling in the two women's grasp.

Both of his cheeks were inflamed and mutilated from the ferule at this point, and blood kept dripping from the corner of his mouth.

"What are you doing, Queen?" The King of the Mo Kingdom, Mo Lei, asked as he walked over with Noble Consort Zheng, whose belly was round with a child.

The King was wearing a homely brocade robe. He was about 50 years old, but his eyes looked empty and his face carried his age and fatigue quite obviously.

As for the Noble Consort Zheng next to the King, she was in her 20s—as young and beautiful as a blooming flower.

Currently, Noble Consort Zheng was seductively pressed against the King's side and holding his arm with one arm as she gently supported her protruding stomach with her other hand. She sent a provocative look to Queen Zhao before saying, "My king, hurry and make Sister Queen stop!"

Noble Consort Zheng rubbed against the King's arm and daintily exclaimed, "Xiao'en'zi is about to be killed by Sister."

“Your Majesty, a kingdom has its laws and a clan has its rules. Consort Zheng allowed her servant to trespass the Central Palace, so this servant’s crime deserves to be punished by death! As for Consort Zheng, this Empress will take into consideration of her pregnancy and how she is carrying a noble son for Your Majesty, and this Empress will spare her this time.”

Noble Consort Zheng’s nose was almost distorted from her rage, and she harshly glared at the Queen.

A second later, she turned around and leaned on the King like a cute and helpless-looking bird. She feebly cried with fake sobs, “Your Majesty, Sister is too tyrannical! Hurry and talk to her.”

Mo Lei looked a bit embarrassed, “Um, My Queen, don’t get angry at Noble Consort. Noble Consort is still young, so be the bigger person. Servants...”

Fury boiled in Queen Zhao’s chest, and she nearly fainted from her rage.

How many times had the King bemoaned about her age?! Not a single woman could tolerate words like that!

Swish! An arrow suddenly pierced Xiao’en’zi’s throat. The junior eunuch could not hide his gloating expression before he astonishingly discovered the thick blood dripping from his throat, and he heavily fell backward.

A team of royal guards nervously surrounded them, and the captain, He Tian, held his bow with one hand and waved his arm as he solemnly called, “Protect the King! Be careful about the zombie attacking you!”

The King’s hand around Noble Consort Zheng involuntarily shuddered, and Noble Consort Zheng was covering her mouth in shock, an exclamation breaking loose from her lips.

By now, the King’s heart would start trembling as soon as he heard the word “zombie.”

Chapter 312: Smear on Her Face?

“Royal Father, Royal Mother, are you alright?”

The Crown Prince swiftly walked over to them with a faint smile hanging on his lips. He was dressed in a casual pale-colored outfit and had a jade crest binding his hair. His handsome face matched with his aristocratic bearing lent way to a peerless individual.

Compared to his previous self from several years ago, the Crown Prince became more mature and responsible. His eyes were placid and emotionless, concealing all of his sharp edges in its depths.

The aged King of the Mo Kingdom’s expression was a bit amusing when he turned to look at his own son.

As for Noble Consort Zheng, she looked like a duck egg got stuffed in her mouth, and her voice was stuck inside her throat.

“Royal Mother, I’ve come late and allowed you to be frightened,” the Crown Prince pleaded for mercy as he reached out to support the teary Queen Zhao with guilt brimming from his eyes.

Queen Zhao was somewhat dumbfounded but she reflexively extended her arms to stop the Crown Prince from bowing for forgiveness.

The Crown Prince turned around and pretended to rebuke He Tian, "Hurry and clear this zombie's corpse. Remember to burn it so that it doesn't attack other people."

"Yes, Your Highness." He Tian solemnly waved his hand and led his royal guards up, leaving with Xiao'en'zi's corpse in tow.

"W-w-wait! Wait..." Noble Consort Zheng watched as Xiao'en'zi was carried away, boggled, and turned around to furiously tug at the King's sleeve. "Your Majesty! Look at the Crown Prince!"

How could Xiao'en'zi be a zombie? The Crown Prince was simply using this as a pretext to make a fuss and deliberately target her!

How abhorrent!

Xiao'en'zi normally helped Noble Consort Zheng deal with a lot of people and handled many dirty affairs. Now that he died so inexplicably, she would lose a capable helper, so she seriously went for wool and came back shorn. Noble Consort Zheng felt her chest aching from how angry she was.

The aged King patted his dear consort's arm and comforted her, "Don't be scared, don't be scared. The Crown Prince has expelled the zombie already."

