

Little Girl 461

Chapter 461: Spiritual Food Restaurant Rankings

"Life Book prompt: Answering the question will deduct 10 Heaven-defying Points."

The Heaven-defying Book's voice was still flat, devoid of any emotion.

Xin Lin struggled to suppress the urge to roll her eyes.

This Life Book must have been designed by an incredibly rigid old man.

After the deduction of Heaven-defying Points was confirmed, the Heaven-defying Book answered.

"Life Book prompt: The Golden Nanmu Sign is a Jade Treasure, which serves to enhance the attractiveness of a Spirit Restaurant. Each new patron gained will earn 1 Reputation point, the accumulation of which can raise the restaurant's fame and ranking. Friendly reminder: Currently, Chu's Restaurant has 123 Reputation points and is ranked as a One-star Spirit Restaurant."

Upon hearing this, Xin Lin uttered a light 'huh.'

"There are rankings for Spirit Restaurants? What is the current rank of Chu's Restaurant?"

As a novice Spiritual Delicacy Master, Xin Lin's knowledge of the trade was indeed limited.

"Life Book prompt..."

The Heaven-defying Book said in a dry tone.

"Deduct!"

Xin Lin couldn't be bothered to argue with the Heaven-defying Book anymore; she still had over 300 Heaven-defying Points left.

The Heaven-defying Points decreased to 304.

"Chu's Restaurant is ranked 97th among all the Spirit Restaurants in Purple Cloud City, and 204th in the entire Purple Cloud City."

Xin Lin had previously had someone tally; there were roughly a hundred Spirit Restaurants in Purple Cloud City. So, it seems Chu's Restaurant was ranked around fourth from the bottom.

As for why there is also a 204th position, it was probably because all the various dining rooms in the nobles' residences and even the Imperial Palace are included.

Xin Lin now had a general idea of the situation regarding Spirit Restaurants. She initially wanted to ask about her own rank among the Spiritual Delicacy Masters in Purple Cloud City but then thought better of it. It would be wise not to embarrass herself.

"Little Boss, where did you get such a splendid sign?"

Ma Jingtian approached, noticing the impressive Phoebe Wood Sign in Xin Lin's hand.

Glancing at the calligraphy, the three characters for "Chu's Restaurant" actually bore the style of the grand master "Wang Xizhi" from the Longteng clan.

Xin Lin instructed Ma Jingtian to hang up the sign.

Strangely enough, once the sign was hung, the previously modest-looking Chu's Restaurant seemed instantly more inviting.

Even the neighboring coffin shop, which had a ghostly aura, became less of an eyesore.

"Sister, you really are here."

While Xin Lin and Ma Jingtian were admiring the new sign, a carriage pulled up in front of Chu's Restaurant.

Little Xinzhuo jumped down from the carriage.

"Ah Zhuo, why are you here? You're not due to start at the Academy until tomorrow. Come look at my new sign."

Xin Lin said, beaming, as she pulled Little Xinzhuo over.

Little Xinzhuo glanced at the sign and hesitated to speak.

"Sister, about starting at the Academy tomorrow, perhaps you should claim you're ill."

Little Xinzhuo thought for a moment and then spoke up.

"Claim I'm ill? Why should I do that? Is it because Long Qingchen and Jin Chen are scheming again? Between the two of us and Ziyue, we're not afraid of them."

Xin Lin was unconcerned.

She, Xin Lin, had never been afraid of anyone.

"It's not them this time, it's... it's the people from the Xuantian Sect. Qingtian Academy has invited people over to teach the method of nurturing the Dark Spirit Root. The ones who came are Sikong Ran and Bai You."

Little Xinzhuo, unable to hide it any longer, came clean.

Sikong Ran... Upon hearing this name, there was a sharp twinge deep inside Xin Lin.

It was not a feeling coming from Xin Lin, but rather an instinctive reaction from the body she inhabited.

Even after so many months had passed and the soul was long gone, hearing the name Sikong Ran still caused "her" to feel pain.

Chapter 462: A Difficult Problem

"Sister?"

Seeing Xin Lin's hesitation, Little Xinzhuo grew even more worried about his sister.

"Ah Zhuo, thank you for the reminder. I will go on time tomorrow morning for the entrance exam."

Xin Lin shook her head.

Initially, she was not afraid of Sikong Ran and Bai You, let alone now.

She was no longer alone.

"But sister, what if they make things difficult for you? I heard Sikong Ran has become incredibly powerful."

Little Xinzhuo hesitated, but still decided to tell his sister the truth.

The Emperor and Empress Feng hosted a banquet for Sikong Ran, who shone brightly at the Ying Chu Conference.

