

My Crown 1141

Chapter 1141: Lead the Way!

"Why are you being so unreasonable! Should I die just because I haven't seen this little lady?" Sikong Fuling fumed with anger as she glared at Mo Lian. Her eyeballs turned as she remarked, "Seeing as you look quite presentable, why is your heart so vicious? You don't even show the slightest bit of pity and tender feelings for the fairer sex."

The hidden guards nearby twitched their mouths.

"Do it." Mo Lian commanded icily.

Seeing that the hidden guard's blade was about to leave a bloody gash on her face, Sikong Fuling became frantic as she hollered hurriedly, "Hey, hey, hey! Stop, stop, stop, stop, stop! Hey, I say, Lord Pretty Boy, what exactly do you want to know. I already told you that I really don't know her, I've never seen her before."

What a joke! She already knew that her old bro felt something for the little lady, so of course she wouldn't make it difficult for her old bro by helping an outsider.

Humph, humph, she wouldn't say anything even if she did know!

"You're lying." Mo Lian's voice was unusually cold, as if it had been dredged up from the deepest pit of hell. "Her scent is on your body."

His extremely frigid and sullen gaze landed on this young lady before him.

This female didn't seem to be from an orthodox sect. After rubbing and scraping against the overgrown branches in the forest, her thin muslin clothes had already turned into a mess by this time.

Even after she covered herself with a jacket, it couldn't cover up the fair skin within.

Sikong Fuling: ...

"Shoo, shoo!" Sikong Fuling pursed her small lips and swatted the two hidden guards' hands away. She stretched her body and straightened her collar, mumbling, "It's not like you have the nose of a dog. How is it so sharp?"

"Insolent!" The hidden guards glowered at her while berating in concert.

Sikong Fuling jolted in fright, and she promptly patted her chest with her small hand as she whined delicately, "Why are you being so mean? Alright, alright, I'll tell you, okay!"

Her eyeballs turned again, and she suppressed the crafty glint in her eyes as she answered reluctantly, "Yes, I have seen that little lady. However, we separated a long time ago! As you've seen now, I'm by myself."

"Where did she go?" Mo Lian questioned closely.

“How do I know where she went!” Sikong Fuling rolled her eyes as she grumbled, “That little lady was so icy and didn’t even say a word after half a day. She didn’t even tell me when she left, so how do I know where she went.”

*That d*mn lass caused her to circle around randomly inside the forest to search for her all this time, afraid that she had starved herself to death...*

She was angry just thinking about it. *When had she, Sikong Fuling, been so kind-hearted?*

Mo Lian raised his hand, and several hidden guards immediately rushed up and detained Sikong Fuling again. “Go!”

Go my freakin’ ass!

Sikong Fuling screeched in a huff, “What are you guys doing? What will capturing me do for you? Even if you capture me, I can’t make the little lady appear! Hey, hey, hey, hey, ow, ow! My arms hurt! Stop yanking!”

*F*ck this madman! Capturing someone just because she had encountered the little lady before. How crazy was he!*

“Lead the way!”

“What lead the way! Big Brothers! I really don’t know where she is!” Sikong Fuling yelled in a fluster, “Let go! I’m warning you all! If you don’t let go, I won’t hold back!”

However, a hidden guard simply smacked the back of her head without holding back. “Go!”

Because Sikong Fuling still wanted to resist, the several hidden guards dragged her along aggressively and snapped on handcuffs that locked away her mystic energy.

Her: ...

Chapter 1142: Beijing Manor

Cuiwei Mountain.

Its ridges peaked uninterruptedly throughout range after range of mountains.

The Sorrowless Valley was situated at the foot of Cuiwei Mountain. Furthermore, it was shrouded in miasma all year round, deterring normal people from getting close.

The ingenious part about Beijing Manor was that it was located in the center of Sorrowless Valley, enveloped by an emerald-green lake.

Strange and exotic flowers and plants populated the interior of the manor. It was lush and green everywhere, making a beautiful sight.

The old madam of Beijing Manor, Ding Ziyun, was also a peerlessly graceful and elegant great beauty whose name was renowned throughout the pugilistic world when she was young.

As for her story, the most commonly recognized one was that she was hurt by love.

They say that she had once painstakingly pursued the young master of the merfolk tribe back then, yet who knew that the young hero had long given his heart to someone else. In the end, she was hurt deeply by this unrequited love, so she went into seclusion away from the secular world.

Several years later, the rumors became even more excessive. They said that after getting hurt and embittered by love, she randomly married someone. Yet after getting pregnant, she killed her husband with her own hands and gave birth to the young master of the Beijing Manor, Ding Yun.

