

My Crown 171

Chapter 171: Why Aren't You Climbing Out Already, Uncle-Master

It appeared the effects were quite nice!

After the shallow human-shaped pit suffered the destructive explosion of the level five mystic energy bead, Uncle-Master Bi's entire figure sunk into the deep crater, neither hide nor hair could be seen!

Qiao Mu patted Murong Xun, who refused to let go of her, and strongly requested to be put down!

Murong Xun pursed her lips before reluctantly putting Qiao Mu down.

Qiao Mu immediately pattered over to the side of the human-shaped crater and peered down.

Uncle-Master Bi was currently trying his hardest to climb out from the pit, the storm of dust eliciting an intense bout of coughing from him.

The child promptly acted and pulled out a repetition talisman from her sleeve and flicked it onto Uncle-Master Bi before ripping it.

The repetition talisman was quite an interesting talisman. It did not strictly require its user to be higher level than the victim.

Unless her opponent was much stronger than her, unfortunate fools like Uncle-Master Bi whose cultivation hardly differed from her would still be affected.

Qiao Mu crouched next to the pit and watched as Uncle-Master Bi struggling to get up as hard as he can and repeating the motions of strenuously raising his head and spitting dust out...

"Blah..." Uncle-Master Bi raised his head—a fried bird's nest—and his dark, grimy appearance sent the audience into roaring laughter.

"Blah?" Why the heck was he spitting again?

"Blah?!?!" Something isn't right!

After spitting out the dust in his mouth three times in a row, Uncle-Master Bi realized belatedly that he seemed to be repeating the same motion over and over again!

Shock eroded his expression, but his motions persisted in their repetition.

Ah, how could he repeat the same motion so perfectly?!

A person might not be able to catch Uncle-Master Bi performing this action if they were even a second earlier or later.

"Uncle-Master Bi, what are you doing? Why aren't you climbing out already?!" How could the disciples of Daybreak Sect know that Uncle-Master Bi fell into a trap? Hence, they surrounded the side of the pit and were dumbfounded as they watched their uncle-master struggle in the pit.

What in the world was he doing? This pit was somewhat deep, but it should not be enough to trap Uncle-Master Bi inside, right?!

When Uncle-Master Bi lifted his head with its afro hair, tears were about to stream down his face!

'Don't you think I want to climb out too?! I can't! These d*mn punks! Hurry and dig me out! Ahhh!'

Uncle-Master Bi's perfectly styled hair had exploded into ragged fringes that were hanging and sticking everywhere.

His appearance... had never been as humiliating as today!

The child watched with interest for a moment before pulling her face into a solemn expression and leaving the pit, her true emotions concealed.

In contrast to other people's contorted expressions as they tried to repress their laughter, wasn't this girl's face too calm?!

Duan Yue could not stop sneaking a peek at the child.

Qiao Mu pattered to Qiao Hu's side and pulled his hand, dragging him toward Murong Xun.

"Give Brother guidance!"

"Little miss, don't you want to join our Mystic Cultivator Association? We have great benefits and excellent pay! You also receive a basic survival pack every month!

Whoooosh! As soon as the member of the Mystic Cultivator Association who was trying to lure the little girl finished speaking, he was thrown into the air by Murong Xun, casting a perfect arc in the air.

"Little fellow, don't listen to his rubbish! The tiny pay that he mentioned is absolutely nothing! Our Holy Water Sect First Peak will always welcome you."

"Give Brother guidance!!!" Didn't you guys get your target mistaken? She was merely an accompanying member today!

"Okay okay okay!" The final mentor from the Mystic Cultivator Association bobbed his head furiously and said, "Let me help your brother..."

Bang!

A knife blade from the bandit Murong Xun slammed onto the back of his neck, and the pitiful mentor collapsed with two tracks of tears streaming down his face.

'President, this subordinate can't help you anymore...'

"Let me!" Murong Xun accepted Little Qiao Hu with a beam.

Chapter 172: Success!

Qiao Hu was a bit nervous and stood there twisting his hands with unease.

“Don’t be nervous.” Murong Xun might look unreliable, but she actually had immense experience in being a mentor.

The mystic cultivators who were successfully guided by her at least numbered in the 800s, if not 1000.

Murong Xun sat there and put away her grin, showing a rare serious expression.

She held Qiao Hu’s arm and a trace of mystic energy slowly seeped inside Qiao Hu starting from his wrist.

Qiao Hu felt warm energy swim inside of him, leaving a comfortable feeling in its wake. Slowly, his nervousness disappeared without a trace.

