

## My Crown 991

### Chapter 991: Should Have Strangled Her

The defensive thunder barrier formed its own miniature spiritual domain, caging the old Daoist and the hawk-face beast within at the moment.

Outside the semi-transparent defensive thunder barrier, Qiao Mu had not the slightest intention of paying attention to the old Daoist.

After injecting a wave of mystic energy, the defensive thunder barrier was flooded with berserk lightning, striking down noisily at the old Daoist and the hawk-faced beast.

A hint of shock instantly slipped past the old Daoist's vicious eyes.

This spiritual weapon was exceedingly powerful, but where did it come from?

He didn't realize that, before he knew it, this little lady would actually grow up to this extent in just a few short years.

*If he had known, he should have strangled her directly back then, instead of allowing her to grow up...*

A trace of wrath flashed past the old Daoist eyes. *It was his fault for being careless.*

*She was simultaneously a level-12 mystic cultivator plus an advanced-level great talisman practitioner, and she commanded the divine beast Qingluan as well as possessed spiritual weapons and magic treasures. There was also the fact that she had probably already sensed the wood elemental spirit.*

*But was this possible?*

Indeed, it astonished people greatly that she had successfully triggered her mystic meridians at age seven.

*Yet what kind of future could she have in the Lower Star Domain, not to mention that backwater Qiaotou Village that was deficient in mystic energy?*

Try as she might, it would already be excellent if she could advance to be a level-four or level-five minor mystic cultivator ten years later, alright?

*It couldn't be denied that the fact that the d\*mn lass actually progressed to become a level-12 mystic cultivator in these seven to eight years' time surprised him immensely!*

*What exactly was the reason?*

She was just a normal, young village girl. He wouldn't believe it even if he were to be beaten to death if she didn't have a fortuitous encounter.

The old Daoist's expression was sullen. As he lowered his hands, spiritual energy permeated his chest, forming localized armor that first protected his heart.

Evidently, the old Daoist was a spiritual cultivator, as partial armor formed from spiritual energy was one of the marks of a spiritual cultivator.

Even though the old Daoist's current cultivation had been suppressed to that of a level-15 mystic cultivator, that didn't mean that he was unable to use spiritual energy.

Qiao Mu felt that this old Daoist's body was emanating a strange vileness.

Ordinarily, he had already stepped into the ranks of spiritual cultivators, yet he still merged with the power of evil beasts, consequently becoming a demonic cultivator.

Just like when Commandery Princess Hui'an didn't feel any scruples fusing with the power of an evil plant and ultimately tormenting her body into becoming a withered tree cocoon, the old Daoist fused with an evil beast, producing a beast claw out of his chest.

Right now, he was relying on this beast claw to block the thunderbolts bombarding down from all directions.

Actually, this defensive thunder barrier should have required spiritual energy for activation, but very unfortunately, Qiao Mu was just able to use mystic energy to activate it.

Moreover, she was now already able to proficiently switch between the mystic energy in her three main and branch arteries. It could be said that as long as she wasn't ganged up on by a thousand people, her mystic energy would basically flow endlessly without stopping.

The mystic energy channeling into the defensive thunder barrier surged, and the thunderbolts inside the miniature spiritual domain subsequently rained down densely while interweaving and criss-crossing.

Even though the old Daoist possessed a spiritual cultivator's physique, these fierce thunderbolt strikes were still more than what he could bear, let alone his hawk-faced mystic beast.

After several dozen thunderbolts struck the hawk-faced beast's body, it directly mutilated that pair of deformed wings that were folded up before its chest into a bloody mess.

The hawk-faced beast was breathing feebly as it lay on the ground not moving, using its other pair of long wings as a shield for its head.

Just earlier, this belligerent and ruthless ferocious beast had almost injured her Qingluan, yet the powerful lightning inside the defensive thunder barrier had now bombarded it into a sorry state instead.

Qiao Mu didn't feel the slightest sympathy.

If it weren't for their relentless pursuit to kill her directly, then she wouldn't have retaliated in wrath.

### **Chapter 992: Seriously Injuring the Old Daoist**

*Let's have this hawk-faced ferocious beast's mystic beast core benefit her pitiful little white squirrel!*

Suddenly, Qiao Mu's gaze shifted as a dim light flitted past.

An attractive mystic energy coming from her hand instantly drew the hawk-faced mystic beast out of the defensive thunder barrier and to her feet.

"Roar!" The hawk-faced ferocious beast howled angrily, trying to lift its wings and slapping them over.

The little monk who had been silently forming Buddhist hand seals the entire time deftly flung out his small palm in an awe-inspiring manner, smacking a gold “卍” character straight onto the bellicose hawk-faced beast’s forehead.