After that person's family discovered that their son, who had married into his bride's family, had died a violent death, they launched an assault on the Sorrowless Valley more than ten years ago...

The result was extremely tragic. The several hundred people of that family were all massacred overnight in a bloodbath by the Beijing Manor.

There was an even more exaggerated rumor that said that Ding Ziyun had actually given birth to twins, yet she only announced that there was a single young master, Ding Yun.

The reason being that she had the two children kill each other when they were ten years old. The one who lived would be the young master, while the one who died would be thrown out of the valley and fed to the wolves.

From then on, the Beijing Manor became demonized. Although it was categorized as one of the four great manors, people had long removed it from the ranks of the orthodox powers.

The sun was setting on the west mountain, with the afterglow of dusk.

An old monk with a white beard and eyebrows was sitting upright in the gazebo at the center of the lake. There was a steaming cup of quality tea in front of him, while two maidservants stood beside him with free hands. Soon, a series of light coughs drifted into their ears.

"Madam."

Ding Ziyun waved her hands at the two maidservants, who then retreated outside the gazebo.

"Cough, cough, cough." Ding Ziyun was in her fifties, and the wrinkles all over her thin face told of the heartless vicissitudes of life.

She leaned on a cane carved from black sandalwood as she slowly took a seat in front of the old monk. She said with a smile, "This madam has kept the venerable master waiting."

The old monk chuckled while stroking his beard. "Has Madam's body improved?"

"Cough, cough, cough." Ding Ziyun smiled. "It has been a decade-long chronic illness. There has been a considerable improvement after taking the medicinal solution Venerable Master gifted me."

The old monk nodded smilingly.

"The fact that Venerable Master came several days earlier than originally planned, is it that you have other things to take care of?"

"Does Madam remember this old monk's divination for Young Master Ding fifteen years ago?"

"Of course," Ding Ziyan replied with a solemn nod.

"The old monk observed the configurations of the stars several days ago and discovered that the young master's life star was indistinctly emitting a red inauspicious energy."

Ding Ziyan was startled. "Do you know what this omen means?"

"Red light is binding his life star, indicating that the young master is embroiled in a love trial." The old monk explained gently.

"A love trial?" Ding Ziyan was astonished, after which she shook her head and asserted, "Impossible. Yun'er's has had an unrestrained and undisciplined nature all these years and has never yearned for any girl. How would he fall in love?"

"This old monk does not believe it too much either. Even after cutting loose from this secular world, this old monk still often hears of Young Master Ding's exploits."

"Ever since receiving Venerable Master's reminder fifteen years ago, this madam has already been very wary. Inside the manor, there are only aged female servants whose beauty has waned. Yun'er likes not a single one of them."

"Could it have happened during these years that Young Master Ding went out to establish the Demonic Cult..."

Chapter 1143: Go Kill That Girl

"You are referring to that Sikong Fuling?" Ding Ziyan shook her head. "Even more impossible."

"For Yun'er's safety, I have investigated every one of his female subordinates." Ding Ziyan said confidently, "This madam has already investigated that saint, Sikong Fuling."

"She has always only had sisterly affection for Yun'er. Yun'er also only views her as his own sister."

"As for his other female subordinates, they are even more not worth mentioning. Several of them did feel something for Yun'er, but he personally executed them after discovering it."

Her son had been such a heartless and merciless child from a young age. Don't be fooled by how he grinned all day long, looking so happy.

In reality, he was exceptionally cold and detached. Even toward his own mother, he had not the slightest adoration as a child would toward his parents.

Hence, the number of times he returned home had gradually decreased over the years. If she didn't send people to call him back every time, then he probably wouldn't even remember to return home to see his mother after several years.

The old monk said with a sigh, "But what this old monk has worried about for more than ten years has still happened in the end. The most important task on hand is to find this person as soon as possible. Only then can we think of a way to resolve the situation."

"Yun'er has suffered enough over the years. It is all my fault for making him suffer all kinds of misery when I was pregnant with him, almost even losing him. I do not want him to undergo some kind of trial

or experience some kind of adversity. Venerable Master, you must help me, you have to help me! Cough, cough, cough.”

“Madam, please rest assured. Beijing Manor’s old manor lord was this old monk’s departed friend. This old monk will certainly not betray his hopes.”

Ding Ziyang bit her lips and nodded. “Many thanks, Venerable Master.”

