

My Crown 301

Chapter 301: Entering Conscious

Did you think the child wanted to soak some treasure out of this lousy book? No.

Qiao Mu merely wanted to wash this dirty and stinky book.

If it disintegrated in the process, great! She could throw it out with this bucket of water...

She soaked the book in the tub, again and again. When she picked the book up by a corner of a page, she thought the book would soften at least, but no!

It still remained that handsewn book that looked like it would fall apart at any second.

It looked like it would fall apart, but the pages remained intact and didn't even have a soak mark!

What was going on?

The child was kneeling next to the tub and used two fingers to flick the lousy book floating in the water. After poking it around for a while, the child was at her wit's end when she suddenly caught sight of the flickering candle flame on the table.

An idea occurred to her, and she scurried to the table with the book in hand and held a corner of the book above the candle.

She forlornly watched the flame dance across the page, but it would not lit up no matter what.

What kind of bloody book was this?!

After exhausting herself from wrangling with the book, she tossed it to the table and jumped onto the bed in a huff, covering her head with the comforter to go to sleep.

The lousy book, the dilapidated box—that was all the trash she got from her trip to Maple Pavilion.

Starting tomorrow, I'm going to enter closed-door cultivation and won't see anyone...

After the child fell asleep on the bed, the battered book tossed aside on the lonely, frigid table suddenly emitted a red light late at night.

The light and the book transformed into a ball of red mist and burrowed into the child burrito.

The child was sound asleep as she curled up inside the blanket.

When the red mist dug between her brows, a stab of pain pierced her.

She abruptly opened her eyes and dazedly stared ahead of her for half a minute before her eyelashes fluttered and she tiredly closed her eyes again.

The next morning, the child didn't wake up until the sun was high up in the sky.

She sat on the bed and looked at the bright sun outside her window with a disoriented expression.

How strange!

She had never slept in so late since the day she was reborn.

She wandered a circle around her room and slapped the back of her head. A nagging feeling told her something was missing from this room.

After washing up, Qiao Mu sat down next to the table and poured a cup of cold tea for herself.

Her hand around the teacup suddenly paused when her gaze landed on a corner of the table. She struggled to recall yesterday's memory.

She remembered... she clearly threw that lousy book on the table.

Why was the lousy book missing? She tilted her head and peered under the table, but nothing was there.

She furrowed her brows and inspected her room, yet nothing was out of place.

There were also no traces of any strange presence lingering in the room, so no one intentionally sneaked in here and stole her lousy book...

"Master! Ah, Master!" Qiuqiu's voice excitedly rang out next to her ear.

"Why did you run out here?" A little treant was tugging on her skirt.

"Master, are you surprised? Are you happy? Qiuqiu can come outside for a short time now!" The little treant giddily exclaimed as she shook Qiao Mu's skirt.

"Master only needs me by her side! You? Go back to wherever you came from!" The nimble golem jumped down onto the floor and promptly sent a kick to the treant.

Caught off guard, Qiuqiu was sent rolling back by the golem.

Such outrageousness! Qiuqiu rolled away quickly but rolled back even quicker. She leaped toward Qiao Mu and hung from her skirt. "Master, Master, Master! Who's this weird looking guy?!"

Chapter 302: The Lousy Book's Use

Big Treasure had been with her for so long, so Qiao Mu didn't believe Qiuqiu was clueless about Big Treasure.

Qiao Mu grabbed one with each hand and pulled them both off of her. She tossed them onto the table and headed for the door with a "Make friends with each other" as a goodbye.

"Master, wait!" The little treant waved her two thin branches and jumped up from the table. "L-look at your conscious first!"

Qiao Mu turned around, bewildered. She was about to go find Senior Sister Xu to take her sightseeing around First Peak.

What was there to look at in her conscious? Every time a certain Qiaoqiao saw that downright slothful apparition, she'd be overcome with fury!

Her apparition, who was so diligent in her previous life, turned lazy in this life! It was not good!

“Master, Master, a mysterious ball popped up in your conscious the latter half of last night! Since it didn’t seem to want to attack or destroy your conscious at all and actually seemed to be super beneficial to you, I didn’t kick it out!”

What???

Qiao Mu dumbfoundedly peered down at herself.

Her conscious actually had a new mysterious ball? And it entered in the middle of the night...? Why didn’t she freaking sense anything?

Hold on! Qiao Mu’s face darkened.