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Noble Consort Zheng fumed even more. *I said Xiao'en'zi wasn't a zombie!*

"My king!!!" Noble Consort Zheng vigorously tugged the King's sleeve.

Mo Lei covertly glanced at the Queen and started with a soft cough, "Eh, my Queen, the Zhuaben Tribe paid a bottle of pearl powder as tribute last time, and I bestowed it to you. But um, now..."

Before the King finished speaking, he furtively caught the Queen's expression turning progressively displeased.

The King forced himself to finish saying his piece. "Ever since Noble Consort Zheng was pregnant, she has been having trouble eating and sleeping, and her appearance has gotten wan and sallow. So I thought that bottle of pearl powder should be useful to her..."

The Crown Prince cheerfully interrupted, "The pearl powder? Royal Mother gifted it to me a long time ago."

Noble Consort Zheng hopefully turned to the Crown Prince, her face glowing and her hand continuously pulling on the King's sleeve.

The King felt something odd about his son's gaze though. He braced himself and asked, "Then, C-crown Prince, about that bottle..."

"Royal Father, you should know about how Yu'er climbed a tree and accidentally fell down last time, injuring his butt during the fall, right?"

“Eh, I-I do.” The King coughed awkwardly.

Why did Yu’er get brought up all of a sudden? King Mo and Noble Consort Zheng met each other’s eyes. They had a feeling that the Crown Prince’s following words would not be anything good!

“Well, this jar of pearl powder ended up being used for Yu’er to smear on his butt.”

The elderly female attendant next to the Queen felt her face trembled and forcefully suppressed her laugh, keeping her stern expression.

Noble Consort Zheng’s face turned livid instantly.

The King also bewilderedly stared at his own son, at a loss for words...

The valuable pearl powder that Noble Consort Zheng wanted to use to smear on her face was used by Yu’er to smear on his butt. What could the King say to that?

Angry tears rushed up, and Noble Consort Zheng quickly turned around to leave.

However, the Crown Prince continued earnestly, “Royal Father, did I say something wrong? Oh right, Yu’er also said the pearl powder should be counterfeit since it was completely useless!”

The King: “...”

I feel crushed, what should I do?

Chapter 313: Falling Out at a Moment’s Notice

The King was at a loss for words as he looked at the Crown Prince’s serious face, so he could only leave without any success.

Queen Zhao stood next to the Crown Prince and watched the King leave with an unfathomable gaze.

“Mother.” Mo Lian frowned and broke off her gaze. “If Courtesan Zheng is too irritating, just find an excuse and eliminate her. Why should you overtax yourself over it?”

“Crown Prince, don’t interfere in this matter.” Queen Zhao hastily clutched her son’s hand and softly said, “A mere Consort Zheng is naturally nothing, and the entire Zheng Family is just a minor patrician family who’s only been in the royal capital for less than 20 years.”

“However, I’ve heard that the Zheng Family’s main clan is in Shuntian Prefecture...” the Queen continued, her voice growing quieter.

“Heh, Shuntian Prefecture again.” A tinge of annoyance flashed through the Crown Prince’s eyes.

Shuntian Prefecture’s reach was stretching too far. Did they really think no one in this world could put them in their place?

On the other hand, after the King left the Central Palace, he hastily chased after his beloved concubine.

Noble Consort Zheng kept walking and stopping up ahead, resentful that the old king was still not chasing after her and comforting her.

She had actually been waiting on a trail in the royal garden for a while now, her fingers wrangling the handkerchief in her hands as she waited.

When she caught sight of a corner of the King's clothes, she hastily turned around and purposefully stomped on the stone path and stomped ahead.

The old king quickly caught up to Noble Consort Zheng and kept exclaiming "My dear consort" as he pulled her into his arms.

"My king, look at the Crown Prince and the things he says! He is completely looking down on me!" Noble Consort Zheng sobbingly buried herself in King Mo's arms and stomped her feet. "Last time, the Crown Prince called me 'Courtesan Zheng' to my face! I'm not the dance courtesan from back then anymore! The Crown Prince is clearly looking down on me!"

The King hurriedly embraced Noble Consort Zheng and sympathetically pacified, "I'll lecture him properly tomorrow, my dear consort!"

