

My Crown 1861

Chapter 1861: Do I Get a Reward?

The man in front of her was wearing a dashing, ink-colored robe that drifted in the breeze, and his raven hair had been tied up casually. His phoenix eyes shone as he curved his lips into a smile and looked straight at her.

It was as if time and space had been frozen in that moment.

Or it was like, all her yearning had gotten inundated by his tender phoenix eyes.

She discovered that she had almost stopped breathing from his soulful stare.

Qiao Mu blinked and suddenly reached out to pinch Crown Prince Mo's charming face. She mumbled to herself with a harrumph, "Divine conscious! Go away, go away."

Crown Prince Mo was both amused and exasperated, and he just looked smilingly at the little fellow before him with his upturned phoenix eyes.

He didn't disappear?

Qiao Mu was startled, and she reached out with both her hands to play with his face. The more she groped, the more content she felt. Her originally rigid and solemn expression also relaxed, and she broke out into a gorgeous smile.

"Mo Lian!" It turned out it wasn't an illusion, nor a daydream, nor that her eyes were playing tricks on her.

But that—

The crown prince really had returned to her side!

Qiao Mu instantly hugged him with her arms as she snuggled her head in his arms, as well.

Crown Prince Mo's heart was about to melt from her gesture. Of course, he was also ecstatic from her sudden smile. He patted her head and asked softly, "Did you miss me?"

Qiao Mu nodded emphatically. "Yes."

Huggie, huggie. She was finally able to hug her Lian for real.

1

"I have also been missing my Qiaoqiao the entire time." Mo Lian sighed and squeezed his little one tightly.

"Qiaoqiao, look, I didn't break our five-month promise, right?"

Qiao Mu counted off on her fingers. Indeed, there was still a little less than half a month before five months were up.

"Do I get a reward?" Crown Prince Mo winked.

Qiao Mu looked up and cupped his face. She mused, this guy's prideful expression was saying that he wanted a kiss.

Then she'd satisfy him...

It had been so long. She also wanted to... kiss him!

The little fellow closed in, and just as a kiss was about to land on the satisfied Crown Prince Mo's lips...

"Cough! Cough, cough!" The sound of discordant coughing abruptly interrupted the couple's lovey-dovey mood.

1

Qiao Mu quickly turned her head and saw someone standing not too far away.

He was still dressed in red with flowing long hair and had an indolent air about him.

What was different was that this guy did not carry his parasol today. He had also tied up his fine black hair into a ponytail. Compared to his previously lazy and careless appearance, there was now a sharp air reminiscent of a blade around him.

His charming and bewitching eyes were looking at her teasingly.

"Rotten Peach Blossom?" Qiao Mu's eyes lit up, and she wanted to run toward him.

The Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal stretched out his arms, also very happy to see the little fellow be so enthusiastic.

On the other hand, Dao Wuji nearly burst out in laughter.

Rotten Peach Blossom...

He didn't hear wrong, right?

However, Qiao Mu didn't get far before Crown Prince Mo pulled her back to his side.

Crown Prince Mo pettily swept Feng Chen a look before raising Qiaoqiao's petite hand and waving it at the latter. He whispered into her ear, "Look, you can just greet him like this. You don't need to run over."

The Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal gave a harrumph and walked up to Qiao Mu, giving her a pat on the head. "Qiaoqiao, did you encounter some trouble?"

Qiao Mu instantly remembered the brandy-nosed senior.

Chapter 1862: Come Back!

Qiao Mu instantly remembered the brandy-nosed senior.

Just now, she triggered the ghost-inviting curse and summoned a ghost spirit!

Qiao Mu quickly looked back and saw the senior struggling against something while trapped inside a dozen confinement talisman matrices.

A hint of astonishment flashed past Mo Lian, Feng Chen, the Little Despot, and the others' eyes.

Qiao Mu: ...

So baffling! She could only see that brandy-nosed senior wrestling with something like a lunatic.

The bearded elder's body was floating upwards horizontally. However, he and the brandy-nosed senior seemed to be in the middle of a tug-of-war between the two of them and another force.

The bearded elder was showing signs of pain and horror.

He felt like he was going to get torn apart at the waist if this continued!

"Incredible." Ma Ta was breathless with wonder.