When the Golden Talisman Jade Tome forcefully entered her conscious, didn’t it trigger a small paragraph of instructions?

Something about being able to defend and stabilize her godly conscious and automatically activate a guardian force for her godly spirit, etc. etc. To put it in simple terms, it should be able to protect her conscious, right?!

That was how the child understood it!

Now though, a ball of mysterious object freaking entered her conscious in the middle of the night. Why didn’t the Golden Talisman Jade Tome alert her? Why didn’t the Golden Talisman Jade Tome defend against it? Why didn’t the Golden Talisman Jade Tome expel it?

It meant it was bragging earlier...

‘Apart from teaching me how to draw talismans, what else can it do? Say, if you can only draw talismans, then only say that! Why did you wildly boast about a bunch of utterly mystical functions? Are you bullying this darling for being a country bumpkin?!’

Qiao Mu mockingly chuckled and irritably re-entered her room, plopping down on a chair.

She gathered her mystic energy into a trace of mystic conscious and penetrated her conscious. What Qiao Mu’s “sight” could catch was still her empty conscious.

In the middle of the earth crisscrossed with gorges and hills, her apparition was sprawled out on her back, her lazy manner causing the little fellow to wish for nothing more than to grab her and violently beat her up.

The 12 jade slips silently floated in the air.

There was indeed an extra ball of red mist next to her jade slips, forming a ring around the exterior and enveloping quite a bit of milky white mystic conscious.

In truth, her mystic conscious was pitifully little, but after she advanced to a level-seven mystic cultivator, her mystic conscious was definitely stronger than before.

However, she had no idea what that oddly red ball of mist was doing.

The red mist seemed to sense her “looking” at it and suddenly drifted around and swallowed the layer of mystic conscious outside of it into the mist.

Qiao Mu hastily cried in shock, “Qiuqiu, Qiuqiu, is it eating my mystic conscious?! Hurry and kick it out! What is this?!”

“Master, don’t worry! Take a closer look!”

Qiao Mu calmed her heart and focused, only to see that ball of red mist spitting back out the strands of mystic conscious it had previously engorged.

The mystic conscious it spat back out was evidently thicker than before by a few strands.

“Eh? What the heck is this?” ‘It actually knew how to nourish mystic conscious?’

“You don’t know, Master?” Qiuqiu’s voice sounded odd.

“How would I know? Like you said, it entered in the middle of the night! I’ve never seen it before.”

“Isn’t it the tattered book you brought back, soaked in water, and barbecued in fire, Master?”

Chapter 303: This Is a Secret Technique Inheritance Text

Qiao Mu was dumbfounded for a while before regaining her wits.

The lousy book? The lousy book ran inside her conscious? No wonder she didn’t find it after searching around her room.

“Master, this should be a secret technique inheritance text, similar to your Golden Talisman Jade Tome. It can transform its appearance however it wants, so it must’ve existed in this world for a long time. But I’m not sure why it was placed inside your sect’s treasure pavilion.”

Qiuqiu paused before continuing. “However, judging from this secret technique’s original form, I’m guessing it’s forged from the dark jade of the Underworld Sea, so it possesses the effects of nourishing your mystic conscious.”

Qiao Mu’s expression turned more dazed.

It took her a while to ask feebly, “Are you saying this lousy book originally didn’t look like that?”

“Of course,” Qiuqiu replied with a nod. “Dark jade from the Underworld Sea is a dull, dark red color and warm to the touch. It might resemble a scarlet jade, but its jade energy has the rare effect of slowly nourishing the mystic conscious. This secret technique text is probably carved on the dark jade of the Underworld Sea. It must be encased inside that red mist you see.”

“Then why the heck did it turn into that weird, stinky, and dilapidated look from earlier?” Qiao Mu was flabbergasted.

“I don’t know! Maybe it’s its hobby! Look at Golden Talisman Jade Tome, doesn’t it also like to transform into 12 jade slips? But its original form is a purely gold book! It’s forged from the finest gold jade! It must be different from those high-level secret mystic technique texts that typically fester the streets.”

Our Darling Qiao was actually... at a loss for words.

Hobby. Who could destroy other people's—wait no, lousy books'—hobbies, right? What can she do about the fact that this secret technique inheritance text's hobby was transforming into a tattered book? She could not prevent it!

So this guy's original form was some dark jade from the Underworld Sea. No wonder it was impervious to both fire and water.