"I heard the Eagle Chick Conference is held jointly by several countries, only those under eighteen can participate. Each person can only participate once in their lifetime. In Longteng Country, at most only three can attend each year. The Crown Prince has participated in the Eagle Chick Conference before, but his ranking wasn't as high as Sikong Ran's now."

Little Xinzhuo relayed all the information he had gathered.

"Ah Zhuo, you don't understand Sikong Ran. His coming here is not just about teaching. If I don't go, you and Ziyue may be in danger. On the other hand, if I go, with his hypocritical nature, he might find it hard to make a move. Besides, I also wanted to see him, to let people see the true face of this currently prominent young genius."

Xin Lin sneered, it would be best if Sikong Ran and Bai You did not provoke her; if they were merciless, she would not be righteous.

Little Xinzhuo, unable to persuade Xin Lin, could only return to the Imperial Palace despondently.

Xin Lin instructed Ma Jingtian and others to tidy up Chu's Restaurant, while she herself headed back to Chu Mansion.

When she arrived at her own courtyard, she took out the remaining Qi Stone.

"The Ying Chu Conference, huh..."

Xin Lin stared at the Qi Stone.

Although she had spoken lightly to Little Xinzhuo, Xin Lin was not feeling light-hearted.

She had thought her progress these past few months was significant, only to find out Sikong Ran had progressed even more.

Only those in the Xuan Transformation Realm could participate in the exclusive Ying Chu Conference, and he had been sensational.

Tomorrow, she absolutely could not let others look down on her.

Xin Lin slowly practiced her breathing and began her cultivation.

A fiery red fireball suddenly formed, and with a loud boom, it crashed to the ground in front of a row of trees, setting them ablaze fiercely.

"The might drawn by a common fireball is indeed lacking."

Xin Lin looked at the quickly dying flames and shook her head.

Although she could gather Fire Spirit, its power was mediocre.

Despite possessing the bean sprouts, which allowed her to barely cultivate and practice martial arts, her natural talents were still inferior to others, not to mention facing a genius like Sikong Ran.

Again, she mobilized the Fu Xi's Energy inside her, performing a set of Ghost God Fist.

Including the two moves, Ghost God Breakthrough and Ghost God Breaking Army, after throwing two punches, the Fu Xi's Energy inside Xin Lin was almost completely depleted.

If she used the Second Form of Ghost God Fist, she could barely cope with an opponent around the Xuanwu Fifth Realm, but against someone in the Xuan Transformation Realm...

Xin Lin still shook her head.

With such skills, she was afraid she wouldn't even withstand a single move from Sikong Ran.

Four years' agreement, now three and a half years left.

Xin Lin frowned.

She wasn't discouraged; tilting her head back, she drank a bottle of Jade Pure Spring Water, rapidly restoring her Fu Xi's Energy.

She then took out the Qi Stone again and absorbed the Fire Spirit within it.

This part of Fire Spirit, once it entered her body, made Xin Lin's eyebrows raise momentarily.

Chapter 463: Spirit Martial Technique

The Fire Spirit inside this Qi Stone was not the usual one Xin Lin gathered from nature; it originated from the Overlord Egg.

Xin Lin only felt a warm current swiftly rushing through her body, like drinking a big bowl of hot soup on a winter day, her limbs filled with Fire Spirit.

Her eyes moved, and she saw her fists tremble, with fiery red Spiritual Energy enveloping the air on either side, filling the surroundings with a scorching smell.

What was this?

Xin Lin's eyes deepened, and in her mind, something flashed like lightning.

She thought for a moment and quickly retrieved the doll from the room.

A portion of Fu Xi's Energy was injected into the doll, which, like being inflated, grew rapidly.

This doll was given to Xin Lin by Gui Hu; she learned the Ghost God Fist Second Form from it.

However, after the Ghost God Fist Second Form, the doll did not teach Xin Lin any other boxing techniques.

Today, Xin Lin used the doll to see how her Ghost God Fist Second Form measured up against Little Guihu.

After a while, the doll took on a clear facial appearance, its stature nearly as tall as Xin Lin, turning into a little boy Gui Hu.

Although she had previously sparred with the doll a few times, seeing such a lifelike little boy Gui Hu, Xin Lin couldn't help but itch her hands and reached to pinch the boy's face.

But just as she raised her hand, the little boy's blue eyes changed, and he threw out a fist.

"Whoosh!"

Xin Lin stepped backward, just dodging the fist, and before she could stabilize, Little Guihu's second punch already swung at her face.

"Hey! Are you picking a fight?! Was it necessary to react so intensely just because I pinched your face a bit?"

Xin Lin jumped.

Regrettably, the doll wasn't the real Gui Hu and completely ignored her mumbles.

