

My Crown 231

Chapter 231: This Child Is Mad

The old man was surprised and surveyed the children in front of him. Based on their bright and neat appearance, they must be the children of some wealthy family in the city.

He asked hesitantly at once, "Sell? What's the price?"

If the child planned to buy it with some gold and silver, he naturally would not sell it.

"50 pounds of husked rice for your pot of flower. Will you sell it?" Qiao Mu asked quietly.

"50 pounds of husked rice?" The old man's reverberating voice immediately attracted people's attention. Not many paid attention to them earlier, but these people's ears were all shocked by the "50 pounds of husked rice" and immediately encircled them.

Qiao Mu did not like to be around a lot of people, but she asked with a light frown, "Will you sell it, Grandpa? 50 pounds of husked rice in exchange."

"Sell! Sell! Of course I'll sell it!" He had a large family, so the rice and gains subsidized by the City Lord's Estate were not enough for them. Even if the family was frugal with their food and ate congee and porridge every day, the food was still only enough to last his family 20 days. They had to think of other methods for the remaining days.

Their family was about to run out of food, and this child was willing to exchange the pot of Chinese crabapple with 50 pounds of husked rice, so there was no reason for this old man to reject the offer.

"Then follow me," Qiao Mu calmly told the old man and turned around to lead him into a nearby teahouse.

The teahouse had already been abandoned. These days, people could not even fill their stomachs, so who had the time and mood to come here to taste tea and chat like a fool?

Qiao Mu randomly picked a room and entered. She quietly said, "Block the people outside."

"Yes, Miss." Ao Ye immediately appeared and placed himself in front of the people rushing over with a fierce expression. "No one is allowed to enter as per Miss' order."

"I'm not an outsider! Let me enter! I'm your miss' relative. I..." Wen Ruwan wanted to burrow inside but was blocked and pushed back by Ao Ye's extended arm.

Wen Ruwan staggered back a few steps and was promptly shoved to the back by the crowd that rushed over. Her lips were trembling and her face was ashen from anger.

Ao Ye stood in front of the half-opened entrance of the teahouse and coldly declared, "No entry! Otherwise, kill without mercy."

The crowd took several steps back at once and all looked at this youth in black with disbelief.

They were merely curious and wanted to see if the little miss could take out so much rice. How could he go as far as to kill people!

A middle-aged woman contemptuously pursed her lips and said, "That girl has either gone mad or is a liar. Who would use a valuable 50 pounds of husked rice to exchange for a pot of useless, decorative flowers these days?!"

"My Little Sister likes to eet flower!" Qiao Hu irritably snapped at that woman as he stood in front of the teahouse.

What did these people know?! Elder Younger Sis was so awesome, she must have her reason for doing this. These ignorant bystanders, they liked to crazily insult people simply because they were bored!

"Right! Eet flower!" Xiao Lin'er nodded with immense approval next to Qiao Hu.

Everyone: "..."

Soon, the old man came out while carrying a large bag of rice with a joyous expression. The 50 pounds of rice caused his waist to bend forward from how heavy it was. But he was glowing with health and felt vigor rushing through his whole body.

Qiao Mu slowly walked out, having already temporarily placed the pot of flowers that resembled Chinese crabapple into her storage talisman.

When everyone saw the old man walk out with a bag of rice on his back, their eyes turned round.

"Heavens! That old man really traded his pot of flowers for 50 pounds of husked rice!"

"Seriously???"

"Little Miss, your sister likes to eat flower! I-I also have flowers! I'll sell it to you too! It's not expensive, I just want 40 pounds of husked rice!"

"Get lost! Child, buy mine, buy mine! I'll trade it for 30 pounds, 30 pounds of husked rice!"

Chapter 232: Silly Zombie

What was the situation with these people? Qiao Mu stood in front of the teahouse with surprise and had a frown on her face as she watched these people all rushing toward her with a pot of flowers in their hands.

"Too noisy."

Ao Ye drew out three inches of his gleaming sword, scaring the people who were fighting over each other trying to sell their flowers into hastily receding like a tidal wave.

'Conducting a small business is so difficult already. Why do they have to have a sword drawn on them too?'

Wen Ruwan was truly about to explode on the spot from how angry she was. She had been shoved back and forth by that barbaric crowd and the distance between her and the teahouse continued to grow. When she was about to call "Qiaoqiao," she felt a hand grasp her shoulder.

"How impudent!" Wen Ruwan angrily shouted and turned to look at the lecher.