"Tomorrow?!" Noble Consort Zheng angrily flung away King Mo's arms and blurted out without thinking in her rage, "This concubine heard that the Queen birthed him in a manor at Five Lake Mountain back then. Rumors say the Crown Prince isn't mothered by the Queen! Look at him! How does he resemble you at all, my king? Moreover, the Crown Prince's temper doesn't bear any similarity to you or the Queen, he..."

"Silence!" The King abruptly pushed Noble Consort Zheng out of his arms and furiously glared at her.

"My King, this concubine is merely thinking on your behalf and doesn't wish to see you kept in the dark!" Noble Consort Zheng sobbed, crying prettily.

However, you could fall out with the King at a moment's notice, and King Mo slapped her fair face.

Noble Consort Zheng exclaimed in shock as she fell backward.

Her personal maids hastily rushed over and cushioned underneath her.

Noble Consort Zheng fell onto a pile of people, so she didn't get harmed at all, but she was pale with fright as she looked at the enraged King, uncomprehending.

She had followed the King for so many years, but the King had never gotten angry at her.

Noble Consort Zheng was frustrated, but she was also trembling with fear.

"The Crown Prince is the heir apparent I personally anointed! He is my biological son! No one is allowed to slander him!" The King thunderously waved his hand, his eyes looking like he wanted to eat someone alive as he stared at Noble Consort Zheng. "Tell me, who ran their mouth off to you? I'll kill them this instant!"

Noble Consort Zheng finally shot herself in the foot and her eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head as she bawled and shivered. "Your Majesty, Your Majesty, this concubine misspoke. This concubine..."

Chapter 314: Stinging

"Someone, come and escort Noble Consort Zheng back to Sophora Flower Palace. You will stay inside your palace for the next three days and reflect on yourself. Remember what you should and should not say from now on!" The King waved his hand and ordered, utterly uncaring of his concubine's sobs and weeps.

When news of this traveled to the Eastern Palace's southern study, it was already evening.

The Crown Prince was rather surprised about what took place in the royal garden.

The Captain of the Night Pavilion, Mei'ye[1], solemnly stood inside the Crown Prince's study without a smile on his cold face as he seriously asked, "Should we take care of her, Your Highness?"

The Crown Prince waved his hand. "Let her be."

It was not the first time this issue was brought up, but it was his Royal Father instead of Royal Mother who had the biggest reaction.

Every time this type of rumor made its way to the aged King's ears, he would go on a rampage and insisted on executing everyone who helped spread the rumor.

However, this matter would never have an ultimate end, so Mo Lian naturally lacked the interest to deal with it.

"How is Xijiu City recently?"

"Very peaceful," Mei'ye aloofly replied. "Ever since that wave of people was cleared one year ago, no one dared to disturb the Qiao Family after that."

The Crown Prince set his teacup down, his lips curling upward.

"Any other news?"

Mei'ye's voice turned calmer. "The Three Sects' competition has officially decided to be held on the 14th of August. The Five Factions have sent a representative and personally visited the Three Sects to deliver their challenge letter. They plan to partake in the Three Sects' competition this year."

The Crown Prince's eyes brightened immediately, light clearly emitting from them.

"Why didn't you say this sooner?" This piece of information was much more useful than any of the previous information!

"His Majesty plans to travel to Xixia Valley to watch the competition." Mei'ye paused briefly. "That is where the Three Sects' Competition is held."

Then Mei'ye continued seriously, "Before His Majesty departs, he will leave behind all of the kingdom's affairs to Your Highness as usual!"

The Crown Prince's face had nothing but serenity.

Mei'ye was unable to detect any sign of displeasure from the Crown Prince's handsome and flawless face.

However, he could feel the Crown Prince's torrentially terrifying mood. Heh, His Highness's heart must sting...

His Highness must be thinking: After all this work, it turns out I'm the child left behind to take care of things.

The Crown Prince reached out and clapped Mei'ye's shoulder as he aloofly called, "Mei'ye."

"Yes, Your Highness." Mei'ye lowered his head. No way would he tell His Highness that he was secretly laughing at His Highness inside.

"You mentioned earlier that Hidden Flower will be bringing people to eradicate the zombies festering Huangzong Mountain tomorrow, right?"

"Yes."

"Have Hidden Flower come back. You will be the one going tomorrow!" The Crown Prince stood up and walked out of the study, leaving behind our dear dumbfounded Mei'ye to belatedly realize his meaning.

Your Highness? Haven't you gone too far?

"Your Highness, this subordinate belongs to the Night Pavilion! We're responsible for searching and transmitting information!!!" Can't you be more distinctive in your division of responsibilities? Please spare me!