With a huge bang, the pitiful hawk-faced beast was basically pressed down to the ground by this “卍” character seal.

Qingluan also quickly ascended, giving the hawk-faced beast two more sword slashes without room for objection.

“Keep its head,” Qiao Mu reminded with slight anxiousness, stopping Qingluan who was lifting over the hawk-faced beast that was at its last gasp.

Qiao Mu was expressionless as she swiped lightly with the Startled Swan Dagger in her hand, directly slicing open the hawk-faced beast’s huge head to take out a red-colored core.

This mystic beast core was more remarkably florid than the cores she had seen before. Like a ruby, it sparkled in her hands.

The deeper the color of the core, the higher the mystic beast’s grade. This core, in particular, amounted to a hundred common level-10 mystic beast cores.

Qiao Mu was in a good mood, and she directly put this mystic beast core away in her inner world first.

On the other hand, the old Daoist who was still inside the defensive thunder barrier was livid. He could only look on helplessly as his mystic beast got dissected alive for the core in its brain.

He simply couldn’t rush out of the defensive thunder barrier to counter.

Yet his mystic beast was already deader than a doornail!

A mystic beast’s death would undoubtedly cause a backlash, so at this time, the old Daoist got injured quite badly...

He was anxious, angry, and resentful. He instantly spewed out a mouthful of blood, and his complexion was instantly as white as a sheet.

“Ah!!” The old Daoist roared angrily.

He simply didn’t expect that he would encounter such a huge difficulty when he was merely just disposing of a young village girl with his own hands.

*Did he underestimate his opponent, or was it that the other party had grown up overwhelmingly powerful?*

The evil beast claw in front of the old Daoist’s chest scratched at the semi-transparent barrier with all its might, attempting to rip apart the defensive thunder barrier so that it could be let out.

Yet unexpectedly, Qiao Mu injected another surge of mystic energy into the defensive thunder barrier.

By this time, she was already simultaneously extracting mystic energy from her three main and branch arteries to keep the defensive thunder barrier activated.

All of a sudden, the entire miniature spiritual domain was flooded with the light of interweaving lightning, bereft of space to retaliate at all.

The thunderbolts criss-crossing inside the domain formed a “#” shape as they shaved towards the old Daoist.

It really was “shaving!”

The old Daoist looked on helplessly as the thunderbolts cleanly shaved off a piece of flesh from his shoulder. How did he dare still be careless?

After using spiritual armor to protect his chest, he then coursed mystic energy through his entire body before giving a loud roar!

The mystic energy even made his cyan-colored Daoist robe billow, forming a barrier to ward off the interweaving thunderbolts that blotted out the sky inside the miniature spiritual domain.

However, he had already been injured because of the mystic beast’s backlash.

At this point, he was also expending a large amount of mystic energy to resist the thunderbolts. Even if he could withstand them at this moment, he couldn’t withstand them forever.

If things went on like this, he would certainly get annihilated by these thunderbolts.

That’s why in this predicament, he anxiously hastened the motions of the sharp claw in front of his chest to ferociously scratch, strike, and damage the defensive thunder barrier.

However, was it that easy to damage a spiritual weapon?

If it were to be destroyed with just a few strikes, then it wouldn’t be called a spiritual weapon.

“Cough, cough cough!” The old Daoist was soon in bad shape, spitting out a mouthful of bloody saliva.

### **Chapter 993: Fight!**

Even he, himself, probably didn’t expect this. Today, he had originally planned to eliminate Qiao Mu in this wild, mountainous country, yet he was the one who suffered from serious injuries instead.

*Ah! Heaven had its eyes closed! How could it treat him like this?*

“Cough.” The old Daoist vomited out another mouthful of bloody saliva. Simultaneously, his head was suffering from dizzy spells as he gazed coldly at Qiao Mu through the semi-transparent defensive thunder barrier.

*Could it be that he had to use that secret technique today?*

*How hateful!*

*If there was any mishap, he would be obliterated by Heavenly Law...*

“Cough, cough cough!” The old Daoist flipped his left hand, taking a white jade porcelain bottle out from his inner world. He poured out two to three medicinal pills, stuffing them into his mouth without looking.

Yet Qiao Mu's eyes abruptly settled on the white jade porcelain bottle in the old Daoist's hand.

A gloomy chill flitted across her originally placid small stoic face.

When she looked at the old Daoist again, an iciness and cruelty that came from the deepest pit of hell surfaced in her eyes that were devoid of ripples.

