

## My Crown 321

### Chapter 321: Competition Team

All the disciples were as silent as a cicada in winter when they saw their Master enraged. They all stood there timidly with their heads lowered and did not dare to utter a sound.

Only a cold and crisp voice rang out. "She's so stupid, so she might not figure it out even after 100 years. Do you want her to reflect until her death by throwing her to some Duan-something Cliff?"

Everyone: "..."

No one could win against Little Junior Sister's silver tongue. She either stayed silent the whole day like a sealed gourd or she sent everyone spiraling into depression with her biting words and made people wish for nothing more than to find a hole to burrow into in their shame.

Murong Xun turned to her little disciple with a crushed expression and held her hand. "Can't you comfort me, your master, some?"

Qiao Mu shook her head. "If she wasn't your disciple, I would've had 100 methods to make her dead in three breaths."

Everyone dumbfoundedly looked at this Little Junior Sister who only reached their shoulders in height.

All the disciples of First Peak knew well that the little stoic never lied. So if she said it, it was naturally the truth.

In the rapid fight that appeared exceptionally dangerous just now, their Little Junior Sister went easy! And Third Senior Sister was utterly clueless and unappreciative about it.

There was nothing wrong about being prideful, but being so arrogant that she considered everyone else beneath her was inexcusable.

Murong Xun merely wanted her third disciple to understand the principle: There's always someone better out there.

She had Lingmin train out in the world for so many years but Lingmin still did not manage to rein in her temper, which truly disappointed Murong Xun.

Murong Xun's eldest disciple, Xu Shanshan, had an aloof and indifferent personality and fairly decent talent and strength, but she could stick to her inherent nature. She treated other people in a friendly manner and was not overly arrogant and conceited.

Her second disciple, Xue Xiao, had a fairly reckless and impulsive personality, but she was fairly obedient and could obey her orders and restrain herself.

As for her third disciple, Ye Lingmin, Murong Xun just wanted to sigh. To begin with, Ye Lingmin's personality was too haughty, and now, who knew what she experienced during her training outside these years? Not only did Ye Lingmin's temper not improve in the slightest, but she also became quicker to resort to violence.

Amongst her four personal disciples, the most comforting and also most heartache-inducing was probably her youngest disciple, Qiao Mu. This child might be young, but she was bright and intelligent, quick to learn everything. Her personality was a bit cold, but her social understanding was not inferior to that of an adult in the least. Murong Xun did not need to worry about her all that much.

This was precisely the reason that this youngest disciple tugged at her heartstrings the most.

The dinner was spoiled, so everyone could only squeeze into the few remaining round tables and share a simple meal.

After dinner concluded, Murong Xun announced the competitor list for the Three Sects and Five Factions' competition this time.

The three peaks would each nominate 10 disciples, giving a total of 30 people participating in this competition.

Murong Xun had eliminated Ye Lingmin's name from the list of 30 people.

After learning about this, Ye Lingmin abstained from eating and drinking for five days and five nights at Duantian Cliff and knelt until she fainted.

When someone told Qiao Mu about this, the little stoic merely peered up aloofly before closing the text in her hands and standing up and leaving.

Several days later:

All of the Holy Water Sect disciples heading to Xixia Valley to attend the competition were gathered in the empty clearing in front of the Sect Master's bamboo house.

The competitors were all young women with an average age of 20. Their lithe and graceful figures radiated with excitement and energy as they stood in front of the bamboo house with faint confident smiles hanging from their lips.

The Sect Master amiably stood before them with a grin. "Children, you will be departing for Xixia Valley in three days and participating in this competition as representatives of our Holy Water Sect."

### **Chapter 322: Don't Need a Lackey**

"Before that, this Sect Master will permit you all to head to the lowest level of the mystical treasured land and earnestly request Lady Holy Water to bestow a drop of holy water to each of you!" the Sect Master announced with a grin as she amiably looked at her extraordinarily talented grand-disciples.

Mad elation instantly appeared on every disciple's face when they heard that.

All the senior sisters and junior sisters met each other's eyes and saw the infectious smile coming from them.

Only the little stoic expressionlessly stood behind Xu Shanshan and Xue Xiao in the First Peak's team. She coldly stared ahead without any joy on her face.

The disciples from the three peaks were lined up in three columns, and the little stoic was standing in the third row of the first column.

The person standing in the same row as the little stoic was a disciple from Second Peak, Chang Yuxi. She was also one of Second Peak Master, Yang Xirong's, personal disciples.

