

## My Crown 281

### Chapter 281: Blindingly Bright

“All the mystic energy is heading toward Second Peak?”

Sect Master’s brows involuntarily twitched. What the heck was her troublesome second disciple doing this time?!

This would not do. She had to go and take a look.

\*Swish! Swish!\* First Peak’s Murong Xun and Third Peak’s Lu Yun, as well as several personal disciples of First and Second Peak, all appeared in Second Peak.

Holy Water Sect was the only sect in the three sects that did not differentiate between inner and outer disciples.

In comparison to the thousands of outer sect disciples in Heavenly Dao Sect and Daybreak Sect, Holy Water Sect only had a little over 800 disciples—a truly pitifully small number.

The disciples of each peak were the disciples of each peak master and were treated equally in terms of the cultivation resources like pills, magnetite, etc. that they received.

The only difference was that the three peak masters would take in a couple of personal disciples, and the relationship between master and personal disciple was naturally closer and deeper than that of normal disciples. Personal disciples might also receive some personal gifts from their master privately.

In contrast to the insignificance and low status of the other two sects’ outer sect disciples, all the disciples of the Holy Water Sect were living in a greenhouse.

Meanwhile, a certain troublemaker who was in secluded cultivation on the Second Peak had no idea that her actions had alarmed the entire sect.

Yang Xirong expected her master and senior sister would come, so she was waiting at the front door of Second Peak’s main hall to intercept them.

When they appeared, she jogged over with a grin. “Sect Master, Senior Sister Murong, Junior Sister Lu, it’s nothing, it’s nothing. Nothing major happened!”

“If nothing major happened, why did you cause such a big commotion?” Sect Master glared at her second disciple and curiously looked inside. “Why aren’t you bringing Master inside? Which grand-disciple is so powerful in her cultivation that she sucked away all of the mystic energy in the sect?!”

So curious! She really wanted to meet that nice grand-disciple!

Yang Xirong hastily blocked everyone and chuckled ironically. “You can’t, you can’t. You shouldn’t go there or else you’ll interfere with my disciple’s level advancement. Hahahaha.”

Then, she made a face at Murong Xun. “Senior Sister Murong, our second peak is going to win the entry disciple competition between the three peaks this year again, hahahaha.”

Look at that cockiness! Even Third Peak Master Lu Yun couldn’t tolerate it anymore! What a smug guy.

Murong Xun sent a harsh murderous look at her second junior sister. Dream on!

Just wait until my little disciple returned to the sect! This peak master would definitely blind your foolish eyes!

Upon seeing her three disciples butting heads again, Sect Master quickly waved her cattail-leaf fan and chuckled. "Enough, enough. Since there's nothing, then let's return to our own peak! As for the entry disciple competition between the three peaks, there are still two months! What are you so agitated about? Smooth your feathers! Aren't we opening the doors again tomorrow to accept disciples? Perhaps Ah-Xun will also get a good disciple."

"Hmph, no need! This peak master already accepted an extremely talented disciple. Counting the days, she should be arriving in these few days!" Murong Xun lividly flicked her sleeves and left.

Sect Master chuckled in embarrassment and sent a look at her third disciple.

Lu Yun's face remained taut, and she stiffly said, "Second Senior Sister, we'll leave now! Don't be so cocky; they say that lightning will strike cocky people! Mountains never grow old, and water flows on forever! Farewell!"

Sect Master: "..."

Each of her three disciples was more unreliable than the previous one! What kind of things were they saying?! All they knew was to insult each other every time they saw each other. What happened to the friendly sisterhood?

Yang Xirong happily sent her master and senior and junior sisters away before running back to the child's cultivation room to check on her. When she didn't see anything odd, she left with her mind at rest.

However, with Qiao Mu's disturbance, all the mystic energy rushed toward Second Peak, so the disciples of the other peaks had to pause their cultivation.

### **Chapter 282: Fainted from Hunger...**

Three days later, when the child opened her eyes, a pitch-black vortex was faintly swirling in her eyes before it slowly returned to tranquility.

Qiao Mu had steadied her cultivation to level six phenomenal success rank and was a touch away from level six peak state.

Since she was in her sect, she did not need to be on as vigilant guard as she did when she was outside, so she did not need to use the aura-repressing talisman to conceal her cultivation.

She looked up at the small ball of rich mystic energy gathered above her head and asked, "Qiuqiu, what's up with this ball?"

"Don't waste it, Master, I left it for you. Burp..." This guy actually belched from absorbing mystic energy!

Just how much mystic energy did it absorb?!

Qiao Mu silently absorbed the small ball of mystic energy into her mystic meridians and circulated it. To her surprise, after her mystic meridians broadened, her mystic energy absorption and storage speed evidently became much faster.