Duanmu Qing, Qi Xuanxuan, the little fatty and company had also shifted their gazes from the brandy-nosed senior to Mo Lian, Feng Chen, and the other handsome men and women.

They... were all Qiaoqiao's friends?

Duanmu Qing didn't understand where the sense of disappointment in his heart came from.

He felt like Qiaoqiao treated him differently from their other teammates during this time together.

Every time her gaze met his, the little fellow would immediately look away like a spooked rabbit.

During their interactions, it felt like she was subtly distancing herself from him.

Why?

Duanmu Qing didn't understand at all.

Right now, the little lady was leaning against that man who had both outstanding looks and presence, and her eyes were shining with joy.

Duanmu Qing's heart sank uncontrollably.

1

It was different...

Completely different!

"Ahhh!" The bearded elder's piercing scream called Duanmu Qing back to the present, and he looked up ahead.

The bearded elder's left hand had gotten torn off by that powerful ghost spirit.

When everyone activated their spiritual conscious, they naturally could see a ghost spirit clad in a dense black fog.

In contrast to the small ghost spirits they had seen before, this one was much more formidable.

After all, he had held out for so long against a level-seven divine realm expert and still had not lost. In fact, it seemed like he was gaining the upper hand.

Of course, this was also because the brandy-nosed senior's spiritual energy attacks had missed their mark.

When fighting against ghost spirits, talisman practitioners' attacks could produce substantive effects, but normal people were at a disadvantage.

Kaboom! The evening sky was hanging heavily with roiling thunder clouds. It looked like there was going to be a downpour.

"Qiaoqiao, call back that ghost spirit. Let me talk to Second Elder." Mo Lian helplessly looked down at the little fellow in his arms.

If this continued, the brandy-nosed senior would probably suffer a loss.

"Darn lass, you darn lass." That senior was also hopping mad and scolded, "You darn lass just turned against me at the drop of a hat."

Qiao Mu glared at him, but even so, she still pattered forward and took out that ghost spirit bead. She then stuck it out in the senior's direction and commanded, "Come back!"

Everyone: "..."

Feng Chen couldn't resist facepalming.

Mo Lian quickly walked up and redirected her petite hand to her right side. He pointed ahead and explained without knowing whether to laugh or cry, "He's over here!"

1

"Pfft." Dao Wuji burst into laughter and crossed his arms as he remarked amusedly, "Boss, this is your wife?"

Chapter 1863: Can't See at All

"It clearly looks like she can't see ghost spirits at all!"

Dao Wuji teased Mo Lian and turned toward the Gingko Immortal. He originally thought that he would see her indignant face, yet...

The Gingko Immortal was cupping her face like a love-struck fool. Her eyes were sparkling as she stared fanatically at the stoic-faced little lady.

"So pretty!" If not for the Peony Immortal grabbing on to her, the Gingko Immortal would probably have lunged at the little lady to coddle her and beg for hugs.

Dao Wuji stared at the Gingko Immortal as if he were looking at a lunatic.

So this Gingko Immortal didn't distinguish between genders. She was interested in all beautiful creatures!

2

The Peony Immortal really wished for nothing more than to knock out her younger sister right now.

This embarrassing fellow...

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu had calmly called back the ghost spirit and put away the ghost spirit bead. She was then met with Mo Lian and Feng Chen's quizzical gazes when she looked up.

"You really couldn't see the ghost spirit?" Feng Chen couldn't resist confirming.

But that was impossible!

Qiaoqiao should have already entered the spiritual realm now. Logically speaking, anyone would definitely be able to see the existence of ghost spirits as long as they used their spiritual conscious.

"I can't," Qiao Mu deadpanned.

Feng Chen couldn't help but chuckle.

Anyone who was familiar with this little fellow would know that the more unfazed this lass appeared on the surface, the more conflicted she was actually feeling.

Qiaoqiao felt a bit miffed at these people's mystified gazes.

Humph, so what if she couldn't see ghost spirits?

It couldn't be helped that she couldn't see them!

Mo Lian looked down at her with a smile. When he looked up again, he shot a sharp gaze at the brandy-nosed senior up ahead.

"Second Elder."

The brandy-nosed senior had a sour expression. He gave a light cough and dragged the bearded elder with him to Mo Lian and Qiao Mu.

