

## **My Crown 331**

### **Chapter 331: Extremely Entertaining**

Third Peak's disciple Chen Hanzi gradually broke out in a cold sweat.

Just now, she could almost smell the stinking stench spurting out of the zombie's gaping mouth.

Rotten flesh broke out of that flat face, making it abnormally horrifying.

The two were no less than half a foot away from touching each other, but Chen Hanzi's heart had almost been scared into stopping.

Yet, in the blink of an eye, a sound had cracked through the air, and an iron arrow swiftly shot through the zombie's throat, sending it into the river.

The water splashed loudly, spraying out water as tall as half a person.

Chen Hanzi was dazed for quite a while, and her gaze... penetrated through the thick crowd, landing on the person at the very back.

Dressed in a flawless suit of unadorned clothing, with a straight back and a beautiful bearing, Qiao Mu's delicate hands grasped a pitch-black repeating crossbow, her gaze tranquilly looking in this direction.

Little Junior Sister's decisive arrow had undeniably saved her life.

Chen Hanzi gratefully nodded at her little junior sister from where she stood.

"Hanzi, why aren't you hurrying back!" Lu Yun shouted at her disciple with a solemn expression.

However, just as Chen Hanzi wanted to run back, the sound of water sloshing on the riverside rang out, and a water vine abruptly shot out of the river mud, heading straight for her ankle.

Lu Yun's complexion slightly shifted. She suddenly took to the air, hurriedly untying her belt before flinging it out to wrap around Chen Hanzi's arm.

Chen Hanzi borrowed this force to promptly jump into the air. However, the water vine managed to wrap around her left shoe sole, and with a tug, Chen Hanzi's body sunk downwards a little.

Fortunately, Lu Yun had a tight grasp on the belt. She quickly arrived beside Chen Hanzi, letting out a ball of mystic energy that smashed the water vine to the ground. She directly brought Chen Hanzi to retreat many steps away before gradually stabilizing her figure.

Chen Hanzi turned her head around to look, only to see the squirming vine grinding her lost shoe into tatters.

Her entire body immediately shuddered in fear!

"Are you alright, Senior Sister Chen?" Duo Ya let out a sigh of relief. She stretched out a hand to grab onto Chen Hanzi. "Did you get hurt?"

"I- I'm alright." With a reddened face, Chen Hanzi looked towards her master Lu Yun, who had a displeased expression.

In the next moment, a gigantic wave suddenly rose over the riverside.

Murong Xun stretched out her hand to block the group of disciples, solemnly saying, "Back away."

Suddenly, seven to eight water vines, each as thick as a person's wrist, abruptly shot out from the water. Several vines coiled together into a bunch and swept towards the crowd.

"What is this thing? Is it an evil plant?" Holy Water Sect's disciples pulled out their swords one after another to cut down the engulfing water vines.

"This is a level-two corpse-eating vine." Qiao Mu's cold voice faintly sounded. "It's best not to let it entangle you. Pay attention to protecting the uncovered areas of your body with bare skin. Don't let it scratch you to avoid getting infected."

Although a level-two corpse-eating vine was unlike a level-three zombie, which would certainly infect anyone it scratched and cause the person to mutate, for safety purposes it was still best to avoid getting caught. Never leave things to luck, or else you wouldn't know what hit you.

"It seems like there's more as we chop." Chang Yuxi couldn't help exclaiming.

Even after chopping these corpse-eating vines, they continued to wriggle on the ground. Each piece looked extremely disgusting.

Qiao Mu already took to the air while soothing the goosebumps on her arms. Her wrists dropped with her fingers lightly interlocked, and five iron arrows, as if they were meteors chasing the moon, whisked directly towards the riverside.

As soon as the iron arrows shot directly into the river, the depths of the river mud let out a strange shriek.

Like an iron rod scraping against the ground, grinding out a piercing sound.

Then, all the corpse-eating vines that were still attacking a moment ago dropped limply to the ground at the same time, not moving at all.

### **Chapter 332: Changing Routes**

All the Holy Water Sect's disciples' expressions could be said to be extremely entertaining. No one ever thought that such situations would befall them upon leaving the Great Snow Mountains. Really, they didn't get a moment of rest.

After Qiao Mu killed the corpse-eating vine's main body, all the corpse vines stopped moving.