“This child should have lived a pampered lifestyle, yet he had to suffer so much after being born. It is I who harmed him, it is I. If I had listened to my father back then, I would not have had to take this step today. At present... at present, Venerable Master’s divination has come true. If he does not absolve this love trial, he will suffer for all his lives.”

Ding Ziyang murmured, “Venerable Master, I do not want this to happen. I only hope for my child to be safe and happy. Is this too much to ask?”

“Madam, Eldest Miss has sent back a letter.” A cyan-robed middle-aged maid walked up quickly to the gazebo and informed.

Upon hearing the servant mention Xin Yu’er, Ding Ziyang’s expression involuntarily eased. “Bring the letter inside.”

Yu’er, this child, was the daughter-in-law candidate she had personally decided on. This was because she was very clear that Yun’er did not like her. Yun’er would be safe with her as a wife. He would never fall in love with Xin Yu’er, so he naturally wouldn’t face that nuisance of a love trial.

Speaking of which, the reason her son couldn’t fall in love was also all because of her. It was her fault. However, she was unable to remedy this fault...

She knew that she was being selfish, sacrificing Yu’er, this child, for Yun’er.

However, she had previously told Yu’er the entirety of this matter so that she would understand that Yun’er’s life would be in danger should he fall in love. It was only then that she let Yu’er herself decide whether she would marry him.

Xin Yu’er personally consented to the marriage, stating that she did not care about all that. It was only then that there was a confirmed engagement several years ago.

Beijing Manor had always possessed its own special messenger channels. Hence, letters were relayed very rapidly.

Ding Ziyang was thinking that as Yu’er, this child, had already been gone for two days, she probably wanted to report some things. Thus, she quickly opened up the letter to read it.

Yet she immediately jumped up upon reading it, and she commanded sternly, “Someone, summon the two Beitan guardians to the Mystic Beast Forest to kill that girl with the Young Master.”

Chapter 1144: Cut Off His Desires

Two days later.

Qiao Mu opened her eyes wide and indistinctly felt dissatisfied.

The barrier at the level-13 peak was clearly within reach, but no matter how long she cultivated, she still couldn't break through.

If she still had her senses like in the past, then she would definitely understand that cultivating so impetuously wasn't actually such a good thing.

At present, she had already assimilated the essence earth until only a fifth was remaining in a short few days. This truly was too fast.

Cult Master Ding walked over while carrying a pile of fruits. Upon seeing her open her eyes, his eyes automatically lit up. "Lil' Blockhead, you've concluded your cultivation."

Qiao Mu blinked, her gaze continuously following him back and forth.

Upon seeing him carrying over a large pile of small, multicolored fruits, she involuntarily stood up and pattered up to him. She then conveniently snatched several fruits from his hands and subconsciously stuffed them into her mouth.

Cult Master Ding was startled, after which he waved his hand before her eyes in delight. "Your eyes are okay?"

Qiao Mu didn't pay him any attention. Seeing that she ate a good few fruits, Cult Master Ding thought that it meant the fruits he picked were quite delicious.

Thereupon, he also grabbed two and tossed them into his mouth, and then...

And then he spat them out. His handsome face had completely scrunched up as he exclaimed at Qiao Mu in disbelief, "You! Don't eat it, it's so freaking sour!"

As he spoke, he also hastily knocked away the fruits in her hands. "How are these edible!"

This child was too unparticular about these things. They were so sour, yet she could still eat them so calmly and collectedly. It was simply too incredible.

Qiao Mu's pitch-black eyeballs turned from his action. Subsequently, she pivoted her face, intending to trot off.

Cult Master Ding quickly grasped her sleeve and pleaded dolefully, "How about this, I'll bring you to eat good food in the city, okay?"

Yet Qiao Mu broke his grip on her sleeve and threw his hand away before briskly patting off the nonexistent dust on her sleeve. Just as she turned around to leave, her brows suddenly jerked, and an austere presence assaulted her squarely, so fast that you couldn't imagine it.

In a flash, Qiao Mu had instinctually flipped to the side on the spot, evading this fatal sword strike, before lightly leaping to Ding Yun's side.

Ding Yun was shocked, and he swiftly moved to shield Qiao Mu behind him. He glowered at the two elders who darted out from the trees. "Beitan Guardians, what are you two doing?"

"Young Master, apologies!" With a deep shout, one of the elders flew forward to grab Ding Yun.

The other person bolted forward while shrouded in a dense mystic energy, attacking Qiao Mu again.

Just as Qiao Mu turned to leap aside, she was met with a large pair of blood-red scissors, which snipped at her wrist precisely.