He felt like he was soaking in a hot spring, and the warmth that enveloped him caused him to gradually relax.

Qiao Hu’s mouth was slightly opened as he closed his eyes with a silly smile.

Qiao Cong might be standing next to the pit, but his eyes were fixed on Qiao Hu. When he saw this, a malicious and derisive smile spilled over his face.

“Little trash, you want to become a mystic cultivator? There’s no way you would in your life!” Qiao Cong had his hand over his simply bound arm and snorted with cold sweat drenching his face, suppressing his pain.

Then, he left the pit without a second look at his shameful master.

How useless! He could not even handle a seven-year-old child!

He actually took on such a useless master who disgraced him as well!

In the end, Uncle-Master Bi was helped up by two other disciples from Daybreak Sect. Read the next chapter on our vipnovel.com

“Why would you waste your energy and spend time on this little trash for nothing?” Qiao Cong stood on the side with his arms crossed, but he did not dare to insult loudly in fear of a violent beating from Qiao Mu. Hence, he merely complained quietly.

The mentor from the Mystic Cultivator Association who had been thrown away by Murong Xun but ran back on his own glanced at Qiao Cong, his brows knitting together.

So young but his words were so caustic. He truly could not elicit any favorable feeling from people.

“Little friend, you’re mistaken.” The mentor looked up toward Murong Xun, faint respect surfacing on his face. Although Mentor Murong was incredibly unreliable most of the time...

“Mentor Murong is a very formidable mentor. Not a single child under her guidance has failed to trigger their mystic meridians! Mentor Murong is a mentor with a true 100% success rate!”

Qiao Cong’s eyes darkened, and he secretly clenched his hands.

Im-impossible! He was the sole prodigy in the entire Qiao Clan of Qiaotou Village! He successfully triggered his mystic meridians at the age of nine and was subsequently picked by Daybreak Sect. Then, he was directly taken to be a disciple of the Daybreak Sect and brought immense honor to his family.

Meanwhile, Qiao Hu entered the city every year to have his mystic meridians triggered under a mentor's guidance for three years in a row, but he did not succeed a single time!

He was the joke of Old Qiao's family! He was an undeniable piece of trash!

A faint light suddenly exploded from Qiao Hu's hands. The simple-minded child abruptly opened his eyes, surprise brimming from them.

"Success!" The other observers in the plaza all showed benign jealousy on their faces.

Heavens! A mystic cultivator at the mere age of 10 appeared in front of them again!

They wished their own child would also... The parents in the plaza all looked down at their own children with hope on their faces.

The 10-year-old Qiao Hu finally succeeded in triggering his mystic meridians after three consecutive years of failure and officially entered the path of a mystic cultivator!

"Thank you, Mentor Murong!" Qiao Hu turned around and respectfully bowed toward Murong Xun with a humble smile on his face.

Chapter 173: Chosen by Master

A faint smile turned up on Murong Xun's face. "Oh, child, your mystic meridians are quite good. You have a bright future ahead of you. If it weren't for the fact that my sect doesn't accept male disciples, I truly want to take you in."

He was praised by Mentor Murong!

An abashed smile appeared on Qiao Hu's face, and he respectfully bowed at Murong Xun again. "Thank you for your help, Mentor Murong."

Murong Xun waved her hand. "As a mentor of the Mystic Cultivator Association, helping young girls and boys to become a mystic cultivator is part of our duty."

"M-mentor! Please help our child trigger her meridians!"

"Mentor, please help my child..."

In a flash, a torrent of people rushed forward and nearly drowned Murong Xun in a sea of people.

Qiao Mu was buried in the crowd and paddled over to a few pairs of observing parents. She lightly covered her mouth with her hand and secretly told them, "Why aren't you going over there? The Mentor Murong up front is a mentor who can help children trigger their mystic meridians with a 100% success rate! I'm telling this to you only..."

"Heavens!"

“Da’niu, let’s go to Mentor Murong quickly...”

People gathered around Murong Xun at a terrifying speed and trapped her inside.

“Hey, child!” A certain mentor who was drowning in the sea of people was both amused and exasperated as she watched the little girl who shuffled further and further away from her.

The child even expressionlessly waved at her in a farewell gesture from outside of the crowd.

Murong Xun chuckled out loud, a smile spreading over her seductive features.

‘What an interesting little doll! Did you think you can run away? You’ve been chosen by Master, so you belong to Master for the rest of your life!’

“Younger Sis! I-I, I really succeeded! I became a mystic cultivator!” Qiao Hu finally regained his senses and burst out exuberantly after he followed behind Qiao Mu for some distance.