A wrinkly and rotting face suddenly appeared in the reflection of her enlarged pupils. The thing "smiled" at her.

Plop. A rotten chunk of flesh dropped down from his chin.

Wen Ruwan felt her hair stand on end.

"AH!!!" She released a heaven-trembling shriek and turned around to shakily run toward the crowd. "Zombie! There's a zombie! S-save me! Save me!!!"

The crowd originally trying to jam forward promptly dispersed to two sides in unison. Who cared about her life? Everyone dragged their family and fled with ashen expressions.

This was not the time to sell flowers or watch the fun. Everyone made a mad dash for their homes.

However, they soon realized something was amiss!

Eh? That zombie appeared to only chase that unfortunate girl! It did not even look at them.

Just now, a fat woman was not watching where she was going in her panicked fleeing, so she crashed into someone's stall and was unable to get up. However, that zombie passed the fat woman like a gale of wind and did not even look at her.

The fat woman originally thought she was about to die, and all color had drained from her face. Her lips were trembling so much that she could not speak. As she watched the departing zombie, her mouth opened in shock and her eyes were full of disbelief!

Everyone had dodged to the two sides of the street, while some gutsy people even stopped running and nearly laughed out loud.

This zombie was truly silly. It did not capture anyone and merely chased after that girl, screaming as it ran. The miss fearfully scrambled forward in a flurry, sometimes crawling on the ground, and bumped around like a headless chicken.

"It's Aunt Wen!" Qiao Hu was stupefied as he watched this.

"Shaoyao, watch over these two. I'll go and take a look at Aunt Wen." When Qiao Mu said "Aunt Wen," she had a meaningful expression, and her eyes were glinting.

Shaoyao nodded while suppressing her laughter and reached out to take Xiao Lin'er's hand.

"Ah, why is that girl running toward Autumn Moon Garden? That place just has a seven-story opera house and is very open without anywhere to hide."

"Hurry and tell the city lord that there's a zombie that entered the city!"

“Ah! Ahhh! AH!!! Save me! Save me!!! Save me, you guys!” Wen Ruwan fearfully pleaded for help from the passerby.

However, every nameless pedestrian that she touched all shook off her hand in a panic and retreated back hastily, yielding a very broad path for her and the zombie!

“Rawr rawr rawr!” The persistently pursuing zombie ferociously roared and abruptly shot forward faster.

Wen Ruwan tried to stop herself from fainting with everything she had and staggeringly scurried into Autumn Moon Garden. She used the stair railings as a crutch to run up the stairs.

After three or four stories, all of her energy was exhausted, and she leaned her whole weight against the railing, heavily breathing.

A gentle and smooth hand suddenly covered her wrist, causing her to reflexively throw the hand off of her and shriek.

Chapter 233: Scapegoat

“Aunt Wen, it’s me!” Qiao Mu’s unique glutinous voice rang next to her ears, invigorating Wen Ruwan.

“Qiaoqiao! Qiaoqiao, save me! Hurry and save me!!!” Wen Ruwan tightly clutched onto Qiao Mu’s wrist like the girl was a piece of driftwood that she discovered when she was close to drowning. She tearfully sobbed, “Y-you are a mystic cultivator! You must be able to save me, Qiaoqiao. Right?”

“Roar roar roar!!!” Screams from a zombie came from the bottom of the stairs in perfect timing. The background noise was quite a nice match indeed!

Qiao Mu’s lips twitched. She pulled Wen Ruwan and called out in panic, “Aunt Wen, let’s run! I can’t beat this monster! It’s too strong!”

Wen Ruwan’s heart sank little by little.

She overestimated this d*mn girl!

Thinking back on it, she was merely a seven-year-old child. How high could her cultivation be even if she was a mystic cultivator?

The child must be unable to fight this formidable zombie. At that time, when the zombie catches up to them, she would...

A vicious and malicious glint flickered in Wen Ruwan’s eyes.

No matter what, she could not die! For her own life, she had no choice but to push this d*mn girl out at that time!

Who told her to run after her in a bid for death! It was utterly... Her! Own! Fault!

On the brink of death, Wen Ruwan managed to climb to the top of the opera house out of breath, relying on her hunger for survival alone. She was immensely fatigued and sprawled onto the railing, gasping for air.

There was a high stage built on scaffolding on the top level of this opera house with a decoratively carved fencing around the perimeter.

Normally, the audience all sat in the elegant pavilion on the opposite side and listened to the songs while drinking tea. They did not sit in the open area unless there was nice weather.