After the mystic energy entered her mystic meridians, her body quickly digested it like a drop in the ocean.

Qiao Mu sighed. As expected, her mystic energy had not reached full capacity yet, so she could actually continue to advance a level as long as she had enough supply of mystic energy entering her.

However, if she did that, her cultivation would advance too quickly.

Typically, if a cultivator had saturated mystic energy after perfectly advancing a level, they would not be able to absorb mystic energy from the outside world for at least 24 hours.

This was an innate self-protection mechanism in a mystic cultivator so as to avoid endlessly absorbing mystic energy and causing excessive strain on their mystic meridians. Some people's body might even erupt from the pressure of external energy.

Restraining the growth of your cultivation was also an excellent display of mental cultivation. Unless normal people had staunch willpower, they were reluctant to restrain themselves.

Why did they have to restrain themselves? They cultivated with such hardship and barely managed to advance a level once every three to five years, so they, of course, wanted to advance a level perfectly.

Otherwise, who knew when would be the next time they advanced a level?

In addition, normal mystic cultivators did not advance levels as fiercely as Qiao Mu!

Even advancing two ranks successively was already an accomplishment, let alone advancing two levels in a row like she did!

Hence, they did not need to restrain themselves from advancing.

Qiao Mu relaxed her hands and stood up. She had just opened the door to the cultivation room when she heard a surprised shout from some distance away, "Oh no, Junior Sister Qinghu fainted!"

"Quick, quick, give Junior Sister some water to drink!"

Qiao Mu quickly sprinted over and saw several senior sisters helping a girl in cyan clothes sit down on a nearby stone chair.

Although the girl in cyan clothes woke up, her complexion remained pale and there was not a lick of color to her lips.

Eh...

Were level-three mystic cultivators that physically weak? Why did this girl look like she was about to faint again at any second?

A level-three mystic cultivator's physical strength was on par with that of a third-layer body cultivator! She should not be so weak!

The little fellow squeezed herself to the front of the senior sisters.

The senior sisters of Second Peak all looked at the child, taken back at what they saw.

“Eh? Y-you are Little Junior Sister, right?! You’ve come out of seclusion!” The senior sister who spoke just happened to have seen their master bring this little junior sister back, so she recognized Qiao Mu.

Realization dawned on the other senior sisters when they heard that. So this child in front of them was the little junior sister who had been resting inside the cultivation room and drew all of the mystic energy in the sect toward herself these last three days.

Little Junior Sister knelt in front of Su Qinghu and held her wrist while surveying her with an odd look.

Su Qinghu smiled at her and weakly asked, “Little Junior Sister, what is it?”

“You fainted from hunger.” Qiao Mu herself was in disbelief when she said that.

A grand level-three mystic cultivator actually fainted from hunger! What a weirdo!

### **Chapter 283: Admonished**

“Why did you faint from hunger?” Qiao Mu was in utter disbelief.

The other senior sisters looked at each other.

Why else would they faint from hunger? Because they were hungry, of course...

Thinking about it, it’s been four days since they had eaten a bowl of red bean porridge. How miserable. They also felt like they were about to faint, let alone Junior Sister Qinghu.

“You’re very hungry?” Qiao Mu looked curiously at Su Qinghu.

Miss Su smiled abashedly at her. “I’m fine, Little Junior Sister.”

“What do you mean you’re fine!” A girl around 11 or 12 years old dressed in jade-colored clothes jumped out from the side with fury brimming from her round face. She glared at Qiao Mu and yelled, “You should ask yourself why Senior Sister fainted from hunger!”

‘What did I do???’ Qiao Mu was bewildered.

“Junior Sister Fang.” Su Qinghu looked at Fang Xu in disapproval before smiling gently at Qiao Mu. “It’s nothing, Little Junior Sister. Your Senior Sister Fang has an impatient temper, so don’t mind her. Also, Master wants you to find her after coming out of seclusion.”

“Senior Sister, why are you so nice?!” Fang Xu was like a little cannon who aimed her gun toward Qiao Mu, bombarding her with attacks.

“If it weren’t for you monopolizing the cultivation room three days in a row for no reason and mobilizing all of the sect’s energy toward you without sparing a spoonful for other people, why would Senior Sister Qinghu faint from hunger?! Hmph!” Fang Xu was panting with rage. “It’s all your fault!”

“If Senior Sister Qinghu could enter a closed-door cultivation state sooner and could absorb mystic energy to replenish her body’s energy, she’d be fine today! It’s not only Senior Sister Qinghu, but several

senior sisters also fainted because of you! The other peaks probably aren't doing any better!" Fang Xu admonished Qiao Mu in quick-fire succession.