Seeing this, Chang Yuxi hurriedly took out a lighter and set all the corpse vines on the riverside ablaze until there was nothing left.

Murong Xun's complexion turned solemn. "I'm afraid that we can't use the water route."

"The large cranes aren't suitable for long-distance flying. Besides, we will become more passive once something happens in mid-air." Murong Xun contemplated for a bit before saying, "To solve our current predicament, we can only first go to Five Moon City to exchange for some horses."

Lu Yun glanced at her disciples with a grave expression. "Having left the sect, you all forgot your master's exhortations? The outside world is different from inside the sect; you need to constantly be alert and cannot be rash."

"This disciple knows wrong." Chen Hanzi admitted with a reddened face. She then turned to Qiao Mu to say, "Thank you, Little Junior Sister."

Little Junior Sister's quick reaction just now was astonishing.

This showed that ever since she left the snowy mountains, she didn't relax her guard at all, always ready for battle.

Thinking about it, all the female disciples were a bit ashamed. They inwardly chastised themselves for not being as calm and decisive as their little junior sister even though they were so much older than her.

The group could only turn back to Five Moon City, heading straight for the City Lord's Estate.

These years, Holy Water Sect had also accepted missions multiple times from Five Moon City. They could be said to be old acquaintances with Five Moon City's City Lord.

When the guard led them to the City Lord Estate's southern side, the City Lord was personally plowing a section of blackening dirt. Three to four attendants with tightly knit brows followed nearby.

Upon seeing Murong Xun's group, the City Lord hastily tidied the dust on his body. He came forward with a smile and cupped his hands from a distance away in greeting, politely saying, "I am most honored to meet you! The three peak masters' presence truly brings light to my humble dwelling."

"City Lord Wu is too courteous." Murong Xun cupped her fists in salute and relayed her intentions with a smile.

Wu Mantian readily promised to fulfill her requests, immediately instructing his subordinates to prepare horses.

"Can plants be grown on this piece of land that City Lord is plowing?" Yan Xirong asked with a smile.

Wu Mantian sighed, shaking his head. "Nowadays, there is less and less suitable land for growing crops in this city. We also don't have many seeds in our inventory anymore." Because many seeds that were planted into the ground simply couldn't produce anything at all, they just ended up rotting away in the dirt.

"We basically searched the nearby villages but couldn't find anything to harvest. These few years, there has been less and less food. If we still can't produce anything while also continuing to consume our grain stores, then we probably can't even last a year. At that time, we can only migrate to the large fortification in the north."

Wu Mantian's eyes were full of yearning. "I heard that Northern Mo built 13 large fortifications, fortresses with impenetrable defense. I just don't know if they will accept foreign refugees."

Murong Xun, Yan Xirong, and Lu Yun's complexions all slightly turned solemn.

Ever since the old king of Qiu Kingdom was poisoned to death by a favored consort, his several sons came to blows over the throne, murdering each other until near extermination.

Now, Qiu Kingdom basically only existed in name. With Wu Mantian watching over Five Moon City, everything was still fine, but if the whole city were to really migrate, it would be a huge project.

“Husband!” As they were speaking, a young married woman, with clear and simple features, rushed over crying while carrying a five to six-year-old girl.

“Wife, what happened?” Frightened, Wu Mantian hurriedly took a few steps to receive the woman who was running over in a stagger.

“Husband, hurry and save Qu’er, save her!”

### **Chapter 333: Critical Treatment**

“Hurry, hurry and call the estate doctor!” Wu Mantian could not help but panic seeing his unconscious daughter foaming at the mouth.

“The estate doctor said Qu’er can’t be saved.” The young woman cried out with a painful expression, “Husband, this wife heard that Holy Water Sect’s peak masters were at the estate. This must be Holy Water Sect’s Peak Master.”

The young woman hurriedly carried the child to kneel in front of Murong Xun. “Please save my daughter, Peak Master, save her!”

Murong Xun was bewildered. It was true she was a peak master, and it was true she was a mystic cultivator, but that didn’t mean she was well-versed in Chinese medicine!

To push someone to do something beyond their capability—how should she deal with this?

Murong Xun hastily stretched out her hands to prevent the City Lord Madam from kneeling. “Madam. Madam, please quickly stand!”

Turning to look at City Lord Wu, Murong Xun helplessly said, “To be frank, it’s better to find the Celestial Medicine Valley for treatment. In the entire Holy Water Sect, only one person somewhat understands medicine. This person is Sect Master’s personal attendant, who is still at the Holy Water Sect right now.”

