

My Crown 1681

Chapter 1681: Inflated

“Cough.” Ma Ta suddenly said with a smile, “It’s truly great to see Mentor appear.”

“We’ve finished the mission of hunting ten spiritual beasts level-two and above. Can you bring us out of here now?”

Mentor Wei Xu’s expression shifted as he looked at Ma Ta. “Oh? Then where are the cores.”

Qiao Mu swept him a cool glance. “Wait.”

Afterwards, she called for Duanmu Qing, Ma Ta, and the little fatty to circle behind a rock with her. Only then did she take out the ten spiritual beast carcasses.

The four of them carried the spiritual beast carcasses to the mentor.

Wei Xu gave the students a complicated look. He glanced again at that spiritual beast that had clearly gotten butchered.

Mentor Wei Xu knitted his brows as he stared at Qiao Mu sternly. “Since you are a talisman practitioner, you should have a storage talisman?”

Qi Xuanxuan and the others felt their hearts sink.

They had gotten too carried away earlier. They had actually exposed Qiaoqiao’s identity as a talisman practitioner in front of Mentor Wei Xu.

Qiao Mu nodded lightly.

This matter simply couldn’t be hidden from the academy. Moreover, she didn’t think that there was anything to hide about it.

It wasn’t like being a talisman practitioner was some kind of skill that was not fit to be seen.

So what if she could draw talismans? That was because she had the talent!

“Since that is the case, why didn’t you say so at the beginning?” Mentor Wei Xu asked coldly, “I had sealed your conscious pool, but who would’ve expected that you still had such a cheat as a storage talisman. Then is there a difference whether I seal your conscious pool and inner worlds or not?”

“You didn’t ask.”

Wei Xu was startled. It took a moment for him to realize that the little fellow had been responding to his first question of “why didn’t she say so at the beginning.”

He couldn’t help but be angered into laughter!

He wasn’t just saying it, but this student gave him an extremely bad impression from the moment they met.

She had been putting on the airs of a lady from a patrician family. Everybody had reached Apex Academy's summit after putting in effort to do so, yet her? Could she have been any more brazen than coming while riding a phoenix?

Of course, patrician families had their means. For example, this child was totally emanating the air of a "nouveau riche."

A casual wave produced an ancient bloodfire phoenix sacred beast!

Right now, he also discovered that she commanded consummate skill over drawing talismans as a talisman practitioner.

As this child's starting point was much higher than other people's, it couldn't be helped that she would be proud and aloof.

He wasn't targeting her intentionally. He just wanted to take the edge off her arrogance and mellow her attitude.

Their academy would not necessarily be able to keep such an ambitious and proud child.

Mentor Wei Xu scowled and inflexibly took this situation out of context. "In that case, your results are inflated."

"How is it inflated!" They had just been thinking that this mentor who had stood up to protect them wasn't all that disagreeable. Who knew that he would still be that disagreeable after a blink!

Qi Xuanxuan shouted uncontrollably, "We had worked hard to hunt these ten spiritual beasts!"

"You had sealed our inner worlds! We had just been nibbling on dry food these last two days. How are our results inflated?"

"Even though I am not a talisman practitioner, I know that storage talismans can hold many items." Mentor Wei Xu stated while giving them an indifferent glance, "Compared to other people, your team clearly has the advantage in sustenance."

Qi Xuanxuan arched her eyebrows in anger, but she couldn't help but feel a little bit guilty when she thought about that spiritual tea.

But how could they back down now?

They couldn't just agree with a nod and allow Mentor Wei Xu to invalidate their results!

"You have no proof.." Qiao Mu gazed at Mentor Wei Xu icily.

Chapter 1682: I Just Like Gold!

Wei Xu turned sullen. "What do you want to say."

"I'm saying this is your baseless supposition." Qiao Mu cast him a mocking glance. "Did you personally see me take out extra water and food from the storage talisman?"

Wasn't that nonsense! He didn't follow their team all day long, so he naturally could not have "personally" seen her do that.

When Qiao Mu saw Mentor Wei Xu's constipated expression, she scoffed, "Since you didn't see it, do not talk drivell! Who told you that storage talismans must store a bunch of food and water?"