"Your Highness."

Mo Lian fixed a cold gaze on him. "You attacked my Qiaoqiao just now?"

"No, I didn't, I didn't!" The brandy-nosed senior frantically waved his hand with an obsequious smile.

You've got to be kidding. He wasn't tired of living, so how would he attack the little lady?

"He did!" Qiao Mu immediately exposed the senior. "He destroyed eight of my talisman matrices in a row!"

2

Mo Lian's expression sank.

Meanwhile, the brandy-nosed senior wanted to cry.

Afterall, he had only destroyed eight of her confinement talisman matrices. He didn't even touch a hair of hers.

"He even threatened me!" Qiao Mu tattletaled on the senior's heinous acts. "He said if I didn't let the both of them go, he was going to release his ultimate!"

The little fellow cried thief, "Otherwise how would I have summoned a ghost spirit to counter him!"

That's right, it was because this senior wanted to protect that assassin. Otherwise, Qiaoqiao wouldn't get angry and flare up!

It was all the geezer's fault!

The senior: ...

"That's not it, Your Highness. Hear me out."

Swish! Suddenly, the brandy-nosed senior felt two sucking forces directed toward his hand. He couldn't handle the strain, and the bearded elder he had been clutching suddenly flew out of his grasp toward Mo Lian and Feng Chen.

"Who is this guy?" Feng Chen grinned while looking at the senior, who was sweating bullets.

"This, this."

"If you don't talk, we can also get the answer with a soul search." Mo Lian warned the brandy-nosed senior with a frosty gaze.

If this crown prince discovers anything problematic, you'd be guilty of covering it up!

Chapter 1864: Wanna Run?

The senior gazed at the little fellow aggrievedly and then quickly cupped his hands toward Crown Prince Mo. "Your Highness, this old man has come to clean up the aftermath by His Majesty's decree."

The senior was very skilled at selling out his teammate when it counted.

There was no other choice. His Highness the Crown Prince was still angry, and it was the emperor who forced this thankless job on him!

He could only make a clean break from it...

Just as expected, His Highness's handsome face immediately clouded upon hearing his old man's title.

"He sent assassins after my Qiaoqiao?"

The senior quickly shook his head like a rattle-drum. "No, he didn't, he didn't! Your Highness, this is a total misunderstanding!"

"How could it be a misunderstanding?" Qiao Mu turned to beckon toward the white snakelet and the other beasts. "Carry those corpses over!"

The senior twitched his mouth and stretched his hand out weakly. "Wait, wait a minute."

Soon, however, the white snakelet slithered speedily to its master from the open area nearby. It lifted its snake head and reported angrily with large, watery eyes, "Masta, Masta. Those corpses got hauled away!"

They had all gathered over where Qiao Mu was after they finished killing the enemy, yet who knew that someone would secretly haul them away.

Qiao Mu was enraged upon hearing this, and she whacked that bearded elder's head with a swipe of her ferule. She roared angrily at the brandy-nosed senior, "These people brought more than two hundred assassins dressed in black and also numerous archers to encircle me! If I let them off today! I'll let you write my name backwards!"

After saying this, she waved her hand. Subsequently, several thousand black poison-tailed butterflies appeared around her and flew off in all directions.

"Go chase down those corpses! Kill whoever dares to obstruct you!" Qiao Mu ordered coldly as she turned to look toward the little fat squirrel and the other beasts.

The beasts all understood and quickly chased after the poison-tailed butterfly swarm.

Don't think it's over just because they're dead! Qiao Mu swept the senior with an icy look.

1

The brandy-nosed senior shrank his head and looked toward Mo Lian for help.

Yet Crown Prince Mo merely scoffed at him before sucking the bearded elder to his side. He then ruthlessly pressed his hand on the back of the elder's head.

"No, don't, don't search my soul!!" The bearded elder shivered in fear and kept screaming, "I-I'll talk, I'll talk. I am Pun-Pundit Qiu from the Aurora Desert's Jing Family. I-I am Princess Jing's subordinate."

Mo Lian's eyes abruptly turned ice-cold. It was as if his phoenix eyes had been coated in a thousand years of frost. He gripped that Pundit Qiu's neck, producing soft cracks from the other party's throat.