Hearing this, the City Lord Madam fell to the ground like a deflated balloon.

The City Lord hurriedly stretched out his hands to support her. “Wife, wife.”

“Qu’er...” The City Lord Madam embraced her daughter and bawled, “Oh, my poor daughter.”

“If you keep constraining her like this, she really will die soon.” Suddenly, a cold voice sounded out clearly and crisply from the crying, like the caress of a clear spring at the bottom of a snowy mountain.

The City Lord and Madam stared blankly in the direction of the voice. However, they only saw a twelve or thirteen-year-old girl dressed in simple cyan clothing with an icy countenance and matchless beauty coldly gazing at them.

Murong Xun: “...”

Just as she thought of speaking out to smooth things over, she heard her little disciple coldly rebuking, “What use is crying? Can crying solve your problems? You! Put her down!”

The City Lord Madam subconsciously let go, her expression still dazedly looking at the young lady.

She suddenly felt her lap lighten. It turned out that the young lady carried her daughter to the side, putting her on the footpath between the fields.

“Uh...” Just as Murong Xun was going to speak, her gaze slightly froze.

She saw her little disciple skillfully turning over Qu’er’s wrist, first feeling her pulse. Then, she lifted her eyelids for a look.

After that, she pulled out a compact needle pouch from her waist and took out several silver needles before directly inserting them. The speed at which she did so almost dazed them nonprofessionals into a blur.

“Eh? Eldest Senior Sister, my disciple knows how to treat others?” Yang Xirong was simply a bit stupefied. She turned her head to see Murong Xun’s concentrated gaze and couldn’t help but laugh in schadenfreude. “No? This is also your first time knowing right, hahaha.”

Murong Xun stretched out a hand and forcefully pushed the dunce’s head aside, irritably glaring at her!

At this time, Qiao Mu had already swiftly removed the needles. She then turned the small girl over.

“Wa!” The small girl vomited out a mouth of pitch-black liquid, her complexion clearly improved.

The City Lord and Madam watched the scene unfold in shock and delight. They hurriedly ran over and reached out to carry the small girl. They incessantly thanked Qiao Mu saying, “Th-Thank you young lady, thank you.”

Qiao Mu expressionlessly looked at the City Lord couple. “She consumed Heartbreak Grass.”

“Heartbreak Grass?” The City Lord couple exchanged glances in surprise. They had never heard of this herb’s name.

“That, is Heartbreak Grass.” Qiao Mu casually pointed at the two to three pots below the corridor.

The City Lord Madam was alarmed. “This is poisonous?”

“Its toxin is concentrated near its roots. Once consumed, adults, not to mention children, wouldn’t be able to stand it.”

### **Chapter 334: I’m Not a Divine Doctor**

“Qu’er, you ate random things again!” The City Lord Madam expected better from her daughter, grabbing her hand and lightly slapping it twice.

“Mother, I’m hungry.” The small girl’s face was ghastly pale, her voice weakly mumbling.

City Lord Wu was in a daze, deeply regretting his decision. To save on food and clothing and eat frugally, City Lord Wu mobilized the entire city. Each person could only eat one meal a day, causing the entire

city's residents to get by half-starved. As the City Lord, he of course had to set a good example to rally the others. Thus, his entire family suffered with him.

Adults could still endure, but the starved child could only grab random things to eat from wherever. She probably grabbed the Heartbreak Grass growing on the side of the path to eat raw.

The City Lord Madam burst into a flood of tears, raising her head to gaze bitterly at City Lord Wu.

"Her poison has been basically detoxified, but it's unavoidable that there may be remnant poison causing trouble. Everything will be fine after you take this medicine, one pill daily for seven days." Qiao Mu's white hands tossed a small jade bottle over to the City Lord Madam.

"Thank you divine doctor, thank you divine doctor." The City Lord and Madam couldn't thank her enough, repeatedly expressing their thanks.

Yet Qiao Mu shook her head, her small stoic face seriously earnest. "I'm not a divine doctor. I just understand a bit about medicine is all."

Everyone: "..."

Murong Xun and Yang Xirong exchanged glances and were simultaneously at a loss for words.

You got to be f\*cking kidding me! If casually inserting several needles could bring back a child from the brink of death was considered only understanding a bit about medicine, what should the people who actually know a bit about medicine do?