It still felt like a dream.

He truly never expected himself to also rise into the ranks of mystic cultivators one day!

Year after year of disappointment had caused him to be afraid of trying again...

As one could see, failure was not scary. The scariest thing was being unable to handle failure after failure due to cowardice.

Qiao Mu suddenly turned back with her hands behind her back.

Qiao Hu managed to catch a faint smile from his sister’s eternally frosty face.

His sister’s eyes were really pretty.

When her eyes arched from her smile, it was as though the starry night was sparkling in front of him. Flowers blossomed everywhere and a spring breeze brushed across his face, filling him with an unfathomable warmth.

It wasn’t that stoic face anymore! It wasn’t devoid of emotion anymore!

‘My sister is the prettiest girl I’ve ever seen in my life!’

“Brother! You’re the best!” Qiao Mu’s little fist reached out and gently smacked against Qiao Hu’s shoulders before she pointed toward Pear Blossom Alley. “Let’s go home.”

Qiao Hu forcefully nodded. “Let’s go home, Younger Sis.”

Brother and sister bounded toward Pear Blossom Alley hand in hand, forgetting about Qiao Cong and his constipated expression without a second glance.

The little girl actually smiled at the dunderhead fool...

The folding fan in Duan Yue’s hand uncontrollably clattered onto the ground again as the girl’s blooming smile engraved itself inside Duan Yue’s mind.

‘It turns out you can smile so gently, gorgeously, and full of life too.’

'However, you are used to encasing yourself in layer after layer of icy thorns. You don't allow anyone to approach, but you also don't allow yourself to leave.'

'As soon as someone approaches, they might be drenched in blood from thorns stabbing into them...'

'Which you is the true you?'

Duan Yue could not help but feel melancholic.

Chapter 174: You Can't Run Away, My Disciple

"Dad! Dad!!!" Qiao Hu shouted and joyously darted through the doors.

A slight smile turned up on Qiao Mu's face as she watched the boy excitedly dash inside.

Inside the courtyard, a flowery fragrance assailed people's senses.

Mother was sitting in front of the stone table with Younger Sis in her lap. She turned to them with a happy smile.

Father and Second Uncle put down their teacup and stood up to turn to them.

'This life...'

'...is completely different! Everything will change!'

She treaded through mountains of corpses and pools of blood and returned from hell, wishing for nothing more than a peaceful and smooth life and the safety of her family...

"Hahahahaha! My son is a mystic cultivator!!!" Second Uncle broke into unbridled laughter.

"Little guy, amazing!" Qiao Zhongbang patted Qiao Hu's head with a grin. "You're great! You mustn't slack off in the future and work hard from now on! Our Qiao Family's fate will depend on you children!"

Mother happily set Xiao Lin'er down and said, "Second Brother, today's a jubilant day. Sit and chat. I'll go to the kitchen and add some dishes for dinner. Let's all have a festive meal!"

"Sister, celebrate! Eet peach!" Xiao Lin'er waddled to Qiao Mu's side and forcefully tugged her sister's dress.

Qiao Mu could not help but laugh and looked down to pat her head. Then, she picked her up. "I don't have peaches, but I have other yummy food. Do you want it?"

~~the section break of foodies~~

The main hall of the City Lord's Estate:

Gu Qingfeng raised his wine cup and said with a smile, "Today, the Mystic Cultivator Association and the three sects are all gathered together. Allow this city lord to salute everyone with a drink first. In extraordinary times like this, the wine and meal are lacking, please forgive me for being a bad host!"

"You're too polite, City Lord." The middle-aged man sitting in the Heavenly Dao Sect's seat lifted his wine cup and faintly nodded toward Gu Qingfeng.

“Currently, mutated corpse monsters have emerged everywhere, so the common people in every city and town are all leading hard lives. It’s already an extreme extravagance for us to be able to enjoy vegetables, meat, and wine,” a mentor from the Mystic Cultivator Association commented with a sigh.

Gu Qingfeng nodded and raised his cup again to respectfully say, “Thank you, mentors, for helping the children inside the city to trigger their mystic meridians today. I especially have to thank Peak Master Murong for successfully helping four youths to trigger their meridians!”

If it were not for the fact that Murong Xun could not help more than four people trigger their mystic meridians at a time, he really wanted to have her help all the children under 15 in the city to trigger their meridians!

“Mentor Murong is truly a respected person of my generation.” The three mentors from the Mystic Cultivator Association all turned to look at Murong Xun with reverent gazes.

