

My Crown 2061

Chapter 2061: I Have You!

Mo Lian, being able to meet you in this life! Is probably the luckiest thing in this lifetime of mine.

At that time, she was probably still struggling painfully in hell.

I have you!

I have you!

I have you!!

Miss Qiao nuzzled her petite head against his chest and nestled herself comfortably.

It was as if she was seeing herself lying in the dingy dungeon during those difficult times. She was looking blankly at the ceiling that did not see light and was feeling helpless.

It was as if she could hear Fan Gu's high-pitched voice laughing harshly in her ears: "He'er, tomorrow I have to make a trip back to Willow Lane. I've been matchmaking for your cousin lately, ahahaha. There seems to be one family that is quite nice."

She then heard Fan Qiuhe's hearty laughter. "Then congratulations to Auntie! You'll become a grandmother by next year."

Marrying someone?

At that time, she could only stare blankly at that pitch-black dungeon ceiling while hearing the sound of rats squeaking. She asked herself again and again in her mind: *What was it like, to get married?*

She really envied those people with intact limbs who could walk normally under the sunlight...

She envied Fan Gu's daughter. She really, really envied her...

Mo Lian stroked her petite head, and his gaze went past Qiaoqiao's black hair to Tung, who was standing in the distance.

He sent out a sharp and severe gaze to relay his order. The latter immediately understood and gesticulated before swiftly leaving with his men to carry out his order.

'You not only have to cut the weeds but also dig up the roots. Fan Gu's daughter has to die!'

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His Highness the Crown Prince was evidently much more hardhearted than Qiaoqiao.

This man who had controlled the life and death of so many on Sikong Planet did not have an overly gentle or kind heart. No matter how soothing and harmonious he looked on the outside, his heart was ice-cold...

He was someone who could, for the sake of Mo Yu's future and the Mo Kingdom's stability and peace, heartlessly dispose of his eight-year-old nephew Mo Cheng [1. The son of the Mo Kingdom's Eldest Prince.].

If not for Qiaoqiao's sake, if not because Shu Quan was rather smart. Mo Cheng would already be dead by now.

He was different from Qiaoqiao.

If you cracked open Qiaoqiao's ice-cold shell, you would find a softhearted little fellow inside who refused to come out of her snail shell no matter what.

In contrast, he was a man who was completely merciless from head to toe.

Never mind killing Fan Gu's daughter which was of no consequence. For his Qiaoqiao, even if he had to kill a hundred, a thousand, or even turn into a demon, so what?

Qiao Mu looked up at Mo Lian and wrinkled her petite nose. "I'm hungry."

A faint smile immediately surfaced on Mo Lian's lips. He reached out to scoop up the little fellow by the waist. "What do you want to eat? I'll cook for you."

"Do you fancy snake meat?"

"Hiss!!" *You're pissing off this snake darling!* The white snakelet raised up its tiny head and nuzzled its little master's wrist. "Masta, Masta. Dragon meat is tasty, dragon meat is tasty!"

Qiao Mu flicked the white snakelet's head gently and looked back at Mo Lian. Her large, watery eyes were shining brightly.

Mo Lian bent down to kiss her clear forehead. "Then how about we first find an inn to rest in. I'll then cook you a sumptuous meal!"

"Okay." Qiao Mu nodded. After sweeping her sleeve, several dozen explosion birds flew out of her Paradise Planet.

These little fellows who were attempting suicide every day only had a life span of three years. They were preparing for suicide every single day....

"Go ahead." With a wave of Qiao Mu's fingers, a flock of explosion birds scattered all over Wuwang Mountain's Clear Sky Gorge.

Chapter 2062: A Fleeting Smile

Boom!

"Boom, boom!" The sounds of several explosions subsequently followed.

Everywhere the explosion birds went, they blasted the entire beautiful and secluded Clear Sky Gorge into ruins.

Qiao Mu swept a glance around without a ripple in her gaze.

It didn't matter if this kind of evil and vile place got razed. Beautiful as its scenery was, it could not cover up its rotten nature.

The entire Clear Sky Faction was swallowed up by fire.

The flames illuminated Qiao Mu's tranquil expressions.

Her gaze was icy as she watched the buildings collapse due to the fire.

The past vanished like dreams and like smoke. Everything that happened yesterday ended yesterday!

From now on, that "smiling big brother" no longer existed in this world.