Miss Chang covertly glanced at the little stoic and suddenly cleared her throat. "Sect Master! This disciple heard that members of the Five Factions will also participate in the Three Sects' Competition this time, so the competition is very intense! All the disciples that our sect is sending are mystic cultivators above the tenth level! However, I heard Little Junior Sister, an eighth-level mystic cultivator, replaced Senior Sister Ye of the First Peak as a participant. Isn't this a little improper?"

From the second row of the third column, where the disciples from the Third Peak were standing, a 15-year-old girl wearing red clothes quickly turned to look at the indifferent and still apathetic Qiao Mu.

The Sect Master made an "Eh" noise and was about to say something to smooth over the matter when a crisp and cool voice suddenly rang out. "Do you want to spar with me, Senior Sister?"

When she heard that, the corner of Murong Xun's lips twitched.

Chang Yuxi's arms rose to cross in front of her, and she turned to look back at Qiao Mu and chuckled lightly. "Are you saying you will withdraw from the competition team on your own if you lose, Little Junior Sister?"

"What if you lose, Senior Sister?" The girl also turned to aloofly look at Chang Yuxi.

Chang Yuxi inexplicably felt an icy feeling assaulting her.

"If I lose, I'll accept my loss graciously of course, and I'll be your lackey for the rest of the trip! How about it?" After saying that, her eyes twinkled cunningly, and she quickly swung a fist encased in mystic energy toward Qiao Mu.

Qiao Mu did not hide or dodge and directly extended a fair and delicate looking fist to meet it.

Instantly, the vibration of mystic energy evoked a ferocious gale of wind, sending everyone's clothes and hair fluttering high.

Yang Xirong peered up and saw her foolish disciple fly into the air with a "Piu!" like a leaking balloon, painting a perfect arc and crashing into the Sect Master's bamboo forest with a "Boom!".

The Sect Master's expression changed instantly, and she slapped her thigh and anxiously dashed into her forest. "Ah! My bamboo!"

The disciples of the three peaks all stared at the young girl, dumbstruck and speechless.

It was not until the Sect Master angrily returned with Chang Yuxi in hand, whose clothes had turned tattered, that all the disciples recovered from their shock. Their gazes all swooshed toward the unlucky Chang Yuxi.

"Ah, my waist!" Chang Yuxi supported one hand against her waist and her face was contorted as she complained, "Little Junior Sister, aren't you too vicious? Fine, fine, I lost! I'll accept my loss and be your lackey from now on!"

Yang Xirong rubbed her face and inwardly wondered, How did I end up with such a foolish disciple?

"I don't need one!" The four icy words petrified everyone.

### **Chapter 323: Waste of Food**

"Huh?" Chang Yuxi scrambled down from the Sect Master's grasp and clutched her waist with one hand while pressing with wide eyes, "Why don't you need one, Little Junior Sister? I'm gracious about my loss and willing to accept defeat..."

"A waste of food." Miss Qiao sent Chang Yuxi a cool look before spreading her arms and flying away.

Two swishes later, the delicate figure leaped onto the top of some tall bamboo on the tip of her toe and sprang into the distance, gracefully disappearing from everyone's gaze.

"Wow! So fast!"

"Is she really just an eighth-level mystic cultivator?"

The disciples whispered to each other with great fervor, their eyes still intently fixed on the direction that their Little Junior Sister disappeared in.

Yang Xirong crossed her arms and bitterly looked up at the sky. *Ah! This was originally my disciple!!!*

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In the afternoon, Qiao Mu was notified to head to the mystical treasured land.

The little girl from several years ago who still needed her Master's help to successfully travel to the mystical treasured land could now enter and leave the treasured land as she pleased without any assistance needed.

When she bent down to enter the cave on the side of the mountain, she realized that all the senior sisters from that morning had arrived already.

Everyone was gathered in groups and enthusiastically discussing something.

When Qiao Mu entered, the noise was abruptly sucked from the cave.

At this moment, a girl with a flushed, round face and wearing bright red clothes suddenly sprinted out of the Third Peak's team. She stopped in front of Qiao Mu with her arms behind her back and a bright grin on her face, completely ignoring Qiao Mu's icy face. The girl pointed at herself and asked, "Do you still remember me?"

"You are Doya from the Alava Tribe." The little stoic stared at her.

A sweet smile spread across Doya's face, and the small dimple on her left cheek grew bigger.

"Your name reaches far and wide, Little Junior Sister! Please take care of me from now on." Doya cheerfully said to Qiao Mu as she cupped her fists and bowed slightly.