Was it really alright for a book to be so weird?

Qiao Mu blinked. "How can I make it turn back into a normal book?"

It was really hard for her to read and understand a book's contents when its form was a ball of red mist.

"Easy, Master. You just have to make the outer layer of red fog fade away. The secret technique inheritance text is inside your conscious right now, so it's easy for you to make it do whatever you want..."

"AHH!" A piece of jade rock the size of a fist flew out from the red fog and hit the little treant in the head and kicked the treant out of Qiao Mu's conscious.

Qiao Mu: "..."

What an unreliable fellow! She always fumbles the ball at the critical moment! I still have to do everything.

However, a second later, our darling Qiao Mu was also sent out of her conscious.

She sat by the table and strangely inspected the scarlet jade that appeared in her palm.

"Ah, this cheeky secret technique," Qiuqiu grumbled. "Master, why don't you try imbuing some mystic energy inside?"

Qiao Mu nodded and glanced at the treant. "Bring Big Cyan and Big Treasure to the paradise with you."

Those two guys were too noisy and impeded her from quietly reading the secret technique.

Qiuqiu reluctantly dragged the chicken and golem back with a constipated expression under Qiao Mu's silent gaze.

Qiao Mu set the scarlet jade on the table and touched it.

A thick current of mystic energy entered the jade.

Instantly, a line of words appeared on the jade's surface

Chapter 304: Branch Artery

Branch artery? Qiao Mu reflexively looked inside of herself and observed the bifurcation that occurred in her mystic meridians before pensively looking away.

Could this branch that differed from her mystic meridians and was as thin as a strand of hair be the branch artery that the book referred to?

Did this lousy book doggedly chase her because it sensed a branch artery inside of her?

Her hypothesis was probably the truth. Since this secret technique inheritance text knew how to hide itself, there was no reason it couldn't sense her branch artery.

Qiao Mu brushed her hand across the scarlet jade on the table, and in the blink of an eye, a faint red light emitted from the jade, leaping toward her.

Columns of characters quickly fluttered into order, floating in the air before her.

It talked about how to form and strengthen branch arteries inside of your body and how to control the apparition of your mystic conscious. As Qiao Mu rapidly skimmed through the text, her expression turned more surprised the more she read.

This secret technique inheritance text named Spirit Division Record truly exceeded all her expectations.

Only after reading through it did Qiao Mu suddenly realize that her apparition also needed her to use her mystic conscious to control and train it.

The reason her mystic conscious apparition acted so lazy every day was because...

She did not manage and order her apparition, allowing it to laze around indolently.

She could not be faulted for not knowing the reason. Although she managed to cultivate a mystic conscious apparition in her last life, it took her nearly 10 years, and she cultivated it while she was broken in health but not in spirit.

Some could even say she could be considered outstanding compared to people her age.

Because some people might not even cultivate a mystic conscious apparition until they die.

Her environment was completely different back then. In her strenuous and abominable circumstances, her heart was brimming with murderous intent. She wanted to free herself from being treated like a pet. She wanted to escape from the shackles of fate. She kept trying and trying to fight and lived with a heart of hope despite her despair.

Hence, the condition of her apparition was completely different from its current comfortableness.

Her apparition furiously grew stronger as if its life depended on it due to her subconscious urging.

But now, she was living cozily.

She might be full of nervousness for her future, but her days were spent much more comfortably compared to her previous life.

Her ample supply allowed her to face a world ridden with zombies with utter confidence and composure.

The appearance of her master and sect also allowed her to gain a living environment completely different from her previous life's circumstances.

Qiao Mu took a deep breath and closed her eyes, processing all of the floating characters inside her mind again.

Simply because zombies were too ugly, and she did not want to engage in close combat with them, so it was better for her to shoot and kill them from afar.

Qiao Mu still remembered how the Crown Prince imbued mystic energy in a normal arrow and killed a level-three mutated zombie in one shot that day.

He was probably immensely proficient in the usage of mystic energy and manipulation of an arrow.

After all, a centimeter off was thousands of kilometers lost. A normal bow and arrow could not be compared to mystic weapons that would allow someone to easily imbue mystic energy in them. The slightest error and a normal bow and arrow would be unable to handle the mystic energy around the Crown Prince, causing it to be destroyed instantly.

Chapter 305: Mystical Treasured Land

Qiao Mu did not want to admit it, but that guy was truly super strong.