Qiao Mu was clueless though and blankly looked at her cannonball senior sister. "You...? You rely on absorbing mystic energy instead of eating? That's unsuitable, right?!"

Fang Xu was truly infuriated by Qiao Mu. Her mouth opened and closed a few times before huffily shouting, "So what if it's unsuitable? How about you eat one meal every five days? What else can we do besides concentrating on cultivation?"

They were more hungry if they didn't cultivate, alright! When they cultivated, they entered a state of mindlessness and could conceal the weakened state of their body.

"But you'd become hungrier after you finish your cultivation." The child speechlessly looked at her senior sisters. Why did she feel like they were a bunch of idiots...

They could enter a mindless state when they cultivated mystic energy and conceal their feeling of hunger, but their hunger didn't disappear in reality, and they would only become hungrier as time passed...

"Ahem." Su Qinghu was both amused and exasperated when she saw Qiao Mu looking at Fang Xu like she was an idiot.

"Um, Little Junior Sister, how about you visit Master first?"

"Hm, here, eat this." The child took out a brown steamed corn bread from her pouch and handed it to Su Qinghu.

Mother prepared quite a lot of food for her before she departed, and these steamed corn bread were personally made by her mother for her. She used corn flour and added some minced pork inside, so it smelled very good.

It did require quite a bit of work to make it, so her mother even called Second Uncle to help her. Merely drying the maize under the sun and using a rock to grind it into powder took up a lot of Second Uncle's time.

Qiao Mu stored a lot of meat-filled steamed corn bread in her storage talisman but only a few in her sack for convenience.

As soon as she handed the steamed corn bread to Su Qinghu, countless pairs of eyes landed on the bread.

The little cannonball, Fang Xu, even reflexively swallowed her spit as she intently stared at the bread.

### **Chapter 284: Food Is Here, and so Is Master (1)**

Don't look so absurd! Look at how a mere steamed corn bread caused you to look so ravenous...

Qiao Mu dug around in her sack and took out a few flattened pieces of ruyi cake. These were given by the City Lord's Estate, and she casually threw a few into her sack. Their appearances truly did not look too appetizing anymore and looked rather deformed.

“If you don’t care about its ugly appearance, you can have it.” Qiao Mu handed the ruyi cake to her cannonball senior sister.

Little cannonball turned flush red and swallowed her spit a few times before indignantly saying, “Keep it and eat it yourself! I won’t use my age to bully you and steal your food!”

Qiao Mu expressionlessly took her hands and placed the cake in her hands. “Take it! I still have a bunch! You’ve seriously impressed me. You’re all mystic cultivators who are at least level three, but why are you like...” Idiots! How did you starve yourselves to this point?!

—Darling Qiao Mu’s section break—

Holy Water Sect’s First Peak:

Different from the sect master’s simple bamboo forest, houses extended throughout First Peak in picturesque disorder with long, spiraling paths that led to pavilions and kiosks.

When Murong Xun first created First Peak, she spent quite a bit of time and energy to find several famous artisans and tormented them for quite a while.

Although she had beautiful scenery before her, the beauty herself was not happy.

Murong Xun had been bummed for several days. She should have left someone behind back then to directly bring her little disciple to her.

It had been so many days already and long passed the agreed date, but her little disciple was nowhere to be seen!

“Master!” Xu Shanshan’s aloof voice was heard outside of the pavilion.

“Yes?” Murong Xun listlessly replied and lightly leaped down from the top of the pavilion, landing in front of Xu Shanshan. “What is it?”

“The king of the Qiu Kingdom sent over five carriages of food, fabric, and other supplies. They’re waiting outside the gate.”

Xu Shanshan’s words elicited a frown from Murong Xun. “The king of the Qiu Kingdom? What do they want? Let’s go and see.”

By the time Murong Xun led Xu Shanshan and a few other disciples to the gate, the sect master with her cattail-leaf fan and Third Peak’s Junior Sister Lu had already arrived.

The sect master was cheerfully having people to accept the king of the Qiu Kingdom’s gift while repeatedly saying, “How could I accept this? This is so kind of the king.”

Murong Xun’s lips twitched. She went up to intercept the disciples transporting the supplies and looked at the captain of the Qiu soldiers who escorted the supplies here. “What request do you have for the Holy Water Sect in exchange for so many supplies?”

The sect master’s friendly face instantly changed. “What? You have an objective for sending supplies here? And you want our sect to run an errand for you?”

Lu Yun: ‘...Don’t say anything, Master! This disciple’s head hurts the moment you speak!’