An imperceptible smile flitted across Qiao Mu's face, and she glanced down at Doya's hold on her.

"I didn't expect us to go without seeing each other for five years after saying goodbye at the gate." Doya pulled her toward the Third Peak's team. "Little Junior Sister, although you don't live on our Third Peak, all the senior sisters from Third Peak know about you. Senior Sister Li, especially, praises you in front of us every day! You're the best junior sister in her mind, and every one of us added together can't compare to you."

The Senior Sister Li that Doya mentioned was Li Ling, who participated in the Qinghe Town mission with Qiao Mu and the others back then.

At this moment, Little Junior Sister ran over and softly tapped Doya's head. "What nonsense are you saying in front of Little Junior Sister?"

Then, she turned to smile at Qiao Mu. "Ignore her, Little Junior Sister. Long time no see! Let's go and chat with Senior Sister Yu Gui."

"Ahem!" The Sect Master intentionally raised her voice to make everyone stop doing whatever they were doing and turn to her.

The Sect Master entered just slightly ahead of the three peak masters. She surveyed the 30 young and energetic faces in front of her and revealed a smile as she nodded in satisfaction.

"Children, follow me to the most bottom level now." The Sect Master reminded them, "Remember, you can only plead once. If Lady Holy Water rejects you, you mustn't haggle her and continue to beg. Don't cause any negative impact."

"Understood!" All the disciples shouted in chorus.

Everyone quickly followed the Sect Master and the three peak masters into the tunnel leading underground.

### **Chapter 324: Holy Water's Favor**

This was also Qiao Mu's first time going to the lowest level of the mystical treasured land.

After all, she typically cultivated on the minus-two level and never stepped inside the minus-three level.

As the stone steps descended, everyone held their breaths and did not dare to utter a sound.

When they reached the entrance to the minus-three level, a giant circular slab of stone blocked their paths.

The Sect Master and the three Peak Masters all shot a burst of mystic energy together, and the four bursts of mystic energy each acted as corners and started turning the round stone.

After some loud cankering, the circular stone suddenly pushed open inwards.

"Enter!" the Sect Master ordered, and everyone hurried inside.

When Qiao Mu saw so many people pushing forward, she stepped back and waited until everyone rushed inside before slowly entering herself.

When she entered, she looked up and aloofly surveyed the entire cave.

This cave was not too different from the place she was cultivating in on the second level.

The only difference was that this place was extremely cold and the temperature plunged a lot in comparison to the second level.

There was an oval platform with a short set of steps in the center.

Flames were blazing from the stone trough around the cave, brightly lighting the entire cave.

Every single one of the 30 disciples was intently staring at the oval platform, which had an offering table with three sacrificial animals and some fruits sitting on it.

A blue shimmering ball of water about the size of two fists was swaying in the center of the offering table and emitting a weak, faint light.

A female disciple gulped before sprinting forward to be the first one. She dropped to her knees in front of the offering table with a plop and kowtowed as she pleaded, "Please bestow a drop of holy water to me, Lady Holy Water. This disciple will definitely carve this into my memories and never forget your blessing, Lady Holy Water."

Qiao Mu just found this scene a bit funny. Why did she kneel down and start kowtowing like this at the drop of a hat...?

The ball of water did not react at all and rolled back and forth on the offering table without any care.

Some minutes passed and the group of female disciples peered at each other before covertly glancing at their own master.

"Ahem, child, come down," the Sect Master ordered with a shake of her head.

"Wah..." Having failed at pleading for water, the disciple darted down the steps to the back of the group while wiping away her tears. Qiao Mu merely found her heartbroken and inconsolable reaction strange.

*Isn't it just a drop of water? Why would you beg? Beg your a\*\*!*

"Ah, Lady Holy Water is becoming increasingly haughty and unapproachable!" The Sect Master commented with a sigh.

"Lady Holy Water, I'm Doya. I hope your esteemed figure can give me a drop of holy water. I will be representing our sect in a competition, and I hope to raise my cultivation before the competition! Thank you, Lady Holy Water!" Doya merrily finished reciting what she wanted to say and attentively watched the slightly trembling ball of water on the offering table.

"Guru..." Everyone thought the ball of holy water was going to remain unresponsive when the ball started shaking.

The round blob slowly stretched and turned into a droplet shape and an opening suddenly formed on the front of the droplet. Then it was as though the droplet opened its mouth and spat out a tiny drop of water.