Murong Xun and the others had no idea that the little stoic actually thought this way in her heart. Her innate medical skills had always been eccentric and enigmatic. If you said that she understood medicine, she felt like she had never learned it.

If you said that she didn't understand medicine, she could pretty much identify any poisonous or odd medicinal herbs with a glance. Whenever she encountered sudden ailments, she could immediately treat them. Every time she inserted her needles into someone, she kept feeling like she had done this countless times.

The strangest thing was that she had especially flipped through the books in Holy Water Sect to find the few herbal medicine texts available to ascertain her knowledge.

She found out that the medicinal herbs mentioned in the herbal medicine texts overlapped with some of the information in her brain. The only difference was probably in the names of the medicinal herbs.

For example, she only learned the name of this Heartbreak Grass after looking at the herbal medicine text. Before flipping through the text, a different herb's name with similar properties and poisonous characteristics popped into her mind.

Only after flipping through all the medical texts did she feel like she was once familiar with this information, as if she had flipped through who knows how many medical canons and poison classics in the past.

Since the Holy Water Sect's few medical texts were only the most common texts circulating on the market, she couldn't make further comparisons and could only say that she had a general idea in her mind. She suspected that she possibly understood a bit of medicine.

"Ahem, Madam, could I borrow the medicine you're holding for a look?" Yang Xirong curiously stared at the jade bottle in the City Lord Madam's hand.

The City Lord Madam hastily offered it with both hands.

Yang Xirong poured out a small pitch-black pill the size of a small rice ball from the jade bottle.

Everyone's dumbstruck gazes landed on Qiao Mu, unable to take their eyes off her.

Murong Xun was also curious. "Disciple, don't tell me that you produced this pill yourself?"

Qiao Mu glanced at the medicine in Yang Xirong's hands and slowly nodded her head.

She only followed the production method written in the common medicine text to make some small pills. At the beginning, her handling was a bit stiff, but as she made more she felt a more intense feeling of familiarity, just like... she once made countless pills and even... liquid concoctions?

Murong Xun and company practically stared at her for quite a while, dumbstruck.

Until the sound of horses whinnying interrupted everyone's trances.

### **Chapter 335: You All Come to Pour Some**

After the three peak masters bid farewell to the Wu Mantian couple, they had all their disciples urge their horses to leave the City Lord Estate.

The entire time, all of the Holy Water Sect's female disciples had mystified muddle-headed expressions, unable to collect their thoughts.

Little Junior Sister's medical skills were astonishing!

The skills that Little Junior Sister just revealed in manipulating those acupuncture needles was simply eye-opening!

Not only was their little junior sister extremely talented in martial arts, but it also seemed like she was extremely learned in medicinal arts.

Little Junior Sister was so well-versed in medicine, but she actually only indifferently said: "I only understand a bit..."

All the senior sisters felt extremely peculiar, their hearts suffering unstoppable blows from this miraculous little junior sister.

After silently hurrying on their journey for a period of time, it was Murong Xun who first caught her breath. She cast a sidelong glance at her little disciple. "Ah, Qiaoqiao. You know medicine?"

"A bit." The little stoic expressionally replied and concentrated on looking at the road ahead.

The way you performed treatment clearly demonstrated consummate skill, how is that knowing a bit?! Murong Xun howled in her heart before turning her head with a beaming expression once again. "So it's like this. Why didn't you tell Master?"

At this moment, Yang Xirong's "Kekeke" laughter sounded behind her as background music.

Murong Xun inwardly grinded her teeth.

"Master never asked before." Qiao Mu suddenly glanced behind, her narrow brows slightly creasing.

Murong Xun: "..."

What can Master say when you answer like this, Disciple? This little fellow's talent in killing a conversation within three sentences truly saw improvement!

Qiao Mu suddenly pulled her horse's reins and turned her horse's head around to fixate on the incoming road.

Murong Xun and the others were stumped for a bit before they also urged their horses to turn around one by one with guarded gazes.

"Still not coming out?" Qiao Mu's clear voice harped.

"Guru!" A ball of water mist suddenly congealed in midair and transformed into a small water blob with a "Peng!" Its whole body released a gleaming bright blue radiance.

"Lady Holy Water!" Chang Yuxi and the others cried out in surprise.