Murong Xun speechlessly glanced at the sect master. She plucked up the captain and dangled him in front of her before quietly shouting, “Tell me your objective now.”

The Qiu captain trembled and scrambled to kneel on the ground while bawling his eyes out. “T-this lowly servant is f-following His Majesty’s o-order to give an apology gift to Miss Qiao from the Holy Water Sect’s First Peak! T-this lowly servant has to p-personally hand it to Miss Qiao.”

His words were as clear as daylight, right?

It’s Miss Qiao from the Holy Water Sect’s First Peak!

Everyone present looked at each other, bewildered. The sect master, in particular, looked curiously at her eldest disciple. “Ah-Xun, you have a Miss Qiao on your First Peak?”

Just how awesome was she that she could make the old king of the Qiu Kingdom send so many apology gifts here?! Speaking of which, why was it an apology gift?

Murong Xun’s expression shifted successively. She felt something growing clear in her mind.

Xu Shanshan looked at the Qiu captain in shock. “What do you mean? My Little Junior Sister Qiao is here? She’s inside our sect right now???”

## **Chapter 285: Food Is Here, and so Is Master (2)**

“S-should be. S-someone t-told us to c-come here to b-bring this to Miss Qiao!” The captain turned more frightened. Why did he feel like chilly winds were whipping past him?

Murong Xun’s face turned foul looking immediately.

She started to recall the past few days.

After the eye-blindingly bright light from the entry test that night, Second Peak’s Junior Sister Yang brought an extremely talented disciple back to her peak. Then, that new disciple of hers entered secluded cultivation and absorbed all of the mystic energy in the sect for three days...

Now, people were suddenly here to give an apology gift to Miss Qiao from the Holy Water Sect’s First Peak!

What else could it imply? Her little disciple arrived a long time ago!

What Second Peak disciple?! It was clearly her, Murong Xun’s, final disciple!

D\*mn it! Second Peak’s Yang Xirong actually dared to snatch her precious disciple!

AH! Murong Xun felt like she was about to explode on the spot.

What kind of lousy incident was this?!

“Aunt-Master Murong Xun!” the disciples called, only to see Murong Xun launch into the air with a dark expression and swiftly fly toward Second Peak.

Xu Shanshan was stunned briefly before hastily following her master.

Upon seeing this, Sect Master slapped her thigh. "Oh no! Did you see Ah-Xun's expression? Ah, looks like something happened. We should hurry and see."

Sect Master looked back and realized her third disciple was nowhere to be seen. Her mouth twitched as she turned back around. Her third disciple was closely following after Murong Xun and was long gone.

"Rotten disciple!" Sect Master fumingly cursed before turning to the secretly laughing disciples behind her. "Children, you'll be responsible for transporting the supplies back to the sect. Leave them there for now and wait for your little junior sister to accept it."

Then, she quickly chased after her disciples. Her fan swayed back and forth as she called out in a panicked voice, "Ah, Ah-Xun, calm down. Don't be impulsive..."

If the sect master could put away her amused expression, it would be more believable.

On the other end, Qiao Mu was watching Su Qinghu eat the steamed corn bread. She nodded and asked, "How do I get to First Peak from here?"

It was rather comical that day. Aunt-Master Yang ran back here after snatching her, and then she immediately entered closed-door cultivation, so she did not have any chance to explain.

"Why are you going to First Peak?" After the little cannonball finished her cake, she felt her empty stomach feel slightly better.

"You can only fly to First Peak, and you need to be a level-seven mystic cultivator at least to successfully go there yourself. Us other disciples have to borrow a large crane to go there. Also, if you want to visit other peaks, you have to report to the chief disciple of your peak, and you can't go to other peaks every day. The crane typically comes every five days, and it just came yesterday."

What?! Then does that mean she could not go to First Peak for a few more days? Qiao Mu furrowed her brows in turmoil. She originally planned to leave quietly, but it appeared she now had to explain the matter to Aunt-Master Yang.

At that moment, Yang Xirong's joyful voice was heard, "Ah! I heard my little disciple left closed-door cultivation! Quick, come here and let Master take a look."

"Yang Xirong, be quiet! Who's your little disciple?" A bright red figure reached Qiao Mu as fast as lightning and picked her up before Yang Xirong could get there.

The child turned her stoic face, her eyes brightening as she called, "Master."

Murong Xun irritably flicked Qiao Mu's forehead. "Fool!"

Xu Shanshan did not understand the situation, but she looked at Qiao Mu and exasperatedly chuckled, "Little Junior Sister, you're truly naughty. Master kept futilely waiting for you in First Peak. Who knew you would secretly return to the sect and run over to Aunt-Master Yang's Second Peak?"