Murong Xun could only help four students trigger their mystic meridians at most each time and could not help any more children for at least half a month. Even so, this type of success rate and terrifying speed of generating mystic cultivators still elicited great reverence from people.

Murong Xun swirled her wine cup and smiled at the city lord. “City Lord is very grateful toward me?”

“Of course!” Gu Qingfeng nodded toward Murong Xun with admiration. “Peak Master Murong is the undeniable exemplary mentor, so how can people not respect and thank you?”

“Then please help this peak master find someone.” Murong Xun carelessly tossed a rolled up portrait scroll toward Gu Qingfeng. “The person in the portrait is my disciple. She might look stoic and icy and unapproachable, but she’s actually very naughty. A second of inattention and she ran off without a trace. So this peak master will have to trouble City Lord to help and return her to me!”

Everyone: ...

Chapter 175: Hand Your Sinful Disciple Over

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Gu Qingfeng was startled upon opening the scroll and looked up at Murong Xun.

Murong Xun was seductively leaning back in her chair and had her slender legs crossed. She slightly lifted her cup toward the stunned Gu Qingfeng and saluted him with a smile.

Her misty gaze held a natural glittering effect, a truly intoxicating sight.

‘Murong Xun, you sinful vixen! Your appearance makes it very hard for the male species present to shift their gazes away!’

“A disciple that Peak Master Murong regards so highly must be extraordinary. Why don’t we all take a look?” the middle-aged man from Heavenly Dao Sect, Guan Yongnian, said with a smile.

After gaining a nod from Murong Xun, Gu Qingfeng permitted his subordinates to hand the portrait to the Heavenly Dao Sect.

Murong Xun absentmindedly drank her wine and aloofly said, "My disciple is innately endowed and exceptionally talented, so there's no harm in letting you look."

When Guan Yongnian opened the scroll and looked, he was shocked.

Murong Xun slightly raised her brows and a meaningful smile turned up on her lips. "Could it be that Hall Master Guan also knows my disciple?"

Guan Yongnian closed the scroll and nodded. "My disciple sent me a portrait two days ago and said that they found a seven-year-old mystic cultivator in a backwater place like Qiaotou Village. Our Heavenly Dao Sect was also very interested in recruiting this talented child, but unfortunately, the mutated corpse calamity struck us and everything turned very chaotic, so we didn't have time to find the child before..."

"A seven-year-old mystic cultivator?" A dark-skinned and stern-faced woman from Daybreak Sect narrowed her eyes and got up from her seat to walk to Guan Yongnian's side. She took one look at the portrait and snorted. "It really is her."

A seven-year-old was dearly uncommon these days.

No! In fact, it was extremely rare!

Although every child can theoretically trigger their mystic meridians at the age of seven, only a small number actually succeed in triggering their meridians.

As soon as Lu Youmei heard Murong Xun say her disciple was a seven-year-old mystic cultivator, aversion seeped into her heart.

A look and it really was the stoic child that the disciples in her sect mentioned.

"Very well, Murong Xun! Your sinful disciple might be young but she's already so heartless, vicious, and cruel!" Lu Youmei glared at Murong Xun and confronted her head-on. "Do you know what good deed she did? She not only hurt my Junior Brother Bi but also seriously injured several disciples from my Daybreak Sect! What is more unpardonable is that she killed my disciple, Li Xiang."

"Murong Xun, what do you have to say for yourself? The three sects originally stuck together but minded their own business! Yet, you allowed your disciple to commit such atrocious offenses! Shouldn't you give our Daybreak Sect an explanation?!"

Gu Qingfeng's smile froze on his face.

He merely wanted to hold a tiny banquet to receive the members of the three sects! Why did you have to start insulting each other again? Couldn't you allow this city lord a day of rest?!

Murong Xun sipped some wine from her cup and she slightly peered up with slitted eyes. She puffed out a breath before looking toward Lu teasingly. "What kind of explanation do you want hm, Hall Master Lu?"

'Heavens! Peak Master Murong, there's no doubt you genuinely look like a wicked vixen!'

Even Lu Youmei could not resist blushing despite also being a woman and nearly lost her train of thought.

“Murong Xun, as a peak master of Holy Water Sect, you should dutifully follow the three sects’ principle of unity! ...Hand your sinful disciple over and allow our Daybreak Sect to punish her!”

Murong Xun’s tipsy eyes narrowed and shifted enchantingly. A teasing smile rose on her lips. “First, this peak master hasn’t even found her little disciple. Second of all, even if she is found... Pft, how could this peak master allow you to punish her beloved disciple?”