Pundit Qiu stared at the young man in front of him in terror.

He, he was clearly one step away from ascending into the divine realm, yet wh-why could he sense the terrible aura of death from this young man?

Rrrumble! The sound of galloping beasts came from beyond the forest.

Soon, the little fat squirrel, the snow leopard, the giant ape, and the other beasts ran over while pulling several four-wheeled carts.

The giant ape had even captured ten living people who had gotten knocked out.

Mo Lian's face darkened when he saw so many corpses.

The Jing Family had actually sent so many assassins after his Qiaoqiao. They really were sick of living!

Aurora Desert? Jing Family? Princess Jing?

Every single one of these names were extremely unfamiliar to Qiao Mu.

Qiaoqiao turned to look at Mo Lian with a frown. "What the hell is he talking about."

Was he trying to hoodwink her with a random place name?

Chapter 1865: Repulsed

As expected, her suspicions were correct. These people were not disciples from the Clear Sky Faction.

But...

“You, you people cannot kill me. I-I am Prin-Princess Jing’s subordinate. You people cannot kill...” Pundit Qiu probably thought that no one would be able to do anything to him if he gave Princess Jing’s name.

Yet with a cracking sound, his neck promptly hung limply.

Even in death, he probably still didn’t understand how a young man had so easily killed him.

After throwing Pundit Qiu’s corpse aside, Mo Lian snapped his fingers in distaste and set it ablaze until nothing was left.

The brandy-nosed senior did not dare speak. He merely lowered his head and retreated backwards silently.

After catching wind of what had happened, the emperor had wanted him to clean up the aftermath without letting the situation get too ugly.

Yet the result...

The situation was still spiraling toward an ugly outcome.

Right now, the little lady did not need to say anything else at all. His Highness the Crown Prince was already feeling extremely repulsed by the Jing Family.

The Gingko Immortal couldn’t help but giggle, and she cast Dao Wuji a provoking glance. “Take a look, all these assassins were sent by your Princess Jing.”

Dao Wuji rubbed his nose. “Princess Jing came to fame more than a decade ago. She had always been known for being cool-headed and farsighted. How could she do something so brainless?”

“Yo, that dead old geezer had already confessed himself. What, you still want to argue for her?”

Dao Wuji glanced up at Mo Lian, who was looking displeased, and he explained with a light cough, “Boss, I still want to say this. Princess Jing is not an idiot.”

This was the first time he saw Boss Mo’s wife, but his instinct immediately told him that the little stoic was not someone to be trifled with!

How could such a wise woman as Princess Jing immediately choose to dispose of the other party when she did not know anything about the latter?

Qiao Mu’s icy gaze landed on Dao Wuji.

“Who are you.”

She only now discovered that there were several unfamiliar faces standing behind Mo Lian.

The Gingko Immortal’s eyes lit up. She immediately strutted forward with her lithe figure and giggled, “Little Sister, you can call me Sister Gingko! Sister doesn’t have anything nice to give you to commemorate our first meeting. Here, take this divine energy sphere to play with.”

After saying this, she flicked her sleeve, and a round, transparent sphere landed in Qiao Mu. The energy inside was slowly circulating.

Barf...

The Gingko Immortal turned and glowered at Dao Wuji and the Luo Brother's retching expressions.

*F*ck, you're so old, yet you still have the cheek to call a 14 or 15 year old "little sister." It doesn't disturb you?*

The Peony Immortal twitched her mouth and greeted Qiao Mu normally with cupped fists. "I am Peony. Please excuse my sister for having a screw loose."

The Gingko Immortal glared angrily at her own sister. "Who has a screw loose?"

Peony Immortal gagged the Gingko Immortal using her sleeve and then dragged her away, completely ignoring the latter's glowering expression.

Qiao Mu silently put the divine energy sphere into her inner world, doing it so smoothly that it made Feng Chen want to laugh.

It didn't matter how much Qiaoqiao didn't like someone. She'd still accept their gifts.

"Who are you!" Qiao Mu expressionlessly continued her interrogation with Dao Wuji.

"Qiaoqiao, you don't need to bother with them." Mo Lian pulled the little fellow back to his side and swept Dao Wuji and company a look.