The three peak masters' gazes all changed, and they jointly deployed a sound-isolating defensive shield, encircling Lady Holy Water within the defensive shield.

Not to joke, but if the holy water were to be exposed to others, it wouldn't simply initiate a plunder and massacre on Sikong Planet.

That absolutely would be something that even the Six Prefectures and Three Provinces would join in to scramble for upon catching wind of the news.

"Guru." The small water blob flashed to Qiao Mu's side. The water blob trembled a bit, and small hands and small feet poked out from the water blob. It transformed into an onion-bulb-like small child, its face adorably looking at its master.

Qiao Mu expressionlessly questioned, "Didn't I tell you to stay at the sect?"

"Master..." The water child pitifully looked at her, its large blue tearful eyes flashing.

It was so adorable that the senior sisters' hearts also softened. Chang Yuxi was the first one to be unable to bear it and impatiently jumped out to speak up for Lady Holy Water. "Little Junior Sister, I see that Lady Holy Water is quite good, so why don't you just bring it along?"

"Right, right." Xue Xiao also nodded briskly. "Lady Holy Water also gifted us each with a small bottle of holy water. It already knows to correct its wrongs. Why don't you forgive it, Little Junior Sister?"

Xu Shanshan and the other First Peak disciples all nodded their heads.



The other two peak's disciples were all stupefied and uniformly turned their heads to look at Xue Xiao. "Senior Sister Xue, what did you say? Lady Holy Water gifted you each with a small bottle of holy water?"

How many drops were in a small bottle? What they heard wasn't the truth, right?!

"You all also want some?" At this time, the little stoic interrupted in a timely manner and pulled out a large bottle. "Take out your own bottles and I'll pour you some. A lot of tears streamed out when it cried last time. It should work, right?"

Everyone: "..."

### **Chapter 336: The Lord Came**

The three peak masters' mouths simultaneously twitched.

Meanwhile, all the senior sisters already couldn't describe how great their trauma was.

They only felt that in front of their little junior sister, any problem wasn't worth mentioning!

But all their actions were exactly the same—hastily bringing out bottles of all sizes from their inner worlds and lining up to obtain holy water.

Murong Xun helplessly looked at this group of disciples and reminded, "Remember, you must not use holy water to advance in the middle of the competition. Even if you should lose the competition, don't use it lest people with ulterior motives cast greedy eyes over."

"Understood." All the Holy Water Sect disciples nodded to acknowledge the order.

Murong Xun then nodded and looked at Qiao Mu to say, "Disciple, hurry and accept the Holy Water. Don't easily reveal it in front of others. This is something that is difficult to find even in tens of thousands of years. If people with ulterior motives see it, they will certainly fight to the death for it."

"But this is the holy being that the sect worships..."

"Silly disciple, the sect has passed down a decree for the past hundred years indicating that if there comes a day that the Holy Water wishes to depart, we should naturally let it leave without stopping it. This shows that the Holy Water is a free entity. Isn't it a cause for celebration that the Holy Water chose my Holy Water Sect's disciple as its master? This kind of thing is hard to come by in ten thousand years. Hurry and accept it."

The little stoic's gaze moved and glanced at the water child with slight awkwardness.

However, the water child suddenly felt the glance that its master sent it seemed to contain traces of dislike... Wuuuu, it was so broken-hearted.

"It's so soft and slippery. It's not easy to bring along."

"Master, master, I can also transform into a solid and won't move at all!" As soon as the water child finished speaking, its entire body wriggled and wriggled before shrinking into a square ice cube, landing with a "dong" in Qiao Mu's hand.

Qiao Mu had nothing to say.

She only asked after a while, "What else can you transform into?"

She could only throw this chunk of ice into a storage talisman...

"I can also transform into an ice ring."

"No, that's too flashy." She didn't want to attract trouble.

"How about this then." The chunk of ice wriggled and wriggled and shrunk several sizes smaller before transforming into a round ice bead the size of a thumb.

Qiao Mu finally nodded in satisfaction.

"Master, you can put me wherever. I won't move randomly." The small ice bead's soft and adorable voice sounded.

Qiao Mu's heart slightly throbbed, and she raised her hand to gently stroke the ice bead. "What silly things are you saying? I'm going to put you inside my waist pouch. You can move if you want, but just don't carelessly pop out in front of others."

The world outside was different from inside the sect. She knew best that people's hearts were sinister. It was best to be careful in all matters.