After saying this, she flipped her fair hand over. A storage talisman hovered between her fingers, and she abruptly opened the storage space.

A pile of things rained down sonorously on the open area in front of the mentor.

All of a sudden, it wasn't just Mentor Wei Xu who looked constipated.

Her teammates all looked at her weirdly.

Ha ha, could someone come tell them what was up with this small mountain of golden beads and gold bars piled up in front of them?

"I like gold." The little stoic deadpanned, "I just like gold! Let me tell you, even if you didn't seal my inner world, there aren't edibles inside. My inner world is filled to the brim with gems and riches!"

Everyone stared at her, flabbergasted.

Mentor Wei Xu inexplicably twitched the corner of his mouth. He was momentarily at a loss for words.

Why did he suddenly not want to talk with this student?

Why were his lungs hurting from frustration?

"Fairy, there are people up ahead!" Suddenly, a hoarse shout entered the ears of Wei Xu and company.

Simultaneously, Wei Xu and company all turned to look.

Thereupon, they saw Fairy Huanghe leading over ten or so people whose defeated faces had turned green.

Fairy Huanghe and her party had all turned pale, their lips parched from dehydration.

While behind Fairy Huanghe followed a good many teams that were taking part in the academy's trial.

Zhu Bozong and Peng Guang were also following Fairy Huanghe's group. Their expressions changed when they noticed the little stoic from afar, and they reflexively hid among the crowd.

A group of ill and debilitated people trudged over to Mentor Wei Xu under Fairy Huanghe's lead.

The students nearly burst out in nears when they saw their affable mentor. "Mentor Wei Xu."

"Mentor!"

"What should we do? We can't get out!"

"Roar!" The snow leopard growled in displeasure. What the heck was with this group of blubbering fools?

They disrupted its reunion with the little lady!

That growl attracted everyone's attention. When they finally noticed the snow leopard, they promptly gasped in fright and stepped backwards in unison.

Even though the snow leopard was lying there without moving, the indistinct pressure belonging to a divine beast still made everybody very uneasy.

One of the students taking part in the entrance exam swallowed uncontrollably, and his eyes showed his terror. "M-Mentor, h-how did you provoke such a huge beast?"

Please excuse them for being unable to help even if they wanted to. How could they still be scrambling to be first at this kind of time?

That student shuffled backwards, looking like he was ready to run off.

Qiao Mu raised her eyes to look at him as she stroked the snow leopard's perked ears.

The snow leopard shook its snow-white fur. Due to its joyous mood from getting appeased, it promptly laid down again, unperturbed, without making a fuss.

That student widened his eyes in shock!

Chapter 1683: Didn't We Agree on a Common Starting Line!

That student's expression changed drastically!

He instantly shrieked while pointing at Qiao Mu, "You're cheating!! You actually summoned a mystic beast to help?"

The students from all the other teams also eyed the ten neatly-placed spiritual beast carcasses with envy.

They didn't expect that there really was a team that could complete an almost impossible mission in three days!

On what basis?

It had clearly been stated that everyone's inner worlds would be sealed when they entered the Lava Mountain Range for practical training.

Why could this team still have a mystic beast with them?

It was a completely different situation when you had a mystic beast to assist in hunting versus fighting alone.

A lot of students started discussing quietly among themselves while looking at Qiao Mu with indignation.

There were also people who loudly raised their doubts like the student from earlier. They requested Mentor Wei Xu to invalidate their results for this round!

"Shut up!" Fairy Huanghe suddenly reprimanded those students in dissatisfaction.

“How could you people censure your savior like this?”

“Previously, it was this little miss with a noble character and unquestionable integrity who took the initiative to lead away a powerful spiritual beast without regard for personal danger. Only then were we able to escape our crisis!” Fairy Huanghe chastised, “How could you requite kindness with enmity and yell at your savior?”

Savior?

Not only were Qi Xuanxuan and them bewildered, even Mentor Wei Xu was full of disbelief.

According to their understanding of the little lady, it was impossible for her to do such a thing as lay down her life for a just cause all for nothing. They wondered if this fairy had misunderstood something!