Yang Xirong found something amiss with those words and nervously sprinted over. She shouted angrily, "Murong Xun, what are you doing?! Release my disciple."



“Your disciple?” Murong Xun turned around with the child in her arms and narrowed her eyes dangerously.

### **Chapter 286: Taken back to First Peak (1)**

“You’re saying... she... is... your... disciple?” Murong Xun paused between each word as she sardonically looked at Yang Xirong, who had pulled back her sleeves and looked like she wanted to charge forward.

Ah, sh\*t, why did she feel like Eldest Senior Sister wanted to beat her to death?!

Peak Master Yang, who had been scared of her eldest senior sister since she was young, was immediately cowered, but she was only terrified for a few seconds. As soon as she thought about how her superbly talented disciple was going to be snatched away, she resurrected to full health and jumped three feet into the air. “That’s right! She’s my disciple!”

“Although you’re my eldest senior sister, you can’t do something like stealing other people’s disciples, right?! I personally picked this darling disciple at the gate three days ago! Everyone saw it! Hmph, quickly release her!” Why are you hugging her?! Is someone else’s disciple that easy to hug?!

As soon as Yang Xirong said that, she felt an inexplicable chilly feeling sliding past her neck.

She looked up, and sh\*t, Murong Xun had arrived in front of her without her notice! That woman was almost within reach, and there was a beam on her face! Ah, Mother! Peak Master Yang involuntarily took a step back and crossed her arms in front of her, putting on a defensive posture. She shouted, “What are you doing?”

Second Peak’s disciples all covered their eyes.

Their foolish master was clearly terrified already but was still putting up a brave front. Her voice was freaking breaking off when she was facing their Eldest Aunt-Master...

“Junior Sister Yang, it’s been a while since we’ve compared notes, hasn’t it?” Murong Xun chuckled.

Yang Xirong felt like a bucket of water poured over her head. Compare notes your a\*\*! Her face was ashen as she hastily retreated two steps back. “Senior Sister, let’s talk...”

“Hey, Ah-Xun, don’t beat your Second Junior Sister! Senior and junior sisters should talk things out,” Sect Master interjected cheerfully. She waved her fan and sat down on a stone stool that allowed her to watch the show at close range.

Lu Yun curled her lips. ‘If Master didn’t look like a bystander waiting for a good show, her words would be more believable.’

“Do you want some tea, Master?” Lu Yun snorted.

“Oh, I’d like some?” The sect master accepted a cup of tea from the disciples of Second Peak and watched while drinking some tea.

“Disciple, wait here for master. Your Second Aunt-Master, ah, wants to flip over the roof if she doesn’t get a beating every three days...” Murong Xun placed the child on the ground and grasped the dumbstruck Yang Xirong, hauling her onto the roof with her.

Sect Master placed down her cup in shock and jumped up to shout, "Hey, Ah-Xun, be careful! The houses in Second Peak were built not too long ago!"

What a rotten disciple! How could they go to the back to fight? If they are in the back, how was she going to watch...

Lu Yun chuckle ironically and abandoned her master, jumping onto the roof before quickly jumping back down. She took out an umbrella from her inner world and opened it.

Sect Master impatiently rushed onto the roof to watch the excitement.

However—

What hit her in the face was a crashing wave of water, soaking her from head to toe!

Sect Master was utterly dumbfounded. Ashamed and inflamed, she shouted, "Ah-Xun, are you trying to take the house apart!"

How terrifying for the poor bystanders!

Lu Yun leisurely stood under the roof with her umbrella opened and covered her mouth as she chuckled. What was this called? Being struck by lightning for adding to the trouble! Oh, wait, no, it was being drowned in water.

As the waves surged through the air, Yang Xirong's figure appeared and disappeared out of sight. She cried out in surprise, "Eldest Senior Sister, what are you doing? D\*mn it! I just filled up all the ponds on my Second Peak two years ago! I didn't think you'd be unwilling to spare even the snow on my Second Peak! Hey, stop it! My snow! If they all melt, how can it be called a snow peak anymore?! Ahhhh!"

## **Chapter 287: Taken back to First Peak (2)**

Everyone looked up and saw the flurry of snow in the sky turn into a shower of rain, sprinkling over them. The scenery was beautiful, but the person was even more beautiful.

Peak Master Murong's ability to control the water spirit truly made people gasp in amazement.

The woman stepped toward them in a drizzle of rain, her figure brilliant despite her plain-colored clothing. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds, and her lips were turned up in a mischievous smile.

Qiao Mu looked at her master, bewildered, before silently looking down and playing with her fingers.