This mystic weapon was very formidable, snipping off a piece of her sleeve with this exchange.

If she hadn't shrunk her hand back quickly, that thing would have snipped her fair, tender wrist.

Bam! Qiao Mu hit the back of the elder's hand with a side kick, whose recoil she used to move backwards. She stomped agilely onto a withered tree and flashed in mid-air with a leap before landing behind the elder's back.

Her black ferule abruptly appeared in her hand, and she fiercely struck the back of the elder's head with a surging mystic energy attack.

The elder swiftly activated his defensive barrier and turned around to block with his large scissors.

A light clang rang out, and the shock made her wrist ache as she took a step back.

"Elder Heng, stop it!" Ding Yun's pupils contracted as he crazily tried to sweep away the guardian that was hounding him.

Chapter 1145: Obstinate Heading Down the Wrong Course

"Young Master, stop obstinately heading down the wrong course! Let Elder Heng kill this girl, and come back with us!"

"No!" Ding Yun was greatly agitated, especially since he was well aware of the extent of these two fogey's cultivation.

They were level-four spiritual cultivators whose cultivation had been suppressed. Lil' Blockhead was definitely not Elder Heng's match.

"I will come with you, but let her leave!" Ding Yun hollered, "Let her go!"

Even so, Elder Heng, who wielded the large scissors, shook his head. "Sorry, Young Master. This is Madam's order. This old man will definitely take this girl's life here today."

After saying this, Elder Heng stepped up his offensive. He repeatedly flipped his large pair of scissors up and down as he snipped right for Qiao Mu's small neck with a ferocious strength.

Qiao Mu pirouetted four to five times. Furthermore, she knitted her graceful brows in displeasure as she looked coldly at those large scissors that were pointed at her throat.

Clang. Her jade-white small hand directly came into contact with the large scissors, and it unexpectedly made metal sparks fly.

The elder was shocked and widened his eyes in near disbelief. "Why was this happening?"

This girl was able to clash with his mystic weapon barehanded.

While he was pondering this, Qiao Mu parried his scissors with her ferule. She followed up by flicking out three six-cornered snowflakes, which severed two trees beside the elder. Consequently, the upper halves of the trees toppled with a boom.

Seeing that they were about to press down on him, Elder Heng suddenly struck out a palm, directly pulverizing the toppling tree.

“I truly did underestimate you!” Suddenly, a wisp of spiritual energy fluctuated on the elder’s body, and the cultivation of a level-four spiritual cultivator surged inch by inch. Then, he abruptly grabbed at Qiao Mu’s shoulder with a black, withered claw.

When the elder that was engaging with Ding Yun saw this, a sinister look flashed across his brows. He jumped up abruptly and thrust a sword straight at Qiao Mu’s back.

“Guardians!!” Cult Master Ding’s heart threatened to burst as he witnessed this scene, and his body pounced over at Qiao Mu before he could even think.

He swiftly pulled Qiao Mu’s small body over and pivoted to push her down beside him.

One of the guardians couldn’t pull back his sword in time and slashed open a bloody gash on Cult Master Ding’s back.

Elder Heng’s pupils contracted, and he practically scrambled to check his injury. “Young Master!”

The other person also hastily put away his sword before he stooped down in panic. “Young Master, how are you?”

Ding Yun lay face down there without any movement for a long while.

This distressed the two guardians to death. One person cradled him as he flipped him around, while the other lowered his head and frantically cried out, “Young Master, Young Master!”

Yet a cold glint suddenly flitted across the depths of Ding Yun’s shielded eyes.

His hands abruptly erupted with a spiritual energy light, and he pummelled the two guardians’ waists, one with each fist.

The crisp crack of bone was heard. Those two old guardians’ eyes bulged after getting punched squarely in the abdomen, and they flew out horizontally before crashing heavily to the ground.

They completely didn’t expect their own young master to suddenly attack them.

After landing a successful hit, Ding Yun swiftly stood up. He caught the sword that one of the guardians had dropped with a kick of his foot, and a skyrocketing sword ray abruptly slashed across the two guardians’ necks without him batting an eye.

Those extremely fine red lines subsequently appeared on the two Beitan guardians’ necks.

Even in death, they were glaring with bulging eyes. They totally could not figure out why their young master killed them.

Chapter 1146: Too Late to Pull Out

Ding Yun did not spare time to attend to his back injury. He rapidly walked up to Qiao Mu and grasped her hand, saying, "Let's leave quickly! She shouldn't have just sent these two people over."