Chapter 1866: So Pitiful and Unloved

"They're only several loafers from the Punishment Tower. You don't need to bother with them."

Realization dawned on Qiao Mu as she deadpanned with a nod, "Oh, so they're your cellmates?"

Cellmates?

Everybody involuntarily twitched their mouths.

*Who the f*ck were his cellmates?*

Dao Wuji gave the little lady a fawning smile. "No, no, we have acknowledged Boss Mo as our boss!"

"Oh."

What was the situation? How come this child seemed even more detestable than the Little Despot? It was exhausting trying to talk to her! It was like she would kill the conversation if he accidentally let his mind wander!

Dao Wuji pulled a face, but then he suddenly turned to look at the Little Despot with a mischievous laugh. "Little Despot, didn't you say that you were gonna kill Boss Mo's wife when you saw her?"

In other words, do it, go do it! Quickly kill her, ahhhh!

Mo Lian turned to stare at the Little Despot with an expression that said "Are you looking to die."

The Little Despot silently looked up at Dao Wuji before peering at Qiao Mu. Suddenly, he pulled out a transparent earth-type cage from his sleeve and flicked it over to Qiao Mu. "Take it to play with."

1

Everyone: "..."

Dao Wuji: ...

*Didn't you f*ckin' say that you were gonna kill her? What did you mean by giving her a present now?*

Qiao Mu took that earth-type cage and observed it curiously.

She saw a transparent little person inside the cage who was cowering in a corner like a quail. He suddenly jumped up and grabbed the earthen bars, shrieking pitifully, "Feng Chen. Feng Chen, Feng Chen. Feng Chen!! You utterly heartless guy, why haven't you rescued me, ahhh! Ahh!"

Feng Chen: ...

Was the Little Despot crazy? Why the heck did he give Dunzhu to Qiaoqiao as a pet?

Could it be because?

Mo Lian was going to give Qiaoqiao a man-eating flower, so...

The Little Despot thought that giving Dunzhu to the little lady as a pet would make her happy?

Qiao Mu shook the earthen cage and inquired curiously while looking at that little figure who was wailing to the high heavens. "Who is he?"

"He was originally a gatekeeper of the Punishment Tower, Dunzhu." Feng Chen simply could not look straight at Dunzhu.

Qiao Mu was enlightened. She nodded and asked, "Wouldn't he be a jailer then? How come he got locked up in a cage?"

Everyone: "..."

Mo Lian immediately remembered that man-eating flower when he saw everybody giving his wifey presents.

Mo Lian promptly summoned that small morning glory and handed it to Qiao Mu while patting her on the head. "Qiaoqiao, this is for you."

"A demonic plant!" Qiao Mu immediately grabbed that man-eating flower. The sudden force nearly crushed the small morning glory dead. It bared two rows of sharp fangs from its blossom.

Qiao Mu gazed amiably at the flower in her hands and asked gently, "Can I borrow a drop of your poison?"

No one would believe that this little one that had fangs and oozed poison was an ordinary plant-type spiritual beast.

This was probably a very powerful demonic plant.

The small morning glory didn't know why it started shivering so hard that its petals fell.

"Don't worry, it won't kill you." Qiao Mu had already produced three shining silver needles in her hand and abruptly stabbed them at the flower.

"Gurgle..." The pitiful man-eating flower spewed out a glob of green poison.

Meanwhile, a certain Qiao was long prepared and caught it perfectly in a small jade bottle.

Chapter 1867: Princess Jing's Concession

If crying was useful, the small morning glory would have already been bawling!

How come it felt that it had a grueling future ahead?

The small morning glory lay limply against Qiao Mu's shoulder, completely out of strength.

Qiao Mu cast it a side glance and begrudgingly took out a small bottle of medicinal solution from her inner world. "Here, a tonic for you."

Look at this useless fellow. She had only extracted a tenth of its poison essence, yet it now looked like it was threatening suicide.

This useless little one.

Miss Qiao was inwardly despising it, yet her hands dexterously fed the morning glory a whole bottle of nourishing solution.

Flutter... The light sound of flapping butterfly wings was heard.

Several hundred poison-tailed butterflies had returned and circled around Qiao Mu.