"Hm?" The Crown Prince turned to look at him in surprise. "What did you just say?"

This Crown Prince thinks that a minor punishment like exile for a guy like you who dares to send a knife to this Crown Prince's heart is truly too inconsiderable. Should I think of a better method?

"N-nothing, Your Highness." Mei'ye understood His Highness' gaze at once and immediately knelt down on the floor on one knee as he obediently nodded and accepted his order. "Yes, Your Highness! This subordinate will do it instantly."

Crown Prince Mo watched his subordinate escaping like a rabbit by leaping out of the window and chuckled.

Two more months, is it? Two more months until I can see my darling stoic!

Don't worry, I'll definitely trick my dear father into staying home as a guard at that time!

How could a lousy matter like supervising the kingdom be as joyous as seeing my Darling Qiao...?

Chapter 315: Under the Great Snow Mountains

The Great Snow Mountains outside of Five Moon City was originally devoid of any human presence around it aside from the Holy Water Sect.

After all, it constantly snowed in the Great Snow Mountains all year long and was exceptionally cold, so it was actually not suitable for human habitation.

However, in recent years, many villagers continued to move to the base of the Great Snow Mountains and resided near the Holy Water Sect.

The reason was none other than the fact that living near the Great Snow Mountains guaranteed safety.

Zombies were nearly nonexistent at the base of the Great Snow Mountains. If they saw one on an off chance, they just had to immediately report it to the Holy Water Sect, and the sect would instantly send disciples to eradicate all of the danger in the vicinity.

Life in this world was difficult, and the common people desired nothing but a peaceful and safe life.

In these recent years, some of the plants and animals in the countryside and wild started mutating, except for the area around the Great Snow Mountains. Whether it was the plants or the animals, they all stayed the same.

Hence, regardless of how cold the Great Snow Mountains were, after the news traveled, many citizens of the Qiu Kingdom and villagers of nearby tribes were willing to move out of the city and make a new home at the base of the Great Snow Mountains.

As a result, a decently sized village had formed at the base of the Great Snow Mountains, and the villagers named it Xianghe Village to represent the peace and auspiciousness they hoped for inside.

This evening, all the men and women who had traveled into the mountain early that morning to hunt for prey and forage for plants and fruits returned to the village.

Although the Great Snow Mountains was encased in deep snow all year long, there were quite a number of edible things. Such a prosperous supply from the wild caused the villagers who lived here to feel extremely blessed.

As twilight dawned, the villagers were all leading their children home after a day of labor.

On the main mountainous road, there were three ragged and exhausted figures, one person slightly ahead of the other two, slowly treading a long string of footsteps on the snow.

A few children curiously peered at them but were immediately carried home by their parents.

A young girl, who was crouching outside her house and playing with the snow, stood up while dusting off the snow from her hands. She blinked and suddenly pointed at the trio, candidly asking, "Mother, didn't those three people fly up the mountain while riding a giant bird this morning? Why are they walking down now—MMM."

The child's mouth was quickly covered by her mother. The child's mother did not dare to stir any trouble at all and hastily carried her child inside the house, closing the door promptly after.

When these three people appeared this morning, they had zealously shown off their might at Xianghe Village.

Quan Daodong specially ordered the green-headed eagle to circle above Xianghe Village several times so that those ignorant villagers could admire and worship them.

Hence, many villagers recognized them now.

"U-um, old man..." Quan Daodong wanted to say something as he wearily walked up, utterly exhausted.

However, the elderly man Quan Daodong stopped promptly slammed the door shut with a bang, his face pale with fright.

Every family simultaneously retreated into their homes and closed their door shut. Not a single person dared to respond to them.

Getting nothing but the cold shoulder, Quan Daodong was livid with rage and wished for nothing more than to fly off the handle and kill those audacious villagers this instant.

However, he knew those would be very serious actions and that the Myriad Faction would come under attack from all sides. Not only would the Three Sects punish them but every righteous sect and knightly hero in the entire Sikong Planet might also hunt them down.

He freaking just wanted to ask for some water to drink from some villager's home and possibly even stay the night there so that they could leave tomorrow morning!

Now though, looking at the securely closed doors of all the houses in this village, Quan Daodong was incensed!

Chapter 316: Arctic Eyes

That d*mn Holy Water Sect had truly gone too far! If it were not for that frosty girl piercing their green-headed eagle's wing, why would he and his junior sect members end up in such a sorry and pitiful state?!