However, just as he moved forward, he couldn't help but lean heavily against the tree beside him. He was only barely able to stand firm while holding on to the tree, as well.

The little lady threw away his hand and looked at him expressionlessly.

Cult Master Ding could only turn to look at her with a forced smile.

Suddenly, the little fellow pattered over to his side before swiftly striking two of his acupoints with her finger. She then very instinctually took out a bottle of medicinal powder and poured some on his back injury.

Afterwards, her small hand heavily slapped on some kind of unknown ointment onto his back injury.

The blood on his back promptly stopped flowing out, and the injury didn't hurt as much as before.

Cult Master Ding tugged at the corner of his mouth and forced a smile at the little lady. "I'm fine, we have to leave here as soon as possible. Let's go!"

He understood his old mother's methods all too well.

By now, she probably had doubts about entrusting others to deal with the lil' blockhead. He reckoned that she would personally make a trip and put the lil' blockhead to death with her own hands.

**Swish, swish, swish—* * Heavenly Law's intangible fetters abruptly bound Cult Master Ding's limbs, securing him to the spot firmly.

A harsh light flashed past Ding Yun's eyes. He abruptly flung his hand, breaking free of Heavenly Law's fetters. He then pulled Qiao Mu over and flew through the air with a leap.

However, his complexion paled even more, and his breathing was ragged.

How could Heavenly Law just let off people who rashly mobilized spiritual energy in the Lower Star Domain? One formless chain after another speedily chased after Ding Yun.

Dodging as he pulled Qiao Mu along, Ding Yun rapidly passed through the forest. In the blink of an eye, the two figures had already travelled far away.

Feeling his senses stir, Crown Prince Mo looked up. Yet he only saw several cawing crows shedding feathers as they flapped their wings.

"Your Highness, we have found an underground base five kilometers to the southeast." Huifeng was a bit flustered. "From the looks of it, its scale is quite large. Do you want to go take a look at it, Your Highness?"

Mo Lian looked off into the distance again before nodding his head and following Huifeng southeast.

In an abandoned hut outside the Mystic Beast Forest.

At this time, the Raksha Princess was trembling all over as she knelt in front of a metal demon-masked man. She didn't dare lift her head up even the tiniest bit.

Her nose had turned green, her face was swollen, and a trickle of blood hung from the corner of her mouth. From the looks of it, she had just been sorted out violently.

“You fool! For your own selfishness, you exposed our underground base, which was also such a huge loss! You simply aren’t worth pitying even in death.” The middle-aged man was both angry and resentful, and he abruptly stuck out his foot to fiercely stomp on the Raksha Princess’s body.

The Raksha Princess subsequently fell to the ground and shrunk into a ball, crying out quaveringly, “Spare this one, Hall Master. Please spare this one.”

“Master’s plans have been totally ruined by you stupid woman!” The metal demon-masked man walked up to her and crouched down. He put one hand on his knee while forcefully clutching the Raksha Princess’s hair with his other hand. “Immediately bring everyone to pull out from the base.”

The Raksha Princess’s pupils contracted. “Master’s intention is to give up on this base?”

This was the organization’s second largest base. They were just going to give up on so many years’ worth of painstaking effort so easily?

Slap! The middle-aged man gave her a slap across the mouth. “What can we do if we don’t pull out? The crown prince’s people are almost there with their search!”

“It is too late, Hall Master. Their people have already arrived.”

“Burn! Burn it all!” A cold light flitted across the bottom of the middle-aged demon-masked man’s eyes.

Chapter 1147: Could I Have Missed Her?

Huifeng directed the hidden guards to put out the fire with a sullen face. However, this underground fire burned abnormally swiftly and violently, accompanied by several explosions in the distance.

Mo Lian creased his brows, and he motioned to stop, saying, “No need to search, let’s go.”

It seemed that the opponent was not so simple-minded. Certainly, if that were not so, then it would be impossible for them to secretly operate so many underground bases without being discovered from beginning to end.

“Your Highness, we can still make a quick search.”

“There is no need. Since they have already given up on this place, they won’t have left any evidence behind.” Mo Lian said insipidly, “Let’s go. The most important thing is to first find the crown prince consort.”

Mo Lian creased his brows imperceptibly. *Could he have missed the little fellow, with her heading back to the Mo Kingdom capital by herself first?*

His thoughts were fairly unsettled, wandering back and forth in his mind. He felt as if something bad had already happened!

—My Lian’s section break—

Two days later, on a bustling main street in Guanlan City.