Chapter 176: Mission

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“Murong Xun! You?!” Lu Youmei’s face was livid with anger and chucked her wine cup at her without a thought.

Murong Xun narrowed her half-drunken eyes and twirled her finger at Lu Youmei with a smile. “Ashamed into anger! Ashamed into anger!”

“Peak Master Murong Xun.” Gu Qingfeng leaped out of his chair and extended his arm, anxiously looking at the wine cup flying directly toward Murong Xun.

Murong Xun lifted her cup with a smile and carelessly flicked her sleeves. She gently touched the wine cup that reached her, and a trace of mystic energy spiraled out of her fingertip before she lightly flicked it.

The wine cup then shot back toward the incredibly displeased Lu Youmei like a flash of lightning with a ruthless strength.

Lu Youmei took a deep breath and reached out to grab the wine cup.

All of a sudden...

The entire wine cup shattered a few inches from her hand and dissolved into a rain of powder before her eyes.

Everyone was flabbergasted.

Lu Youmei’s eyes bulged out of their sockets.

Her fingers were still extended toward the cup and her mouth was slightly agape. She was frozen solid and lost her ability to speak.

Just how strong was Murong Xun?

How strong did she have to be to casually control her mystic energy however she wanted and play with it whether it was near or far from her?

Murong Xun used one hand to flip onto the table. She sat with her legs crossed and cheerfully raised a jug of wine to have a hearty drink before guffawing, "Hall Master Lu, it's only polite to respond in kind! Here's a jug from me!"

She lightly raised her slender legs and gently kicked, and the wine jug shot toward Lu Youmei's head at a terrifying speed.

"Peak Master Murong, my Junior Sister Lu has greatly offended you, but please charitably forgive her!" The man sitting next to Lu Youmei hurriedly jumped up and stood in front of Lu Youmei with a serious expression. He had to circulate all of the mystic energy inside of him to barely catch the wine jug. A metallic taste rose from his throat, and he nearly spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Senior Brother." Lu Youmei was shocked and hastily lifted her arms to support the staggering man.

Murong Xun lightly chuckled and put down her slender leg. Then, she stood up with a flick of her sleeves. "Thank you for your hospitality today, City Lord. This Peak Master still has business to attend to, so I'll excuse myself now."

"Peak Master Murong, about the matter of disciples from the three sects heading to Qinghe Town for training..." Guan Yongnian of Heavenly Dao Sect quickly stood up and asked.

Murong Xun slowly turned to look at him. "It will happen as planned, of course."

"However, based on my investigation, Qinghe Town has been completely dominated by those mutated corpse monsters already, so the disciples from the three sects probably can't handle it..."

"How can they succeed without training? Does Hall Master Guan want to nurture flowers in a greenhouse or polish a famous sword that will leave its name in history?" Murong Xun dryly smiled and walked outside with another flick of her sleeves. "If disciples from your two sects don't have the guts to go there, it's no bother. My Holy Water Sect will head there as promised and commence this fatal training."

Murong Xun's figure disappeared into the distance, leaving behind her calm voice to drift around them.

"Peak Master Murong is right. Although Qinghe Town is besieged in perils, it would be good experiential training for our sects' disciples." Guan Yongnian nodded in agreement and said, "Since it's like that, my Heavenly Dao Sect will also participate in this training as planned."

"Hall Master," a person next to Guan Yongnian called out in surprise.

However, Guan Yongnian raised his hand to stop his words. "However, there are too many monsters gathered at Qinghe Town, so I'm afraid the 21 disciples from the three sects won't be enough. I would like to request the City Lord to issue a mission and assemble all the mystic cultivators, body cultivators, or superhumans to head to Qinghe Town together."

Gu Qingfeng cupped his fists. "That's exactly as this city lord intended."

Chapter 177: Disciple, Here to Bother You!

The next day, the City Lord's Estate issued a level three mission summon.

It summoned all of the mystic cultivators, body cultivators, and superhumans to help the disciples of the three sects to go to Qinghe Town to search for food and resources.

Sources said that there was a giant granary in Qinghe Town with abundant food inside. It would suffice to be three months of grain storage for Xijiu City.

Qinghe Town?

Qiao Mu vaguely recalled that place.

All of the residents in Qinghe Town perished by the second day after the zombie outbreak, and it completely degenerated into a stronghold for zombies.

She remembered that the three sects also assembled a group of forces in her previous life to head to Qinghe Town to eliminate zombies and search for resources.

Unfortunately, all the disciples from the three sects, except for a survivor or two from Holy Water Sect, lost their lives in that town.