One punch followed another, relentless like a torrential flow.

"Pride Corpse, tell him to stop!"

Xin Lin dodged while jumping.

Inside Sealing Spirit Talisman No.1, Gui Hu completely ignored Xin Lin's words.

The little rooster's Ghost God Fist was already very skilled.

But, just being skilled at Ghost God Fist wasn't enough.

The real mastery of Ghost God Ring depended on continuous usage and combat to enhance.

Presently, Xin Lin had only mastered the Ghost God Fist Second Form at less than fifty percent of its power.

For tomorrow's enrollment test, if she truly faced Sikong Ran, to remain undefeated, she needed to reach at least ninety-nine percent power.

One night, from fifty to ninety-nine percent power, is that possible?

Gui Hu couldn't help but shake his head, feeling it was impossible.

Little boy Gui Hu swung out a fist, booming on impact, hitting Xin Lin's shoulder, causing her excruciating pain.

"Pride Corpse, you are playing for real! Then, don't blame me for not being polite!"

Xin Lin hissed sharply, her black eyes clouded with stormy anger.

She gathered both the Fire Spirit and Fu Xi's Energy from within her body.

Fire Spirit engulfed her small fists.

Xin Lin stomped her foot and charged forward.

She threw a punch at Little Gui Hu, but he was very agile, slipping past her like an eel.

So fast!

Xin Lin gritted her teeth, chasing Little Gui Hu.

Time steadily flowed.

During the chase, Xin Lin's movement technique grew faster.

With a loud boom, Xin Lin landed a punch on Little Gui Hu.

A blaze of fire spread, the astonishing Fist Power forcing Little Gui Hu to take a big step back.

Almost simultaneously, inside the Sealing Spirit Talisman, Gui Hu's stern face flickered with a different expression.

Xin Lin looked down at her own fist, stunned.

This punch's power?

Chapter 464: His Praise

The Puppet Gui Hu rapidly shrank and reverted back to the form of a puppet.

Instead, the true form of Gui Hu appeared before Xin Lin.

"Who taught you that punch just now?"

Gui Hu's blue eyes narrowed slightly as he glanced at Xin Lin.

"Who else could it be but you? It was the Ghost God Fist. I just fused part of the Fire Spirit into it, unexpectedly increasing its power several-fold."

Xin Lin looked at her own fist, also feeling somewhat incredulous.

Previously, her Ghost God Fist could fend off a Xuanwu Practitioner at the Fifth Rank, but this time, she could at the very least repel a Xuanwu Eighth Layer and even... higher!

Gui Hu did not speak for a long while, only gazing intently at Xin Lin.

She had actually created her own Spirit Martial Technique.

As the name implies, Spirit Martial Technique is a special skill that combines Spirit Art and Cultivation Technique.

This skill is not something that everyone can learn; only Spirit Warriors can grasp it, and generally only after reaching the Xuan Bridge Realm does one have the epiphany.

Yet Xin Lin, still merely at the First Level of Xuanwu Practitioner, a Basic-level Spirit Practitioner, had grasped it.

The astonishment in Gui Hu's heart was self-evident.

So, the choice of Xin Lin for the Fu Tian Pill was not by chance?

Yet at the same time, there was also an indescribable sense of pride in Gui Hu's heart.

This was his little hen, whom he had personally trained.

After a long silence, his thin lips moved and he uttered two words.

"Not bad."

Xin Lin blinked, suddenly feeling great.

The Pride Corpse actually praised her as being 'not bad'!

This was an extremely high evaluation, considering that since the Pride Corpse was forced to cooperate with her, it had never once praised her.

"So when can I learn the third move of the Ghost God Fist?"

Xin Lin eyed Gui Hu, feeling like his mood seemed to be good, and took the opportunity to ask.

Gui Hu gave her a glance, and in an instant, he vanished.

Xin Lin looked up and realized that it was already bright outside.

Without her realizing it, she had been practicing throughout the entire night.

Today was the day to enter Qingtian Academy.

Xin Lin looked at the sky; it was still early.

After drinking a bottle of Jade Pure Spring, her spirits revived. Once she entered the academy, she wouldn't be able to make buns normally. Early in the morning, she still needed to go to Chu's Restaurant to properly explain the situation with the Spiritual Delicacy Buns, and along the way see what benefits the Golden Nanmu sign could bring.

As usual, the Spiritual Delicacy Buns at De Yue Building were ready early in the morning.

"I heard that several Spiritual Delicacy Buns were left over from yesterday?"

Rarely arriving at De Yue Building this early, Master Chen strolled around the dining area.

"Reporting to Master Chen, about a dozen were left, and today, I'm afraid there will be even more."

Several assistant chefs answered cautiously.