Qiao Mu's expression turned solemn, and she cast the brandy-nosed senior a look. She then ordered with a wave of her hand, "Bring along these corpses and come with me."

Wanlu Town, Shunlai Tavern.

By the time Qiao Mu's group arrived, it was already late into the evening.

The main doors to Shunlai Tavern were wide open, and Jing Linyao was sitting there while holding a cup of green tea. When she saw the neatly-placed row of corpses at the door, her mouth involuntarily curved into a smile.

"I have waited for you all for a long time." Jing Linyao nodded lightly at the golden couple who stepped through the door while holding hands. Her eyes flickered when her gaze landed on Qiao Mu.

A vine whip abruptly lashed out at Jing Linyao as quick as lightning.

Anyone else would naturally be surprised, but Jing Linyao had experienced even more adverse circumstances. She simply leaned backward slightly while retaining her calm.

The breeze that the vine whip produced fluttered the locks of hair by her ear.

Soon afterwards, Miss Qiao darted toward her and sent fists of wood spirit at her.

Dao Wuji opened his mouth and wanted to say something. However, he silently shut his mouth when he saw Crown Prince Mo giving him a cold look.

The two figures started fighting inside the main hall of the tavern, and the tables, chairs, and benches there shattered to pieces from the two's rampaging spiritual energy.

The owner and workers of the tavern had long gotten wind of the situation and were hiding on the second floor, afraid to come down. The main hall of the tavern was suffused with a suffocating killing intent.

Bam! The chair Jing Linyao was sitting in got pulverized by Miss Qiao's fierce punch.

When Qiao Mu saw that she was only dodging without attacking, killing intent flitted across Qiao Mu's eyes. She raised her fair and slender hand, and several hundred ebony blue talismans rose up around her.

Jing Linyao's expression changed.

It was no longer as calm and collected as before. She quickly stretched out her hand and shouted, "Miss, please stay your hand!"

Although these several hundred attack talismans would definitely do a number on her, they would also destroy this unlucky tavern at the same time!

A snigger crept on Qiao Mu's lips. "Wasn't the owner of this tavern aware already? That you would compensate anything destroyed!"

That's why, it didn't matter if the tavern got destroyed!

"Wait!!" A bitter smile surfaced on Jing Linyao's lips before she cupped her hands and said, "Please excuse me, Miss! How about we stop fighting and talk?"

There were still many other guests staying on the second floor of this tavern. If the tavern got destroyed, then they...

"What is there to talk about." Qiao Mu scoffed. "I see that you don't look like a fool, so hand over the culprit."

"Miss!" Jing Linyao wanted to stop her, yet she was so shocked by the little stoic's next move that her face turned ashen.

Chapter 1868: I Want Her to Die

Not only did Miss Qiao not recall those several hundred ebony blue talismans, but she even flung out several hundred more talismans that formed several dozen defensive talisman matrices around her.

She was clearly not going to let things lie!

Jing Linyao quickly dissuaded, "Miss, let's calm down and talk. I waited for you here in order to resolve this situation! My sister was foolish and muddle-headed to offend Miss. The Jing Family will discipline her..."

"I want her to die!" Qiao Mu shouted. Her icy gaze made even Jing Linyao, who had been on the battlefield multiple times and was used to corpses, shudder in her heart.

Such an unforgiving gaze!

No! The little lady meant that her third sister Jing Minyao had to die as punishment?

"Are you handing her over or not." Qiao Mu asked unmovingly.

Stomp, stomp, stomp. The innkeeper could no longer withstand the pressure after the commotion downstairs got so bad. He struggled as he stumbled down the stairs and bowed repeatedly, "Apologies, apologies! Could you all go outside, outside..."

The innkeeper was trembling. He was afraid that the tavern was going to get destroyed.

The guests on the second floor had long been disturbed awake from the huge commotion. They all opened the doors and windows to their rooms and furtively probed their heads out.

Qiao Mu swept that innkeeper a glance and tilted her petite head at Jing Linyao.

Jing Linyao smiled bitterly and had the crowd part so that she could walk out the main doors of Shunlai Tavern.

Swish, swish, swish... Several hundred ebony blue talismans came flying and briskly lined up in front of Jing Linyao.

"Give her the people," Qiao Mu ordered coldly.