As a mystic cultivator, every time a special mission was issued from the City Lord's Estate, the content of the mission would be directly sent to the mystic cultivators to relay their importance.

Qiao Mu was no exception. She had received the City Lord's Estate's summon early in the morning.

She was reading through the mission notice when Steward Chang sprinted toward her and hastily bowed. "Miss, Sir City Lord is here."

Qiao Mu put down the notice letter and looked up at the steward. She gave him a light nod. "I understand. Please tell City Lord Gu to wait for a moment. I'll be right there."

Chang Zai servilely made a noise in response before hurriedly turning around and rushing toward the anteroom to receive the city lord.

Qiao Mu did a simple adjustment of her clothing before heading to the anteroom.

As soon as she walked through the door, she saw a woman with a purple jacket over a long dress leaning against the windowsill. She languidly turned around, strikingly alluring and seductive. She tilted her head and waved at Qiao Mu with a grin. "My disciple, your master is here to bother you."

Murong Xun's smile seemingly froze in time and emitted a faint light, shrouded by the rays of the rising sun.

Years later, Qiao Mu would still remember Venerable Master from this moment—her sinful appearance as she leaned against the side of the window and waved at her with a smile.

No matter how time raced on and how the past was like a mayfly...

She would not forget a single second of what she should remember. They were all cemented in the deepest recesses of her mind...

However, currently, Qiao Mu looked at this person, dumbfounded. She reflexively leaped back and dodged the woman's slender fingers.

“Why are you here?”

Gu Qingfeng smiled ruefully...

In truth, when he headed out in a rush this morning and saw Murong Xun suddenly appear behind him like a ghost, he also wanted to be like Qiao Mu and ask Mentor Murong, “Why are you here?!”

“My disciple, you played your master for a fool so ruthlessly yesterday, so Master is naturally visiting you bright and early today to have a good talk with you about life.” Murong Xun reached out in an attempt to squeeze the little fellow’s cheeks.

Qiao Mu jumped further back and silently ignored the wry smile on Murong Xun’s face.

Gu Qingfeng coughed to try and obtain their attention. Master and disciple turned to glare at him simultaneously, embodiments of the attitude “Quickly say whatever rubbish you need to say.”

Why did he inexplicably feel like master and disciple had very identical movements and expressions?

Gu Qingfeng dryly cleared his throat. “Um, Miss Qiao, I was wondering if you received the mission summoning order that the City Lord’s Estate issued. If Miss Qiao can finish this level three mission, then your right of residence for the next year will be...”

“That’s all you wanted to say?” Qiao Mu headed for the door. “I know it. Just inform me when the specific departing time is decided.”

Even if the city lord did not visit today, she had already planned on going to the mission distribution center to register.

Chapter 178: Pig Teammate

Because she really wanted to go there and train as well.

After all, she hadn’t had any true training after she had been reborn, except for that incident at Hulan Mountain.

She could not grow stronger unless she endlessly trained and obtained more experience from real combat.

She never dared to slow down because she did not have the right to slow down.

Moreover, she wanted to take a look at how unbeatable Qinghe Town was—the zombie stronghold that struck terror into everyone who mentioned it.

“Help yourself, City Lord.” Then, Qiao Mu turned around and slipped away from the tip of Murong Xun’s fingers, rushing out of the door.

City Lord Gu’s mouth couldn’t help but twitch when he looked up.

The typically calm and confident child actually looked a bit tussled from the back as she fled with horror...

A chuckle broke out of Murong Xun. With a step, she ethereally floated in the air and drifted behind the child. "Little One, why don't you make a bet with Master? If you can tie Master up for 15 minutes today, it will be considered your win, and Master won't disturb you anymore."

The peculiar scene of having an apparition floating behind her as she walked was so wondrous that Qiao Mu could not bear to look directly at it.

Qiaoqiao madly dashed out of Pear Blossom Alley. When she turned the corner, she happened to run into Duan Yue. He was walking toward her with a smile and lifted his hand in a greeting. "Qiaoqiao, how coincidental... Huh?"

The youth was dumbfounded as he watched Mentor Murong drift pass him.

Qiao Mu felt like she was using every bit of her strength from both this life and her past life...

She had pasted three speed talismans in a row onto herself for this mad dash, but when she looked back... 'F*ck me! The ghost behind me is still here and is cheerfully tailing me without any change in her expression!'

Qiao Mu bounded toward the eastern district. She felt like she ran thousands of miles and more than four hours, but she still could not lose that woman behind her.