By this time, the defensive thunder barrier had already shaved the old Daoist to the point that his flesh was no longer intact. Other than his chest area that had been protected well, the thunderbolts had shaved his remaining limbs into a rather miserable state.

His entire body was adorned in wounds, his hair was in disarray, and even his cyan-colored Daoist robe was soaked red in blood.

With a motion of her finger, Qiao Mu deactivated the semi-transparent defensive thunder barrier in an instant.

With another motion of her finger, a long green vine appeared, lashing out in the old Daoist's direction with a swish.

If this hit landed squarely, then the old Daoist would surely lose half his life even if he didn't die on the spot.

How did he dare take this attack head-on? He directly rolled on the ground to dodge this vine whip attack.

Qiao Mu's fingers moved slightly, and several dozen immobilization talismans directly split apart in mid-air before rushing over to stick onto the old Daoist.

Since the old Daoist was already seriously injured, the immobilization talismans would undoubtedly thwart his movements should they land on him.

Even if they couldn't immobilize him, they would still delay his movements for a moment.

*That much was enough!*

Priest Dayu destroyed several immobilization talismans while flustered and exasperated. Yet he could feel that his body froze uncontrollably for two second during his flurry.

It was during this moment that two vine whips ruthlessly struck his back at the same time, and it hurt so much that his body shuddered, his teeth bared, and his eyebrows creased together.

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu descended step by step from mid-air as she agilely wielded a vine whip in each of her hands, simultaneously attacking him with both.

As the old Daoist looked at the little lady, his brows knitted into a knot, and his pupils also contracted.

The wood spiritual energy coming from these vine whips was rather concentrated, and even he couldn't determine which grade of wood elemental spirit it corresponded to.

*It probably wasn't lower than a grade-six wood spirit.* When he realized this, however, dripping cold sweat beaded the old Daoist's forehead densely.

*He couldn't hesitate anymore.*

Silently hanging his head, he only raised it again after several seconds. His eyes glazed over with a faint green light, and his aura changed instantaneously.

"Be careful! He advanced!" The little monk shouted rapidly.

Qiao Mu secretly activated her spiritual eyes, and she immediately perceived the mystic energy in the wicked Daoist's body increasing sharply...

His mystic meridians instantly transformed into red-colored spiritual meridians, after which she saw fiery-red spiritual energy coursing through them gaily.

A foundational red color naturally indicated the fire spirit.

Sure enough, a streak of fire instantly flitted out from the old Daoist's hand, directly pouncing at the vine whips in Qiao Mu's hands.

Once the fire touched the green vine whips, they were immediately set ablaze.

Qiao Mu harrumphed, and at the same time that she threw the vine whips in her hands, she raised her hands slightly. Subsequently, seven to eight green vines simultaneously shot out from all directions towards the wicked Daoist.

#### **Chapter 994: A True Face-Slap!**

With a bellow, the Daoist abruptly flung off his tattered cyan-colored robe that had become an encumbrance, while his hands directly generated two flames as he charged towards Qiao Mu.

Yet without even sparing him a glance, Qiao Mu raised her hands again, sending forth several dozen entangling green vines that instantly restricted the old Daoist's hands and feet.

A rivulet of water appeared in Qiao Mu's hand before transforming into a glimmering, awe-inspiring ice sword. She also pounced toward the old Daoist, slashing at him directly with her sword.

"Heh! How dare a mere ant show off before this old man!!" With a bellow, the fire spirit in the old Daoist's hands flared up, transforming into two soaring fire sparrows that swooped towards Qiao Mu's small body.

The little monk flicked his finger, directly flinging out two fireballs that obstructed the fire sparrows' path.

However, the fire sparrows that the old Daoist had produced instantly swallowed up those fireballs, causing the little monk's cute small face to pale immediately, as well.

Qingluan quickly carried him up and set him down on the side. After instructing "Don't move," it transformed into a giant bird and flew up in front of its master with a flap of its wings.

"Don't come over!" Qiao Mu's eyelid jerked as she leapt into mid-air. After a hover and teleport maneuver, her figure had already disappeared from the spot.

After missing her, the fire sparrows turned their heads around aggressively and pounced in the old Daoist's direction.

The old Daoist was greatly alarmed by this turn of events, yet upon abruptly turning around, he was punched head-on in the face with a boom.

There was no need to mention the old Daoist's aching pleasure that was derived from the violent taste of a tiny jade hand reinforced with a diamond talisman.

His rapidly retreating figure was then instantly engulfed by the fire sparrows.

However, because the old Daoist had created those fire sparrows himself after all, he managed to dispel their fire spiritual energy at the last second, causing the fire sparrows to naturally disintegrate as well.