The gleaming drop of water wavered in the air a little before flying toward the grinning Doya who had her hands held up and cupped to receive it.

Doya quickly took out the bottle she prepared and stored the drop of water inside before jubilantly hugging the bottle and kissing it.

“Master, I got a drop of holy water!” Doya happily turned around to look at Lu Yun.

Lu Yun smiled faintly and thought, *This disciple of mine is truly a good child with a bright future ahead of her.*

Qiao Mu merely found it rather shocking and ludicrous, and she apathetically turned her head to the side.

### **Chapter 325: Professional at Making Trouble for Master**

What followed was every senior sister pulling every trick out of their hat to plead for a bestowal from Lady Holy Water.

The scene evoked roaring laughter from its watchers several times.

One of the senior sisters even latched onto the leg of the offering table as soon as she went up and begged for a bestowal from Lady Holy Water while bawling. Her manner of speaking made it seem like she was a hero about to rescue the entire world.

However, the holy water did not give her any reaction, and this sister should have withdrawn but just had to make herself known a second time in front of Lady Holy Water. In the end, she was dragged away by a fuming Second Peak Master Yang Xirong.

When this sister was dragged away, she kept wailing and kept hugging the other senior sister’s thighs like a pillar, causing all her victims to be incredibly embarrassed. Finally, Yang Xirong could not tolerate her anymore and karate chopped the brat on her head and dragged this unconscious sister away.

Qiao Mu was rendered speechless. Only then did she find out that Second Peak specialized in producing silly people...

The First Peak’s disciples proceeded to beseech for holy water much more normally. However, what angered Qiao Mu was that even her Eldest Senior Sister, Xu Shanshan, did not receive a single drop of “bestowal” from that lousy blob of water!

Just two people from the entire First Peak obtained a drop of water.

Utterly preposterous!

Hence, Qiao Mu’s impression of the water skyrocketed from disregard to dislike...

Out of the 29 senior sisters, only nine people succeeded in asking for holy water.

The Sect Master even breathed a sigh of relief at that and joyfully told everyone that Lady Holy Water was in a good mood today!

Qiao Mu had nothing to say but “Ha ha.”

Suddenly, everyone turned to Qiao Mu who stood there unmoving, confused.

Xu Shanshan quickly said, "It's your turn, Little Junior Sister. Go on."

Doya pumped her fist at Qiao Mu and encouraged, "Good luck, Little Junior Sister! Make a stronger plead at Lady Holy Water! You can do it!"

Qiao Mu had no intention to plead with that blob of prideful water! Heh, she would plead with someone? Don't joke with her! No matter how hard her days were in her previous life, she did not beg anyone nor did she beg for anything. Now you want her to plead for a drop of water? Hmph! Get lost!

"No need." Qiao Mu wore an uninterested expression as she turned around to leave but discovered she could not move forward no matter what after taking a small step. She forcefully tried to move her foot, stiffly keeping her back to everyone.

She f\*cking could not! Only she was aware that a transparent vine had wrapped around her foot and restricted her from moving a single centimeter.

F\*ck me... That d\*mn Qiuqiu is making trouble for her Master again!

"Masta, Masta, go! You can't be scared! Take down that ball of water! Waaah, that's an extraordinarily rare ball of holy water, ahhh!"

You're just a tree, but you've learned how to howl like a wolf? Do you need to be so excited?

Anyway, who's the scared one? Which eye of yours saw that I'm scared? That's called contempt, alright?!

How could her fellow sect members know about Qiao Mu's current circumstances? They enthusiastically surrounded her and talked at once. "This is necessary, Little Junior Sister."

"Ah, my disciple, the holy water you obtain here is different from the holy water back at the gate several years ago! This water's concentration is at least eight times higher than that water. A single drop is equal to eight of those drops. You mustn't foolishly give up this chance!" Yang Xirong's heartfelt persuasion merely earned her an eye roll from Murong Xun.

"Who are you calling your disciple?" Murong Xun humphed. Randomly calling people disciples all day long! How many years has it been? Why haven't you forgotten your evil intentions yet?

Miss Qiao pulled her foot back and darkly turned around, harshly glaring at that ball of water.

Eh? Why does Little Junior Sister feel so ominous? All the disciples immediately took two steps back.

Qiao Mu marched up the steps and waved her hand, a black ferule appearing in her grasp instantly.

The Sect Master and the three peak masters simultaneously reached out, their hearts leaping out of their chests...