"Little one, don't blame Master for not reminding you! The direction you're running brings you closer to the waters. That place is especially spacious, so you won't be able to run away, okay?" A certain master had drifted behind Qiao Mu the whole way without a flush on her face or a pant of her breath. She was even grinning the whole time.

'What okay?! Screw you...'

"This body of water eventually leads to Hope Sea, so it can be considered a part of the Hope Sea. The waters might look placid right now, but there are high tides at noon. It's very thrilling and turbulent, alright?"

An expansive body of water appeared in front of Qiao Mu.

She finally stopped running and turned to look at the "ghost" tailing her.

"Why aren't you running anymore?" Murong Xun paused in the air and looked at Qiao Mu with amusement in her eyes.

"You can't go back on your word," Qiao Mu suddenly said this before whipping out the Spirit Binding Rope and swiftly latching it onto Murong Xun's wrist.

The child tightly bound her captive with a pull and tug. Then she dragged the floating Murong Xun toward a nearby short tree and tied her to the tree with several tight loops.

Murong Xun's eyes twitched as she looked at her little disciple with both amusement and exasperation. "Dear disciple, isn't this a bit too far? You tied Master here, but the high tide will come in less than seven minutes. Master will drown with a single wave!"

Clatter clatter clatter...

As soon as the child let go, she madly ran back to the city and abandoned Murong Xun.

As she ran, she thought, 'The Spirit Binding Rope is truly fearsome! It shouldn't be any problem to bind Murong Xun for 15 minutes, right?!'

Several minutes later...

Qiao Mu paused and glanced behind her with agitation. Murong Xun said it would be high tide soon, but she should not drown to death with how strong she is...

However, the Spirit Binding Rope was always used to bind people without room for escape.

Qiao Mu hesitated for a few seconds before finally deciding to go back and take a look.

However, when she got there, she could not help but be dumbstruck...

She did not see Murong Xun, but she did see that pig teammate, Duan Yue, standing in the water and calling her in distress, "Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao..."

Qiao Mu: ...

'Oh my f*cking god, you got bound by the Spirit Binding Rope again...'

Chapter 179: Hostage

Qiao Mu waded through the water toward Duan Yue.

"How did you get tied here? Where's Murong Xun?" Qiao Mu looked at Duan Yue with incomprehension. She reached for the rope around his wrist and lightly tugged.

It was quite comical actually. After Mentor Murong escaped from the Spirit Binding Rope, she tied Duan Yue to the tree...

It was heaven's will that Duan Yue was so unlucky.

Duan Yue: 'Don't think I can't see you rejoicing in my misfortune just because you have a stoic face.'

Qiao Mu untied Duan Yue. As soon as his hands regained their freedom, he quickly dragged Qiao Mu through the water toward the shore.

The tides from the waters rose very fast. It nearly surpassed Qiao Mu's shoulders in a few minutes.

However, because the city's terrain was fairly high, the water would not flood into the city no matter how much it rose.

The duo had no choice but to swim toward the shore after a minute of wading.

"What havoc are you wreaking with Peak Master Murong?" Duan Yue looked back and asked with bewilderedness as he paddled through the water. "I already explained to her that I wasn't friends with you! But there's something wrong with her! She insisted on confining me here as a hostage and said you'd come back to save me! But when I was tied in the water, you had no idea I was here..."

'That's right! If I knew you were here, I wouldn't have bothered to come back!'

Qiao Mu's lips twitched, and she did not stop swimming toward the shore.

What time did they have to waste their breath? Hurrying to the shore was the real objective. For some reason, she still felt a chill on her back. She felt like that insane mentor wouldn't spare them so easily...

"Eh? Do you feel like the water sounds louder?!" Duan Yue kept swimming forward but did not forget to look back and give Qiao Mu a hand. The girl had such short little limbs, she definitely could not swim as fast as him.

Qiao Mu also heard the thunderous sound of water, as though it was drawing closer to her ears.

The two of them turned around simultaneously. Surprise invaded their faces, and their eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets.

Wah! That gigantic wave behind them was too terrifying, wasn't it?! It soared about four or five meters in the air, sending splashes everywhere.

"Sh*t! Where did this giant wave come from?! ...AH!" Duan Yue felt the giant wave roll from behind. When it slapped down on his head, it freaking struck him senseless.

Duan Yue promptly rolled and sunk into the water under the giant wave.

Qiao Mu's eyes twitched and with a kick, her leg stepped onto Duan Yue's sunken "corpse." She rapidly swam a few strokes, trying her hardest to struggle upwards.