Wen Ruwan panted heavily as she leaned against the fencing. Looking down from her high position, she felt a bit dizzy and unsteady on her feet. She quickly turned around to lean her back against the fencing instead, her fingers whitening from how tightly she clutched the fencing.

"I-it didn't c-catch u-up! Hah hah hah hah..." Sweat drenched Wen Ruwan's head. Due to the intense running, her heart felt like it was about to leap out of her chest, incredibly uncomfortable.

"It appears so," the child calmly said and looked at her, unruffled.

The child's eternally stoic face did not shift at all and was as expressionless as always, let alone being out of breath.

Wen Ruwan appeared to have sensed something, and her pupils contracted. Her hands tightly grasped the fencing as she alertly stared at the child. "Y-you!"

Wasn't this child too calm? Her eyes were like a pool of dead and still water. Wen Ruwan could feel her soul and body slightly trembling, and terror crept over every inch of her heart.

"C-cough cough." Wen Ruwan choked on air and started loudly coughing. "Q-qiaoqiao, you... Hah hah hah. D-do you have a w-way to d-deal with th-that zombie down there? D-don't lie to Aunt Wen, hah hah."

"I'm powerless." The child slowly walked toward her, each small step landing on Wen Ruwan's heart like a stomp. Her heart pounded from fright, and her eyes twitched nonstop.

At this time, a roar came from the stairway.

Wen Ruwan's nerves pulled taut. She fiercely shouted at Qiao Mu. "Qiaoqiao, q-quick! Come to me! It's here! It caught up!!!"

*'D*mn it! This brat's too calm! I must keep a tight hold on the brat.'*

Other people had mentioned that a zombie did not pay attention to its surroundings and other people when it was focused on eating someone...

Chapter 234: Why?

"Aunt Wen, do you want to push me out and use me as a shield so that you can escape yourself?" Qiao Mu suddenly stopped walking. She tilted her head to the side and peculiarly looked at this woman who was supposedly gentle like water.

Wen Ruwan's heart jolted. She tried her best to maintain a calm expression but stuttered, "H-how could I? W-why would Aunt Wen do that?"

“Heh...” The child’s voice was calm, and the final light syllable slightly turned up, containing an indescribable meaning.

Wen Ruwan swallowed back and waved the child toward her with an embarrassed smile. “Qiaoqiao, come over. Come to Aunt Wen. Do you remember how Aunt Wen promised your parents that she would protect you and your siblings’ safety no matter what before leaving the house?”

“Yes, you did.”

“R-right?” Wen Ruwan awkwardly chuckled and urged, “T-then come over here, Qiaoqiao. Don’t worry, Aunt Wen will protect you even at the risk of my life.”

“Aunt Wen, you’re truly a good person.” Qiao Mu acted normally and nodded, strolling to her side.

Wen Ruwan fiercely grabbed Qiao Mu’s wrist and tightly clutched it. The strength behind her hold evoked a slight surprise in Qiao Mu.

It appeared a powerful strength could also erupt from normal people on the brink of death.

Bang!!! A decayed figure abruptly appeared at the large opera stage in the center of the level and howled at Wen Ruwan.

Color instantly drained from Wen Ruwan’s face. She had a tight grip on Qiao Mu’s wrist and subconsciously pulled her tiny figure in front of her to act as a barrier.

*“Qiaoqiao, d-don’t be afraid!!!” ‘I’ll feed you to the zombie later. You’ll feel a tiny smudge of pain when it bites you, but you will lose your feeling soon. I have no choice but to sacrifice you d*mn girl in order to live! Heaven will destroy people who don’t look out for themselves, so don’t blame me for being... cruel?’*

Wen Ruwan’s eyes abruptly shot open as she realized that she was forcefully shoved backward and was falling over the banister behind her.

‘What! Was! Going! On?!’

She was completely caught off guard. She utterly did not expect the child in her arms to be so malicious toward her! This girl actually dared! This girl struck first! This girl took the initiative to evilly stretch her talons toward her and mercilessly pushed her in the chest!

Wen Ruwan’s body uncontrollably laid flat. No, her whole body flipped backward and fell off of the banister.

No! No, no, no!!! Impossible!!! Behind the banister was...

A seven-story opera house that was dozens of feet above the ground. Normal people would die without a doubt when they fell off of it!

The final scene that imprinted in Wen Ruwan’s eyes was the girl’s pitch-black, icy eyes without a single ripple.