However, when Quan Daodong recalled that ruthless girl, he inwardly shivered.

Her eyes were seriously too glacial. They resembled the nether water from the Yellow Springs[1] and did not carry a trace of life. When she looked at people, it was as though those people were corpses...

"Senior Brother, we left the green-headed eagle, will it die?" The female disciple from Myriad Faction sounded like she was about to cry.

Quan Daodong viciously glared at her. "What should we do other than leaving it? Don't tell me you will carry it the whole way down!"

An eagle without its wings had already reached the end of its life. His hands were tied, so what else could he do but discarding it?

He was about to burst with irritation. When they returned to Myriad Faction and his Venerable Master learned that they managed to kill the faction's mount on this trip, who knew how he would punish them?

"Eldest Senior Brother, I'm cold. Let's rest for a night before continuing," the female disciple stammered. Since they lost their mount, they could only rely on their feet or perhaps they could try borrowing two horses from the villagers.

"Junior Brother Hu, go and knock," Quan Daodong angrily ordered.

He seriously did not want to talk to these uneducated villagers. Their guts were all smaller than a mouse's! They were proper disciples of the Myriad Faction; they were not cannibals!

The young male disciple, Junior Brother Hu, quickly walked forward and pounded on someone's door. "Uncle, Auntie, open the door. We're disciples from the Myriad Faction. We are proper mystic cultivators, not evildoers! It's too late, so we just want to ask for lodging and something hot to drink."

Time passed but the residents did not respond at all. Junior Brother Hu shook his head and disappointedly returned. He said to the female disciple, "Junior Sister Jiang, give it a shot."

After all, if it was a girl who asked, perhaps those villagers' hearts would be softer.

Junior Sister Jiang shifted to another house and gently knocked on the door. She said something similar to Junior Brother Hu, but she also returned without success.

The trio stood in the snow-covered village and looked at each other, furious and cold. Night had fully dawned on them by now, and the sky was only lit by some sparkling stars.

"I'm going to kill them!" Quan Daodong maliciously drew the saber from his waist and marched forward, wanting to chop open some family's door.

Junior Sister Jiang hastily pulled him back and said as she shivered in the frigid wind and hugged herself, "Eldest Senior Brother, this isn't too far from the Holy Water Sect. If we really stirred up trouble and caused the entire Holy Water Sect to descend on us, we definitely won't be their match. Wouldn't it be worse then?"

"Yes, Junior Sister Jiang is right, Eldest Senior Brother." Junior Brother Hu stepped forward and hastily nodded in agreement. "The villagers here don't seem to be hospitable people. How about we depart now instead?"

"Yes. It's too cold near the Snow Mountain. I think we should hurry and leave."

"Right right, as long as we leave the vicinity of the Great Snow Mountains, it'll be June weather outside. It definitely won't be as oddly cold as this place."

Quan Daodong resentfully put away his saber and coldly glanced at the direction of the Holy Water Sect. "Let's go!"

After the trio dejectedly left without another sound, a lithe figure appeared where they were standing and used her sect's messenger talisman to send a note:

Chapter 317: Soft Heart

Qiao Mu had lived in these quarters for nearly five years. Winter had left and spring had come, spring had left and summer had come, but her pale-colored clothes remained the same.

However, her abode flourished with every year, green vines sprawled across the walls, and the small flowerbed encircled by a fence was planted with several flowers that could grow in a snowy environment.

The courtyard was not too big, but nature thrived everywhere the eye could see.

Over these past years, Qiao Mu's small figure grew and grew, and she had to switch batch after batch of clothing.

Qiao Mu told her Master that she did not need so many clothes since she was always cultivating inside the mystical treasured land night after night. Why would she need so many changes of clothes?

However, she could not stop her Master's intense desire to dress her disciple. Hence, a lot of the clothes from eight or nine years of age were thrown to the bottom of her wardrobe without a day of wear.

This was because she often entered closed-door cultivation for months on end and would not leave the mystical treasured land until her clothes had shrunk immensely. As a result, the batch of clothes Master just replaced ahead of time did not suit her by then.

When night had fully set in the courtyard, Qiao Mu was sitting by herself in her room and bandaging the green-headed eagle lying prone on the table with a clean roll of cloth.

After grinding some superior grade medicinal powder, she sprinkled it onto the eagle's wound, causing it to twitch a few times.

"Stop moving." Qiao Mu tapped its head and wrapped the cloth around its injured wing.