She wished him a pleasant time in that bloody hell of terror.

Godspeed...

Qiao Mu tugged the corner of her mouth, doing her best to show a smile.

In the light of those towering flames, she looked surpassingly beautiful.

Mo Lian's palm cupped her petite face.

My Qiaoqiao, I hope that you will never be haunted by mental demons again and will be happy and healthy.

On Shuntian Prefecture's busy Ping'an Street.

Many shops had closed due to poor business caused by the changing ways of the world. However, many stalls had popped up at the ends of the street, selling various kinds of curiosities.

This street was the busiest district in Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture city.

Inside Xiancao Teahouse.

"Hey, have you guys heard?"

"Yesterday, a gorge in Wuwang Mountain, located 50 kilometers outside the city, bizarrely caught fire."

"Everybody says that someone angered a fire-spewing divine beast on Wuwang Mountain. The divine beast was showing its might!!"

"Right, right, right. I heard the prefecture lord issued a mission, dispatching a good many teams to Wuwang Mountain to investigate the matter."

"Tut, tut. This matter has blown up."

"Hey, hey. Say, is it possible that it is a fire-spewing divine beast?"

"Who knows. Whether it is a divine beast or not does not have much to do with us normal people."

“Mhm, that is the case.”

“I also heard that something big happened yesterday in Willow Lane.”

“Yeah, that’s right. It seems like a female corpse was hanging at the entrance to Willow Lane. It nearly scared the watchman out of his wits.”

“Did they find out who the culprit was?”

“Hey, you really are naive. What is the world like now? A zombie might even jump out and bite you dead when you’re just walking down the street.”

“That’s right. Even when the world was at peace in the past, the deaths of one or two common people wouldn’t prompt a big investigation.”

“I heard that the fourth manager of the prefecture lord’s family has ordered to cremate that female lest she turn into a zombie.”

“What a pity when she’s still so young. I heard that she was from a wealthy family. I wonder if it is a case of robbing and killing.”

“Robbing and killing?” One person scoffed. “You all truly are naive. I heard that female corpse’s mouth was plastered together with mud, with three soul-suppressing talismans stuck on her body! This is so that she can’t voice her injustice even in the underworld. Such heartlessness. Killing someone is just chopping off their head, yet...”

“Chit-chat... chitter-chatter...”

Everybody reflexively turned toward the door at the sound of the bell welcoming new customers.

Their eyes nearly glazed over at this look.

The two females who entered were dressed in bright and resplendent colors, their bangles clinking as they moved. Their fair and lustrous forearms were also exposed.

Their soft and white bosom rose and fell, and their exposed waists caused the onlookers’ eyeballs to nearly slide out of their sockets.

The sounds of people swallowing back their drool was heard nonstop.

Most of the men in the lobby were fixated on the two females.

Chapter 2063: Your Presence Brings Light to My Humble Dwelling

“Oh my, it’s supposed to be the capital of Shuntian Prefecture, yet I didn’t see any large and spacious inns after walking so long. I’m so exhausted.” The Gingko Immortal waved her pink silk handkerchief in the air. “I’m not walking anymore. I’ll walk after drinking some tea.”

The men and women that came in after them were like immortals who had walked out of a painting. Everybody practically couldn’t tear their gazes from them.

The man dressed in red clothes flicked his sleeves and flitted past like a startled swan, while the man dressed in ink-colored garb had picturesque brows and was gentle like the breeze.

The little lady whose hand the man in ink-colored clothes was holding had an expressionless and frosty face. Her eyes were illusory like the constellations in the dark night. It was as if one glance was all she needed to suck a person's soul in.

This group of people who sauntered in promptly honored the humble room with their presence. Everybody felt as if the class of this small, rundown teahouse had instantly jumped by many levels!

The waiter hastily ran over and wiped the chairs and stools once and then twice before beckoning for them to take a seat with a smile.

Qiao Mu sat by the window and propped up her chin as she watched the people come and go.

"Lian, say, will that child live well in the future?"

"Of course. Even though that peasant household isn't particularly well-off, the husband and wife are hard workers, and everybody who know them praises them for being kind people." Mo Lian patted her head. "Don't worry, that child will get better."

Qiao Mu turned to nod at him.

There was not a single survivor in Clear Sky Gorge's dungeon. Surprisingly, the child they had rescued from the underground base previously had tenaciously survived. After a period of nourishment, his body had also improved a lot.