“If this little lady hadn’t helped us, how could we have been able to hold out until now?” Fairy Huanghe reproached, “Weren’t you people saying earlier that you were going to properly thank that miss when you saw her! Could this be your so-called gratitude? Shameless!”

Fairy Huanghe’s censure made everybody ashamed.

The first student in particular who criticized Qiao Mu had even lowered his head in shame!

Meanwhile, the little stoic stayed expressionless, without a ripple in her mind.

The truth was, she had no idea what they were arguing about at all!

Qi Xuanxuan, the little fatty, and the others were ruminating in their minds.

This fairy couldn’t be talking about what the little stoic had done right? Attracting the mystic beast droves over, killing the spiritual beasts she fished out, and then driving the droves away?

It was clearly an idea the little stoic had cooked up in laziness to resolve everything once and for all for their mission of hunting spiritual beasts!

How come the fairy was lauding her moral character to such lofty heights?

Qi Xuanxuan and them turned to look at the stoic face, and they promptly twitched their mouths when they saw the latter’s expressionless face. It gave others an unfathomable impression.

Fairy Huanghe went up to Qiao Mu and bowed. She then excitedly relayed her feelings of gratitude.

The little stoic simply gazed at her calmly without a word.

Because she didn’t really know what to say.

This immediately gave the fairy an impression that the little stoic was a taciturn and shy person who liked to do good!

“Miss, I am Huanghe. I hope to make your acquaintance.” Fairy Huanghe said hastily, “Oh right, has everybody noticed? A red fog has formed over this Lava Mountain Range.. It has obscured our way back.”

Chapter 1684: There is No Guarantee

Wei Xu looked up at the red fog that had spread over the Lava Mountain Range. He nodded lightly and explained, "This is because there is molten lava flowing everywhere in the depths of the Lava Mountain Range. This red fog appears at the start of every month."

"But no need to worry. You only need to wait it out for a night. You can leave tomorrow morning once the fog clears up."

After saying this, Mentor Wei Xu specially examined those teams trailing behind Fairy Huanghe.

Everybody was in extremely poor condition.

Fairy Huanghe's team in particular had agreed on leaving this hellish Lava Mountain Range by today. They had a conviction that they would be able to make it to Wengka City before dusk for a good rest.

But the result!

When their hopes were dashed, their energies also plummeted.

Adding on their worries, anxiety, and uncertainty toward the future, Fairy Huanghe's team members were in extremely bad shape.

As their leader, Fairy Huanghe naturally knew that her team members were in poor condition.

But how could she look after them when she could barely save herself?

Beginning in the afternoon, Fairy Huanghe had also run out of water. Running out of water in this scorching environment meant that she was one step closer to death.

Afterall, cultivators merely had better endurance than other people. Even great spiritual cultivators were unable to completely abstain from food.

Wei Xu questioned solemnly, "What do you teams say? Are you leaving together with them, or continuing with the entrance exam mission?"

"If we persist until the end, would it guarantee our entry into the academy?" One student suddenly spoke up while licking his parched lips.

Wei Xu looked at him coolly and shook his head. "There is no guarantee."

The truth was, Apex Academy admitted no more than three students every year. The academy had always been focused on cultivating elite students.

Even if they had many students, it was not useful if they all had disparate aptitudes.

The students that would remain at Apex Academy must be the three most outstanding students of this crop. There was no doubt about it.

When that student heard his merciless words, his face promptly turned green from anger.

Since it couldn't guarantee their admission, then who would want to continue tormenting themselves?

If they were to continue with this, they would lose their lives before they could even enter the academy. Ha! Who could accept this!

This whatever Apex Academy was nameless and did not have the repute of the Four Great Academies after all. No one was willing to spend so much time and even risk their life for a possible fruitless outcome.

Even though it was only the second night since they had entered the Lava Mountain Range, it felt like they had been wallowing in two to three years of agony!

A good many teams behind Fairy Huanghe were clamoring about leaving the mountain at once. They did not want to have any more dealings with Apex Academy in this lifetime.

Mentor Wei Xu merely nodded lightly upon hearing this. He did not even try to persuade them to stay.