Even though Priest Dayu didn't get injured from the fire sparrows, he did plummet from high up in the sky before landing heavily on the ground.

At the same time, countless vines twisted and tangled as they swarmed over before deftly turning those people into cocoons.

*His face, his face! His face hurt too much!*

*This truly was a face-slap to the cheek. Oh, that wasn't it, it was a face-beating.*

Her small hand, after being reinforced with the diamond talisman, was sturdier than any jade stones in this world.

Even if she were to use the diamond talisman on her head, which was originally one of the weakest parts of the body, it would still pain this old Daoist to death in minutes should she strike him with it.

At this moment, green vines once again surfaced from Qiao Mu's hands, and she directly lashed out a whip at the old Daoist's face.

"Ahh!" Priest Dayu's face had practically caved in from Qiao Mu's punch, but now, she had even whipped a bloody gash onto his face.

A prominent whip lash soon showed on his face, running from the outer corner of his left eye to the right side of his chin.

Priest Dayu had never been so humiliated in his life, and at this moment, he was shielding his face as he rolled back and forth on the ground nonstop.

"Ah! Ahhh! Ah!"

No matter how this Daoist priest rolled about, he was unable to break free of the green vines tightly bound around his body.

A rivulet poured out of Qiao Mu's hand. The instant the water condensed into ice, she had already struck out rapidly like a flood dragon.

In the blink of an eye, an ice sword plunged into the old Daoist's shoulder before making a rotation.

The old Daoist abruptly cried out in alarm!

This ice sword directly cut off the old Daoist's two shoulder blades, after which Qiao Mu stepped onto Priest Dayu's chest expressionlessly.

As she forcefully ground in her heel, Qiao Mu declared icily:

"Don't waste your energy. You've basically expended all the spiritual energy inside your body! Right now, you're a total weakling!"

### **Chapter 995: Plundering His Inner World**

"Ah!" The old Daoist suddenly let out a painful scream, causing him to eject the beast claw from his chest.

However, just as he did so, Qiao Mu tightly wrenched that beast claw and tore at it with all her strength.

*Rip!* A large piece of flesh was immediately torn off from that beast claw.

Her cruel manner even caused the little monk and Qingluan, who were both furtively following behind her, to shudder in surprise.

"Ah, ahhhh!!" This time, the old Daoist suffered from twice the pain—not only his face, but even his chest was hurting insufferably.

His breathing instantly wilted as he gasped in a raspy voice, "Y-You darn lass are a ruthless character, sure enough. Cough, cough cough."

Even so, Qiao Mu maintained her stoic face, adhering to her usual attitude of "never wasting her breath on defeated opponents."

She directly activated her spiritual eyes to sweep through the wicked Daoist's inner world.

After catalyzing her spiritual conscious, she entered the other party's inner world and plundered it without warning.

"Ah!!" The Daoist was totally confounded.

He could only feel pain stabbing his conscious incessantly, and that his head was swelling with dizziness, as if he could faint in the next second.

Compared to when she plundered the inner world of that Second Missus from the Pei Estate, since this wicked Daoist was already a spiritual cultivator, his conscious was naturally on a whole other level.

Qiao Mu exerted quite some effort to accomplish this.

Eventually, as her spiritual conscious seeped inside continuously, light sweat oozed from her forehead.

She suddenly flipped her palm.

Finally, with a pitter-patter sound akin to falling rain, she forced open the door to the old Daoist's inner world to plunder it.

The items inside the old Daoist's inner world spilled out at once like an overturning sea.

Upon seeing this, the little monk shuddered involuntarily before exchanging glances with Qingluan.



*So terrifying...*

“Ah!!” The old Daoist’s breathing languished further. He lay on the ground while bathed in sweat, so stupefied that one could see the whites of his eyes.

It seemed as if he had been fished out of the river or hit by a flood, with his entire body soaking in blood and sweat.

On the other hand, Qiao Mu simply ignored the other items inside his inner world.

She didn’t care to spare a glance at those valuables and treasures, as well as magnetite and ores.

Her gaze settled on several white jade porcelain bottles, and she sucked one into the palm of her hand.

As she held the white jade porcelain bottle, her gaze lightly swept back and forth over it.

Subsequently, her cold gaze landed on the old Daoist as an iciness tinged her voice. “You are that nomadic Daoist priest.”

“You are the nomadic Daoist priest that gifted Wen Ruwan that meridian pill.”

When he heard this, the old Daoist gave a start. He hadn’t curbed his state of mind in time, so Qiao Mu observed the surprise that surfaced in the old Daoist’s eyes.

This could be considered tacit acknowledgement.