On the stovetop, indeed, there was a steamer basket of buns remaining, and one basket contained at least four or five Spiritual Delicacy Buns.

Hearing this, Master Chen's eyebrows furrowed tightly.

De Yue Building's Spiritual Delicacy Buns had been selling for over a decade and had always been sold out early in the day.

"A bunch of worthless servants, you must have skimped on the work."

Master Chen chastised.

"Master Chen, we've been wronged!"

The assistant chefs protested their innocence.

Master Chen tasted a bun and found that the flavor was not much different from before, causing his brows to furrow even more.

For De Yue Building, the buns were not just about the one thousand silver a day.

Everyone knew that if a Spiritual Food Restaurant was to thrive endlessly, it needed a reputation.

Although Spiritual Food was good, it was not something everyone could afford.

But a bun costing just two silver taels was different; it had earned De Yue Building considerable goodwill, and consequently, helped it maintain the number one position among Purple Cloud City's Spiritual Food Restaurants for many years.

The reputation of the buns could not be lost!

Chapter 465: The Power of a Signboard

"Let's go, take a walk outside."

Master Chen stepped out of the De Yue Building.

At the entrance of the De Yue Building, there were hardly any customers to be seen.

Master Chen wandered around and saw a person coming towards him.

That person was someone Master Chen just happened to know, an old customer of De Yue Building who used to line up for buns every day.

"Customer, were you heading to De Yue Building to buy buns?"

An apprentice beside Master Chen stopped the man.

"No more, I've switched to the Ultimate Lingxiu Buns from Chu's Restaurant; half the price and the taste is better too, pity that each person can only buy two."

The man had a look of lingering satisfaction on his face.

Chu's Restaurant?

Is there such a Spiritual Food Restaurant in Purple Cloud City?

Master Chen recalled, but couldn't think of any such establishment.

He asked around and got the address for Chu's Restaurant.

"Shuiliu Street, the third shop? Isn't that place just a coffin and shroud shop, since when did it have a Spiritual Food Restaurant?"

Master Chen grew even more puzzled.

Besides, even if there was a new Spiritual Food Restaurant in that location, it could not possibly become popular.

Spiritual Food Restaurants also need good Feng Shui, ordinary locations with insufficient foot traffic simply can't bring in much business.

Master Chen headed towards Shuiliu Street and upon arrival, he indeed saw a coffin shop.

But just as his gaze landed on the coffin shop, as if possessed by some ghostly will, Master Chen saw a small eatery next to the coffin shop.

The eatery was quite small, with room for about six or seven tables at most, and at this moment, the entrance was packed with people.

A few fierce-looking servers were busy greeting customers.

"Two Ultimate Spiritual Delicacy Buns and a bowl of cabbage soup."

"Two White Jade Steamed Buns and a bowl of cabbage soup."

Master Chen looked up again and saw a small signboard with three characters: "Chu's Restaurant."

Such a place, with these kinds of servers, this type of Spiritual Food Restaurant, actually has popularity?

Master Chen rubbed his eyes in disbelief and took another look at Chu's Restaurant.

But a strange scene unfolded.

The previously inconspicuous little Spiritual Food Restaurant now seemed quite different.

The old tables and chairs seemed to exude an aura of rustic charm.

And those few fierce-looking servers, with their enthusiastic smiles, somehow didn't seem so detestable anymore.

And what about the enticing aroma of buns wafting in the air?

Even the eye-catching coffins at the coffin shop next door could be completely ignored.

Master Chen was inwardly shocked.

Of course, he didn't know that all this was due to the golden silk nanmu coffin.

He instructed his apprentice to go and buy some buns.

But in no time at all, the apprentice came back.

"Master Chen, they say the buns are sold out, if you want any, you have to come early tomorrow."

The apprentice said with a worried frown.

"That's preposterous, there's still half a steamer left."

Master Chen exclaimed angrily, pointing to the half-tray of remaining buns.

With an enraged face, Master Chen headed forward.

"Where is your boss? I want to meet him."

Ma Jingtian hurried out and upon seeing Master Chen, Ma Jingtian had a look of realization.

Little Boss guessed right, the people from De Yue Building really couldn't sit still.

"Are you the boss?"

Master Chen sized up Ma Jingtian and no matter how he looked, the man didn't seem like a Spiritual Delicacy Master.

"Exactly, what can I do for you, dear customer?"

Ma Jingtian replied with an apologetic smile.

"Why aren't you selling buns when you clearly have them?"

Master Chen questioned.

Ma Jingtian was about to answer when he saw a monk approaching.

Chapter 466: Enrollment Day

A monk arrived at Chu's Restaurant and took away all the remaining buns.

Taichang Temple!