Stay if you want, leave if you wish. It was just this attitude.

This caused those students that had achieved nothing even after struggling so much to be crestfallen.. The crowd, which had originally been agitated from the lack of water, immediately became irritable.

Chapter 1685: Stay Far Away From You Guys

However, the crowd was a bit ashamed from Fairy Huanghe's "savior" speech earlier to directly ask Qiao Mu and company for water.

Qiao Mu was currently putting away that heap of gems and riches at Mentor Wei Xu's feet.

After being interrupted by Fairy Huanghe and the others, Mentor Wei Xu had forgotten to give this student a harsh scolding.

"You, how can you use your inner world?" A young man who was taking part in the entrance exam widened his eyes when he saw Qiao Mu leisurely putting away the riches on the ground. He couldn't resist calling this to account.

Even though Fairy Huanghe felt extremely thirsty, she still jumped out uncontrollably to stop that young man. She defended, "What are you squawking for? Did you not understand what I said earlier? Those who dare criticize my savior have to answer to me!"

That young man gritted his teeth uncontrollably and asked in a low voice, "Fairy, could you have seen wrong? We are fully aware of Qiao Mu's strength. She is merely a level-15 great mystic cultivator at the initial success rank! You said she entered the mystic beast pack alone and steered away a spiritual beast? There really is no one who would believe that!"

"Are you trying to seek your death!"

Seeing that Fairy Huanghe was about to make a move, that young man hastily scrunched his neck and stepped backwards. He stammered in embarrassment, "I-I'm only stating the facts. After all, there is a great discrepancy between what you described and Miss Qiao's own strength."

If Miss Qiao were a level-15 great spiritual cultivator, it would be plausible to say that she had entered a mystic beast pack alone and safely steered away the spiritual beast.

But this little girl surnamed Qiao was only just a level-15 great mystic cultivator. If talking about cultivation, who among those present wasn't a great mystic cultivator above level 13?

Could the gap between these two levels be so big?

Oh, more than ten level-13 great spiritual cultivators were unable to defeat a mystic beast pack, yet a little girl could easily enter and leave as she pleased to steer away a spiritual beast?

It was impossible! There was an eighty percent likelihood that Fairy Huanghe had seen wrong.

Fairy Huanghe was about to punch that punk in the face!

On the other end, the little stoic had calmly put away her stuff without batting an eyelid. She hopped onto the snow leopard's back and stroked its snow-white fur. "Let's go."

"Roar!" The snow leopard turned its butt to the students who had queer expressions and then pranced off while carrying Qiao Mu.

Qi Xuanxuan and the rest chased after them without any hesitation. They did not even give the crowd of students a direct glance.

They could care less about a group of fools.

As a matter of fact, Qiaoqiao was behind the mystic beast droves, but if she hadn't driven them away again afterwards, would these fools still be alive?

Yet they were blindly criticizing Qiaoqiao's combat ability. Ha, how competent were you!

If Qiaoqiao really wanted to haggle with them, these groups of people would not have an advantage fighting her at all even if they were to gang up.

Qiaoqiao's combat ability was second to none among cultivators of the same level!

"Hey, wait up!" That crowd of students promptly got anxious when they saw Qiao Mu and them leave without turning their heads.

The young man who had spoken up even dashed after them and called out grimly, "Wait up! I saw that the little fatty was carrying a lot of water sacks at his waist. As acquaintances, how about you divide them up to..."

"Scram!" Qiao Mu turned around and forced back that young man with a wave of mystic energy.. She knitted her brows and swept him a look of displeasure.

Chapter 1686: Little Despot vs. Lian

Boom!!

From the outside, the pitch-black 17-level Punishment Tower that was enveloped in flames shook several times within the dimension.

The walls of the tower from the 14th level and below started cracking like spider webs from a powerful gust of air.

Soon, along with that dazzling red light coming from the circle of flames, the 17-level Punishment Tower slowly started repairing itself inside the blazing fire.

As time passed by, those cracks on the tower were also gradually mended.

Meanwhile, the Little Despot who was meditating in the center of the tower's 14th level had tightly pressed his lips together while sweat beaded on his forehead.