As Murong Xun fluttered onto the ground, half of the roof over the main hall collapsed, its tiles clattering down.

Her unfortunate Second Aunt-Master had to find someone to fix her roof!

Suddenly, an elderly woman with a genial and kind face waving a cattail-leaf fan jumped in front of her and cheerfully asked, "Ah, this must be that grand-disciple of mine who even the old king of the Qiu Kingdom is scrambling over himself to give an apology gift to, right? I am your master's master..."

What apology gift from the king of the Qiu Kingdom? Qiao Mu had no idea what the heck the Sect Master was saying.

Before the elderly woman could finish speaking, Murong Xun appeared next to her disciple in a flash and scooped up the little fellow. "Let's go, disciple. The Second Peak isn't fun, let's return to our First Peak!"

The Sect Master glared at Murong Xun as she waved her fan. "Rotten disciple, this master isn't done talking to her grand-disciple yet."

"Sect Master, what greeting gift are you planning to give to your grand-disciple? Look at your grand-disciple, she's a treasure who advanced to level six phenomenal success rank in one go. You'd be shameful to give a normal greeting gift, right?" Murong Xun glanced at the Sect Master from the corner of her eyes. "Give me Maple Pavilion's key."

The Sect Master was shocked. Only then did she realize that this child's cultivation had reached level six phenomenal success rank already.

The Sect Master immediately wanted to spring toward Qiao Mu and grab her so that she could examine her, but... she was promptly blocked by the protective Murong Xun with one arm.

"What are you doing?"

"Let me look at her!" What a rotten disciple! She abandons her master when she gets a disciple! So what if Master wants to take a look?! Would taking a look chop off a piece of your disciple?!

"Look at what? You can look at her like this." Murong Xun took a step back with the child before extending her hand toward the Sect Master. "Give me the key. I'm going to bring your grand-disciple there tomorrow to pick out a present as your greeting gift."

The elderly woman's face fell, and she glared at Murong Xun. "What about you then?! What greeting gift are you giving your disciple?!"

"Heh, oh, right, then I'll just pick another one as my greeting gift for my disciple!" Murong Xun nodded her head in a matter of course manner and looked at the Sect Master with a grin.

What???

The desire to slap her own mouth raised in the Sect Master's heart...

Why did she have to mention that?!

Scoundrel! Awful disciple! All she did every day was anger her old master, but she was not willing to accept the position of sect master and allow her old master to shed the responsibility and enjoy an easy life! Unfilial, unfilial, unfilial!

"Little Junior Sister, you're too awesome!" Xu Shanshan's eyes looked like light was shooting out of them, and a smile was spread across her cool face. "You managed to break through to level six phenomenal success rank at such a young age! You're truly unrivaled!"

Qiao Mu blinked and told Xu Shanshan, "Eldest Senior Sister, when we go back, I have a present for you and Second Senior Sister."

Murong Xun raised her brows. "You only have presents for your Eldest Senior Sister and Second Senior Sister? But not your master?"

The little stoic looked seriously at her master. "This thing isn't useful to Master. Giving it to you would be... a waste!"

Murong Xun chuckled out loud with amusement. Ah, her little disciple's expression when she said "A waste" was so serious!

### **Chapter 288: "Second/Foolish" Disciple**

"Ah, grand-disciple, you're truly extraordinary! You broke through to level six phenomenal success rank at such a young age!" With her experience, the Sect Master could discern that Qiao Mu could have still advanced onto the next level and broken through to level seven cultivation.

However, the child did not do that, meaning she might be young but her wisdom and willpower were outstanding and surpassed that of normal people.

Praise flickered through the Sect Master's eyes, and she nodded before pulling a circular jade bracelet carved with a pine tree from her waist.

Murong Xun took it without any politeness and made a bowing motion with her hands. "Thank you so much, Sect Master. Disciples, let's all go home."

'Rotten disciple!'

The Sect Master furiously cursed in her mind again and saw Murong Xun and her disciples off with her eyes. Although her mouth was cursing, her eyes were brimming with happiness.

"Eldest Senior Sister, get out here!!!" A dusty figure abruptly burst out of the rubble, her hair disheveled and falling everywhere.

When the Sect Master saw her second disciple's tussled state, her lips twitched.

With one hand holding her silk flower, fine-boned umbrella, Lu Yun covered her mouth and chuckled. "Elder Senior Sister, are you blind? Didn't you see Eldest Senior Sister bring her little disciple back to First Peak already?! I already told you to not be so cocky! Being cocky will lead to you being drowned."

Yang Xirong leaped toward the Sect Master with a swish.

The disciples silently counted in their minds, 'One, two, three!' When it reached three, Yang Xirong threw herself onto the ground.