"My arrow back then wouldn't hit your owner even if he didn't dodge it," Qiao Mu softly murmured. "I just wanted to scare that guy but didn't expect him to use you as a shield."

She stroked the eagle on its head before standing up and washing her hands in the nearby basin.

However, too many, far too many people in this world were selfish like that, so Qiao Mu was really not too surprised when that happened.

Thud thud thud! A round of urgent knocking was heard from the door.

Qiao Mu hastily picked up the green-headed eagle and stuffed it under her bed. She gently knocked its head twice. "Stay down and don't move."

After hiding the eagle, Qiao Mu stood back up and waved her hand, sprinkling some fine powder to eliminate the scent of blood from the room and leaving behind a faint fragrant scent.

Qiao Mu opened the door and saw the kitchen maid, Fat Sister, holding a cleaver and standing outside her door with Second Senior Sister, Xue Xiao.

"Miss Qiao, when you went to the kitchen to take your stew, did you see the super green eagle I left in the corner?" Fat Sister asked in her loud voice.

"No," the little stoic answered expressionlessly.

Everyone had gotten used to this little fellow's stoic face over the years, so Fat Sister merely nodded after hearing that.

The kitchen-maid angrily turned around with her cleaver. "Miss Xue, it looks like it escaped! I seriously didn't think the eagle could still escape even though it injured its wing. I originally planned to pluck its feathers and then steam it to add a dish for everyone!"

Qiao Mu's lips twitched silently, and she apathetically looked away, slightly lowering her head.

“Right?” Xue Xiao was also outraged. “Since that little beast dares to come to our sect and show off, it deserves to end up as our food! It got lucky! If I capture it tomorrow, I’ll definitely give it to you to be stewed, Fat Sister!”

Fat Sister heavily sighed with a wave of her cleaver and told Qiao Mu to head to dinner soon before following Xue Xiao and leaving.

“Every time I come to Miss Qiao’s court, it smells so good...”

Qiao Mu closed the door and looked back at the green-headed eagle that climbed out from under her bed. Her eyes were frosty without a lick of warmth. “Leave after your wing recovers.”

Chapter 318: Attack

Breakfast and dinner at First Peak were taken at the dining hall on the east side.

Murong Xun currently had a total of 154 disciples, including Qiao Mu. Aside from some disciples who were in closed-door cultivation, everyone else gathered together to share their meals.

Everyone could call each other by their name and was very familiar with each other, forming a happy and harmonious group.

“I heard Third Senior Sister is back! She’s truly awesome for training outside for so many years!” a female disciple exclaimed cheerfully.

“I’ve only seen Senior Sister Ye once before.”

“She’s the same as Little Junior Sister, a madman about training! She’s in closed-door cultivation all the time, and we rarely see her.”

“Master’s here, Master’s here!” someone called. Everyone’s chatter dwindled as their gaze shot toward the entrance.

Murong Xun, in her purple clothes, entered the hall with her typical smile on her face. A young woman—around 18 or 19 years old—with prideful eyes in yellow clothes trailed in behind Murong Xun. The newcomer was Murong Xun’s third disciple, Ye Lingmin, who had not returned for many years.

“Sit, Lingmin,” Murong Xun said with a faint smile after leading Ye Lingmin to the main table and sitting down herself.

Ye Lingmin stood next to the table unmoving, her gaze coldly landing on the young girl next to her Master.

The girl was sitting there unmoving, except for her hands which were lightly petting a small chick. The chick had its head leaned back with pure enjoyment on its face.

“Third Junior Sister is back.” Xu Shanshan stood up and bowed toward Murong Xun before turning to nod in greeting at Ye Lingmin.

Xue Xiao humphed and disdainfully pursed her lips, secretly rolling her eyes at Ye Lingmin before turning around and bowing toward Murong Xun as well.

“Master, this little junior sister is?” Ye Lingmin asked. Her voice was crisp and cold like an icy pond high up in the mountains.

Finally! Xue Xiao was truly ruffled by this Third Junior Sister of hers! She just knew that this Third Junior Sister would definitely target Qiaoqiao with her haughty personality.

Murong Xun immediately reached out to pat Qiao Mu on her head with a grin. “This is your Little Junior Sister, Qiao Mu. She’s my final disciple.”

Ye Lingmin chuckled and crossed her arms across her chest, surveying Qiao Mu. “On my way here, I heard that Little Junior Sister advanced to seventh-level mystic cultivator not long after she entered your tutelage four years ago. But now, nearly five years have passed and she’s only advanced one level? Is that so?”