Master Chen was flabbergasted; that monk turned out to be a monk from Taichang Temple.

Even Taichang Temple partook in the Spiritual Delicacy Buns from this little-known Chu's Restaurant?

Taichang Temple's influence within Purple Cloud City was far from ordinary; De Yue Building had also tried to penetrate the sales channel of Taichang Temple earlier, hoping to get their vegetarian Spiritual Delicacy Buns into Taichang Temple.

However, without exception, they were all rejected by the personnel from Taichang Temple.

How did an insignificant Spiritual Food Restaurant manage to achieve this?

Could it be that this Spiritual Food Restaurant actually had significant backing?

Master Chen stood there with his eyes wide and mouth agape.

He had been planning to deal a heavy blow to Chu's Restaurant earlier.

But if Taichang Temple was backing it, things would become troublesome.

After all, that individual from Taichang Temple was deeply favored by Emperor Longteng.

"Dear guest, I'm sorry, but those buns were pre-ordered by Taichang Temple. If you'd like some buns, please come again early tomorrow."

Ma Jingtian said with a smiling face as he watched Master Chen, whose face was souring, leave.

"From tomorrow onwards, Little Boss will be attending school, so everyone, let's buckle down. We can't let our gold signboard for the Delicious Spiritual Food Buns get tarnished."

While Ma Jingtian shouted, he secretly thought that Little Boss should have also arrived at Qingtian Academy by now, hoping that both Little Boss and Little Xinzhuo had a smooth enrollment today.

Meanwhile, Xin Lin was still traveling by carriage with Little Xinzhuo to enroll in Qingtian Academy.

In the morning, after she had comprehended a new boxing technique, she hurriedly made the last batch of buns.

Once Xin Lin enrolled in Qingtian Academy, she would not be able to make the Delicious Spiritual Food Buns normally.

Although not yet enrolled, Xin Lin had already heard that.

For the first year of new student enrolment at Qingtian Academy, there is only one day off each month, and leaving on regular days requires permission from the supervisory master.

Fortunately, she had already passed on her bun-making skills to Ma Jingtian and his men.

With the same buns and ingredients, although lacking Jade Pure Spring, the taste was still much better than that of De Yue Building's Spiritual Delicacy Buns.

After subduing the Water Wraith Gang, she had always wanted them to start anew.

Operating Chu's Restaurant provided an income and kept them busy with a craft. With Ma Jingtian overseeing, Xin Lin felt reassured.

The only concern for Xin Lin was De Yue Building.

As more and more customers flocked to the Delicious Spiritual Food Buns, De Yue Building's attention was bound to be drawn.

Fortunately, Xin Lin had the trump card of Taichang Temple.

Xin Lin specially had someone from Taichang Temple come to pick up the buns to create the illusion that Chu's Restaurant had the backing of Taichang Temple.

After all, with the old guy from the Minister of Imperial Sacrificial Worship absent, borrowing his name shouldn't be an issue.

While Xin Lin was in deep thought, the voice of the Heaven-defying Book rang in her mind.

"The Life Book indicates, congratulations life master, you have received customer satisfaction ratings..."

On the way to the academy in the carriage, she received intermittent increases in Heaven-defying Value.

To Xin Lin's surprise, in addition to the increase in Heaven-defying Value today, there was also an increase in reputation value.

"The Life Book indicates, today Chu's Restaurant gains 10 new customers, adding +15 reputation for Chu's Restaurant, with 5 additional points from bonus rewards of the Phoebe Wood Sign. Chu's Restaurant's total reputation value is 138, ranking 96th among all Spiritual Food Restaurants in Purple Cloud City and 200th within the city."

The tone of the Heavenly Destiny Book remained bureaucratic as ever.

Chapter 467: Reunion with Sikong Ran! (Thirty Updates)

Xin Lin took another look, and upon finishing selling buns today, her Heaven-defying Value had reached 403 points.

This amount of Heaven-defying Value would have been quite significant for the old Xin Lin.

However, now for Xin Lin, it was barely enough, for a very simple reason.

The more Heaven-defying Value she had, Xin Lin found, the faster it was used up.

Starting from tomorrow, she wouldn't be able to enjoy the increase in Heaven-defying Value from selling buns anymore.

The Heaven-defying Book was quite principled indeed.

On the other hand, the Spiritual Delicacy Buns that could earn Heaven-defying Value had to be personally made by Xin Lin, and only after selling them could she obtain the value.

Ordinary gifting or having others help make them, none would yield Heaven-defying Value.

Having entered Qingtian Academy, Xin Lin couldn't make Spiritual Delicacy Buns anymore, and thus, wouldn't have an income of Heaven-defying Value.