Wen Ruwan’s terrified feelings completely leaked out of her face. She opened her mouth but did not say anything. However, the question “Why?” was written all over her eyes.

She struggled so hard in this world and bitterly strove to survive. Why didn't her hard work gain any pity from the heavens?!

Why did the heavens want to kill her?

Why did the child want her dead?

She was merely a normal person! How did her survival stand in the child's way...?

As she plunged down with a shriek, she could clearly see the faint smile that surfaced in the child's eyes.

Smile? The child was smiling! She was laughing at how dumb she was and how she still ended up dead regardless of how much she schemed.

'Hate! I have so much hate!'

"Ah..." Wen Ruwan fell down from the top of the seven-story opera house and adhered to the laws of gravity without any impedance, crashing onto the ground with a bang.

Her arms and legs rigidly laid open in a spread-eagle position as Wen Ruwan stared at the sky with round eyes. However, her eyes could not see anything anymore.

Scarlet blood slowly spread from the back of her head...

Chapter 235: Karma

"Aunt Wen, huh..." Qiao Mu gently uttered, atypical musing in her tone.

'Don't understand why? You don't need to understand.'

'You only need to know that I don't need you to be a part of my future!'

'If you had nicely stayed far away from me, I would've spared you. However, you just had to approach me so stupidly, so... I have no choice but to let you die!'

'I don't mind dying my hands red with your blood because you owe it to me from our previous life!'

'The cycle of karma led to appropriate retribution! Since the heavens decided to spare you, I will personally take care of you!'

Qiao Mu stood in front of the banister and darkly looked ahead. The lingering light of the setting sun painted the distant sky an orange-red, a befitting complement to the dash of blood below her.

Her tiny figure was abruptly carried in a princess hold. Only she knew how tense her body was, but her body slightly relaxed under this forceful warmth.

"Clean it up." After the crown prince said that, he carried the child away without looking back.

Hidden Flower, who was standing on the high stage and facing a mirror to clean up his messy hair and decaying flesh, sighed when he heard this. "Not only do I have to pretend to be a zombie, but I also have to chase a woman to run all over the streets! Now I even have to stay behind to clean up!"

The life of a subordinate was very bitter!

Hidden Flower lifted his sleeves and took a sniff of his stench, nearly causing himself to faint.

No wonder Hidden Current was so miserable after pretending to be a zombie for so long!

It could truly stink someone to death!

“Waah waah waah waah!!!” Hidden Flower made a few “zombie calls” and shouted himself hoarse to call a group of people over.

“Ah, cough cough cough.” Blah! When he got back, he had to ask the crown prince for a throat-soothing pill! His throat freaking hurt from screaming!

Unfortunately, the youth screamed for half a day, but why would the common people come and seek death? Upon hearing that the opera house had a zombie inside, who dared to trespass?

Thankfully, someone went to inform City Lord Gu.

City Lord Gu did not take a long time to come, but by the time he summoned a group of people and arrived with a displeased expression, it was nearly an hour later.

The people took a few steps inside the desolate garden and saw the dead Wen Ruwan with her eyes still open laying on the ground in front of the opera house.

City Lord Gu and his group were shocked for a second before countless people drew their weapon and aimed it at the dead Wen Ruwan, afraid that she would jump up like a pretend corpse in the next second!

After waiting for half a day without any response, City Lord Gu darkly gestured for them to advance with his hand. “Go, search the premises! See if that zombie is still inside the garden!”

Without any surprise, they ended up empty-handed. Hidden Flower was not stupid, so he naturally fled after attracting people to this place.

“City Lord, what should we do about this girl?” Zhang Yan merely felt like this dead girl looked a bit familiar but could not recall when he had seen her. After all, he dealt with so many people entering the city every day, so how could he remember everyone?

“We must hurry and burn the corpse so as to avoid it mutating later,” City Lord Gu decisively said. “After she’s incinerated, look into her identity. We have to let her family know.”

After City Lord Gu said that, he sighed. These days, people died every day, so City Lord Gu had gotten used to it.

Zhang Yan nodded and directed the strong men to stuff the girl into a bag for corpses to transport her.

A fire set Wen Ruwan ablaze, turning her into ashes.

Something flickered across Qiao Mu’s eyes as she silently stood on an arched bridge and intently stared at the flowing water under the bridge.

She turned her hand over. A white porcelain jar quietly laid in her palm.