Everyone’s expression shifted.

Those words were quite abrasive! Little Junior Sister’s talent was obvious to everyone. Although she had only advanced one level these past years and was currently an eighth-level mystic cultivator, she deserved to be called a genius for breaking through to the realm of an eighth-level mystic cultivator at 12 years old.

“It is as you said.” Qiao Mu was not angered at all and merely stared back at Ye Lingmin coolly.

She had a good understanding of her own body. The majority of the mystic energy she ceaselessly absorbed into her body inside the mystical treasured land these past few years had entered Qiuqiu’s stomach. The rest was used to train her branch artery.

Her first branch artery was now half a finger thick and could condense into mystic conscious without any difficulties, so she could use it to control the apparition inside her conscious to cultivate daily.

The strength of the mystic conscious that normal mystic cultivators formed absolutely would not surpass 10% of their own mystic energy at the start. Normally, it also would not exceed 50%, and people who could reach 60% were considered abnormal.

In other words, an eighth-level mystic cultivator typically would not have a mystic conscious that was higher than fourth-level.

However, Qiao Mu was different. She currently could turn 100% of the mystic energy inside her branch artery into mystic conscious without using a single bit of mystic energy from her main artery.

Hence, she might be an eighth-level mystic cultivator, but her mystic conscious had reached eighth-level as well already. This was an absolutely unbelievable matter.

“An eighth-level mystic cultivator, huh? You’re qualified to fight with me then.” Ye Lingmin suddenly attacked, kicking the chair in front of her.

Chapter 319: You Should Provoke Anyone But Little Junior Sister

No one expected Ye Lingmin to attack so abruptly.

No one expected Ye Lingmin to suddenly kick a chair toward Little Junior Sister at a normal dinner without rhyme or reason.

They helplessly watched as the chair flew toward the top of Little Junior Sister's head, and the people who knew Little Junior Sister's temper could not help but cover their face with their hands.

Although Third Junior Sister was very strong... Little Junior Sister was also someone never to be trifled with!

Bang! The chair was smashed apart by a burst of mystic energy, and wood pieces rained from the air.

Qiao Mu icily looked at Ye Lingmin.

"Caw!" The little chick bristled in anger and hopped onto the table with a whoosh.

At that exact second, Qiao Mu moved!

Murong Xun wanted to reach out to grab her little disciple when she saw her dashing over like a shooting star.

Her fast speed left everyone speechless with wonder.

Murong Xun was startled for a second before hastily standing up.

However, Qiao Mu had already lithely landed in front of Ye Lingmin with a leap, and her elbow propelled toward the other person's chest.

Ye Lingmin's pupils contracted. She released her mystic energy around her and lightly vibrated it, thinking that this would be enough to force Qiao Mu to retreat.

However—

Things did not turn out the way she planned.

Not only was Qiao Mu not shaken away by Ye Lingmin's mystic energy, but she also neared several steps and heavily slammed her elbow into Ye Lingmin's chest.

Pain radiated from Ye Lingmin's chest, and she nimbly retreated back.

At the same time, Qiao Mu lightly sprang into the air again.

Being able to hover was something that every seventh-level mystic cultivator could do. The only difference was the amount of time they could hover.

People with a sturdier foundation had no problem hovering for longer. If a person did not have enough mystic energy, they naturally could not use it to hover for too long.

When Ye Lingmin saw her Little Junior Sister hover, her lips turned up and she wanted to say "Little Junior Sister, there's nothing special about hovering"...

However, when she saw the tiny figure suddenly disappeared in front of her, she was utterly flabbergasted.

A wave of gasps was heard in the dining hall.

Everyone watched as the little fellow's figure suddenly move from the front of Senior Sister Ye to the back.

Some disciples exclaimed in surprise, "Senior Sister Ye!!!"

Ye Lingmin instantly felt a sense of danger, and all the hair on her body stood on end. When she turned her head, she met her Little Junior Sister's glacial eyes.

A fist pounded into her back, catching her off guard and sending her entire person plummeting forward.

Bang! A chair was destroyed from the pulsation of mystic energy.

*Bang, bang! A second and third chair promptly turned into smithereens.

When Ye Lingmin's body hit the fifth round table with a bang, she was finally sent crashing to the ground along with the table.

Ye Lingmin could not control the shock inside of her as she rubbed her sprained neck.