Qiao Mu pursed her lips and swept her hand across the Spirit Division Record and stored it into her conscious.

Why the heck did she suddenly think of the Crown Prince? It had to be because she was too relaxed recently. She needed to hurry up and enter closed-door cultivation.

She naturally could not completely grasp the Spirit Division Record in such a short amount of time. But thankfully, this secret technique inheritance text was kept inside her conscious right now, and she could peruse through it whenever she wanted.

Qiao Mu lowered her gaze and entered inner sight mode.

She tried her best to condense the mystic energy inside her branch artery into mystic conscious, but this process was extremely slow and difficult.

In contrast to her first branch artery, which was as thin as a strand of hair, her main mystic meridians had a torrent of mystic energy, so she divided it at a moment of inattention and condensed the mystic energy from her meridians into mystic conscious.

The little fellow trained until night fell and ten o'clock arrived, but she was still unsuccessful in condensing the mystic energy from her branch artery. She knew she could not rush it, as the more hurried she was the more she would not succeed, so she opened her eyes.

Only to see Murong Xun sitting across the table from her with her chin propped on a hand and watching her with a smile behind the fluttering candlelight.

"Little fella, you're so hardworking. I don't know whether it comforts me or makes me feel heartache." Murong Xun sighed and stood up, walking toward her and holding her hand. "Let's go, my disciple, I'll take you on a walk around First Peak."

"Ah, normal children your age only want to play, but you're so serious and hardworking. I don't know what to say." Murong Xun casually picked up the child and carried her outside.

Darkness had enveloped the entire snowy peak, the stars in the sky complementing the snowy white.

Qiao Mu found the scenery of First Peak to be incredibly gorgeous. The pavilions and kiosks hid under the layers of snow, occasionally revealing some corners and tips.

There was no one else in the quiet, meandering corridors.

Second Peak and Third Peak faced First Peak in the distance, towering and imposing with their eminent peaks.

At night, the sect was akin to a portrait scroll laid open—peaceful, tranquil, and poetic.

The child was mesmerized as she stared into the distance.

She never knew such a serene and safe place could exist in the midst of this chaotic world.

Murong Xun carried the child to the viewing platform at the summit, where the scenery was even more delightful to the eyes. They seemed to meld into the snowy peak's embrace—stars twinkling as far as the sight could reach, cliffs plunging down below with nothing but air under their feet.

Qiao Mu clenched her fists. "How about I head to the mystical treasured land to cultivate tomorrow, Master?"

Murong Xun was dumbstruck for a moment before gathering a response. "Child, when a bowstring is pulled too taut, it'll snap. Humans are the same. You're still young, so there's no need for you to push yourself so hard."

"I have to work hard." The little stoic was expressionless as she seriously said, "If I don't work hard, how will I protect Master in the future?"

Murong Xun was flabbergasted again before breaking into loud laughter. "Ah, my heart is about to melt because of you little stoic."

"Fine fine fine. My disciple is so hard-working and ambitious, so I have to wholeheartedly support you as your master." Murong Xun cheerfully glanced down at the child before pointing at a spot thousands of feet below the platform.

"Little fella, if you go down from here, it'll be the mystical treasured land I mentioned to you before." Murong Xun pinched Qiao Mu's cheeks as she asked, "It's our Holy Water Sect's secret land. Are you scared of jumping down?"

Qiao Mu shook her head.

She was a little stoic who could face death frankly, so what could you count on her to be scared of?

Murong Xun leaped down with the child. "Then I'll take you down there now."

Chapter 306: The Passing of Time...

They fell lightning fast, and the wind blowing toward them nearly caused Qiao Mu to be unable to open her eyes.

Nevertheless, she forcefully opened her eyes and saw pillars after pillars of ice sharply protruding from the ground thousands of meters around them.

If they accidentally fell, they would probably become a new accessory skewered on these ice spikes.

The spot that Murong Xun chose to land was very precise, a small, oval platform.

This was the only landing spot in a world encircled by sharp spikes.

Once they landed, Qiao Mu could finally open her eyes and examine her surroundings, a gasp of surprise involuntarily escaping from her mouth.

In truth, the master and disciple duo did not reach the very base of the snowy peak since the base was also covered by ice spikes, and they would meet nothing but death.

Yet this small platform that laid horizontally amidst the sharp spikes actually extended from the side of the snowy peak. If they walked closer, they would be able to see that nature seemed to have carved a cavity the height of two people on the wall of the snowy mountain.