### **Chapter 326: Lady Holy Water Is Very Tragic**

"Give me eight drops of water. One drop less, and I'll kill you!" Then, Qiao Mu struck the top of the water droplet using her ferule without leaving any room for protest.



Everyone stared at her, dumb as a wooden chicken.

I-is this the attitude you should have when you plead for holy water?

Ah... no! The Sect Master stretched out her hand and looked on helplessly as her grand-disciple smacked Lady Holy Water on her head with a ferule.

“Guru! Guru guru!” If a water droplet had fur, it would definitely be bristling in anger right now.

Audacious, audacious, audacious! You audacious brat! How dare you hit Lady Holy Water?!

Eh? This little girl is really fresh and juicy and brimming with the succulent taste that I, Lady Holy Water, like! She smells so good! This is great!

Hehe, she’ll definitely be quite a nice host for Lady Holy Water!

The droplet rocked and suddenly launched itself toward the girl.

Qiao Mu furrowed her brows and subconsciously rubbed her chest, feeling a scorching heat rising within her.

“What are you doing?” Murong Xun’s face darkened, and she threw a ball of mystic energy at the droplet without thinking.

In the blink of an eye, the droplet made contact with Qiao Mu’s hand.

A permeating coldness instantly invaded her and burrowed under the skin of her palm.

“Hahaha, Masta, this idiot wants to use you as a host! Perfect! I can take advantage and drag it into the Star Domain!” the sapling excitedly yelled.

Qiuqiu was originally contemplating how to trick it inside, but now all her worries were gone!

Hence, this was why people said, you dig your own grave!

“Great! Remember to beat it to death for me,” Qiao Mu responded expressionlessly as she was enveloped by an enlarged droplet and a transparent haze covered her sight.

Suddenly, the giant droplet encasing Qiao Mu was grasped by two slim branches and fiercely pulled apart.

Lady Holy Water dumbfoundedly realized that she was dragged inside a pitch-black Star Domain a split second later.

Who who who? Ahhh, who can actually capture my transparent physical body?

However, there was nothing but a faintly sparkling star shining in the distant left.

A strange tree whose body and leaves were excitedly trembling suddenly appeared in front of her.

The tree was not tall and had fresh green leaves and slender branches.

“W-wh-wh-who are you? Why are you here???” The droplet cowardly shrank itself into the size of a fist and kept floating back and forth in the dark Star Domain.

“Impudent mortal! Release me! How dare you act so rudely to Lady Holy Water?”

Qiao Mu covertly watched the scene unfolding inside her dantian’s Star Domain and was nearly toppled over in surprise by Lady Holy Water’s cute, childish voice.

The little treant also jumped down from her physical body and imperiously waved its arms and darkly smiled at Lady Holy Water before promptly leaping and serving a round of fists to her.

In the outside world, Murong Xun anxiously held her youngest disciple’s hand and kept inspecting her. “Qiaoqiao, do you feel unwell anywhere?”

Qiao Mu shook her head.

“W-where’s Lady Holy Water?” Doya asked the question inside everyone’s mind as she blinked in curiosity.

Qiao Mu maintained a stoic facade, and no one could tell anything from her face, so the Sect Master and everyone else were rather perplexed.

Qiao Mu kept watching the scene inside of her and waited until the prideful droplet of holy water was beaten to the point of forgetting who she was before calmly ordering Qiuqiu to stop.

“Haha, accept your fate!” Qiuqiu cockily grinned. “Hurry and give your essence water to my master, or I’ll kill you! Hmph!”

The fist-sized ball of water shuddered.

### **Chapter 327: Who’s Your Master?**

“Guru guru.” A blue light gleamed around the ball of water.

When the ball of water saw the violent treant about to charge up and beat her again, it cowered back in fright and released a string of pitiful weeping.

Eh... it looks pretty sad. Qiuqiu was slowing down its steps when it heard its master’s cold voice ringing out, “Don’t let it deceive you. It’s just pretending to be weak.”

The blob of prideful water kept calling itself Lady Holy Water day in and day out. Such a narcissistic drop of water could not be tamed so easily.

While Qiao Mu was speaking, the blob of water suddenly swelled and an eerie blue light launched from the inside toward the treant.

Qiuqiu roared and met it head-on!

Sh\*t! It actually vainly wanted to attack Lady Qiuqiu in the Star Domain? It was simply delusional, idiotic, and uneducated!

The water blob confoundedly watched the treant...