Plus, the "ration" of Braised Pork Belly for Gui Hu and Overlord Egg and the Qi Stones needed for her daily cultivation, Xin Lin's daily consumption of Heaven-defying Value was no small sum.

It seemed that after entering Qingtian Academy, she needed to develop some other methods to earn Heaven-defying Value.

But aside from making buns and fighting, did she have any other methods?

Xin Lin hesitated, wondering whether she should consult the Heaven-defying Book.

At that moment, the carriage jolted and suddenly came to a stop.

"What happened?"

Little Xinzhuo looked outside.

Worry filled the bun-faced Little Xinzhuo's expression.

He was still concerned about how Sister would react later when she encountered Sikong Ran and Bai You, that pair of lovebirds.

"Reporting to the Seventh Prince, the road ahead is blocked. I don't know who leaked the news that Young Master Sikong is heading to Qingtian Academy to teach today, the streets are full of people, all here to welcome Young Master Sikong; the carriage can't move."

The coachman appeared troubled.

This road was the essential path leading to Qingtian Academy.

Outside the carriage, the noise of the crowd was deafening.

Xin Lin peeked out, and saw the street crowded with people, most of whom were the young girls from Purple Cloud City.

Each dressed flamboyantly, pushing and shoving, standing in front of the carriage.

"It's Young Master Sikong!"

"So handsome!"

"Young Master Sikong, look this way!"

A burst of screaming pierced Xin Lin's eardrums.

She looked in the direction of the noise.

There, a few swift horses were racing towards them, on one of which was Sikong Ran.

Sikong Ran, whom she hadn't seen for several months.

Xin Lin's eyes slightly narrowed.

Dressed in a moon-white robe, with broad shoulders and a narrow waist, star-like eyes and handsome eyebrows, wearing a Jade ornament in his hair, and his clothes fluttering elegantly, yet he carried an elegance amidst his handsomeness.

His stature has grown much stronger and taller, no longer the frail boy from Qian Village.

Beside him, were Bai You and Third Prince Long Qingchen.

Sikong Ran stood shoulder to shoulder with Long Qingchen, their noble aura undiminished, even surpassing Long Qingchen by a fraction.

The three of them rode through the street, attracting considerable attention.

Sikong Ran's gaze was cold, seemingly oblivious to the cheers from the street.

Seeing the impenetrable crowd on the street, his brows furrowed slightly.

Bai You, on the other hand, wore a proud expression. This man, he was hers!

"Make way!"

Long Qingchen shouted angrily, and immediately several Imperial Guards surged forward, blocking the crowd on both sides.

The crowd dispersed, but there was still a carriage blocking the way ahead, not moving.

"Who is in the carriage ahead? Young Master Sikong and I are here, and you still don't clear the way."

Long Qingchen shouted. Inside the carriage, Xin Lin sneered and raised her hand to lift the carriage curtain.

Chapter 468: Pranking the Little White Lotus

Xin Lin was about to lift the carriage curtain when suddenly, outside the carriage, a voice came through.

"That's my carriage."

Long Qingchen, Sikong Ran, Bai You, and the others saw a woman stride out of the crowd.

The coachman driving the carriage had long been scared silent.

"Murong Ziyue, it's you again! A good dog does not block the path. Didn't you see that Young Master Sikong, Miss Bai, and I have urgent matters? If you delay us, can you bear the consequences?"

Long Qingchen's eyebrows knitted tightly at the sight of the comer.

The arrival had a face like a silver plate, pure and clear features, wearing an elegantly simple purple dress, with hair black as a waterfall, radiating a cold aloofness mixed with pride—it was Murong Ziyue.

"The road to Heaven is wide-open; everyone to their path. If you want to get past, find your way around."

The streets were full of girls and young women sending surreptitious glances at Sikong Ran, but Murong Ziyue's eyes remained calm.

She completely ignored Long Qingchen's warning, got onto the carriage, and softly patted the startled horse.

"Someone, drive this carriage away."

Long Qingchen, seeing that even a small figure like Murong Ziyue completely disregarded him, shouted in fury, and several Imperial Army guards came forward to drag and pull, trying to drive the carriage away.

But strangely enough, it was like the carriage had grown legs, stubbornly blocking the road, refusing to budge.

"Third Prince, it seems you're raising a bunch of good-for-nothings; they can't even handle such lowly animals. Let me do it. I have kung fu that's specifically for dealing with beasts."

Bai You raised an eyebrow from the side and chuckled behind her hand while glancing at Murong Ziyue from the corner of her eye.

Murong Ziyue's hand that was stroking the horse paused slightly, and a flash of sharp light flickered in her eyes.

Bai You dismounted and walked over to the carriage.