Mystic energy floated up around her, swiftly spreading outward.

She originally thought that escaping from the waters would be an easy matter after circulating her mystic energy.

However—

Qiao Mu quickly realized her mystic energy appeared to be inhibited.

There was a mysterious cloud of higher-level energy suppressing her mystic energy.

"Mentor Murong, you're here!" Qiao Mu declared with certainty.

Although Murong Xun appeared to have left already after she returned, this current situation made her very certain that Murong Xun was definitely hiding in a hidden corner and heartlessly looking at them make a fool of themselves.

The water suddenly parted to the sides, yielding a minuscule pathway in the center.

Murong Xun made her appearance from behind the giant wave. Her feet lightly treaded on the surface of the water, as though she was walking on flat ground, and strolled toward them with a grin.

However, Qiao Mu's eyes were locked onto her left hand.

There was a nimble stream of water coiling around the back of her hand, spiraling and slithering ceaselessly like it had a life of its own.

Chapter 180: Water Spirit

“What is that?” Qiao Mu’s eyes were instantly attracted by the stream of water coiling around Murong Xun’s hand.

“This is a water spirit.” Murong Xun lifted her hand and the giant wave behind her surged again.

Duan Yue’s head just happened to surface from the water at that moment.

To his misfortune, the giant wave came cascading down, sending him plunging into the water again.

Qiao Mu: ...

How miserable.

“There are five spirits in the world, and this is one of them.” Murong Xun had a grin on her face as she stepped toward them on the water. “When your cultivation reaches a certain level, you’ll gradually feel the origin elemental power from heaven and earth.”

“You can try to sense this elemental power at that time.”

“Of course, it’s a bit difficult for people to sense the five spirits in our Sikong Planet.” And you would also feel a suppression. You could even say you basically could not sense the five elemental spirits in a god-forsaken like Sikong Planet.

However, the little fellow did not have to fully understand this yet.

Qiao Mu sunk into contemplation and stared off into the distance, her thoughts drifting off as well.

She remembered that that person could control lightning.

His jade-like dark green eyes glittered with a demonic glint under the reflection of his lightning.

It turned out that this was the five spirits, the origin elemental power of heaven and earth.

It could utterly suppress mystic energy.

The difference between him and her... was that of heaven and earth. What if they met again? Would she become his little pet again? Would she be corralled and penned again?

What a terrifying fate!

Qiao Mu shuddered and felt an icy feeling creeping over her heart.

A warm and cozy blanket draped over her tiny figure. Murong Xun reached out to pick her up. “Let’s go home. Don’t catch a cold.”

Qiao Mu’s cool hands patted onto Murong Xun’s cheeks, and she seriously looked at her. “Master, will I be as strong as you in the future?”

This child’s eyes were dark like flawless jewels, beautiful beyond words.

Murong Xun was startled briefly. She felt her heart melt at this quiet call.

She broke into loud laughter and walked away with Qiao Mu in her arms, leaving behind only her calm voice, "Good disciple, with your talent, you'll surpass Master in a few years! Remember to take Master under your protection at that time, alright?"

After Duan Yue climbed onto the shore with a lot of trials and tribulations, he felt a thousand thoughts racing through his mind as he gaped at the empty waters.

"..."

'Have you two completely forgotten about me?'

'Is that really fine?'

...

One day later:

All the carriages heading toward Qinghe Town were gathered in the central plaza of the city.

The disciples from the three sects each stood in their spot, each group containing seven disciples.

Meanwhile, the mystic cultivators, body cultivators, and superhumans assembled by the City Lord's Estate stood elsewhere.

Holy Water Sect was the liveliest group in the entire plaza.

The seven celestial women surrounded a little stoic, chattering and scrambling to hug her.

"Little Junior Sister, I'm your Senior Sister Yu Gui from Second Peak."

"I'm Li Ling from Third Peak."

"Little Junior Sister, ignore them."

"The two of us are your true direct senior sisters! You don't have to pay attention to the other people."

"Qiaoqiao, let's form a team together later..." Before Duan Yue could get close to the seven-fairy encirclement, he was suddenly forced back by two abrupt swords.

"Senior Sisters of the Holy Water Sect, I'm Duan Yue from the Daybreak Sect. I'm friends with your little junior sister! We're together, we're together!" Duan Yue explained with a grin as he pointed at Qiao Mu and himself.

"Little Junior Sister, this is your friend?"

"That's right, that's right. We're together! Together!" Duan Yue forcibly squeezed out an opening in the crowd and excitedly walked to Qiao Mu's side.