Chapter 236: Am I Cruel

This was the medicinal pill that she swiped from Wen Ruwan's lapels. The pill that could supposedly help damaged mystic meridians recover.

However, after thorough, repeated examinations from Qiao Mu, she discovered that it was an ordinary meridian pill. After ingesting it, it could mend the normal meridians inside a person, but it could not mend damaged mystic meridians like what Wen Ruwan said.

Hence, it was technically completely useless for her father.

She remembered Wen Ruwan said that this medicinal pill was gifted to her by a nomadic Daoist priest. It sounded false no matter how she thought about it.

However, all of this was pointless now because... people dying was like a candle sniffing out. Everything became unimportant.

Plop! The white porcelain jar was tossed into the water and slowly sunk down.

Mo Lian reached out to hold her hand and pulled her to the bottom of the bridge. "Do you feel better after standing in the breeze for so long?"

"Don't you think I'm cruel?" The child's head was lowered as she kicked the tiny rock at her feet.

Mo Lian squeezed her hand with a smile. "When I was eight, I killed a personal elderly female servant who took care of me and implicated many people. Back then, they were all killed at Royal Father's command. Do you think I'm cruel?"

"She harmed you!" The little fellow raised her chin and intently stared at the youth with her pitch-black eyes.

"That's right. I discovered that she wanted to poison me. Back then, she pitifully begged me and knelt on the ground, crying and bawling. She told stories about me from when I was three years old until I was seven years old and kept repenting to me. She described how diligently she took care of me." Mo Lian absentmindedly looked up at the night sky.

"I didn't forgive her. More than that... I personally killed her. I once respected her greatly. She looked to be a very benevolent woman."

"She deserved to die," Qiao Mu coldly said. "You didn't do anything wrong. What right does a traitor have to cry and wail in front of you? If it was me, I would make sure she wouldn't have the mercy of life or death."

That "friend" of hers from the previous life better pray to the gods that he did not appear in front of her! Otherwise... she absolutely would not spare him!

"Do... do you have to go back?" The child tugged on Crown Prince Mo's hand.

"I'm not busy. I can stay a few days." The crown prince was aloof as he said that. Huifeng, who was secretly following them, exchanged a covert look with Ao Ye.

These last two days, impeachment letters were sent to the queen like a flurry of snow. The crown prince ditching the state affairs and running off in the middle of the night had alerted even Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, so how could things be as calm as a certain lord depicted them?

Mo Lian suddenly reached out and picked up the child. He leaned close to her neck and sniffed. "Why do I smell something awful on you?"

Qiao Mu: ...

'I really want to slap this guy to death! You caused this stench!'

"It's your subordinate who was stinky! Your subordinate passed on the stink to me!" Qiao Mu rolled her eyes, Her lips involuntarily twitched when she recalled Hidden Flower's appearance as he pretended to be a zombie madly chasing that woman all over the street.

"Then I'll go back and punish him later for you. How about it?" the crown prince asked with a serious expression.

Qiao Mu could not help but feel curious and looked up at him. "How do you plan to punish him?"

"I'll order him to pretend to be a zombie for half a month and won't allow him to bathe. What do you think about this method?" Mo Lian looked down and winked at the child.

Ao Ye and Huifeng, who were secretly following them, felt their feet slip. Deep sympathy for the captain of the Hidden Pavilion rose in their hearts.

The child's eyes immediately turned round. "He isn't allowed to appear in front of me again!"
'Otherwise, I might faint from the stench!'

Chapter 237: Thousand Blossom

"Sure!" The crown prince nodded.

This cold-blooded duo decided poor Hidden Flower's miserable fate for the next half of a month with a few words...

Ao Ye and Huifeng looked at each other and silently grieved for Hidden Flower briefly.

"Today is the Thousand Blossom Festival, so it's a rare circumstance of liveliness. Yet, this fine atmosphere was damaged," Qiao Mu musingly muttered.

The duo walked along the street, damaged pieces of flowers littered the ground without a person in sight. Everyone had probably ran home in terror already.

"Isn't this good too? You like quiet, and I like this peaceful atmosphere." Mo Lian smiled.

"Withered flowers and damaged petals everywhere," the child mumbled. She laid on the youth's shoulders and looked up at the night sky. "How ugly."

A sole ray of moonlight faintly cast down.

Mo Lian lightly chuckled and pointed up. "It's easy to see flowers. Look at that..."

A rain of flowers spiraled in the distant sky.