“This is the consecration place for our holy water. It’s extremely cold once you enter, so you must pay attention to the transferring of your mystic energy and protect yourself. Don’t let the coldness invade since it’s harmful to our mystic meridians,” Murong Xun instructed before grasping Qiao Mu’s hand and leading her inside the naturally formed cave.

Her master was right. As soon as Qiao Mu took a step inside, she felt a chilly iciness assaulting her.

Qiao Mu reflexively opened her eggshell and encased it around her.

Murong Xun chuckled from amusement after taking a look at it.

“This eggshell of yours is ingenious, disciple! It protects you from extreme temperatures and shelters you from the weather. Tsk, it’s a pretty fearsome defensive mystic weapon! It can even resist one powerful attack from a level 12 mystic cultivator.” Murong Xun was seriously suspecting that she had accepted a filthy rich child as a disciple.

The child’s face darkened as she grumpily followed Murong Xun.

No one will think you’re mute if you don’t talk right now, Master!

“There are three total underground levels in the mystical treasured land,” Murong Xun cheerfully introduced. “The lowest level is consecrated to the holy water and it’s the coldest. You mustn’t enter it before you become a level-ten mystic cultivator or else the coldness will damage your mystic meridians.”

“Cultivate on this first level for now, but since the coldness is too pervasive here, you can’t cultivate more than 10 days at a time. Pay heed to what I’m saying. When things reach an extreme, they merely snap back in the opposite direction. It wouldn’t be good if you damage the root of your mystic meridians.”

Qiao Mu looked at the icicles that hung from the ground and ceiling. The spikes on the ground were probably filed away to smoothness by other sect members. Hence, her feet were not injured as she walked, and she merely felt iciness hitting her wave after wave.

Thankfully, she was equipped with a defensive mystic weapon, and since this space was indeed extremely rich in mystic energy then cultivating here in seclusion would definitely achieve rapid results.

Qiao Mu nodded.

Murong Xun, however, worriedly looked at her. "Do you need Master to stay here with you?"

"I don't." Qiao Mu shook her head. "You just need to come pick me up in 10 days, Master."

Murong Xun exasperatedly looked at this child and nodded. "Alright then. You must be careful when staying here by yourself. Call Master with the messenger talisman if anything happens."

"Okay."

And so, the next day, everyone in the sect knew that their youngest junior sister went to the mystical treasured land to cultivate assiduously.

Their little junior sister was so hard-working, so how could they, her senior sisters, slack off and fall behind?

And so, the entire Holy Water Sect fell into a frantic mode of painstaking cultivation.

In the beginning, Qiao Mu was brought outside by Murong Xun every 10 days.

Three months later, Qiao Mu only left every month. During this period of time, she really learned how to engrave talisman matrices through Golden Talisman Jade Tome.

The first talisman matrix she drew was the mystic-energy-gathering talisman matrix.

Chapter 307: Golden Ages

The production of the mystic-energy-gathering talisman matrix required 60 mystic-energy-gathering talismans.

And Qiao Mu only had 120 blank talismans remaining.

In this way, she would use half of her blank talismans at once to create 60 mystic-energy-gathering talismans.

This was the simplest beginner-level talisman matrix, but Qiao Mu spent around two days just to arrange it.

She set the mystic-energy-gathering talisman matrix on the ground level of the mystical treasured land so that every senior sister who came here to cultivate could experience a rapid rush of mystic energy.

A beginner-level mystic-energy-gathering talisman matrix gathered all of the already-rich mystic energy in this place inside the matrix.

From now on, everyone who cultivated inside the talisman matrix would achieve a speed double or triple to that of the outside world.

Qiao Mu was wholeheartedly devoted to her assiduous cultivation and only deviated from that by asking her master for instruction in martial techniques.

Every time the child left the mystical treasured land, Murong Xun would carry her back to First Peak, and they would share a jubilant, extravagant meal with her other senior sisters.

Then Murong Xun would keep the child by her side for a few days of assessment and additional attentive instruction.

The child's cultivation grew day by day and advanced by leaps and bounds, which triggered all her senior sisters in the sect to work even harder.

Only the heavens knew how traumatized the senior sisters were from having such a terrifyingly talented and obsessively cultivating junior sister by their side.

They felt like they could never rest. Because if they rested for even a moment, they would be absolutely left behind by their little junior sister, who was already leading ahead of them.