“Why did you do that.” Even though Qiao Mu looked calm on the surface, stormy waves were rolling about intangibly in her heart.

“Why??” She repeated again, a grim wrath fluctuating beneath her monotone voice.

*Slap!* A heavy slap landed on the Daoist’s face from a distance, and Qiao Mu raised her voice slightly as she lashed out coldly, “Are you deaf?”

“Cough, cough cough!” Priest Dayu sniggered before shuddering on the ground, but he still swept Qiao Mu with a contemptuous glance. “I must answer if you ask? If I answer, you would let me off?”

“Dictum talisman.” Qiao Mu never liked wasting her breath.

Hence she directly flung out three dictum talismans with a flick of her sleeve.

### **Chapter 996: Enshrouding Mist**

The dictum talismans whisked past like three streaks of light before abruptly landing on Priest Dayu’s body.

This dictum talisman was able to make people with cultivation lower than hers honestly tell the truth.

Although Priest Dayu’s cultivation in itself was higher than hers, she had brutally beaten him into a crippled state, as well as practically pounded his conscious into pieces.

His present cultivation had been tragically demolished, so technically, dictum talismans should be effective.

However, in consideration that he had previously achieved breaking through to the spiritual realm, she generously flung three dictum talismans onto him. At least one was bound to be effective, right.

Nearly three minutes later, a glimmer suddenly flitted across the old Daoist's glabella.

*The talismans took effect!*

Qiao Mu released a sigh of relief, but the vines that she had drawn out didn't slacken one bit.

She had always been a cautious person. Even if it seemed as though she had the complete upper hand right now, she wouldn't lower her guard at all.

"Were you the one who gifted Wen Ruwan the meridian pill?"

"Yes." The old Daoist answered honestly with a slightly blank gaze.

"When did you gift it to her? When!"

"Eight years ago."

"Why did you do that?" Qiao Mu's fists clenched together tightly as fury rampaged through her heart.

It was as if something desired to ignite in the depths of her heart and burn up her inarticulate train of thought...

She, seemed to have sniffed out the air of a dreadful conspiracy.

*Could it be, the entire reason Wen Ruwan approached her father purposefully in this life and the past one, was that she was acting on somebody's instigation?*

*Why??*

"Why did you do that?? It's you! Who deliberately had Wen Ruwan approach our Qiao Family?" By this point, Qiao Mu's breathing had become labored.

"Correct! But this old man was actually entrusted by someone to do that."

Qiao Mu's pupils contracted slightly, and she stepped forward to roughly grab the old Daoist's chest.

"Say it! Tell me clearly! Entrusted by whom? Who, who was the one who entrusted you to do that?? Who exactly are you?!"

The wicked Daoist was a bit wooden, seemingly unable to process so many questions at once.

"Who exactly are you?" Rage quickly ignited in Qiao Mu's eyes.

"I am Shuntian Prefecture's assistant manager."

*A bolt from the blue! Could it be that the tragedies in her previous life weren't coincidences?*

Qiao Mu's heart trembled as she gave an inexplicable shudder.

*Could it be that all the tragedies in her previous life, all the miseries that her whole family suffered, were due to someone manipulating the situation from afar??*

But she had forcefully reversed the trajectory in this life.

Because Wen Ruwan had long died many years ago, so it was impossible for her to harm their entire family again.

That's why this Priest Dayu truly couldn't wait any longer and wanted to personally dispose of her.

*But why!!*

Their Qiao Family had originally been leading honest lives in Qiaotou Village. They didn't provoke or offend anyone, so why did these people start scheming against them from seven to eight years ago?

"Who prompted you to do so? Quickly say it! Who had you scheme against our Qiao Family?"

"It's our Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord who appointed me to come to the Lower Star Domain and use whatever means necessary to make your lives miserable. It was best if your entire family became useless people."

*In other words, Shuntian Prefecture had actually started targeting her family when she was seven?*

"I had originally thought that you were but just a small village girl. Wen Ruwan naturally obeyed my orders after receiving my benefits. With her schemes and methods, a casual plot would be able to plunge your entire family into an abyss of misery henceforth." The Daoist replied honestly, "Yet I didn't expect..."

*That things would completely veer out of his control.*

### **Chapter 997: Puppet on a String**

"Precisely speaking, someone wishes to make your life miserable. As for those useless Qiao Family members with you, I was just dealing with them together in passing." Priest Dayu continued to reel off the truth of the matter, "I was only carrying out orders."

Dayu was also deeply regretful right now. If it weren't because he was lazy back then and hence casually sought out that useless Wen Ruwan to scheme against the Qiao Family, then the situation wouldn't have veered out of control like this today.