He had been battling Mo Lian for a full three days and two nights.

What freaked him out was that that human still had not exhausted his strength even after battling for so long.

Not only did he not falter, he even became more valiant the more he fought. That guy was showing signs of overpowering him. What was happening?

In the several years that he had been here, which human from a Lower Star Domain had been such a freak?

Dao Wuji sniggered, and he declared exultantly while crossing his arms, "Little Despot, you look like you're nearly at your limit. What's the use in resisting?"

The two people had started fighting since three days ago.

They had gone from close combat to long-range divine energy attacks, and their contest had now even progressed to a melee with the divine conscious. He had exhausted his tricks and used all his tactics. The younger generation now truly commanded his respect.

This lad before him was only a little over 20, but his strength and cultivation state simply made people sigh in wonder!

The passageway to the 14th level lit up, and Dao Wuji couldn't help but chuckle when he turned to take a look. "Aiyo, Peony Immortal, did you come here to seek a man because you couldn't tolerate the loneliness?"

"Go to hell!" The Peony Immortal glared at him indignantly. Her gaze settled on the two people in the center, one standing and one sitting.

The Little Despot was sitting cross-legged, with sweat seeping from his forehead.

On the other hand, the young man who was standing with his eyes closed had a placid and chilly look. He didn't seem to be under much pressure.

Normal people would think that the two people were at peace.

In reality, the two people's divine conscious had reached the critical juncture of their battle.

At this moment, the apparitions of their divine conscious were contesting in a boundless and empty desert. They each wielded a sword as they flew to and fro, exchanging blows with their fists and feet.

Sparks flew from the clash of their swords.

Right now, the Little Despot's expression was chilly, and his face was as handsome as jade. He was about the same height as Mo Lian, which was completely unlike his childlike appearance in the outside world.

This was the apparition of the Little Despot's divine conscious.

The two people had fought for more than one night inside this space.

The Little Despot had clearly noticed that his opponent's apparition of his divine conscious was getting more and more corporeal as time passed by.

On the other hand, the apparition of his own divine conscious was tottering on the verge of collapse after being stabbed several times by Mo Lian's sword.

The Little Despot knitted his eyebrows, and a viciousness showed on his face. He abruptly bit the tip of his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood.

In the actual world.

The spectators saw the sitting Little Despot spew blood before slumping to the ground.

Dao Wuji laughed out loud. Just as he was about to say "You've lost, Little Despot," he noticed that blood was trickling from Mo Lian's mouth.

Dao Wuji couldn't help but be startled, and he walked over. "Boss!"

The Luo Brothers glanced at him in distaste. "Go away. Who are you calling Boss!"

"Hurry, are you planning to help Boss sit down? Boss looks like he also got injured."

Chapter 1687: Struck Flying

"Dao Wuji, you moron, don't move!" Precisely as the Peony Immortal finished saying this, Dao Wuji had just touched Mo Lian, and an intangible force struck him flying like a ball along with his screams.

The Peony Immortal pursed her lips and gave Dao Wuji an extremely contemptuous look.

You actually dared touch a divine realm expert who was currently engaged in battle against another's divine conscious apparition?

This fellow's brain was definitely missing a screw or two!

This sire had held back by not immediately crushing you.

Who didn't first protect their physical body before engaging in a contest with their divine conscious apparition? Otherwise, what were they to do if someone destroyed their physical bodies in the midst of their contest?

Furthermore, was this young man who looked to be extremely powerful only a divine realm expert?

Was a divine realm expert able to last so long against the Little Despot, who was in the venerable immortal realm? Not only that, he also seemed to be overpowering the latter?

The Peony Immortal thought it inconceivable.

In contrast, the Gingko Immortal who was standing next to her stared at Crown Prince Mo unblinkingly, her eyes sending out little pink hearts.

*Wow! This young sir truly was young and amazing. Most importantly, he was extremely handsome!
So in love, so in love!*

The Gingko Immortal felt that she could no longer resist the beckoning allure. She had already fallen into the abyss of love.

This young man before her eyes was truly captivating!