Their difference could not be stretched too far, right? Otherwise, where would the senior sisters place their pride?

Years passed and the little fellow's figure stretched quite a bit vertically. Qiao Mu, who was now 12 years old, no longer allowed people to carry her.

Murong Xun felt both sorrowful and comforted by this growth, and as Qiao Mu's teacher, melancholy filled her for a long while.

On the Sect Master's peak, lush bamboo verdantly covered the ground.

These past years, the sect's disciples frequently went outside to do missions. They were not swimming in wealth, but it was not a problem for them to maintain an adequate amount of food and warm clothes, allowing Sky Peak to even accumulate quite a bit of spare grains.

The Sect Master also lived decently and renovated a row of bamboo buildings just two days ago.

Currently, the elderly Sect Master was leaning against her embroidered settee and swaying the cattail-leaf fan in her hand leisurely as she called, "Ay, ay, hey."

The disciple standing guard outside the door hastily ran inside and exclaimed, "Sect Master, Sect Master, Aunt-Master Murong is here! Call louder!"

"Huh? Quick, quick, quick!" The Sect Master swiftly laid down and ordered the junior disciple to bring the bedding over and lay it over her. Her lamentable sighs did not rest for even a second.

Murong Xun's calm voice could be heard outside the door.

The junior disciple worriedly said, "Peak Master, the Sect Master has been sick for many days and lost all appetite for food and drink! The Sect Master looks like she's shrunk several sizes!"

Murong Xun: "..."

"Master, I'm here." When Murong Xun entered the room and saw the "sickly" elderly Sect Master buried under two blankets, her lips involuntarily twitched.

"Eh, Ah-Xun," the Sect Master called with a sigh.

Murong Xun hummed in response and walked to the table to pour a cup of tea for herself before serenely looking at her childish master.

"I'm probably really at my end this time," the Sect Master rasped brokenly.

She then shakily took out a token from her lapels and proclaimed, "From today onward, you will be the Holy Water Sect's 17th Sect—"

Murong Xun cheerfully interrupted, "Master, the date for the three sects' competition has been decided. Did you know? The Five Factions decided to provoke us and sent a challenge for us. They plan to join the three sect's competition and compete with us for superiority."

Chapter 308: The Five Factions' Challenge

The Sect Master threw off her blanket and leaped up instantly. "What?"

"The Five Factions actually sent a challenge? Where's the challenge letter? Hm?" The Sect Master asked with a face of displeasure. "I haven't received it, so I won't compete with them!"

Murong Xun: "..."

"The other two sects have already received the Five Factions' challenge letter," Murong Xun finally replied. "Counting the time, the representative for the Five Factions should arrive at the Great Snow Mountains these next two days and post their challenge letter. You just need to remember to accept it, Sect Master."

The Sect Master's extended hand abruptly froze. She looked down and saw the white middle layer garment she was wearing and the bare feet pressing against the ground... AH! How did I forget to keep pretending to be sick in my anger?!

She looked up and saw the pronounced back figure that Murong Xun left for her! She furiously slapped the table with her hand and cursed, "Rotten disciple!"

On the summit platform of the First Peak, a fair figure was standing there in light-colored clothes with their head tilted up as they surveyed the sky.

A billow of clouds flowed slightly, reflecting the span of white covering the snowy peak.

"Eeee!" A cyan dot in the distance gradually stretched into a slender cyan shadow as it swiftly flew toward the fair figure.

As it got closer, the creature retracted its beautiful cyan wings. A fuzzy little chick leaped onto the girl's shoulder with a flurry of flapping and cawed twice before rubbing against her face.

The little fellow turned her frosty face away, expressionlessly keeping it from rubbing against her.

"Caw?" The little chick flapped its wings. Is Little Master in a bad mood?

Qiao Mu did not look at it. Her gaze was intently focused on a certain spot for a long while, and bit by bit, her icy, jet-black eyes narrowed dangerously.

Three crow-gold arrows were already docked on the pure black crow repeating crossbow she was holding. As her arms lifted, she aimed the bow at a spot in the sky.

Qiao Mu's voice was bone-chilling like wintry ice and did not contain a trace of emotion. "Who dares to trespass the Holy Water Sect's First Peak without permission?"

"Get down this instant," Qiao Mu frostily ordered. "Otherwise, I'll kill you this second! You reap what you sow!"