Wen Ruwan was unsuccessful in creating trouble and bit the dust instead, becoming a zombie's meal for no reason.

Ever since then, the situation became difficult to control.

"Beyond all expectations, you suddenly joined the Holy Water Sect and became the personal disciple of the First Peak's Peak Master. This was poles apart from what our Prefecture Lord wished to achieve! Because my superior felt that I hadn't produced results, he dispatched Manager Liu over to assist."

"Your joining the Holy Water Sect was the first variable. Afterwards, Manager Liu dispatched our Shuntian Prefecture's disciples over to Xijiu City to keep a close watch on your parents."

Upon hearing this, Qiao Mu's heart immediately jolted.

"What is your relationship to Liu Yizhi?"

Dayu mechanically uttered with a wooden face, "Liu Yizhi is our prefecture's Third Manager. Previously, I was technically under his management, but in the Lower Star Domain, we are considered to be on equal footing."

"Keep speaking."

Priest Dayu thus continued, "The several groups of people that we sent to keep an eye on your parents in Xijiu City had all been disposed of in secret. Afterwards, we found out that it was the doing of the Mo Kingdom's crown prince."

"And the Mo Kingdom's crown prince, unexpectedly, took a fancy to you. Later on, you even became the crown prince consort, which was the second variable. Our Prefecture Lord was very displeased upon hearing this news!"

"Did you people also massacre the Holy Water Sect because you wanted to make me miserable??" Qiao Mu unwittingly clenched her fists, practically unable to control her wrath and her trembling body.

Yet to her surprise, Priest Dayu shook his head and explained, "That wasn't so. That incident was because Liu Yizhi inadvertently discovered that sacred water existed in your Holy Water Sect. Liu Yizhi's purpose for seizing the sacred water was purely to satisfy his own greed. It was absolutely impossible for him to turn over the sacred water he seized to the Prefecture Lord. In fact, he would do his utmost to cover up this incident."

"What was the purpose of all this?" Confusion appeared on Qiao Mu's small face.

*So it turned out that—*

*She was actually a puppet on a string in her previous life!*

*If the other person wanted her to live miserably, then she must live miserably. And if the person wanted her to wallow her entire life away wretchedly, then she must spend her entire life in bleak desolation!*

Realization only dawned on her now that her past life's trajectory had actually been elaborately plotted out for her, but she was still very confused.

*Wouldn't it have been the end of the matter if the Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord had directly killed her?*

*Why must he play this clumsy "will make you miserable" game with her?*

Moreover, she simply couldn't remember how she had offended this Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord so that it would make him start plotting against her starting from seven to eight years ago.

The her in her previous life absolutely didn't have that ability to offend this lofty Prefecture Lord of the Shuntian Prefecture.

In this life, her enmity with Shuntian Prefecture stemmed from their destruction of the Holy Water Sect when she was 12 years old.

In other words, she simply didn't have any dealings with the Shuntian Prefecture before she was 12 years old.

She completely didn't understand why the Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord treated her with such hostility and rancor?

He was already thinking of making her life miserable when she was seven?

This kind of loathing was to the extent that this Prefecture Lord of the Shuntian Prefecture was unwilling to let her off in both of her lives?

### **Chapter 998: Heavenly Law's Might**

Qiao Mu inhaled deeply before interrogating coldly, "Tell me clearly, is it only just your Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord who wants to make my life miserable?"

At this time, indications of a struggle were finally showing on the old Daoist's face.

This was a sign that he was about to become clear-headed.

Noticing this, Qiao Mu raised her finger, throwing several dictum talismans out at his body again.

However, she was still one step too late, or perhaps it was a momentary recovery of consciousness just before death.

He instantly came to with a start, and his blank expression abruptly turned sinister in the next second.

"You darn lass, what did you do to me?" Priest Dayu only felt a tearing pain in his chest that prohibited him from taking a deep breath.

In addition, the thunderbolts had left none of the flesh on his body intact, while that savage lass had also scooped out his shoulder blades.

The old Daoist was very aware that his present condition was extremely bleak.

*His current crippled body was absolutely not the savage imp's match!*

"You had best tell me clearly. Or else, I'll deprive you of the mercy of life or death! And make you regret having ever walked upon this earth." A pill then appeared between her fingers when she raised them up.

This was the newest version of poison that she had concocted from the six yang poisonous flower. Its effects were greater than the heat poison she had mixed into the beautifying pill previously.

After consumption, it would blister the person's flesh as if it were scalded. With only a bit of medicine to keep the old Daoist half-alive, he would experience the sensation of never getting his wounds completely healed, savoring the taste of what it meant to rot and heal over and over again.