“Young Sir. Young Sir, Young Sir! I have finally found you.” A little lass with extremely tender looks panted as she caught up to a bewitching man dressed in purple. She breathed in and out slowly before looking at him joyfully.

Yet Ding Yun looked at her in displeasure. “How did you find me.”

The methods Beijing Manor used to search for people were a bit special. Ding Yun was worried that Baoyan, this lass, divulged his tracks, which would lead his Mom over.

Even so, Baoyan shook her hands quick-wittedly and asserted, “I-I did not inform Madam! Young Sir, I saw you twice inside the forest, but you did not pay me any attention the whole time when I called for you! I chased after you all this way and finally caught up now.”

Cult Master Ding stopped, swaying twice in fatigue.

He had spent a good deal of energy to shake off Heavenly Law’s d*mned fetters these two days. *This abominable Heavenly Law was truly poking its nose into other people’s business. Was it too idle or what!*

It chomped at him like how gangrene was bound to the bone, almost annoying him to death!

Fortunately, he had finally shaken it off temporarily. *Seems like he should be more careful and prudent about using spiritual energy in the future.*

“Young Sir.” The little lass Baoyan hastily went up to support his arm, and she looked at him worriedly.

“You used spiritual energy, is that right?”

“You had personally promised the old madam that you would not carelessly use spiritual energy in the outside world!”

“I’m fine.” Cult Master Ding indifferently brushed away the lass’s arm while knitting his brows. “Alright, you return to the manor first.”

“Why, Young Sir. You are not going back with this servant?”

Ding Yun shook his head. “Not for now. Go! Remember not to tell anyone my whereabouts.”

“I am not leaving!” Baoyan stomped her foot and cried out, “I finally found Young Sir after so much difficulty. I am not going anywhere. I will just follow you.”

“You!”

“Young Sir, why are you not going back? You have not gone back to the manor for more than two years already. Madam misses you very much.”

“How are there so many whys and wherefores.” Cult Master Ding became increasingly irritated, and he turned to look at the abnormally apathetic little lady who was as lukewarm as water.

“Young Sir, who is she?” Baoyan was immediately on guard as she scrutinized Qiao Mu, who was standing on the side.

It was this young lady, right, who angered Miss Xin into crying.

Of her five senses, Qiao Mu had just recovered her sight, so she looked at everything curiously.

As she glanced around, her gaze settled on a restaurant's signboard.

Morning Cloud Restaurant!

She instinctively wanted to step inside.

Chapter 1148: A Retard

Upon seeing this, Cult Master Ding quickly chased after her to grasp her small hand. "Qiaoqiao, you're hungry, is that it."

How would Qiao Mu know what kind of sensation hunger was right now?

Her actions were completely controlled by instinct.

Seeing Cult Master Ding running up to her, Qiao Mu suddenly looked up at him. Although she was still expressionless, it was an adorkable display in Cult Master Ding's eyes instead.

Immediately afterwards, he saw her yanking his sleeve with her two jade-white fingers.

"Why are you tugging on our young sir's sleeve?" Baoyan pushed away her hand in irritation. "Shoo, shoo, shoo. Don't pester our young sir."

Qiao Mu merely swept a glance at her with her stoic face. Afterwards, she turned her small head and continued to look at Morning Cloud Restaurant.

The little fellow blinked her large eyes, showing an adorable yearning look. Cult Master Ding hurriedly asked, "You're hungry, right? You want to eat, is that it? If you respond to me, I will bring you inside."

How would Qiao Mu know what the hell he was saying.

This Cult Master Ding once again tragically did not receive any response. Involuntarily letting out a low sigh, he could only say, "Alright, let's go in then."

He wasn't hoping that this lil' blockhead would have any response.

In any case, she didn't seem to have liked him all along!

"Young Sir." Baoyan pulled at his hand and rolled her eyes, pleading, "Please spare me, Young Sir! Look at that dull-witted appearance, not to mention she doesn't even know how to speak. She must be a retarded young lady."

When he recalled how wooden Qiao Mu was when he first saw her, Cult Master Ding's heart couldn't help but clench. She could neither see nor speak, and she was expressionless in her interaction with other things and people, like a moving jade sculpture.

"It has nothing to do with you." Cult Master Ding raised his hand, but before he could grab the little lady's hand, he saw her turn and walk into Morning Cloud Restaurant.

“Baoyan, go back first. Return to the manor and tell my mother that I am too busy to go back in the short term.” Perhaps Cult Master Ding also felt that his words were a bit inappropriate, so he involuntarily knitted his brows as he added, “Tell her that I will surely go back to visit her soon.”