Far in the horizon, a green-headed eagle was charging toward First Peak at full speed.

The trio led by Quan Daodong were standing on the eagle's back in high spirits, prepared to enjoy a parade of admirable gazes from the female disciples of Holy Water Sect.

However, an icy voice abruptly interrupted their unrealistic delusion.

Quan Daodong grew enraged at his humiliation and loudly shouted from the green-headed eagle. "I'm the Eldest Disciple of Myriad Faction, Quan Daodong. I came to Holy Water Sect on my faction master's order to issue the challenge letter as a representative of the Five Factions!"

The guy thought that the other person would definitely give some courtesy to the Five Factions after he said that, but...

"If you don't get down within three seconds, you'll die!" The icy, robotic voice rang out instantly. It was neither too loud nor too quiet and neither was it too heavy nor soft, but it shook the entire First Peak of the Holy Water Sect.

"E-eldest Senior Brother, w-we should hurry and get down!" It was the young female disciple accompanying Quan Daodong who said that with a trembling voice.

Quan Daodong was also a little panicked. He could not guess whether that glacial girl below them would really ignore the Five Factions' prestige and attack him. He did not dare to take this risk.

When he compared his pride to his life, he decided that his life was more vital. So disregarding all pretenses of coolness, he hastily pressed his green-headed eagle down.

Within seconds of the green-headed eagle landing, Xu Shanshan and the other alerted female disciples swiftly rushed over.

At the same time, the crow-gold arrows in Qiao Mu's hand were released with a swish and shot toward the pale-faced Quan Daodong!

Chapter 309: Scram!

Quan Daodong decisively drew the saber hanging from his waist to block the arrow soaring toward him.

After a crisp "Ding," a burst of mystic force exploded from the weapons clashing and sent Quan Daodong flying back.

Quan Daodong's feet dragged on the ground as he was propelled back, and his face turned from pale to surprise to ashen shock, changing several times.

On the summit platform:

An icy young girl wearing pale-colored clothes suddenly fluttered down. She lightly touched the floor with the tip of her feet and floated a few steps forward.

When she stopped before Quan Daodong and his two cohorts, they suddenly realized that this young girl was merely 12 or 13 but already looked like the reincarnation of a snow goddess.

Her eyes, akin to icy snowballs, were staring at them coldly and vacantly, bereft of any tinge of emotion.

Quan Daodong thought, I'm an eighth level mystic cultivator myself and considered an outstanding individual amongst the younger generation in my sect, but now, I actually...

Can't even withstand a single attack from a nameless girl in the Holy Water Sect!

When did the younger generation of the Holy Water Sect become so powerful? This information was too shocking to him!

Quan Daodong could not conceal the astonishment in his eyes but forcefully swallowed back the mouthful of blood he wanted to spit out.

With everything he had, he finally suppressed the upheaval of the mystic energy inside of him so that he would not embarrass himself in front of the Holy Water Sect.

Swoosh! The crow-gold arrow whose direction was sent off-route by the impact swiftly darted toward Quan Daodong again after making a small circle.

What?

Quan Daodong's small eyes immediately shot open.

Although he managed to stay on his feet through pure willpower, he could not take another arrow in his current weak state.

At the last minute, he kicked the green-headed eagle to block his front.

The soft sound of the arrow traveling broke off as a jet-black arrow pierced through one of the eagle's wings, eliciting a wretched howl.

"You! You have gone too—" By opening his mouth, how could Quan Daodong hold back the blood he was suppressing? A mouthful of blood instantly projected into the air.

The young man and woman behind Quan Daodong hastily dashed forward. The woman lividly accused with flushed cheeks, "Is this how the Holy Water Sect receives disciples of the Five Factions? Your actions are too tyrannical!"

"Any trespasser who enters without asking for permission and announcement—kill!" Xu Shanshan shouted coldly. "It is you who disobeyed the rules, so scram back to wherever you came from!"

The young man spoke up in a panic, "M-misunderstanding! It's a misunderstanding, misunderstanding! We are disciples from the Myriad Faction and came here to deliver the challenge letter to Holy Water Sect as representatives of the Five Factions on our Venerable Master's order!"

The man scrambled forward and handed an invitation gilded in gold to the coldly imposing Xu Shanshan.

Xu Shanshan promptly flung the invitation back at the young man's face. "Then you've come to the wrong place! You should visit the Sect Master's Peak instead! This is First Peak, so scram!"