*Don't worry, she wouldn't let him die so easily. She'd let him experience the taste of not being able to die even while at death's door.*

The old Daoist's eyes contracted as he stubbornly cried out, "Didn't you use some underhanded method just now? I've said e-everything I should, so you..."

A minute ripple abruptly appeared in mid-air.

At this time, Qiao Mu had activated her spiritual eyes, so she could clearly discern 17 to 18 transparent chains extending in mid-air. They latched onto the old Daoist's limbs and body all at once and bound him up tightly.

The old Daoist was also flabbergasted at this moment. He could sense that he couldn't move his limbs, as if his entire body was tied up by something.

Yet a spark of insight surfaced in his mind as he thought of something, and his complexion paled dramatically.

He looked at Qiao Mu with horror and yelled at her, "Quick, quick! Help me! Help me. You are a great talisman practitioner, so you must have talismans that are able to undo fetters! Quick, throw them at me quickly! Hurry and help me!! Ahh!"

Qiao Mu stared at him dully as if he were an idiot and enunciated, "Tell me clearly, who wants to make my life miserable? Was it really the Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord?"

How would the old Daoist have the leisure to answer her question at this time? As he struggled to break free of the formless chains, he kept hollering frantically at Qiao Mu, "Help, help me, help me first! Heavenly Law, ah!!"

He had used a secret technique to forcefully make his cultivation break through this Lower Star Domain's limit to reach that of a level-three spiritual cultivator.

He was betting on his luck that Heavenly Law wouldn't seek him out.

After all, his cultivation had still been suppressed to the beginning stages of the spiritual realm, so it wasn't that conspicuous at all.

It wasn't like he had used the secret technique to directly advance his cultivation to the advanced stages of the spiritual realm as a great spiritual cultivator. *Even advancing his cultivation so furtively would attract Heavenly Law's notice?*

Pain pressed down on his entire body, and Heavenly Law's boundless and profound might enveloped him steadfastly.

"I-I'll tell you the truth, so s-save me, save me..."

### **Chapter 999: Serves Him Right!**

After Qiao Mu saw him getting pressed flat to the ground by an invisible force and flailing his limbs in a tussle, her lips couldn't help but curl up into a sneer.

"Forget it. I don't suppose that you have anything else to divulge. As for the questions I want to ask, I'll naturally be able to have them answered when I find your prefecture lord in the future." *Was it the Shuntian Prefecture who had an inherent enmity for her, or was it that its prefecture lord was doing this under someone's direction? Wouldn't things be clearer if she asked the prefecture lord himself?*

*No matter if it was her personal grudge or her sect's grudge, she would ultimately oppose the Shuntian Prefecture in the future, right.*

Rather than interrogating a person who only knew a smattering here, she might as well save her energy and watch the show!

After thinking this point through, she didn't care to spare Priest Dayu a glance at all.

*Let nature run its course!*

"No, you can't leave me to die! How can you just watch on unfeelingly as I get destroyed by Heavenly Law's might?"

"You disregarded Heavenly Law, provoking retaliation. Who can help you with this? You have to own up to what you dared to do. Is it not good to accept death?" Qiao Mu's icy voice slowly seeped into Priest Dayu's ears.

Peril would be looming upon him no matter if he chose to step forwards or retreat backwards. He was clearly an old monster that had lived for so long, so shouldn't he understand such an easy principle?

No matter how strong a person was, they would ultimately show cowardliness the instant they looked death in the eye.

As Priest Dayu looked up at Qiao Mu's frigid face, he gave a jolt before lying there limply in utter grief.

No one could defy Heavenly Law's might.

He was formless, colorless, and noiseless. He did not take the shape of any of the five spirits, nor could one identify him with the naked eye.

But he was this kind of fearful existence that was currently using an invisible but immense strength to crush Priest Dayu bit by bit into a lump of mincemeat.

Noiselessly—

And also very rapidly!

Under Heavenly Law's tyrannical restriction, Priest Dayu, from his body to his soul, abruptly vanished from the face of the earth.

This was Heavenly Law's might, which could obliterate you in a flash without leaving a trace!

Qiao Mu shook her head breathlessly with wonder.

It was best apt to characterize Priest Dayu as having dug his own grave.

After all, if it weren't for his relentless pursuit at the beginning, then she wouldn't have turned back to retaliate, nor would she have forced him to use a secret technique to raise his cultivation, subsequently provoking Heavenly Law.

*Serves him right!*

Qiao Mu was actually rejoicing in his misfortune right now.