Eh? That guy actually ignored my water attack? Qiuqiu pierced through the blue light of the holy water and arrived in front of the water blob in a heartbeat.

“Eh? How’s this possible?” The water droplet’s soft and adorable voice was heard.

Promptly after that question, Qiuqiu stomped the water blob beneath its feet and its branches shot out, whipping the water blob without any mercy. “Who told you to dig your own grave? Who told you to be sly? Don’t you freaking know, I’m the boss in this Star Domain aside from Master? Muahahaha! I’m the boss!!! I’m the god!!!”

No one could compare to Qiuqiu’s cockiness, which could skyrocket into outer space.

“Stop it, stop it! It hurts, waaah.” The water blob pitifully begged, “Master, I was wrong. Please make the tree goblin stop hitting me!”

“Who’s a tree goblin?!” This fool is asking for a whipping!

“Who’s your Master?!” Qiao Mu icily questioned. “Qiuqiu, toss it out.”

“Ah, but, Master, this is extraordinarily rare holy water! If you infuse it into you, Master, you’ll definitely...”

“Toss it out.” Qiao Mu’s voice turned icier. Her tone not allowing any room for objection.

Hearing her, Qiuqiu immediately agreed honestly. Otherwise, if it did not listen to her, there was a great chance she would kick it out along with the water blob with her ruthless nature.

To Qiao Mu, this was a holy artifact belonging to the sect, not her. This droplet of water pissed her off, so it just deserved a round of beating to vent her anger. How could she take the sect’s holy artifact for her own?

“Oh right, remember to give me eight drops of holy water.” Qiao Mu’s voice contained indescribable heartlessness.

The water blob fiercely shivered in fear.

It suddenly moved with a gurgle and a small drop of transparent and flawless water that emitted a shimmering blue light separated from the water blob and lethargically trembled.

Then it shot away with a swish and directly dived into Qiao Mu’s mystic domain.

At the same time, Qiuqiu automatically peeled its entangled roots away as fast as lightning, revealing the dantian mystic domain that was buried underneath its roots. It pleasurably accepted this essence water that threw itself at them.

The two beings cooperated with each other so perfectly that Qiao Mu was unable to stop them in time.

As soon as the essence water entered her mystic domain, it harmoniously melted into her dantian and became one with it without any hindrance.

Qiao Mu was startled. She did not feel unwell at all. It was as though this drop of essence water belonged to her from the very start.

Her pitch-black Star Domain suddenly brightened for a moment, and Qiao Mu managed to catch sight of a planet the size of a fist hanging high up in the center of her star domain, which expanded infinitely into the distance.

It was the main planet!

She keenly discovered four other planets surrounding the main planet. They were almost identically sized but possessed different colors.

### **Chapter 328: The Star Domain Brightened**

The blue planet was especially, especially eye-catching!

When Qiao Mu's gaze landed on this blue planet, her heart stopped beating for a second, and indescribable emotions rushed into her heart.

It was as though... something wanted to spill out from her heart? Something that made her want to scream loudly.

However—

The Star Domain only brightened for a blink of an eye before it slowly dimmed again.

Qiuqiu's exhausted voice rang out in Qiao Mu's mind. "Master, with my current ability, I can only allow you to see the entire Star Domain for a small moment."

"I'm a bit tired, so I might sleep for a while. I've temporarily sealed this essence water inside your mystic domain. You'll have to slowly infuse it. The power of the essence water is very concentrated, so you might need one to two months before you can completely infuse it inside of you," Qiuqiu quietly murmured. "Master, after you finish infusing it inside of you, you can probably break through to tenth-level mystic cultivator and completely unlock your inner world."

Qiao Mu's gaze relaxed, and she could not help but softly ask, "Qiuqiu, how... long will you sleep?"

"About two to three months probably. Or maybe longer." The sapling's exhausted voice was heard. "I consumed quite a bit of energy dragging the holy water into the Star Domain. I didn't feel it then, but I'm getting more and more tired now."

Qiao Mu: "..."

Ahem, you probably got tired from beating the little droplet up. How impressive and bold did you act just now? You pummeled the little droplet black and blue just now and cemented your position as the boss immediately.

"Master, I won't be able to bring you to Paradise Planet these next two/three months. You must be careful, and don't make me worried."

Warmth surrounded Qiao Mu's heart. She found this parental tone a bit funny though. "You better worry about yourself. Cultivate in closed-door training well, and don't worry so much. I can handle it."