Xue Xiao languidly stood behind Xu Shanshan with her arms crossed in front of her chest, her lips turning up coolly.

The man looked like he wanted to cry, and his cheeks were aching from the pain.

Those senior brothers of his had secretly envied Eldest Senior Brother and him when they learned of their upcoming visit to Holy Water Sect. They said that the Holy Water Sect had an array of elegant and refined goddesses there and told the two of them that they would definitely drown in a sea of admirable gazes from the goddesses if they had a flashy appearance...

He should really have them come too so that they could experience this face-slapping themselves.

Chapter 310: Uncooperative Son

Quan Daodong gritted his teeth and bent down to pick up the invitation thrown on the ground, humiliated.

His gaze shifted to the expressionless young girl standing next to Xu Shanshan and cupped his hands. "May I ask for this Little Senior Sister's name? I've never seen you before."

Quan Daodong really wanted to identify Qiao Mu so that he could immediately report her to his venerable master when he went back.

After all, he was an eighth-level mystic cultivator but could not withstand a single blow from this little girl, so it could be imagined that this girl probably did not have a match from the Five Factions.

However, the young girl merely glanced at him coldly and turned to leave without saying anything.

Quan Daodong felt like he had been deeply humiliated. This girl was looking down on them! Her meaning was: You commoners don't deserve to know my name! Right???

He had no idea that our dear Miss Qiao was simply too lazy to waste her words with him.

What should you make a little stoic who was always scarce with her words to strangers say?

Aren't you forcing her to act against her nature?!

Quan Daodong wanted to head to the Sect Master's Peak but realized that his green-headed eagle was lying unmoving in a puddle of blood.

He reluctantly picked up his eagle and stifled his fury before rushing to the Sect Master's Peak with his junior brother and sister.

—Miss Qiao's section break—

Inside the Brocade Pavilion of the Central Palace's northern garden:

Queen Zhao was smilingly surveying the three young women properly sitting in front of her. All three of them were around 15 or 16 and looked outstandingly dignified and virtuous.

The Queen was conversing with the three young women when her personal elderly female attendant swiftly walked toward them, stopping outside the pavilion and bowing.

“Huaxuan, is His Highness still in the southern study handling affairs?”

The elderly female attendant, Huaxuan, quickly shook her head. “When I got to the Eastern Palace, I learned that His Highness was invited on an excursion by the two young masters from the Qin Estate early this morning.”

“It’s the elixirs patrician family, Qin Family.” Queen Zhao nodded pensively.

This child did not have many interactions with the two young masters from the Qin Estate before, no? So how come, now...

“Xiao’xi’zi told me that the Qin Estate invited His Highness many times, and His Highness finally agreed on a rare occasion,” the elderly female attendant softly explained.

Queen Zhao frowned.

She did not know whether it was her imagination, but she felt like her child was purposefully avoiding this. It had happened several times already. Every time she invited the daughters of major officials into the palace, the Crown Prince would leave the palace early, so Queen Zhao could not help but start suspecting him after it happened repeatedly.

Was it easy to be a mother? Her son was 18 already but did not have a single intimate person by his side! It truly made her fret with worry!

It’s fine if you don’t want to accept any imperial concubines, but at least add two women to your side to serve you attentively and have some female company when you work.

Consort Cheng’s Eldest Prince, Mo Jiao, had taken in dozens and hundreds of concubines and sired several sons already. As soon as Queen Zhao recalled Consort Cheng’s pointed words, her mood would take a dive.

Looking at the three pretty, dignified girls in front of her, Queen Zhao suddenly lost her interest to converse with them and waved her hand, signifying for them to leave.

What use was it for her to be so enthusiastic about this matter when her son was not the slightest bit cooperative?!

Queen Zhao angrily rubbed her chest with her flowery embroidered handkerchief. “Go to the Qin Estate and see what His Highness is doing.”

“Your Majesty, Xiao’en’zi from the Sophora Flower Palace is requesting an audience,” senior royal maid, Hexiang, reported after swiftly walking toward them.

Queen Zhao furrowed her brows lightly and forcefully suppressed her displeasure. “What does that one want now? Does she think she can do whatever she wants simply because she’s pregnant? Reply saying I’m tired.”

“Your Majesty, Your Majesty! Xiao’en’zi is here on Noble Consort Zheng’s order to request medicine.”