Once the little tree awoke, she could put it inside Paradise Planet to avoid staying on tenterhooks.

"Yes, yes, Master's the best! Dottie loves Master the most."

Consequently, the Holy Water Sect group hurried along on their journey, setting out at dawn and only stopping at dusk. After twenty or so days, they arrived at the adventurer base near the Great Swamp.

"My lord, I've confirmed that this is the only road leading to the western region. Whether you're using the water route or land route, or even going by air, you must cross this Great Swamp to get to Xixia Valley." Hidden Flower followed behind his lord, who was strolling about this area.

"How come they haven't come yet?" Mo Lian frowned.

He arrived at this base three days in advance, but he still hadn't encountered the little fellow yet.

Calculating the time, she should be arriving these few days.

As he was speaking, a seventeen to eighteen-year-old young girl abruptly staggered out of the crowd, suddenly throwing her entire body at Mo Lian.

Hidden Flower's brow twitched and couldn't help but facepalm.

It was happening again—he wasn't clear on the number of women who had thrown themselves at his master after entering this base...

Was it really fun to be ruthlessly kicked away like this, not even managing to touch the hem of Master's clothes?

### **Chapter 337: A Country Bumpkin**

Lord Mo had flippant phoenix eyes and a kindly face. He turned a blind eye and kept strolling forwards after lightly patting his sleeves.

It was as if it wasn't a pretty young girl that pretentiously wanted to throw herself into his embrace, but only a blind little bird that flew over, which was met with his brusque flick.

Our fellow Hidden Flower inwardly laughed "Heh-heh" before obsequiously chasing after his master.

He just had to pretend not to see Master occasionally going nuts with a screw or two loose. He was a trusted and loyal little guard. He, of course, wouldn't say things like 'Oh Master, you really are demented!'

Mo Lian took two steps before abruptly stopping. He suddenly looked back and slightly narrowed his phoenix eyes, sweeping his gaze across the busy pedestrians.

When the bustling passerby's gazes landed on him, they all subconsciously stopped and stared at him for a moment.

A tall and graceful youth dressed slimly in a long bluish white robe, his posture as straight as bamboo, and his bright eyes and thin eyebrows as fine as jade. His demeanor was like colored crystals fleeting unrestrainedly out of the dust and floating down the snowy peaks, glistening and smooth as jade. It had an unspeakable sense of ensnaring beauty.

Hidden Flower was slightly dazed, and then he stepped forward to lightly call out, "My lord?"

Mo Lian recollected his gaze and muttered to himself, "I have a peculiar feeling, as if..." the little fellow had already arrived by his side.

"Go inquire at the nearby inns again."

"Yes." Hidden Flower immediately carried out the order and led a small team of black-clothed youths to check the inns one by one.

As Hidden Flower led the group of youths past a tall and broad storefront, from which a disorderly bunch of adventurers passed through, he only lifted his head to cast a glance at the gilded words on the black signboard before quickly going past the entrance with a tranquil gaze. He didn't even bring the others inside for a look.

Inside Morning Sunlight Pavilion, our dear Qiao Mu was expressionly standing before the counter, leafing through the blank talisman papers in the small case that the shopkeeper provided.

"These are all the blank talisman papers that our pavilion has." The elderly shopkeeper was around fifty years old, his down-to-earth and amiable face faintly smiling the entire time.

Qiao Mu nodded and covered the case of black talisman papers. "How much grain to exchange?"

After engaging in closed-door cultivation for so many years in the sect, she had no idea about the commodity prices in the outside world, which was why she had to ask.

The elderly shopkeeper was dumbfounded for a bit, but before he could speak, a piercing laughter filled with mockery sounded out from behind. "Hehe, what a country bumpkin! Still using grains to exchange? What kind of joke is this really? Quickly step aside!"

Qiao Mu slightly turned her head to look, and she saw a young girl with an oval face and arching eyebrows proudly lifting her chin as she walked over.

The young girl looked to be seventeen or eighteen. She wore a butterfly-patterned greenish-black brocade upper garment paired with a light green pleated skirt. The hem of the skirt lightly spun and drifted along as she walked, giving her a gallant bearing.

"Shopkeeper, I came to pick up the defensive mystic clothing that I ordered yesterday." The young girl raised her chin up high, as if her chin would fall off immediately if she didn't raise it up.