Colorful flower petals lazily sprinkled from the sky. It was like the flowers started a graceful and complicated dance in the night sky. Several petals were sent askew by the wind and stuck onto the child's upturned face.

The night sky had been replaced by the brilliance of a night luminous pearl. Red, yellow, pink, green—the petals drifted down like a rainbow had shattered and showered upon its watchers.

"So pretty." The child's eternally icy face finally had a sign of cracking. An unharmonious smile turned up on her lips as she subconsciously reached out to snatch some falling petals.

It truly was thousands of blossoms flying everywhere, a genuine Thousand Blossom Festival.

The previous oppressive feeling that was brought by Wen Ruwan's death was completely swept away.

"For you." The youth handed a small box embedded with a multitude of sparkling, purple gemstones to the child.

The child opened it and saw that there weren't gems and jewelry. Instead, it was a box brimming with petals of all colors, a fragrant perfume permeated every pore of her nose.

She was touched. It was like a ray of warm sunlight was shining on the darkest and deepest corner of her heart...

"You're stinky, so you should perfume yourself in it when you go home and bath," the youth said earnestly.

'Blah! The sunlight is gone! Touched feelings? I fed it all to the dogs!'

'You punk! You're the stinky one!!!'

The child slapped the box close loudly and turned around with an "I want to bite you" expression on her face.

Mo Lian gently chuckled and strolled through the sea of flowers with the child in his arms, their figures slowly melding into the night sky.

After the youth brought Qiao Mu back to her original street to meet up with her siblings, it was nearly midnight by the time the crown prince escorted the children home.

Qiao Zhongbang, Wei Ziqin, and Qiao Zhongxing were already wrought with worry and could not sit still from the waiting.

Second Uncle even went outside to search for them and brought back the bad news of a zombie attack on the streets.

Just as the family started making plans about going out and searching again, the children returned home.

Only then did Wei Ziqin finally relax. She pulled her eldest daughter toward her and worriedly asked, "Child, are you all fine? I heard that a zombie infiltrated the city. Is that true?"

"It's true." Qiao Mu nodded. "That zombie attacked Aunt Wen. Sorry, Mother, I couldn't find Aunt Wen when I chased after them. Perhaps the zombie sent her running far away. I was worried about Xiao Lin'er and Brother Xiao Hu, so I went back to find them and didn't continue to chase after Aunt Wen."

Wei Ziqin's heart pounded from fright while Qiao Zhongbang and Qiao Zhongxin finally realized that Wen Ruwan did not come back with them.

The whole family quickly thanked the crown prince for escorting them back. His Highness the Crown Prince openly gained a large wave of affection from the Qiao Family...

Chapter 238: Super Strong Coldness Poison

"Mother, Daughter was useless and couldn't rescue Aunt Wen," Qiao Mu said expressionlessly.

Thankfully, this child was perpetually expressionless. Otherwise, she probably could not feign a believable guilty expression even if she had to.

"Silly child." The adults imagined the scene of the child "trying her best to chase after them but having to return helplessly" and all comforted her, "Silly girl, how old are you? It's already good that you could protect yourself."

"That's right." Father reflected, "Your safe return is all that matters."

Second Uncle sighed and summarized, "The future can't be predicted. Perhaps this is fate. Miss Wen is too unlucky and even said those unlucky words before leaving the house. She ended up..."

The child remained bereft of any expression on the surface but inwardly wanted to laugh. After Qiao Zhongbang and the others comforted her thoroughly and bade the crown prince farewell with a smile, they quickly sent the children to wash up and rest.

In her room, Qiao Mu sprawled inside the bathtub and played with the jeweled box filled with flower petals. She lightly harrumphed and pouted.

Then, she took out a few flower petals and scattered them on the water surface. She kicked her little feet in the water and raised her hand, a blue talisman silently floating in front of her eyes.

She took out the pot of flowers from her storage talisman and placed it on the circular stool next to the bathtub. A dainty pair of scissors appeared in her hand.

"Qiuqiu, are you asleep?" Qiao Mu brought the scissors close to the flower and cut off a flower bud. She cut open the petals and exposed the light green pistil inside.

There were 10-20 tiny green beads sitting on top of the tiny pistil. Each bead was delicate and round. Its soft shell did not permit forceful squeezing and could only be extracted gently.

Qiao Mu gently and quickly picked off all of the green beads one by one and placed them in a row on a flower petal.

“Can you tell me why I know this isn’t the Chinese crabapple flower and is instead a medicinal plant called green radish flower?”