“But Young Sir, you promised Old Madam before...”

Without waiting for Baoyan to finish speaking, Ding Yun chased after the little lady into Morning Cloud Restaurant.

Baoyan gazed at her family’s young sir deeply. After watching him rushing inside the restaurant, she also stomped her foot and followed inside.

“Ah, Young Sir, Young Miss, what would you like to eat? This shop does not accept mystic currency, only medicinal materials or forging materials black-rank or above.” Morning Cloud Restaurant’s young waiter greeted with a smile.

He had truly made a big profit today! This young beauty that was like an ice sculpture simply took people by pleasant surprise. The young waiter quickly wiped down the table and the chairs again and called for the little beauty to sit down.

The middle-aged man eating noodles at the adjacent table also showed a fantastic reaction. He just stared blankly at Qiao Mu with a strand of noodle hanging from his mouth.

“What are you looking at.” Ding Yun glared at him, making that middle-aged man shrink his neck and retract his gaze.

Qiao Mu also gave a hilarious response. She, too, turned her head aside to look at that middle-aged man, but in reality, she was looking at the bowl of noodles in front of him.

Ding Yun tilted his head and looked at the little one in front of him with a grin. He tossed a piece of forging material to the waiter. “Two bowls of noodles.”

“Alrighty!” The young waiter happily went to make preparations.

Soon, two piping bowls of noodles were served up. Ding Yun creased his brows as he swept a glance at Baoyan, who was standing on the side. “Why haven’t you gone?”

Chapter 1149: Crown Prince Consort!

“No, Young Sir. This servant wants to go back together with you,” Baoyan stated resolutely.

Ding Yun didn’t pay attention to her anymore. His mother had picked this maidservant off the streets and brought her back to the manor when she was young. She had stayed in his courtyard all this time, attending to his meals and lodgings, and she had always had an obstinate temperament.

Few could change her mind on the things she decided on, so Ding Yun also didn’t bother to say more.

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu stared curiously at the extra-large bowl of noodles in front of her, and she impatiently grabbed inside the bowl with her small hand.

“Wait!” Cult Master Ding jumped in fright before quickly grasping her small hand. However, he felt like he was touching a small icicle, chilly without a hint of warmth.

He hastily put a pair of chopsticks into her palm. "How can you use your hand? It's very hot. Here, use chopsticks."

Qiao Mu stared at the two bamboo chopsticks in her hand as if she had never ever seen them before. She waved them around before grabbing one bamboo chopstick in each hand and laboriously chasing the noodles in the bowl. Nevertheless, she was unable to catch a single strand of noodle even after a long time.

If she found out after the fact that she had once acted so dumb, she probably wouldn't just hastily end things even after violently beating up the giant ape for a day!

That's why one cannot be overly absolute and singular in doing things. As a cultivating maniac, her mind was blank except for cultivation. She couldn't even take care of herself. This really wasn't good!

On the side, Baoyan couldn't help laughing out loud. "Heavens, this idiot does not even know how to use chopsticks."

"Baoyan." Ding Yun's face turned cold.

Baoyan shut up disgruntledly, and she glared at Qiao Mu with envy and resentment.

There had never been a person or matter that could absorb all of the young sir's attention like this.

The young sir had always been a person who frequented the pleasure quarters and did not devote his attention to anyone or anything, yet he was now doting on an idiot!

"Here." Simply setting down his own utensils, Cult Master Ding used a clean pair of chopsticks to pick up several strands of noodles and held them to her mouth. "Eat now."

Darling Qiao glanced at Cult Master Ding before stretching her small head over and widening her mouth. **Crack!** She snapped the chopsticks with this chomp.

Cult Master Ding: ...

Baoyan chortled out loud.

After painstakingly fussing about for half the day, they were finally about to feed the entire bowl of noodles into her stomach. Qiao Mu rubbed her small belly and then stood up to trot outside.

Baoyan: ...

She ate the noodles and drank the soup. Now she was going to pull a long face and leave after eating and drinking to her fill?

This little idiot was truly a bit hateful!

"Blockhead." Cult Master Ding hastily tossed down his own bowl of noodles and ran towards her.

Qiao Mu was just about to go out the door when she came face to face with the second shopkeeper, who had just returned from collecting a payment.

The second shopkeeper inadvertently looked up, and he was immediately stunned. He blurted out, "Crown Prince Consort?"

When the crown prince and Qiao Mu had come to this restaurant previously, it was this second shopkeeper who had personally received them. Naturally, he could recognize his restaurant's mistress at a glance.