"Ah, Master, Eldest Senior Sister is bullying me!" Yang Xirong latched onto the Sect Master's legs and kept tugging on the Sect Master's pants while bawling her eyes out, "Ah, Master, you must give me justice! Master, Master, Master..."

"S-stop pulling! Don't pull, don't pull!!! Don't pull, I-I-let go!!! Let go!!! Ah-Rong, I order you to let! go! now!" The Sect Master's face looked a bit livid as she pulled on the waist of her pants with one hand to prevent her idiot disciple from pulling it down with the constant tugging. All the disciples of the Second Peak had their heads lowered as their shoulders slightly trembled.

Lu Yun covered her mouth as she broke into uncontrollable laughter.

“Master, Eldest Senior Sister robbed my disciple! You must give justice to me!!! How could she possibly do such a cruel thing? That disciple of mine is a genius who reached level four cultivation at a very young age!”

The Sect Master was bewildered and stiffly answered, “What level-four mystic cultivator? My precious grand-disciple is now a phenomenal-success, level-six mystic cultivator who can advance to level seven at any time.”

Hoho, this was not bragging! Look through all the sects and the entire Sikong Planet! It’d be impressive if you can find another seven year old who’s about to become a level-seven mystic cultivator!

The lips of all the disciples from the Second Peak, along with Lu Yun, unconsciously twitched.

You’re so loose-lipped, Sect Master! You will soon know the consequences of running your mouth off...

Yang Xirong’s hand froze in its tugging movement for a few seconds before a world-shaking roar exploded from her mouth. “Ah, Master!!! You must give justice to your disciple! My little phenomenal-success level-six disciple was tricked from me! You must get her back for me! She’s my treasure; she’s my life, Master! Master!!!”

A “Rip!” was heard as the Sect Master’s pants were torn off, and Yang Xirong’s yammering broke off.

The Sect Master’s complexion turned into that of sh\*t, and she heavily clouted her “foolish” disciple’s head.

D\*mn you! How many freaking times have you torn off your master’s pants this year?!

“Second” is slang for foolish and dumb in Chinese.

## **Chapter 289: Speechless**

Murong Xun naturally did not care about how hell broke loose on Second Peak.

As soon as Murong Xun carried her little disciple back to First Peak, she was surrounded by all of the disciples on her peak.

Everyone wanted to see the appearance of their little junior sister who Master charged to Second Peak to forcibly snatch back.

She is supposedly Master’s personal final disciple.

Master had the least amount of personal disciples out of the three peak masters. She previously only had three, now four with the addition of Little Junior Sister.

Everyone was fairly curious and had inconceivable admiration in their eyes. Nevertheless, their eyes were unusually clear despite the admiration and did not contain any envy.

They knew full well that they had pretty good treatment in comparison to the outer sect disciples of the other two sects. Some of their talent was fairly mediocre, but regardless of how mediocre they were,

they obtained the same cultivation resources as other disciples in the Holy Water Sect's First Peak. Master did not favor one more than another.

Master treated them very well, so none of them ever had the thought to leave Holy Water Sect even if their days were tormenting right now.

Holy Water Sect's First Peak had the least amount of people—only 153 disciples.

The oldest disciple was 21 years old and named Yu Qian. She was not very talented, but she was superb at taking care of everyday affairs, so Master valued her a lot. Hence, Senior Sister Yu handled most of the mundane affairs on First Peak.

The youngest was now our dear Qiao Mu, of course.

Qiao Mu also curiously looked back at them from the limelight. These were the senior sisters who she had to get along with for the next few years.

Murong Xun merely said a few words to the group and did not give any excessive instructions. She knew her disciples' personalities and characters very well; they definitely would not bully her little disciple.

"Alright, your little junior sister just arrived at First Peak, so there's still a lot of things to do. There will be plenty of time to talk to her later. Disperse for now," Murong Xun said aloofly.

She was about to leave with Qiao Mu when Yu Qian hastily walked out of the crowd and bowed to Murong Xun. Yu Qian said respectfully, "Master, this disciple has something to report."

Murong Xun stopped and turned back to face Yu Qian. She asked with a kind expression, "What is it?"

Yu Qian's head was lowered and her face was flushed as she said, "I'm sorry, Master. I didn't look after my junior sisters well. Two more junior sisters fainted today."

Murong Xun: "..."

*'Sect Master, get over here!'* Murong Xun really wanted to give the Sect Master a beating to vent her anger! *'Why did you change one meal every three days to one meal every five days?! Look at how your grand-disciples faint from hunger at any moment! Doesn't your conscience hurt?!'*

"They fainted from hunger?" The child looked at Murong Xun and her disciples like they were weirdos.