Qiao Mu lightly prodded a few of the beads. “Each flower bud of the green radish flower will have 10-20 green radishes. The chilling effects of the poison pill created from them will be a thousand times stronger than the coldness poison pill that that daughter of some king’s estate gave me.”

Qiao Mu looked up with a faint smile on her face as she stared at the pot of green radish flower.

Besides the flower bud that she snipped off, there were three to four smaller buds on the plant. However, the large blooming flowers had already lost their medicinal value.

“Qiuqiu, did I really learn medicine from someone? Why don’t I... remember it?” Qiao Mu’s voice was low as her hand flicked the water in the tub. Her chest felt stuffy for some reason.

“Little Master, Qiuqiu only remembers that you’ve memorized countless medical and poison texts like the pharmacopeia, medical scriptures, the thousand poison holy scroll, and so on. Your master is especially fearsome. However, because you leaped across space and time and were rebirthed, a large portion of your power was sealed, leading to a partial loss of your memories.” If Qiuqiu could appear in front of Qiao Mu, it would wear a solemn expression.

“Little Master, after you were sealed, it’s actually Qiuqiu who was the most pitiful...” Why did the atmosphere suddenly change and the tone turn sobbing?

“Qiuqiu spent a really, really, really long time to accumulate that tiny bit of strength and uneasily grow out two leaves. Thankfully, after Little Master was sealed, those two foodies were also sealed in the main planet. Otherwise, my two leaves will have a precarious fate again!”

“I remember you mentioned that your leaves can not only increase people’s mystic energy, but normal people can also gain good health and a prolonged life after ingesting it?”

The sapling trembled in the dantian. It felt like something bad was about to happen...

Chapter 239: Heartless Little Master

“Qiuqiu, the leaves.”

“H-haha! Master, actually, after you were sealed, Qiuqiu’s memory is also incredibly muddled. Sometimes, I can remember things. Other times, I don’t remember anything.” Qiuqiu awkwardly tried to change the topic.

“Also, Master, you don’t know, right? The items in the inner world that you see with your eyes is merely a small portion. Your inner world hasn’t completely opened yet, so you aren’t that adept at using it right now. Also, in comparison to your items from the main planet, the items in your inner world are nothing compared to the items on the main planet even if you completely open your inner world,” Qiuqiu mused.

Qiao Mu chuckled. “Don’t attempt to lead me astray with those strange words! You’re forcefully changing the topic! Qiuqiu, give me the leaves.”

“Little Master, believe me! Qiuqiu is speaking the truth! If Little One reaches level-seven cultivation, Qiuqiu can immediately help you assimilate the Heart of Paradise into the star domain. Then, Little One won’t have that much trouble later and need to take out the Heart of Paradise every time you want to store or withdraw something! Also, you can also personally enter the paradise star...”

Qiuqiu continued to ramble on like it was chanting a Buddhist scripture, causing Qiao Mu to glare at it. She roared, “The! Leaves!!!”

‘Wahhh—’

Qiuqiu shook its barren branches and saw the sole two leaves on it snatched away by its heartless little master. A chilly feeling pervaded its heart.

After Qiao Mu got out of the water, she roughly dried herself and wore a middle layer garment. Then, she looked down at the two vibrant leaves in her hand and asked lightly, “Qiuqiu, can I still... see Master?”

“I’m afraid that’s very difficult. I only remember that your soul was unstable back then and would completely disappear if you continued to remain with your master. Hence, your master—ah, I remember now, and your uncle-master too! It was your master and uncle-master who borrowed the power of space-time to send you back.”

‘So the reason I was able to rebirth is due to... my master and uncle-master?’

‘But before that, my soul wandered in the world for who knew how long?’ Qiao Mu suddenly clutched the fabric in front of her chest. She felt like she could not breathe from how hard her heart hurt!

‘What kind of important things did I forget in those forgotten years...?’

“My master? What was my master’s name?!” Qiao Mu asked in a state of unrest as she sat on her bedside.

“What’s Master’s name? Eh, my little disciple doesn’t know Master’s name?” A figure leaped inside the room through the window. The figure used the moonlight to send her a beautiful and alluring smile. “Ah! Master’s name is Murong Xun!”

Qiao Mu was dumbfounded. Wasn’t Murong Xun’s arrival too coincidental? She continued Qiao Mu’s words especially smoothly! It was simply too seamless!