At this time, the second shopkeeper looked at Qiao Mu with wide eyes, and he exclaimed in delight, "Crown Prince Consort! It really is the crown prince consort! Senior Shopkeeper, come quickly. Senior Shopkeeper, look whom I saw, it's the crown prince consort!"

During this period of time, the crown prince consort had vanished from the Mystic Beast Forest, causing the crown prince to round up troops and bring hidden guards with him all over the place to track the crown prince consort's traces. All of the crown prince's subordinates were informed of this matter.

No wonder the second shopkeeper was so happy!

If they immediately reported this information, His Highness the Crown Prince would probably be ecstatic!

"What? The crown prince consort?" The senior shopkeeper had been upstairs working the entire time, yet now, he hastily ran down the stairs upon hearing the second shopkeeper's holler.

Chapter 1150: Has to Stay!

The senior shopkeeper ran down the stairs, and he was immediately overjoyed upon seeing Qiao Mu. "Oh my, Crown Prince Consort, it really is the crown prince consort! Thank goodness, this is too great. Second Shopkeeper, hurry! Quickly send His Highness a message. Good, good, we finally found her."

The senior shopkeeper was all smiles as he walked up, but before he could continue, Ding Yun coldly stepped in front of Qiao Mu. "Who are you?"

The senior shopkeeper was startled. "I am the senior shopkeeper of Morning Cloud Restaurant. Pleased to meet you, Young Sir. Did you save our crown prince consort? I am unable to thank you enough."

"Crown Prince Consort?" Ding Yun harrumphed. "What freaking crown prince consort! We don't know you people at all, please step aside!"

"Ey?" The second shopkeeper rushed up with several other waiters and clamored, "Young Sir, how can you say that? This is our crown prince consort!"

"Crown Prince Consort, Crown Prince Consort, I am Ah-Fu. You had come here before a little while back with His Highness. This humble one had even served you tea. Do you remember?"

"Right, right. Crown Prince Consort, you should stop playing around! His Highness has sent people to look for you day and night! If you feel upset and occasionally want to go missing, that is fine. Just tell His Highness first and then go missing!" The senior shopkeeper peered anxiously at Qiao Mu, and he turned to give the second shopkeeper a look.

The second shopkeeper immediately understood and hurried out the door. He must have gone to send a message to the captain of the Dragon Saliva Guard, Yu Xiu.

What the heck was this? Ding Yun couldn't smile anymore, and he was a bit agitated in his heart.

*D*mnit, so this Morning Cloud Restaurant was actually the crown prince's business. It was bad now!*

Once the news travelled to the crown prince, then this lil' blockhead would be snatched back in a flash.

Why hadn't this hateful Mo Lian died yet?

Ding Yun's handsome face was cold as he separated the senior shopkeeper from Qiao Mu and took her small hand. "We're leaving."

"Wait, you cannot leave!" The senior shopkeeper blocked them and looked at Ding Yun in displeasure. "You can leave, but the crown prince consort has to stay!"

"Lil' Blockhead, do you know them?" Ding Yun turned to ask Qiao Mu without changing his expression.

He knew that Qiao Mu would not give anyone a response, including him!

As expected, a certain little one expressionlessly maintained her small stoic face, not giving a reaction at all even after some time.

"Crown Prince Consort." The senior shopkeeper was flustered, and he clutched at his head while pleading, "I am Old Xu, look again closely, have we not met before! Hey! What exactly is the matter?"

"No need to look anymore. All of you get out of the way. Don't jump in and claim connections." Ding Yun scoffed, and he turned to stride out the door while holding Xiao Qiao's small hand.

"Wait, hold it." The senior shopkeeper once again blocked Ding Yun's path with a cold expression.

However, Ding Yun shook his sleeve in irritation, and the senior shopkeeper staggered three steps back with a fluctuating expression.

Very strong!

This young man's cultivation was actually so profound. The strength from a light flick of his sleeve actually forced the senior shopkeeper, a level-10 great mystic cultivator, three steps back!

Everyone had instantly turned silent inside the Morning Cloud Restaurant!

The senior shopkeeper's expression was also very foul-looking, and he requested while cupping his hands toward Ding Yun, "Today, Xu acknowledges his inferiority in skill. Xu hopes that Sire can leave his name."

"Beijing Manor." Ding Yun harrumphed. "Ding Yun."

"So it is Beijing Manor's Young Master Ding." The senior shopkeeper's gaze flashed, and he bowed with cupped fists. "Regardless, would Young Sir Ding please understand one thing."