That gaze of hers!

Murong Xun suddenly felt like her little disciple looked at her like she was a dumb idiot. How irritating...

Yu Qian quickly looked up and said, "Little Junior Sister, don't worry! Us senior sisters won't starve you even if we have to eat one less meal! You mustn't leave the sect! Master adores you very much, so Master will be sad if you run away."

"..." Murong Xun was left speechless.

"..."

*'Ha ha, thanks!'*

*'You're going to die if you eat one less meal! Are you going to painfully change one meal every 10 days for me...'*

*'You bunch of idiots! Don't you know to go out and take on some missions? It shouldn't be difficult for you mystic cultivators level-three and above—oh wait, there are a lot of level five, level six, and even some level seven mystic cultivators amongst you—to accept a few missions to feed yourselves, right?!'*

## **Chapter 290: A Tiny Conflict**

"Master, what was the apology gift that Sect Master mentioned just now?" Qiao Mu turned to look at Murong Xun.

Murong Xun instantly understood. "Let's go. Come with Master to take a look. That old king from the Qiu Kingdom sent people to give you five carriages of supplies as an apology gift."

Then, she paused and looked down at her own disciple. "Tell Master, what happened?"

Why would he give her an apology gift for no reason? He had to have offended her disciple! She would like to hear what happened.

"I had a little, tiny conflict with the Qiu soldiers stationed at Pony Town on the way here," Qiao Mu replied expressionlessly before her brows wrinkled slightly.

Why would the old king of the Qiu Kingdom send her an apology gift? Could it be...?

The child thought of something, and her eyes brightened! She ran away on the back of the troublemaker Qingluan back then, so this apology gift had to have been obtained by Ao Ye!

What a good underling she took in!

How considerate and perceptive of him. He had completely gotten the hang of his little master's personality and knew that she enjoyed accepting apology gifts the most.

Tiny conflict? Murong Xun nodded with a smile. How could she have known that the so-called tiny conflict that Qiao Mu spoke of was a tiny conflict that disturbed the crown prince of the Mo Kingdom and scared the old king of the Qiu Kingdom witless, making the king wish for nothing more than to beg for mercy on his knees?

As Murong Xun flew off from First Peak with Qiao Mu in her arms, she lectured her disciple in a heartfelt manner, "Ah, my disciple, you did well. Don't allow other people to bully you! Remember, come find Master if you can't beat them! Master will definitely knock their teeth out for you. If you don't tell Master after suffering mistreatment, Master will knock your teeth out instead. Do you understand?"

Qiao Mu: "..."

I've always endured it if I can't beat them and waited until later to counter-attack! No way would I find an adult to stand up for me!

Qiao Mu's head was lightly knocked as Murong Xun repeated, "Do you understand?"

“Okay,” the little stoic answered exasperatedly.

“Good child.” Murong Xun lightly chuckled and traveled as fast as lightning.

The storehouse of the Holy Water Sect was located on another snowy peak.

In truth, the inner portion of the Great Snow Mountains was a bit mystical. It was clearly a chain of mountains, but the middle looked like someone dug a giant hole inside of it and the five snowy peaks were enveloped in a mountain range.

The five snowy peaks stood apart from each other, which was why the little cannonball said that disciples lower than level seven could only rely on the great cranes to travel between each peak.

Besides the Main Peak and the three peaks, the fifth peak they were heading to, Sky Peak, acted as a storehouse and was situated in the center of the five peaks.

The Maple Pavilion that Master mentioned was also on this snowy peak.

“Little one, after we accept your apology gift, we’ll go to Maple Pavilion to find a decent rare book on mystic techniques for you.” Murong Xun’s figure flashed, and they landed on the snowy peak.

“It’s a greeting gift from your grandma-master, so it’d be a waste if you didn’t accept it. Remember to choose carefully at that time and pick the best! People choose mystic techniques, but mystic techniques also choose their wielder. I’ll tell you in detail later. Go and accept your apology gift first.”

Qiao Mu’s eyes brightened. Mystic technique! She was going to get a rare book on mystic techniques? A rare book on mystic techniques was unlike the rare books on normal techniques that could be found on the market! They could not be bought even with thousands of gold.

When master and disciple were led by the manager of the Holy Water Sect’s storehouse to stand in front of a giant pile of supplies, they looked at each other, bewildered.

Ah... The supplies given by the old king of the Qiu Kingdom were rather... lavish.

“Master, I’ll take half and give the remaining half to the sect. From now on, provide at least two meals every day. We’ll brainstorm more ideas about food together.” The little stoic turned to seriously look at Murong Xun.