"..." Qiuqiu's voice had disappeared, so Qiao Mu worriedly opened her inner sight and glanced at her dantian

The sapling's branches were all gathered together and encased itself completely like a ball. Even the energetic treant was now lying against the tree roots, unmoving.

Qiuqiu once said that it was currently in the beginner-level, toddler stage. After entering her mystic domain, the holy water must nourish and benefit the sapling's growth or else it would not want to enter closed-door cultivation so quickly.

"Sh\*t, how will this droplet leave now?" Qiao Mu's heart skipped a beat when she thought of this.

This was the holy artifact that her entire sect worshipped like an ancestor! But she threw it into her dantian's mystic domain. Wasn't that too selfish?

"Master, I can leave myself," the sweet childish voice said.

"Then leave." Qiao Mu calmly closed her inner sight and discovered Master and Senior Sister Xu lightly shaking her hand with anxious expressions.

She was immersed in her inner sight for too long and forgot she was still inside the mystical treasured land.

"I'm fine, Master, Senior Sister." Qiao Mu quickly gave them a comforting gaze.

Murong Xun darkly asked, "What did the holy water do to you?"

\*Swish.\* A ball of water suddenly appeared in the air and hovered around Qiao Mu's ear, emitting a glistening blue light.

Everyone's hand trembled defensively as they made to attack. When they saw it was Lady Holy Water, they relaxed simultaneously and dropped their arms one after the other.

"Guru!" Two chubby arms and two chubby legs popped out of the water blob without any warning.

### **Chapter 329: Don't Be Scared, Qiaoqiao**

Then, the top of the water blob swayed, and an onion-like head sprouted from the top. It stretched its limbs with a gurgle, completing its transformation into a transparent little figure.

"Wow!" All of the Holy Water Sect's female disciples felt their hearts melt upon seeing this chubby and naked figure.

So Lady Holy Water's physical body was such a small, adorable water doll!

"Master." The water doll threw its naked body onto Qiao Mu's shoulder. Its transparent arms hugged Qiao Mu's neck, and it started rubbing against her.

Qiao Mu felt goosebumps covering her entire body.

This soft, chilly, and slippery little thing lying on her shoulder made her think of a creature that lived in the dark—snakes.

She hated snakes the most. A certain memory that she intentionally tried to forget suddenly rushed anew. Scenes from her previous life of how her perverted "friend" had locked her inside a cage in a pitch-dark room pervaded her mind.

He released a lot, a lot of limp, slippery snakes inside, and they swam around the cage and crawled over every inch of her body, gnawing on her, biting on her, chewing on her...

Was I terrified? Was I scared?

No! I wasn't scared! I wasn't scared at all!

I'll kill them all. Those dark, filthy creatures only deserve to wither into fertilizer and be crushed beneath my feet for as long as time itself! Never think about hurting a hair on me again!

Qiao Mu stood in her spot, petrified.

Her hands were tightly clenched together, and her fingernails dug into her palm and made it bleed, but she did not feel it.

"Qiaoqiao." Murong Xun immediately noticed her odd state and grasped her hand.

When that gentle warmth enveloped her hand, Qiao Mu instantly ripped herself from that palpitating, soulless state.

Like an arrow, her icy gaze viciously shot toward a certain cute object lying on her shoulder.

Everyone was stupefied as they watched Qiao Mu ruthlessly smack that transparent, adorable water doll off of her shoulder.

The water doll crashed onto the ground with a plop and turned into a puddle of water.

"Scram!" Following that frosty shout, everyone was silent as a cicada in winter as they watched their Little Junior Sister, flabbergasted.

That moment, the little droplet felt its heart shattering. Master's cutting and frightening gaze brimmed with loathing and revulsion just now. What a hate-filled look that was!

It was holy water, so it did not have a fixed form. The fall did not hurt it, but its heart throbbed with pain.

Qiao Mu flew out of the cave and raggedly scattered from the mystical treasured land.

Too cold. This place was too cold. Once the chilly air encased her, she could not dissipate it no matter how hard she tried.

She thought she had overcome this iciness after all these years. She could even freely cultivate in closed-door training inside the incredibly chilly mystical treasured land without any nervousness and anxiety these past few years.

However—

Once a certain spot in her memory was triggered, every dark and chilly thing buried deep inside of her came rushing back!

"Master, Master, I was wrong! I shouldn't have delusionally wanted to use you as a host! I won't do it ever again. Master, Master, forgive me for once! Master, Master... waaah." The little droplet trembled

and shook, turning into a ball of glistening water again. It chased after Qiao Mu the entire time, bouncing and hopping.