When they sent him to the peasant household, the child was already able to speak again. As long as he obediently took the pills she left him, he would become an active child again in less than half a year.

She hoped that the child could have a normal family and a normal life, without any more disaster in his life.

"Be good. I'll send people to occasionally check up on that child later on. There definitely won't be a problem."

"Okay." Qiao Mu nodded and took the tea he passed to her.

Cling-clang. The bell at the door rang once again. When Qiao Mu looked up, she saw a familiar face, Xiao Huanghe, and her rude senior sister, Fairy Lingfei.

Lingfei's gaze landed resentfully on Qiao Mu and company in a split second.

Fairy Huanghe had already walked up and greeted Qiao Mu warmly. "Little Savior, so you are also here!"

"Huanghe!" Fairy Lingfei shouted at her irritably and then turned to walk out the door. "We're returning."

Fairy Huanghe turned to glance at her senior sister, and then she grasped Qiao Mu's hand and said, "Little Savior, where do you plan to stay? I have to first return to see my master. Tell me where you're staying so I can hang out with you tomorrow..."

“Huanghe!” Fairy Lingfei’s furious shout caused Fairy Huanghe’s hands, which were grasping Qiao Mu’s hand, to shake.

Heavens, Senior Sister Lingfei’s temper was too awful lately!

She just blew up at will. It couldn’t be that there was some mutation in her body...

“You’re not leaving yet!” Fairy Lingfei swept Fairy Huanghe a cold gaze before glancing contemptuously at Qiao Mu. “Today the estate is hosting a feast to entertain numerous young sirs who have come from the Divine Province. Master told us to return as soon as possible! Are you thinking of defying Master’s orders?”

Wahhh...

Fairy Huanghe bit her handkerchief and reluctantly let go of Qiao Mu’s hand. “Little Savior, then wait here for me tomorrow at this same time, okay!”

Would Fairy Huanghe please not act cute!

Chapter 2064: The Little Stoic’s Brainless Fan

Qiao Mu silently grabbed Feng Chen’s sleeve and wiped her paws.

Yet Feng Chen pulled it back in both amusement and exasperation: *Thanks, but this isn’t a napkin!*

“Savior, I will not be at peace in this lifetime if I cannot return your favor!” Fairy Huanghe bit her handkerchief, and her tears were about to fall!

“Huanghe!!!” Fairy Lingfei was probably exploding from anger by this brainless fan of the little stoic’s. She walked up and kicked Fairy Huanghe’s butt...

Bam!

Clang!

“Oh my goodness, soup, soup, soup. It all spilled, spill...”

“We’re leaving!!” This dunce was simplify disgracing Passionless Palace and the Shuntian Prefecture!

Fairy Lingfei grabbed Huanghe’s arm and walked out with large strides.

“Don’t think that you can approach our Passionless Palace because of Huanghe’s connection! Are you fantasizing about reaching the heavens with a meteoric rise? You can forget about it!” Fairy Lingfei turned around and shouted at Qiao Mu just as she walked out the door.

The little stoic looked at her blankly. *How come she felt like this senior sister of Huanghe’s was a patient with dementia...?*

“How about I help you examine your pulse...” The little stoic stretched out a petite hand, but Lingfei rolled her eyes at her before she could finish speaking.

“Treating dementia in the early stages only requires half a month’s remedy for full recovery. You will only need to pay attention to controlling your emotions, diet, and copulation... mhfm? hmfph??” The little fellow looked confusedly at Crown Prince Mo, who had suddenly covered her mouth.

She turned around and saw everyone in the lobby with extremely weird expressions. The Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal had even faceplamed in exasperation.

What did she say?

How come that Fairy Lingfei looked so flushed, with flaring nostrils? She looked even more ballistic than earlier...

She had only explained medical knowledge to her, advising Lingfei to get treated the earlier the better. It was unsuitable to drag it out!

Could there be some problem? Shouldn’t people get treated as soon as possible if they were ill? What if the illness spread and it became too late?

“Pfft! Hahahaha!” The Gingko Immortal couldn’t hold it in, and she started pounding the table with her fist, doubling up in laughter. *She really couldn’t resist!*

She felt like this Fairy Lingfei and the little stoic were simply not conversing at the same wavelength!

She was dying from laughter! Could she not be so funny! The Gingko Immortal dabbed at her tears that had welled up from laughter. She felt like she had laughed so hard she had ab muscles now...