She turned her head and saw a pale figure launching itself at her. Qiao Mu half pressed against Ye Lingmin as her hand tightly clutched a single bamboo chopstick and maliciously aimed it at Ye Lingmin's eyes.

"Do you want to die?" Little Junior Sister's eerie voice rang out in the utterly silent dining hall, where the drop of a needle could be heard.

The end of the chopstick was centimeters from Ye Lingmin's bulged eyes.

Ye Lingmin could clearly see every wood grain on the chopstick. Frightened, she subconsciously closed her eyes, and sweat soaked her body.

Meanwhile, Murong Xun was nearly choked by her own spit.

Crap, my two disciples started fighting!

Chapter 320: Powerful in Actual Combat

Xue Xiao cheerfully stood on the side with her arms crossed and calmly looked at her haughty Third Junior Sister.

Heh, you've finally stubbed yourself in the toes, huh, you despicable person!

You wanted to pick a quarrel as soon as you arrived, huh? These are just desserts!

Xue Xiao and Xu Shanshan often sparred with their Little Junior Sister, so they naturally knew this little fellow's actual combat strength.

If you thought Little Junior Sister was a simple eighth-level mystic cultivator, you wouldn't be far from death.

After all, Little Junior Sister had not only mastered the technique of hovering and teleporting.

Master even said Senior Sister Xu and she might have broken through to entry-rank, tenth-level mystic cultivator, but they might not be able to defeat Little Junior Sister in terms of actual combat even if they teamed up together.

Hence, the portion of abilities that Little Junior Sister displayed was merely the tip of the iceberg and not her full strength.

Perhaps only Master knew all of Little Junior Sister's trump cards and the true depths of her actual combat strength.

Murong Xun's figure flickered, and she appeared in front of her little disciple. Murong Xun pulled the little fellow to her side and pacified Qiao Mu as she patted her head. "Alright, alright, good child. Don't be angry at your Third Senior Sister! Your Third Senior Sister doesn't have any bad intentions, she's just a little prideful, antisocial, and competitive! Beating her up and venting your anger will do. You mustn't beat her to death! We'll need to fight the Five Factions in two months, so we'd lose a fighting force if you injure her! Be good, and let's eat dinner. You must be starving, right, little one?"

Ye Lingmin had just recovered from the shock of being defeated by her Little Junior Sister and promptly felt her every hope turn to dust because of her Master's words...

Wasn't Master's favoritism too overboard?!

Anyone could see who was Master's real biological disciple and who was Master's fake adopted disciple!

Ye Lingmin's feelings took a plunge. She laboriously stood up from the ground and darkly yelled, "I demand a rematch!"

Murong Xun's face also darkened. She turned her head toward her third disciple and shouted, "Can't you sit down and share a peaceful meal? Get out if you don't want to eat and don't cause trouble here! Look at how many tables and chairs you destroyed! We'll have to find someone to repair everything tomorrow! You'll be paying for this cost of the reparations!"

When she heard this, Ye Lingmin's pretty face turned livid!

Was it her who destroyed the tables and chairs? Fine, it was indeed her, but what was the reason? She destroyed it because she was punched by Little Junior Sister! In this line of reasoning, she should not shoulder the blame no matter what!

"Master, I won't believe this! I'm a tenth-level mystic cultivator! No way would I lose to her!" Ye Lingmin stiffened her spine and refused to back down.

Xu Shanshan sighed and walked forward to gently tug her. She clapped on Ye Lingmin's shoulder and said, "Third Junior Sister, this isn't a matter of how high or low your level is. In truth, even I'm not a match for Little Junior Sister."

Ye Lingmin snapped toward Xu Shanshan in shock and moments passed before she snorted. "Liar! You must've purposefully took it easy on her, right, Eldest Senior Sister?"

Because she's their Little Junior Sister! Because she's Master's most beloved Little Junior Sister!

So you... you all must be itching to befriend her!

Murong Xun's expression lost all traces of pleasantry. She coldly and darkly stared at Ye Lingmin before snorting. "It appears you haven't grown a bit after training outside for so many years! Immediately go to Sky Peak's Duantian Cliff to reflect on your wrongs this instant! You will stay there for one day if it takes you one day to realize why I want you to self-reflect! You still stay there for two days if it takes two days! If you still can't figure it out after a decade, then you'll self-reflect for a decade there! Get out now!"

Mist draped over Ye Lingmin's eyes. She intently stared at Murong Xun for a moment before stomping her feet and sprinting out of the dining hall.