The giant ape thus lumbered out from the crowd and flung its arm, brusquely tossing down around a dozen people on the verge of death in front of Jing Linyao without hesitation.

One of the black-clothed people crashed down so hard that her face shroud fell off, revealing a ghastly-pale petite face.

"Plea, Please forgive me, Princess. Xinlan has failed." The black-clothed woman kowtowed with a bang.

However, Qiao Mu's stoic face was indifferent.

Jing Linyao stretched her hands out to help up Xinlan, yet a vine whip shot out from the little lady's hand and lassoed Xinlan over. Qiao Mu then gripped Xinlan's throat with one hand.

"You sent people to clean up the aftermath? You're trying hard to wipe all traces of what your Jing Family did." Qiao Mu's lips tugged into a sneer. "Is this Princess Jing's way of doing things?"

Secretly wiping away all traces when you did something wrong and pretending that nothing had happened? What did you take her, Qiao Mu, as? A good-for-nothing who just stomachs this bullying without retaliating?

"Hand over the person to receive punishment, and today's events will end here. Otherwise..." Qiao Mu looked at her coldly. "I'll make sure to wreck havoc for your Jing Family both in life and death!"

Everybody looked silently at Crown Prince Mo, who looked calm and was even smiling faintly.

Your indulging expression really scarred their eyes!

1

There was an eighty percent chance that this child's willful temper was a result of the crown prince's indulging...

"Ohoho." The Gingko Immortal couldn't resist giggling while covering her mouth with her hand. She concurred with a nod, "That's right. You should have the right attitude for resolving such an aftermath! This immortal thinks that the little lady is correct! Your Jing Family sent several hundred assassins after the little lady, yet you're not allowing her to be angry and retaliate?"

Jing Linyao momentarily turned reticent before looking at the crown prince. "What does Your Highness say?"

"You don't understand what the crown prince consort wants?"

Chapter 1869: No Way to Resolve Things Peacefully

Crown Prince Mo gazed coldly at Princess Jing. "Or is the Jing Family set on harboring the culprit? Jing Linyao."

Crown Prince Mo looked at her meaningfully and commented, "You should consider carefully the consequences of offending this crown prince."

Jing Linyao was silent for a while, and then she raised her hand and told two maidservants who had walked out from the tavern's main entrance. "Go call for Third Young Lady and them."

The first one to walk out from the tavern was Jing Qiyao. She was indifferent since this situation had nothing to do with her. It was all Third Sister's mess, so she could go resolve it herself since she was so capable.

Behind her were Madam Jing and Jing Minyao, who supported each other as they walked out from the tavern. They gazed ferociously at Jing Linyao when they saw her.

"Jing Linyao, what did you call us down in the middle of the night for? What the hell else do you want to do??" Jing Minyao was cursing, but her expression changed when she saw the crowd of people standing at the entrance.

"Who are they?"

Madam Jing looked guardedly at Jing Linyao before turning to observe Qiao Mu and her party.

Yet Jing Minyao's gaze was already on Mo Lian, and her eyes lit up like fireworks.

"Your Highness?" She had seen His Highness the Crown Prince's portrait before. She naturally identified such an exceedingly handsome man from the crowd at a glance.

However, those men and women next to His Highness the Crown Prince also had outstanding looks too. Jing Minyao's eyes veered toward Feng Chen.

There was a thin smile on Feng Chen's lips as he stood leisurely on the side.

Ay, the Jing Family definitely wouldn't be able to resolve things peacefully if the little lady couldn't vent her wrath today.

After all, no one could be a fool to laugh it off without pursuing the matter after getting chased by so many assassins.

Moreover, from the little lady's personality of yielding neither to force nor persuasion, tut. The Jing Family just had to go and provoke this little hoodoo.

Madam Jing also recognized the crown prince at once, and she quickly went up to curtsy with a smile. "Greetings to Your Highness. This one is the wife of the Aurora Desert's Pangu Tribe's Chief, Wang Limeng, ah..."

Before she could finish speaking, a vine whip cracked through the air toward her.

"Madam!" The two guards beside her shouted in alarm. They quickly rushed up to block the vine whip, but they didn't expect its tricky movement. It swept under their feet before rearing up and lashing Madam Jing's body.

Dao Wuji's eyelid jerked.