The Peony Immortal turned her head to see her good-for-nothing younger sister intoxicated in her fantasy.

She hence kicked the Gingko Immortal in the butt. "Give up already! They already said that he has a wife!"

However, the Gingko Immortal clasped her hands together and suddenly snorted. "So what if he has a wife? I can make him wifeless again."

The Peony Immortal had to agree. *If Feng Chen, that guy, told her that he already had a wife, she could also rid him of his wife at any moment!*

Once she thought of this, the Peony Immortal stroked her chin and momentarily turned silent. She asked, "Then what if you can't beat his wife?"

The Gingko Immortal was stunned. This possibility didn't seem to have occurred to her.

Following this, the Gingko Immortal turned to look at her sister and snorted while clutching her silk handkerchief, "How is it possible for me not to beat her? There is no what if!"

The Peony Immortal also agreed to this after musing it over.

*They were in the venerable immortal realm. How was it possible for them not to beat a young lad's wife?
It was impossible just thinking about it!*

"Is it good to bully someone with your strength?" The Peony Immortal questioned her younger sister.

"What's not good about it?" The Gingko Immortal shouted haughtily. After that, she coughed dryly and admitted with a guilty conscience, "It is not too good... but who made his wife fancy the same man as me? If I don't bully her, how can I get her man?"

"A-At the most, I'll just compensate her!" The Gingko Immortal raised her chin and mumbled.

The Peony Immortal nodded. "Fine then."

After she said this, they saw the young man standing across from them suddenly open his frigid and emotionless phoenix eyes.

The Peony Immortal jumped in fright and quickly ran over to Feng Chen. "Brother Feng Chen!"

The Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal had been there the whole time. However, he got bored of watching Mo Lian and the Little Despot fight, so he had just been drinking fake wine in a corner...

How was it possible for the Punishment Tower to have wine? It was just an artificial projection. There was no taste or flavor to it.

On the topic of drinking, the Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal thought of the little lady's... Paradise Planet.. He sighed, "That truly is a good place."

Chapter 1688: Scroungers Have No Rights

"This young sir, are you okay?" The Gingko Immortal smiled while walking over to Mo Lian with mincing steps.

However, Mo Lian evaded and did not speak to her.

The Gingko Immortal's smile subsequently stiffened on her face.

How embarrassing was it that she, a sweet and charming beauty, had come to greet him, yet he ignored and avoided her.

This man couldn't be blind, right?

Yet in the meantime, the Little Despot had opened his eyes and brushed away the nonexistent dust from his body. He swept an indifferent glance over them and raised an eyebrow, saying while he furrowed his brow, "Why are you all here?"

"Who permitted you boors to come to this Venerable One's 14th floor? Are you all seeking to die!"

The Little Despot's furious shout spooked the Luo Brothers from 10th level, the gaunt mendicant from 11th level, the Gingko Immortal from the 12th level, the Peony Immortal from the 13th level, and the thrill-seeking Dao Wuji.

When they saw him flip his hand and manipulate divine energy in his palm, they fully understood that this child wanted to find a punching bag to vent his frustration!

*F*ck!*

They had only themselves to blame for running over to the 14th level to spectate. In the end, the Little Despot failed in his duty as the gatekeeper of the Punishment Tower's 14th level.

His pride took a hit! He was in an awful mood!

Everybody found it funny and covered their mouths with their hands.

The Little Despot was pulling a long face with those adorable looks of his, and he declared mercilessly with his childlike voice, "If you don't scam out of here, this old man will have you all die here! You needn't go down anymore!"

"Tsk!" Before Dao Wuji could pick a fight, he saw the Gingko Immortal staring at the Little Despot infatuatedly with starry eyes.

Dao Wuji couldn't help but be flabbergasted!

*The f*ck, you can even be smitten over an eight or nine-year-old child. Was it appropriate for you to have designs on a child too?*

"Little Despot, we will leave right away!" One of the Luo Brothers hastily reassured. He then turned to exchange a glance with Mo Lian before leading the group towards the passageway leading to the 15th level.

"Halt!" The Little Despot suddenly ordered with a shout.