“What is there to laugh at. You think that there’s nothing wrong with you?” The stoic face pointed at a middle-aged man sitting at a nearby table who was laughing heartily. “I see that you have sunken eye sockets and a dull complexion, which are signs of low vitality, thus causing your complexion to suffer. Overindulgence every day renders damage in the kidney and to sperm. If this continues, your yang blood will be deficient in less than half a year, leading to kidney failure and death...”

Mo Lian, Feng Chen, the Little Despot, and company all twitched their mouths.

The Gingko Immortal’s table-pounding and uproarious laughter was particularly loud inside the lobby.

The teahouse, which had entered a moment of silence, was also filled with explosive laughter.

That middle-aged man pulled a long face. He stood up in a fluster and pointed at Qiao Mu. “You, you!! You young lady! Speaking these words, you!! Do you still know shame?”

“There is no distinction between male and female in the eyes of a physician. How do I not know shame?” Qiao Mu swept an irritated look at the people in the lobby who were splitting their sides in laughter.

Were these people loony?

Did she say a joke?

Why was the whole crowd laughing at her when she was diagnosing another person’s illness?

Chapter 2065: This Girl is Not III!

“You! You have pimples lining the sides of your face that occasionally itch. You have a yellowed complexion and a weak stomach, which causes you to vomit every three days. This truly is gastric disease. You have the leisure to laugh at other people, yet the vital energy and blood in your own body has stagnated. Your body is so damaged that it wouldn’t last more than three years.”

“And you!” The little stoic swept a gaze at a young man laughing with a wide mouth. “You are so young, yet you are already stooping at the waist. Your pores have abnormally closed, and a chill has entered your body. You clearly have the symptoms of a carbuncle [1. A severe abscess or multiple boil in the skin, typically infected with staphylococcus bacteria.]. How can you still laugh! If the chill invades your blood, it might evolve into a skin ulcer.”

“And you, even worse! Your face is ashen and your eyes red. Your throat makes sounds when you laugh, which means the vital energy in your stomach has drained away. This is a precursor to death!”

After her lengthy lecture, the room immediately became quiet.

Everyone was flabbergasted at this young little stoic who started criticizing people when she opened her mouth.

Most importantly, she had loathed to even bat an eyelid after saying so much. It was as if that gaze was sweeping over a group of ants. She was looking down on them, not even stopping for half a minute...

“Pfft.” The Venerable Peach Blossom Immortal clenched his fist and couldn’t resist spewing out in laughter.

No could do, no could do. He couldn’t stand it anymore. His Qiaoqiao was truly too cute!

The way she deadpanned while criticizing other people pridefully was much more cute than everybody else.

“Pre! Preposterous!!” The middle-aged man who had pulled a long face was the first to jump up. He flung his sleeves with a humph and strode toward the outside of the teahouse.

Afterwards, a string of people stood up with him. They had steely faces, and they soon left the teahouse.

Goodness! They had come to drink tea, yet the whole teahouse now knew that they had weak kidneys, gastric disease, and trouble breathing. This really caused these businessmen to lose face...

The boss of the teahouse almost begged, “Don’t go! Hey, honored guests, don’t go! Boss Zhang! Aty...”

Everybody threw down their tea money and stomped off furiously.

And at this time, the sound of vigorous clapping could be heard from the side. The dunce looked fixedly at Qiaoqiao with a worshipping gaze from her large black eyeballs. “Savior, you’re so amazing! You know a lot!”

“Scram!” Lingfei shouted angrily. She grabbed Fairy Huanghe, the brainless fan, and started dragging her outside.

“Little Savior, I’ll come find you again tomorrow. Wait for me! Hey, hey. Hey, Senior Sister, don’t pull me! Senior Sister!”

“If you don’t properly treat dementia, the heavier symptoms later on will lead to raging emotions, mental illness, and it might affect the intimacy between husband and wife, resulting in infertil...” Before Miss Qiao could finish speaking, Crown Prince Mo couldn’t bear to hear any more and pulled her over. He covered her mouth tightly.

Fairy Lingfei was so furious her body was trembling intensely. She suddenly turned around and roared wrathfully at the little stoic who was sitting inside the teahouse, “I am not ill!!”

Qiao Mu tugged on Mo Lian’s hand and looked at the man disapprovingly. “What are you covering up my mouth for. It’s the worst when you people hide your illnesses for fear of treatment! If you don’t treat small illnesses, it’ll become troublesome when they snowball into a diseases! You people are just too stubborn!”