Qiao Mu bounded straight for the peak of the Snow Mountain, and the little droplet blindly followed.

Qiao Mu stopped on a giant protruded rock at the top of the snowy peak—a place where the sunlight could bundle around her entire body.

Her hands tightly clutched a piece of rock, her joints draining of color. She could not control the slight shivering that seized her.

### **Chapter 330: The World Outside**

“Master, Master, I’m sorry. Master... waaah.” The blob of water kept circling around Qiao Mu, but it did not dare to approach her too closely.

Qiao Mu also did not expect her emotional breakdown to assault her so fast. She had thought she concealed her wound perfectly. She even thought she had completely forgotten her past already.

However, now, it appeared she did not...

Some things could not be forgotten simply because you purposely choose to forget it. If you do not gouge out the rotten flesh around the wound, it will never mend completely.

Qiao Mu took a deep breath and looked up at the faint sunlight sprinkling down.

When Qiao Mu turned around, she was surprised by the bawling blob of water. To begin with, this thing was made from water, so its form of crying consisted of two pillars of tears spraying from the main blob and cascading to the ground.

Seeing this, Qiao Mu quickly took out a bottle and held it near. “This is holy water, right? Eight drops are enough, why do I need so much?”

The blob of water inhaled some air and nearly stifled itself but quickly stopped crying. It looked at its Little Master, who sent her a murderous look moments ago, and stammered, “Master, Dottie will love Master very, very much from now on. Can you please not dislike Dottie from now on, Master?”

Master’s earlier look was extremely icy and heartless and sent the water blob into overwhelming fear.

“Just now, it wasn’t aimed at you...” Qiao Mu knew that she mistook the small water blob as a coiling snake at that moment. The sneering, chilly face of a snake overlapped with that “friend” from her previous life, so her emotions exploded and her actions went out of control.

“Apologies.” Qiao Mu apologetically looked at the ball of water and wanted to say something comforting, but she was not good at expressing her thoughts.

Finally, she sighed softly. “Let’s go back.” Master and the senior sisters must be worried.

“Master.” The blob of water flew into the air in front of her and its blue light sparkled. It was asking for pets and hugs.

“Little Junior Sister, Little Junior Sister!” Xu Shanshan and the others were behind Murong Xun. When they saw Qiao Mu in an unharmed condition after reaching the snowy peak, a sigh of relief escaped from their mouths.

Qiao Mu was about to reach out but looked up when she heard the calls.

An inch before Qiao Mu touched the ball of water, her hand shrank back skittishly and subconsciously clenched into a fist as she swiftly walked toward her master.

The glistening blue light encasing the blob of water dimmed. It trailed behind Qiao Mu like a wilted flower.

Three days later, Qiao Mu left the water blob in the Holy Water Sect’s mystical treasured land. She also departed from the sect with the disciples from the three peaks while riding large cranes.

The villagers of Xianghe Village were heading out for another day of labor when they heard the cries of cranes, so they hastily looked up.

There were more than 30 slender-figured, celestial-like disciples of the Holy Water Sect sitting or standing on the back of a dozen or so large cranes. Their already indistinguishable faces disappeared into the distance as the calls of the cranes grew fainter.

“Mother, are those celestial beings?” a girl asked while pointing at the disappearing cranes.

“Yes. Those celestial beings are silently protecting us using their own methods.”

After the cranes flew them down the mountain and escorted them to the riverside, they returned to the sect.

Xixia Valley was located on the edge of the Western Wilderness and bordered Shuwang City, so they had to pass through the Great Swamp.

The Holy Water Sect group planned to take the water route and they should arrive near the Great Swamp in a dozen or so days.

Calculating the journey, they had to make haste since traversing through the Great Swamp might waste some time.

“Master, there’s a boatman up ahead. Let me ask him.” A disciple from Third Peak swiftly darted toward the riverside like a bird released from its cage.

The boatman was sitting on the riverside with his bowed back facing the Holy Water Sect group.

The Third Peak disciple cheerfully clapped him on the shoulder. “Uncle, are you running the boat? Send us to...”

The boatman turned around. His nose and mouth had all concaved into his flat face, and only his blackened teeth were revealed.

He abruptly opened his mouth and sprang toward the disciple from the Third Peak, his mouth opening absurdly wide.



The Holy Water Sect disciples exclaimed in shock.

A “Swoosh” arched through the air, and a black arrow pierced the boatman’s throat, cleanly coming out from the back of his neck.