“Little disciple, what’s with that expression of yours? Aren’t you happy to see Master?” Murong Xun appeared in front of her with a leap and reached out to pick up this soft-looking girl. She said merrily, “What a little rascal, we haven’t seen each other in so long. Didn’t you miss Master in the slightest?”

“Master, we have returned from Qinghe Town for a few days! Eldest Senior Sister said she had no idea where you went. You were the one who abandoned us disciples!” the little stoic retorted.

Murong Xun did not feel embarrassed at all and broke out into loud laughter instead. She pinched the child’s stoic face. “Disciple, Master and your senior sisters will return to our sect tomorrow. Will you come with us?”

Qiao Mu pondered over it for a moment before saying, "Sorry, Master. This disciple will be willful. I want to... wait until Mother births my younger brother or sister before I go to the sect."

Murong Xun pinched the child's cheeks with a smile. "Child, why do you act like a fossil?! At your age, you should be willful and reckless! Don't worry, be willful however you want. Master will have your back!"

Chapter 240: Foolish Disciple

"Master." Qiao Mu turned to look at her master. "Why do you keep pinching my cheeks?"

Murong Xun said without missing a beat. "You're stoic! So Master is squeezing your cheeks to see when your face will become more spirited!"

Qiao Mu: "..."

Murong Xun kept chuckling and placed the child onto a stool. She took out a map scroll from her sleeves and stuffed it into the child's hand. "Do you know Five Moon City? It's quite far from the Mo Kingdom. After you leave the northern region of Sikong Planet, head to the west for the grand snowy mountains outside of Five Moon City. That's where the main altar of our Holy Water Sect is located."

"Although there's a large conglomeration of kingdoms existing side by side in the northern region, the Mo Kingdom is formidable and essentially rules over the northern region. Hence, the northern region doesn't become that chaotic no matter how chaotic the area becomes."

"The western region is different, however. There are a lot of tribes and ethnic groups in the western region, so it's very chaotic. There are all kinds of large battles on display every day, so I'm afraid there's a lot of mutated corpses there too." Murong Xun patted the child, who wore a lost expression. "Should Master leave someone here to wait for you and bring you back to the sect later?"

Qiao Mu quickly shook her head. She was not a true seven-year-old child who needed an adult to take her to school. Moreover, two months was a considerable amount of time, so how could she interfere with her senior sisters' cultivation time?

"Girl, didn't Master say you can be willful and act spoiled with Master whenever you want? Your sensibility makes Master's heart ache." Murong Xun kneaded Qiao Mu's icy face. "When you go to the sect to cultivate, you will leave behind everything in the secular world. Perhaps you won't be able to come home for three to five years, but it might take up to eight to ten years. It's good for you to stay behind longer and have a proper farewell and enjoy your time with your family."

"Yes." Qiao Mu docilely nodded.

"On our sect's Great Snow Mountains, there's a mystical treasured land that's so rich in mystic energy that it's beyond your imagination! I'm sure you will like it a lot, my disciple. Come quickly, alright? Foolish disciple, don't make Master wait too long." After Murong Xun finished saying all of this, she finally finished pinching Qiao Mu's cheeks. She handsomely left through the window and left behind those tantalizing words before departing.

'Really! Murong Xun must have done it on purpose! Some treasured land that's so rich in mystic energy I can't imagine it... Ah, it's so freaking alluring!'

"Masta, Masta, Masta! Let's go now! Mystical treasured land! Its name alone sounds awesome! The mystic energy there must be really, really rich and profuse! I want to suck, suck, suck, suck, suck, s-s-suck!" Qiuqiu's exaggerated voice rang in her mind.

"Shut up, be quiet! I'll take you there in two months." Qiao Mu yawned with fatigue. She was truly exhausted from this busy day.

She climbed onto the bed and rolled into her thin blanket, curling herself into a cocoon. Even her head was buried inside the thin blanket, exposing only her head of dark hair.

Qiao Mu closed her eyes and glittering droplets of sweat scattered across her forehead, which was hidden in the blanket. In truth, she did not need to envelop herself so tightly in such blistering hot weather. However, she was used to it. She felt like the tighter she bundled herself, the... safer she felt.

The next day, Qiao Mu was woken up by the intense noon sun that shone onto her eyes.

Wrapped inside the blanket, the child was drenched in sweat. She shook the blanket off of her and got out of bed. After washing up and changing into clean and cool clothing, Qiao Mu descended down the stairs.

She actually slept until noon! She was truly exhausted yesterday. Her physical fatigue was secondary to her mental fatigue though.