Feng Chen’s shoulders were shaking as he hung his head. He had been laughing so hard that his stomach hurt.

Mo Lian was both amused and exasperated.

Isn’t it you, darling, who is the stubborn one?

“Humph.” Miss Qiao pulled back her petite hand and gulped a large mouthful of tea.

So tiring. If not because she saw that those people were in truly awful condition, how would she be so willing to say so much in diagnosing their illnesses?

Yet this bunch of idiots were all treating her as a quack who was talking irresponsibly!

Chapter 2066: The Prefecture Lord’s Invitation

No eye of discernment!

She loathed to care about these people!

It was simply wasting her saliva.

Qiao Mu sipped some more tea. Just as they were about to get up and leave, they suddenly saw someone who looked like a middle-aged scholar enter the teahouse.

He cupped his hands toward them upon entering and asked with a smile, “Are you the students and mentors from Apex Academy, the third place of the recent academy ranking competition? The prefecture lord is requesting the pleasure of your company.”

Mo Lian and company looked at this middle-aged man with a spurious smile.

“Uncle De, what are you inviting them over for?” Fairy Lingfei was vomiting blood from anger. When she heard the newcomer’s voice, she had no choice but to enter the teahouse again.

Ever since she met the little stoic and her group, she, Fairy Lingfei, had been making a fool of herself the whole time. It made her indignant.

Yet now, Master and the prefecture lord actually wanted to invite this group of hillbillies to the feast at Shuntian Prefecture's official mansion?

How come!?

Fairy Lingfei was frowning in indignation as she stared coldly at Qiao Mu and the others.

That stoic face may be hateful, but those men beside her were most likely all blind!

She was such a beautiful woman, yet none of them spared her a look?

Geng Pengcheng couldn't wait?

They had just set foot in Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture city, yet Geng Pengcheng couldn't wait to bring them into the official mansion?

When Qiao Mu thought of how she had clashed multiple times with this prefecture lord of Shuntian Prefecture in the dark, she couldn't help but become moody.

She was extremely aware of Shuntian Prefecture's intentions.

"Qiaoqiao, if you don't want to go, you don't have to force yourself to deal with them." Mo Lian raised the little fellow's hand and spoke to her quietly.

Was a minor prefecture lord of the Shuntian Prefecture going to overturn the skies or what?

Qiao Mu shook her head. "Let's go see."

Qiao Mu couldn't help giving a cold smile when she recalled all the "good" things Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture lord had done.

Previously, Crown Prince Mo had told her that he did not find anything particularly useful when he searched through Fan Gu and Fan Qiuhe's souls.

It was most likely that someone had tampered with those memories, but it didn't matter too much whether or not they found anything through a soul search.

Because Qiao Mu was absolutely certain Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture lord, Geng Pengcheng, had everything to do with this matter.

Seeing that Qiao Mu agreed, the middle-aged scholar, who came to invite them, seemed to sigh in relief. He cupped his hands with a smile and said, "That is excellent. The official mansion has invited quite a few young heroes from the Divine Province Continent today. You may want to connect with them since you are similar in age."

In the middle-aged scholar's eyes, becoming friends with the young sirs and young ladies from the Divine Province was naturally something people would envy.

Yet Qiao Mu merely swept him an indifferent look and walked out while holding hands with Mo Lian.

“This lousy carriage will be taking us there?” Qiao Mu commented in distaste, and then she glanced coldly at that middle-aged scholar. “Since your prefecture lord isn’t inviting us with sincerity, you can head back!”

“Ah, wait!” The middle-aged scholar couldn’t help but become anxious when he saw the little stoic about to turn and leave with the man in ink-colored clothes.

This little fellow was totally not following the logical sequence of events! She had agreed at the start to go with him to the official mansion, yet how come her attitude changed so abruptly in the short moments after exiting the building!

“The Prefecture Lord is sincerely inviting you all!”

How was this carriage bad? How did it slight them!?

The middle-aged scholar simply wanted to shout in his mind! *Women really were fickle-minded!*

Qiao Mu’s eyes were devoid of warmth as she looked over at that middle-aged scholar. She grunted, “Lousy!”

Chapter 2067: Couldn’t Wait

This kind of lousy carriage was so bumpy that it might even make you throw up last night’s meal!