Tut tut tut, this little lady truly was ruthless to the extreme.

She directly dished out a serving of vine whipping without any explanation. It looked like she really was quite furious.

"What does Your Highness the Crown Prince mean by this?" Madam Jing yelped as she retreated backwards and pressed against her aching waist.

She felt the burning pain from the lashing through her clothes.

Mo Lian naturally wouldn't deign to speak to this foolish woman. He cast Jing Linyao a cold glance. "Jing Linyao, who gave the order?"

"Third Sister, I can't cover for you anymore." Princess Jing sighed.

"The outcome of your actions is here before you. You can't blame anyone else for doing those things either. As the Third Young Lady of the Pangu Tribe, you have to take responsibility for your actions and should not implicate your tribesmen."

"Does Mother agree with what I said?" Princess Jing turned to ask Madam Jing

Chapter 1870: Take Your Own Life as Penance

Madam Jing's face contorted, and she hastily shielded her youngest daughter Jing Minyao behind her. She looked warily at Qiao Mu's party. "What do you people want?"

Suddenly, two hundred plus corpses got tossed in front of Jing Minyao like trash, forming a hill of corpses.

This horrifying scene made Jing Minyao pale from fright, and she buried herself into her mother's arms, afraid to utter a word.

Madam Jing's complexion was also pale, but as a mother, she needed to stand up for her daughter. "We can talk things out."

Cling-clang. However, an old dagger got tossed at Jing Minyao's feet, letting out a crisp clang.

The arm with which Madam Jing was holding her daughter shook, and she looked up incredulously at the little stoic not far away.

That cold face did not show any superfluous emotions.

"Take your life as penance." Qiao Mu stated icily, "If you need me to do it for you, the outcome won't be pretty."

Jing Minyao, who had buried herself in her mother's arms, looked up with a resentful glare at Qiao Mu. "You! How are you qualified to decide my death?? You b*tch, you think you can monopolize His Highness by ordering my death? You're too naive! His Majesty has long issued an edict... Ah!"

Crown Prince Mo cast a cold glance over. There was no need for him to do anything, as there was naturally someone who would act on their boss's behalf. Jing Minyao got slapped from a distance, successfully shutting her up.

"This woman talks too much." Mo Lian swept a frosty gaze over Madam Jing and her daughter, and he ordered nonchalantly, "Since she doesn't have the courage to die, Luo Yang, go help her out."

One of the Luo Brothers, Luo Yang, gave a nod and walked up to Madam Jing and her daughter.

Madam Jing backed away while hugging her daughter, and she screamed frantically, "Your Highness, you cannot do this. This is His Majesty's decree! For a daughter of the Jing Family to marry Your Highness!"

In other words, you shouldn't take your anger out on them. You should find the chief offender, the emperor, instead.

"You think that fellow's decree can do anything to this crown prince?" *If it could do anything, he wouldn't have burned it!*

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Madam Jing's heart sank with a thump at the man's scoffing attitude.

"Luo Yang," the crown prince called again impatiently.

Luo Yang stomped heavily on the ground, and the guards originally surrounding Madam Jing and her daughter immediately fell flat from the tremor while coughing violently.

"Minmin!" Madam Jing tried grabbing her but could only watch helplessly as her daughter fell into the burly man's grasp.

Minmin was still young. She hadn't even triggered her divine meridians yet.

How did these people have the cheek to bully a twenty-year-old young lady!

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Madam Jing gnashed, "Let go of my daughter!"

"Your Highness! Even if our Minmin did this young lady wrong, Minmin is still young, so she is bound to handle affairs inconsiderately. Is there a need for Your Highness to dispute with a young girl over this?" Madam Jing declared with conviction, "Besides, this young lady next to you doesn't seem like she got hurt!"

Qiao Mu bluntly interrupted Madam Jing's pompous speech. "Should there be a necessary connection between whether I got injured and whether she sent assassins after me?"

So she deserved to die? Any random person could send several hundred assassins after her just because they found her an eyesore?

It served her right to die! Conversely, she was lucky to still be alive, so she shouldn't pursue everything that happened prior?

"Miss, you can't view the situation that way. Our Minmin is only twenty this year. She may be immature, but should you lower yourself to her level?"