Everyone turned around helplessly and waited to get reprimanded by this fellow who looked like a child but spoke like an old man.

"This Venerable One will come along with you!"

Everyone: !

Then were you just kidding around when you spoke half a day's worth of nonsense with Mo Lian and even ended up battling for a freakin' three days and two nights!

Wouldn't it all have been good if he had let them pass earlier.

The Little Despot gazed at Mo Lian silently and spoke like an old man, "This Venerable One is only curious as to whether you can clear the 15th level."

"Can you divulge who is guarding the 15th level?"

"Ha ha." The Little Despot sniggered and swept Dao Wuji a glance. "Your challenge of the 13th level ended in failure, and you advanced to another floor only by scrounging off someone else. Who do you think you are to ask this Venerable One so many questions? Scram!"

Dao Wuji: ...

The child's icy eyes told Dao Wuji a truth: *Scroungers had no rights!*

So infuriating. He truly wanted to pick up this child who was berating him moodily and give the latter a good and violent beating!

This team of Mo Lian's seemed to be growing larger and larger.

At present, all the gatekeepers from the 10th level up until the 14th level had followed his team.

Each and every one of them were watching the excitement like a peanut gallery.

With Dao Wuji and Feng Chen added to the mix, this team had gotten considerably larger!

When everybody observed that the area was empty throughout after reaching the 15th level, they instantly became vigilant.

Chapter 1689: I See Darling

The Little Despot coolly eyed Dao Wuji, the Luo Brothers, and the others' nervous behavior. He snorted and told everyone in an extremely annoying voice, "There's no need to look. This level does not have a gatekeeper."

Eh? Dao Wuji looked at the Little Despot in disbelief. "How is that possible?"

The laws dictated that every level of the Punishment Tower had a gatekeeper.

Dao Wuji found it hard to accept suddenly hearing that there was no gatekeeper on the 15th level!

Happiness came just that abruptly.

Since there was no gatekeeper, did that mean they could directly advance to the 16th level, hahaha!

When he turned and saw Crown Prince Mo's unruffled expression, Dao Wuji couldn't help but muse: *Boss was Boss. Even though he was happy on the inside, he wasn't going to let it show on his face!*

Evidently being able to read Dao Wuji's foolish thoughts from his expression, the Little Despot sniggered in ridicule. "Don't be happy too early. None of you should dream of crossing this level."

Even though he did say there wasn't a gatekeeper, there was a talisman matrix instead!

This ten thousand-year-old talisman matrix will make your spine tingle!

"The moment you stepped onto the 15th floor, you entered a matrix." The Little Despot coldly gave a reminder. "I wish you all luck."

A matrix?

Dao Wuji and company scrutinized their surroundings in puzzlement.

It was still that empty 15th floor. Nothing abnormal had appeared.

Meanwhile, Mo Lian, who was standing in the center of the group, produced three purple flames at his fingertips. He looked expressionlessly at the people beside him.

After the flames surged and receded...

Dao Wuji, who had been chattering nonstop beside Mo Lian, had turned into a black wisp within the flames and slipped away.

It turned out that the moment Mo Lian and the others walked onto the 15th floor, they had entered a matrix just like what the Little Despot said.

Additionally... the talisman matrix had separated them.

Those “teammates” beside them were not true teammates. They were just projections that the talisman matrix had generated.

It was all thanks to the Little Despot’s special reminder that Crown Prince Mo was able to realize the truth.

Of course, Crown Prince Mo was unable to worry right now whether Dao Wuji and company’s pigheaded brains were able to figure this out.

The scene in front of Crown Prince Mo had already changed.

He, who had originally been standing inside the empty floor, had appeared within a spacious main hall.

Inside this hall, a seven-step staircase led up to a white jade throne carved with dragons and inlaid with gold.

On both sides were long tables with incense burners giving off the scent of sandalwood.

The coiling smoke created a solemn and dignified atmosphere.

But all of this was not the main point!

The main point was the little girl behind that throne.

She looked to be just seven, and she was kneeling on the floor with her back to him, seemingly very busy.

She had rolled her sleeves up to her elbows, revealing her petite and fair forearms.