It didn’t even compare to the carriage she rode out of Qiaotou Village back then.

Fairy Lingfei stood behind Uncle De and snarked, “It’s only 10 minutes to the official mansion. What are you making so many rude requests for!”

Qiao Mu harrumphed and turned her petite head aside, ignoring Fairy Lingfei.

Mo Lian held Qiao Mu’s petite hand, and just as they were about to leave, they heard the middle-aged scholar hastily exclaim, “Wait, everyone, please wait!”

“I will immediately have a new carriage prepared. It will absolutely satisfy you, Miss.” This scholar really had no other choice.

These people clearly revolved around this stoic-faced young lady. If this young lady left, none of the other people would remain either!

Mo Lian’s gaze swept across that middle-aged scholar’s face, and he smirked, “Geng Pengcheng is rather thoughtful.”

Qiao Mu was aware what Geng Pengcheng was plotting, and Mo Lian was even more so.

However, neither of them were afraid of trouble. Since Geng Pengcheng wanted to cause them trouble, then he should first weigh if he had the qualifications to even do so!

Soon, a low-key, but luxurious carriage with a dark gold design appeared in front of everyone.

It was more than sufficient to fit 20 to 30 people inside.

Hence, everybody filed into the same carriage.

Xiao Huanghe also squeezed inside hastily. She had originally wanted to sit next to Qiaoqiao, but Crown Prince Mo's icy gaze made her cower. She drooped her head and holed up in a corner, afraid to snatch the seat next to Qiaoqiao from this lord.

Fairy Lingfei was not so angry anymore after getting used to Fairy Huanghe acting like a brainless fan. However, she was still glum on the inside. Just as she was about to jump up into the carriage, Dao Wuji, who was sitting at the entrance, blocked it. "Hey, hey, the carriage is full. Don't you come in!"

Fairy Lingfei was instantly enraged.

When the middle-aged scholar saw that they were about to bicker again, he hastily turned around to lead over a strong and vigorous horse for Fairy Lingfei to ride.

Fairy Lingfei indignantly mounted the horse and struck her horse whip. Everybody saw the horse galloping forward, kicking up large clouds of dust as if to vent her anger.

Sure enough, it only took around 10 minutes to get from the teahouse to Shuntian Prefecture's official mansion.

Everybody alighted from the carriage one by one. Uncle De differentially led them into the official mansion, and they wove through the corridors toward the main hall.

Overlapping houses formed a continuous line as they set themselves off from each other among the water pavilions.

Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture lord was entertaining guests. He was accompanied by his wife, the current Passionless Palace's Palace Master Feng.

Slap!

Slap!

Qiao Mu's group didn't expect such an exciting drama to unfold before them just as they reached the guest hall.

Seven to eight people, who were all battered to the point that they were badly mutilated, were tied up in a line in front of the door. It really was a feat for those laughing young sirs and young ladies to still be able to consume food!

Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture lord really couldn't wait to take them down a notch!

Crown Prince Mo curled his lips as he held his wifey's hand and slowly walked inside the hall with everybody else.

Qiao Mu glanced around. She suddenly halted and struck out at a burly man in anger.

This person was whipping a frail servant with such vigor that it was creating gusts of wind.

Chapter 2068: Just You Keep on Pretending!

That burly man stumbled forward uncontrollably after suddenly getting hit in the back by a palm strike.

This propelled him under another person's whip, which immediately tore his flesh. He covered the whip lash on his face and howled in anguish.

For a moment, it was silent inside and outside the hall.

Everybody's teasing laughter came to a halt because of this, and they turned around in surprise.

Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture lord and his wife, who were sitting in the center and entertaining the guests of honor, looked at Qiao Mu's group with peculiar expressions.

Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord Geng Pengcheng, looked like a middle-aged man who was nearing fifty. His sideburns were sparse, and he had thick eyebrows and big eyes. His scrutinizing gaze from his bright and piercing eagle eyes was the kind that unconsciously intimidated its target.

Seated beside him was Passionless Palace's Palace Master Feng. She had wrinkles around her eyes and on her neck. Even though she was done up with exquisite makeup, it was unable to completely cover up the signs of age on her face. However, her raven-black eyes were extremely fine and bright.

Qiao Mu gazed apathetically at the burly man who was clutching his face and yelling in pain.

She moved her fingers, and a green vine whip shot out from her sleeve. It chopped the wood pillar with a lash.