She snorted coldly, and the Jade Duster in her hand whipped out with a swoosh. The tail of the whisk spread out into a thousand strands, opening like a spider web, enveloping Murong Ziyue and the carriage behind her.

The Jade Duster was flexible; its white tail tightly woven, wrapping the carriage and its occupant like a cocoon.

The horse, spooked, let out a neigh, and surprisingly, the carriage weighing over two hundred pounds along with the hundred-plus pounds of horse and whoever inside were swept up by the Jade Duster.

Murong Ziyue huffed coldly, her figure remaining still, her feet pausing slightly.

The carriage and horse that had been lifted into the air suddenly plummeted.

Bai You's gaze shifted, sensing a soft yet tenacious True Qi coming head-on.

Inside the carriage, a jolt sent Xin Lin and Little Xinzhuo toppling over each other.

"Sister!"

Little Xinzhuo cried out softly.

But Xin Lin had already embraced Little Xinzhuo.

She took a deep breath, and the Fire Spirit within her body converged in her palm.

A flare of firelight spread across her slender palm.

With a backhand slap, she hit the carriage compartment.

The carriage trembled slightly, and the invisible Fire Spirit spread out.

With a boom, the carriage crashed back to the ground.

Murong Ziyue made a move to strike back, but then she felt a slight tremble between her eyebrows and sensed a scorching sensation spreading like wildfire behind her.

She stirred in her heart and quickly retracted her True Qi.

Seeing the carriage hit the ground, Bai You shook the Jade Duster in her hand, ready to make another move, but then, a hint of firelight faintly shone from the tail of the whisk.

Fire Spirit?

Bai You immediately recognized the vibration of the Fire Spirit, her red lips slightly parted in disdain, mocking internally that a mere Fire Spirit thought it could do anything to her Upper-grade Jade Spiritual Treasure?

But in the next moment, Bai You's smile stiffened, staring at the Jade Duster in her hand, her expression drastically changing as if she had seen a ghost!

~Everyone's been so supportive, we're already close to 15th place on the new book monthly ticket list. For every 100 monthly tickets, an extra release will be gifted in advance~

Chapter 469: The Epitome of Hypocrisy

The Jade Duster is an Upper-grade Jade Spiritual Treasure, certainly not made from ordinary materials.

Its tail is woven from Third-grade Spirit Worm Jade Silkworm Silk, while the handle is made of Ice Jade, warm in winter and cool in summer.

However, at this moment, the handle of the Jade Duster was burning hot, glowing red throughout.

Bai You screamed as the Ice Jade melted and the tail of the duster burst into flames.

Her fair, delicate hands were blistered with burns!

"Youyou!"

Sikong Ran swiftly flew to Bai You's side to check on her injuries.

Currently, Bai You is around the Fifth Realm of a Xuanwu Practitioner, ordinary fire could not harm her, these injuries...

Sikong Ran's expression was grave, he glanced at the intact carriage and the unshakably steady Murong Ziyue sitting in front of it.

The opponent had skillfully manipulated a force against Bai You who was no less skilled than her.

Bai You's Jade Duster was destroyed, her hands injured, but the carriage and Murong Ziyue remained unscathed.

It was evident that the opponent had attacked Bai You directly with a Fire Spirit, demonstrating excellent control over their spirit, a testament to significant skill.

Spiritual and Martial Cultivation... This Murong Ziyue is not simple.

"Murong Ziyue! How dare you commit such an act of violence in the street!"

Long Qingchen also quickly dismounted his horse and questioned her.

Sikong Ran and Bai You were his honored guests; by attacking them, Murong Ziyue was not giving respect to him nor to the Emperor.

"Third Prince, where did you see me make a move? It was clearly her who attacked first. Or are you, Third Prince, intending to bully the weak by abusing your power against me, a frail woman?"

Murong Ziyue spoke indifferently, not initiating conflict unless provoked.

"You!"

Long Qingchen felt an urge to roar.

Where on earth are you frail!

Against the public in the middle of the street, Long Qingchen could not recklessly act.

"Third Prince, Youyou is fine. Miss, are you Murong Ziyue, the second-place winner of the Zixiao Palace Exam?"

Sikong Ran soothed Bai You, then lifted his gaze to Murong Ziyue, speaking gently without a hint of anger.

Sikong Ran had inquired that in this Zixiao Palace Exam, Murong Ziyue was the most notable participant.

Conversely, there was not much buzz about the first-place winner; Sikong Ran still did not know much about the other's background.

Sikong Ran's genteel and elegant demeanor elicited screams from the women on the street.

Inside the carriage, Xin Lin seemed unimpressed.

He was the Sikong Ran who had once spoken of marrying her in grand style only to sell her into a brothel the next moment.