It wasn’t until he drew near that he saw what this little fellow was busy with.

She was currently stuffing gold bars the size of her palm into a flower-print sack.

Suddenly, a strange feeling came over Crown Prince Mo.

This back silhouette...

Why did she look so much like his darling...

He suddenly had a bad premonition.

Yet he had already circled around to the back of the throne and finally saw everything. It wasn’t just one little girl who was busy.

There were clearly eight, nine, ten, and more little girls who were busy moving gold bars!

Some were standing while others were sitting. There were some who were lying down and others who were crawling...

Every one of them was working hard to pack up those gold bars.

Chapter 1690: A Lot of Darlings

Those petite faces did not have stoic expressions. Instead, each of them were effused with joy and delight.

Crown Prince Mo was momentarily dazzled by the sight.

This...

Where did all these Darlings come from?

After one of them finished packing up a bundle of gold bars, another would help the former hoist it onto her back.

Those heavy gold bars promptly weighed the little fellow's body down, nearly making her sprawl flat onto the floor.

Crown Prince Mo had already walked over without thinking and quickly bent down to lift the bundle from her back.

Yet who knew that the little one would be so overbearing. She reflexively wrapped her arms around the bundle on her back and glared at him in accusation.

Uh...

No! This crown prince was not trying to rob your bundle!

Ten or so short-legged little fellows swarmed over at once. There were some who grabbed his legs and others who clutched his robe. One jumped onto his back and yanked his hair, while another gripped his hand and chomped down on it.

It looked just like he had done something unforgivable. In reality, he meant well by wanting to help this darling out with that bundle, seeing that she was nearly going to faint by how much it was weighing her down!

Mo Lian couldn't help but be both amused and exasperated.

What kind of illusion was this?

How come so many seven-year-old Qiaoqiaos had shown up in this whimsical illusion?

Exactly what trial was this illusion trying to put him through?

Crown Prince Mo sighed. He pulled the whole lot of Qiaoqiaos down from his body as he placed them down one by one.

He watched as this group of little ones all glared at him with the same expression.

For some reason, Crown Prince Mo found it extremely amusing...

He patted one's head, and then he patted another's. Afterwards, Crown Prince Mo probed, "How about, I help you move them? Where do you want to move them to?"

One of the little Qiaoqiaos got up, and then the second one. After that was the third and the fourth, forming a line.

Crown Prince Mo twitched his mouth.

Two Qiaoqiaos simultaneously ran up to drag the bundle of gold bars on the floor.

Crown Prince Mo followed them over and lifted up a pile of bundles from the floor. When he saw the group of Qiaoqiaos about to dash over again to attack him, he hastily stepped back. He did not know whether to laugh or cry as he shouted, "I'll help you guys carry them over! Lead the way."

The leader of the Qiaoqiaos scrutinized him suspiciously before waving her petite hand. She immediately turned around and led the group of Qiaoqiaos running toward the rear of the hall.

Crown Prince Mo quickly followed after them.

The group of short-legged little Qiaoqiaos who were running in front of him would intermittently turn around to supervise his movements and urge him along.

When the group arrived at the rear of the hall, Crown Prince Mo discovered that more than half of the space in this place had been packed with gold bars!

Seventeen to eighteen Qiaoqiaos were clinging to those small mountains constructed from gold bars. They each wore different expressions as they stroked those gold bars with intoxicated gazes.

This was... simply!

Crown Prince Mo nearly burst into laughter.

That was right. Back at the beginning when he met Qiaoqiao, who was just seven, she had been acting like a little money grubber the whole time.

"Where do I put it?" Crown Prince Mo set the bundles down where the leader of the little Qiaoqiaos had indicated.

Could it be that this illusion talisman matrix was testing his defenses when it came to Qiaoqiao?

Did that even require a test?

He definitely had no defenses at all...

At this time, Feng Chen, who had entered the matrix at the same time as him, had already exited the first stage.

After watching the golden hall and all the gold and silver vanish into nothingness behind him, Feng Chen understood that the first stage of this talisman matrix was testing one's vulnerability to wealth.

This stage shouldn't be much of a problem for the crown prince.