The vine whip raised up and caught a gaunt figure.

The next instant, she pulled that dark and skinny 11-year-old youth to her side.

Not only did this child have numerous lashes on his face, his body was also strewn with wounds. His legs were also abnormally distorted, like they had gotten beaten until they broke.

Qiao Mu's sharp eyes landed on that burly man who had been beating him.

"Scum!" Countless vine whips shot out from beneath the burly man. It was as if tens of millions of venomous snakes had burrowed into the man's body.

"Ah!" Because he got caught off guard, he was unable to fend off a level-four spiritual cultivator's full-strength attack. He screamed horrifically on the spot.

Shuntian Prefecture's Prefecture Lord Geng Pengcheng stood up and stretched out his hand, saying, "This must be a student of Apex Academy. We should talk things out if there is a problem!"

"Would you not know who I am? Why continue to pretend?" Qiao Mu coldly interrupted Geng Pengcheng's hypocritical words without a ripple in her emotions.

The little lady's gaze was filled with contempt and mocking, making one extremely uncomfortable.

Yet Geng Pengcheng held it in and pretended to chuckle, "This miss seems to have some misunderstanding toward me. I..."

Crash! The burly man who was originally hanging from the thorny vines crashed down hard to the floor, which also broke off Geng Pengcheng's words.

There was dead silence in the main hall.

Prefecture Lord Geng's eyelid jerked as anger flared up in his heart.

This little lady was too brazen. As expected, she was exactly as his subordinates reported several days ago.

She truly was an arrogant and spoiled little lass!

He had originally planned to intimidate them and take them down a notch, yet before he could do so, she had already killed his own subordinate on the spot.

Abominable! Geng Pengcheng's expression had turned sullen, and he looked at Qiao Mu wrathfully. "What is the meaning of this?"

Qiao Mu loathed to pay him any attention. She set that dark child on the floor and treated his broken legs.

"Ha ha." At this time, an extravagantly dressed young man who looked rather handsome and refined, walked out from beside Geng Pengcheng. However, his chin was extremely pointy and his skin was overly white, as if afflicted by illness.

Chapter 2069: Vassal Prince of Jianping

His white cheongsam was almost transparent under the sunlight, and a light blue inner garment with a high collar could be indistinctly seen. There were even several lotus flowers embroidered on the high collar using gold thread.

Even though his clothes were extremely extravagant, this young sir had extremely torpid eyes, as if he would faint next second.

Mo Lian raised an eyebrow.

Even though this was the first time he saw this person, his appearance matched up with someone in his pamphlet of Divine Province relatives.

The Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun.

The Vassal King of Jianping was Imperial Father's youngest brother who lived in the capital of the Divine Province throughout the year.

Speaking of which, this Vassal Prince of Jianping would be his younger cousin...

What reason made him come down personally to the Shuntian Prefecture?

However, his resplendent accessories could not cover up his sickly countenance that stemmed from overindulgence.

The Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun, walked step by step down the stairs to where Qiao Mu and Mo Lian were. He sized up Qiao Mu. "Rather good-looking, but with an unimpressive temper. Forget it, this young sir will be benevolent and take you in! It'll just require some discipline after bringing you back!"

Mo Lian: !

Feng Chen: ...

The Little Despot, Dao Wuji, and the others were all gazing at the Vassal Prince of Jianping like he was a moron.

Was this person a bit tired of living?

Was it not good to keep on living? Why did he have to go provoke Crown Prince Mo!

Shuntian Prefecture's prefecture lord hastily stood up with an obsequious smile. He introduced to Qiao Mu and Mo Lian, "This is the Divine Province Emperor's nephew, the Vassal Prince of Jianping Mo Kun."

The Little Despot: ...

Feng Chen: ...

They both gave this Vassal Prince of Jianping looks of pity.

He was so young, yet his life was already about to come to an end!

How pitiable and woeful was that.

Unfortunately, they would love to help but couldn't do so!

They could only watch the drama to relieve their boredom...

After dressing the child's leg wounds, she fed him a pill before patting his head. "It's fine now."

"Thank you, Miss!" Meng Mai had also recognized whom this little lady was by now.

It was the miss he guided to the terrestrial whale that day in the small market at the entrance to Shuntian Prefecture.

Little Meng Mai bowed to Qiao Mu extremely gratefully and repeatedly thanked the little lady for her saving grace.