Seemingly, not only had his cultivation improved, but his skills in deceit had also enhanced.

Fortunately, Murong Ziyue was not taken in by Sikong Ran's act, she simply leapt up and firmly mounted her horse.

With a squeeze of her legs, the carriage moved steadily forward, leaving a stunned Long Qingchen and Sikong Ran behind.

"Outrageous, that wretch!"

Bai You was furious.

"Youyou, next time, do not be so reckless. If you get hurt, it pains me."

Sikong Ran's eyes were tender as he caressed her hands.

The lovestruck manner shook Bai You; her heart fluttered, making her forget the pain in her hands.

Though Sikong Ran's face was filled with affection, his eyes were cold, devoid of any real concern.

He already knew of Murong Ziyue's identity and had not intervened beforehand, merely wanting Bai You to test Murong Ziyue's strength.

Such was the capability of the second-place winner in the Imperial Examination.

It seemed that the first-place winner of the Zixiao Palace Exam should not be underestimated.

It appeared Sikong Ran needed to think carefully about how to deal with the other person.

Chapter 470: Qingtian Academy

On the street, a horse-drawn carriage sped along briskly.

After exiting the city gate, Murong Ziyue let out a light sigh, and the horse paused.

"Hey, Ziyue (sister), that was impressive."

As soon as the carriage came to a halt, Xin Lin and Little Xinzhuo poked their heads out, looking up to Murong Ziyue with admiration.

Seeing the two of them, Murong Ziyue smiled, breaking the frost on her face.

She signaled for them to get comfortable and continued to drive the carriage forward.

Qingtian Academy was built just outside Purple Cloud City, and they had been delayed by the commotion in the street; they had to hurry over.

"You have quite the guts, daring to offend someone from Xuantian Sect."

Murong Ziyue smiled mockingly, casting a glance at Xin Lin.

Sikong Ran was indeed a prominent figure, not only because of his performance at the Ying Chu Conference but also because of his demeanor just now.

It's not terrifying for a person to be talented.

What's terrifying is having not just talent, but also cunning.

Sikong Ran, without a doubt, possessed both.

That foolish woman named Bai You thought she found a perfect man, but in reality, how could a person like Sikong Ran be satisfied with just a minor sect like Xuantian.

"Ziyue, you've misunderstood me. The carriage was traveling just fine on the road; if it wasn't for Sikong Ran's overwhelming charm, we wouldn't have been blocked on our way."

Xin Lin replied nonchalantly.

"Do you have a grudge against Sikong Ran?"

Murong Ziyue glanced at Xin Lin.

She hadn't known Xin Lin for long, but she had some understanding of Xin Lin's character.

Xin Lin was young but very prudent in her actions, as was evident from her earlier performance in the Zixiao Palace Exam.

"Tearing up the marriage contract, cheating me of my family heirloom, angering my mother to death, and selling me into a brothel—if these things count as having a grudge, then yes, I guess I do."

Xin Lin stated lightly.

The carriage jolted slightly, and Murong Ziyue turned to look at Xin Lin, her eyes seemingly filled with disdain.

"You used to be... quite foolish."

Murong Ziyue looked at Xin Lin with a skeptical gaze.

"Err..."

Xin Lin was speechless.

"If it were me, I would have hacked him with a knife, and then the same to that woman."

Murong Ziyue's next words made Xin Lin burst into laughter.

This really was so like Murong Ziyue!

This heart-to-heart conversation brought the two girls closer together, almost imperceptibly.

After about a quarter of an hour, the carriage approached the end of the official road, which led to a valley. Inside the valley, there were gorges crisscrossing, as well as small bridges over streams, secluded woods, and pavilions with glazed tiles and jade embellishments. This place was Longteng Country's renowned Qingtian Academy.

Today was the entrance day for Qingtian Academy, and all the new students were required to arrive by evening.

Many horse-drawn carriages and excellent horses were already parked at the entrance of the Academy.

Apart from Xin Lin, Murong Ziyue, and Little Xinzhuo, who directly entered the academy through the Imperial Examination, Qingtian Academy had also admitted about a hundred new students this year.

Most of these new students were Xuanwu Practitioners from various places in Longteng, possessing either notable talent or exceptional family backgrounds. Entering Qingtian Academy marked the beginning of a brand-new Chapter in their lives.

Many new students were taken aback by the grandeur that greeted them upon arrival.

Once Noon had passed, numerous supervisors and old students were already waiting outside Qingtian Academy.

Naturally, they weren't there to welcome Xin Lin and the others.

They were there waiting for Long Qingchen, Sikong Ran, and the like.

So when the inconspicuous carriage carrying Xin Lin and Murong Ziyue came to a stop, nobody paid them any attention at all.