The items from his inner world were piled up on the ground. The old Daoist had quite a big secret stash, including valuables and treasures, magnetite and pills, as well as many oddly-shaped forging materials.

As a candid child, Qiao Mu naturally collected up all of the items inside the old Daoist's inner world as her own.

After tidying up everything, she took the little monk's hand and jumped onto Qingluan's back. "Let's go, we're returning to the capital."

Fortunately, she had plundered all the items from the old Daoist's inner world beforehand. Otherwise, since Heavenly Law had obliterated him without leaving a trace, the items inside his inner world would naturally have gotten obliterated with him.

Qiao Mu then rushed back to the Mo Kingdom capital on Qingluan.

Even so, before she had flown out of Hulan Mountain's range, she could see an ancient gold dragon encased in fiery flames swiftly heading in her direction.

The crown prince must have run over to find her in his impatience after the promised three days were up.

Qiao Mu urged Qingluan to fly over quickly. The moment cyan and red converged in the sky, Qiao Mu hopped up, directly throwing herself at the dragon's back and into Mo Lian's arms.

Chapter 1000: Carrying Her Back to the Eastern Palace

Mo Lian caught her small body firmly in his outstretched arms, his body unmoving like a mountain.

The man's breathing faintly brushed against her face, and before she could speak, he lowered his head and bit her small mouth without room for objection. His teeth and lips rubbed against her lips as he nibbled repeatedly in an overbearing fashion.

She had simply served herself up on a silver platter to get bitten!

Qiao Mu was dumbfounded, and she reflexively pushed at his chest with her hand as she tilted her small head backwards.

Yet Mo Lian didn't let go of her waist. Instead, he also bent over with her, practically about to snap this little one's waist by bearing down on her.

This posture was actually quite difficult, not to mention that the two people were still in mid-air with the wind scraping past their ears, without having activated a defensive barrier at all.

Even so, Mo Lian's stance was still stable and totally unaffected.

Qiao Mu protested with muffled sounds. After finally extricating herself with all her might, she sealed his mouth with her small hand.

"Mo Lian, listen to me."

"I'm listening." While pulling down her small hand, Mo Lian's gaze deepened.

Qiao Mu was suddenly at a loss for words.

"What do you have to say?"



“Uh...” Cough cough, it was so strange. She didn’t know what she wanted to say to him after he interrupted her.

“Why aren’t you speaking.” Crown Prince Mo caressed her small face. Although he looked gentle, Qiao Mu inexplicably sensed that the person before her was not happy!

Why wasn’t he happy? She had even informed him before leaving.

“That’s right, I left you a letter, did you read it?” Qiao Mu abruptly hugged his waist, snuggling her face into his embrace. “This trip back to Hulan Mountain was actually for my teacher’s secret inheritance realm. On the whole, my trip this time went smoothly. Since you were quite busy during these few days, I thought that it was also okay to just make a trip back by myself...”

“You consider those few words as leaving me a letter?” Mo Lian suddenly raised his sharp eyebrows as he looked at her with a spurious smile.

At this, Qiao Mu scratched her small nose with slight embarrassment.

She had left a letter just to explain the situation, and besides, how would she know how to write a lengthy letter?

Mo Lian grasped her small chin. “Qiaoqiao, you are quite good at running off. A second of inattention was all it took for you to disappear.”

Qiao Mu blinked her eyes. “I didn’t run off.”

“You consider leaving those two to three words for me as giving prior notice?” Mo Lian looked at her with a beaming smile.

Yet Qiao Mu shrunk her small head as she subconsciously leaned backwards.

The man in front of her looked to be a bit dangerous!

“How was that two to three words. There were clearly at least twenty-some words total on that leave letter,” muttered Qiao Mu under her breath.

Mo Lian didn’t respond and looked down at her instead. “We’re returning to the Eastern Palace.”

At nightfall, the crown prince sent someone to inform the Qiao Zhongbang couple that the crown prince consort had been found, and that she would be staying the night in the Eastern Palace before returning.

At this time, the little fellow was currently sitting in his embrace, holding a brush while bitterly staring at the several dozen pieces of white paper spread out in front of her.

Crown Prince Mo personally held the hand with which she was holding the brush, teaching her stroke by stroke how to write a so-called leave letter...

First of all was this form of address that had to get corrected! She should call him “Husband,” or “Dearest husband,” or “Lian,” but she couldn’t call him by his full name!

Our dear Qiao Mu felt so bitter!

Didn't this crown prince have a big pile of official documents that had yet to be dealt with? How did he have the leisure and the mood to hold her here for half the day to polish her letter-writing skills?

"Do you know how to write now?" The crown prince tilted his head as he looked smilingly at the little one in his arms.