If not for this noble miss who rescued him once again, he probably wouldn't have survived that brutal beating!

As he was still standing in front of everyone, Mo Kun's originally complacent expression had now turned extremely ugly.

"Darn lass, did you hear what I said?" The Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun, glared angrily at Qiao Mu and threatened, "Do you know who I am?"

How dare you slight me!? The Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun, was enraged.

Slap! Suddenly, an icy and bone-chilling palm gripped Mo Kun's neck.

Mo Lian glanced at him coldly for a moment before smirking, "The Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun, is it?"

The Little Despot, Feng Chen, and the others who were looking on were inwardly excited.

It's coming, it's coming, it's coming! Crown Prince Mo was going to give this squirt a memorable lesson!

"You, what do you want to do?" After suddenly finding his neck in someone else's clutches, the Vassal Prince of Jianping was afraid to say any more nonsense. He shouted agitatedly with a flushed face, "You, you let go, let go!"

He was the nephew of the Divine Province Emperor, the son of the Vassal King of Jianping. How, how could some insignificant small fry hold him up so impertinently by the neck?

Chapter 2070: Getting Beaten

Mo Lian's gaze was extremely icy as he looked at the Vassal Prince of Jianping whom he was gripping by the neck like a chick. There was not a hint of warmth in his gaze.

"You, what do you want to do?" The Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun, was not an idiot. He was still able to distinguish danger after having such high status for so many years.

For example, this man in front of him gave his heart and soul an extremely powerful impact. It gave him an inexplicable sense of fear.

For some reason he didn't get? It seemed like this man wasn't someone he, Mo Kun, could provoke, but was that possible?

He had come from the capital of the Divine Province. How could a cultivator from the lowly Six Prefectures compare to him... uh? Ah!

Mo Kun's expression shifted repeatedly, each more uglier than the last.

By this time, he had already experienced the sensation of being meat on another person's chopping block.

It was indeed very depressing that his slender neck was in the clutches of a stranger.

Besides, this person's grip seemed to be getting tighter. He was like a fish out of water in his hands. His limbs were spasming as his complexion turned even paler than before.

"No, don't, don't kill, kill me!" Mo Kun was finally panicking.

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He simply did not understand why this was happening.

He was actually unable to fend off a cultivator from the lowly Middle Six Prefectures and got caught by the neck?

This kind of incident didn't seem real no matter how you looked at it.

Qiao Mu had been focusing all her attention earlier to treat Little Meng Mai. Hence, she had simply not heard Mo Kun's philandering.

When she saw Mo Lian treating the young man in front of him this way, she couldn't help but have a thought. She asked Feng Chen in a whisper, "Could that Vassal Prince of Jianping, Mo Kun, be Lian's relative?"

Feng Chen nodded. "Evidently! This Mo Kun should be his younger cousin."

Being so ruthless to even his younger cousin...

Qiao Mu looked at Mo Kun with sympathy and gave a frown. "He must have provoked my Lian. He really deserves it."

On the other hand, Prefecture Lord Geng and Passionless Palace's Palace Master Feng shouted uncontrollably, "Will this young lad stay your hand."

"Stop, stop right now!" Geng Pengcheng practically jumped up and kept stomping his foot while shouting, "Don't act recklessly, you people! This young sir in front of you is not someone normal people can touch at a whim. He is..."

Bang! Before Geng Pengcheng could even finish speaking, he saw the pitiful bug Mo Lian had been holding up get kicked to the stairs like a quail in flight.

Mo Kun rushed several steps up the stairs and fell flat on his face before he could steady himself.

Luckily, his two front teeth were safe. Otherwise, his image right now would be even worse, too ugly to look at.

Prefecture Lord Geng jumped in fright and gestured for the maidservants beside him to go help up Mo Kun.

"Vassal Prince, Vassal Prince!" They helped up the Vassal Prince of Jianping from the floor. They dared not lift their heads and feared looking at his slightly distorted face even more.

"You, you people!!" The Vassal Prince of Jianping was so livid that a clot of blood in his chest was practically about to shoot out his mouth.

He stopped it at his throat with much difficulty. Only after massaging his chest hard did the vassal prince feel that he had caught his breath.

"Vassal Prince, Vassal Prince..."

"Go away!" The Vassal Prince of Jianping roared and shoved aside the two maidservants next to him. He walked towards Mo Lian with large strides.