As she walked past, the young girl purposely shoved Qiao Mu, who was standing to the side, with her shoulder.

How could Qiao Mu let her succeed? She turned her body to avoid it naturally, but her brows slightly knitted, and a hint of displeasure flashed through her eyes. She inwardly thought: "What a haughty woman."

"Miss Ning, your item is ready." The shopkeeper smiled faintly at her, without any great fluctuation in expression.

The shopkeeper carried out a long brocade box from the cabinet and placed it in front of the young girl. He stretched out his hand and courteously said, "According to the rules, please display your Treasure Talisman."

### **Chapter 338: Why Don't You Hit Me!**

The young girl lifted her lips, her arrogant expression casting a sidelong glance at Qiao Mu. She handed the red diamond-shaped jade talisman between her two fingers to the shopkeeper.

After the shopkeeper carefully assessed and fingered the engravings on the back of the jade talisman, he respectfully handed the jade talisman back to the young girl. "Thank you, this is a red jade Treasure Talisman. Exchanging for this defensive mystic clothing requires 1000 credits. Do you wish to deduct your credits at this moment to exchange?"

"Exchange!" The young girl flaunted a self-satisfied smile and seemingly cast her head aside to sweep a glance at Qiao Mu.

She could not help but be filled with anger from this glance. She originally thought this little girl next to her would definitely be hanging her head low in shame after being put down by her.

Yet who knew that she still saw a little stoic face. The little girl's gaze curiously fell on her red jade Treasure Talisman, scanning back and forth between the long brocade box and the red jade Treasure Talisman.

"Who allowed you to randomly look at other people's things? Scram, country bumpkin!" The young girl indignantly pushed Qiao Mu with her hands.

A dissenting voice came from beside her. "Junior Sister, what are you doing? How can you be so impolite?"

Ning Bifan stomped her foot and unhappily looked at the tall and dashing man beside her. "Senior Brother, why are you speaking up for the country bumpkin?"

The little stoic directly ignored the pair of senior and junior siblings. Her slightly curious gaze looked towards Morning Sunlight Pavilion's shopkeeper. "You need to exchange for the things you have here?"

The shopkeeper nodded with a smile. "That's correct, little miss. Morning Sunlight Pavilion doesn't perform private transactions directly. Our transactions are only carried out in public auctions. We always host a large-scale auction at the start of each month. If the little miss is interested, you can come by then for a look."

"Then how about that red jade Treasure Talisman, and where do those credits come from?" Our dear Qiao Mu continued asking.

"Country Bumpkin!" Even though her senior brother was tugging on her arm, Ning Bifan couldn't resist criticizing Qiao Mu. "Shopkeeper, what are you fussing over so much with her? Quickly wrap up my things for me. What's there to talk about? It's obvious at first glance that this is a country girl from a poor village in the middle of nowhere."

All of a sudden, Qiao Mu turned her head around and creased her brow at that miss. Her little stoic face expressionlessly saying, "You're very annoying! If you interrupt again I'm going to have you die."

The crowd that was originally keenly watching the sight with relish were instantly at a loss.

This little miss had actually attracted everyone's attention upon entering Morning Sunlight Pavilion. It was for no other reason than that she was too beautiful and refined, her elegance even surpassing a snow angel.

Ning Bifan was angry because her senior brother's gaze wouldn't budge from the little miss ever since entering Morning Sunlight Pavilion.

Hearing the little stoic saying these words now, she couldn't help but flare up. "Why don't you try hitting me? Come hit me!"

"Slap!" The little stoic's hand moved like lightning, and her palm struck Ning Bifan's small oval face.

The shopkeeper couldn't resist twitching his mouth. From his close proximity, he could naturally see how fast the little stoic moved.

As soon as that young girl finished speaking her provoking words, the little stoic struck her palm across the other person's face.

This is freaking asking to get slapped!

A trace of blood trickled out of the corner of Ning Bifan's mouth due to the slap. She held her face with one hand and abruptly straightened her body, her reddened eyes staring at the stoic face with disbelief. She shrieked in a stern voice, "You! You! You dare hit me??"

The little stoic was baffled. She lowered her head to observe her small hand, and then raised her head to glance at Ning Bifan, whose face was turning green from anger. "Wasn't it you who wanted me to slap you?"

Everyone: "..."

"Ah!!" Ning Bifan lowered both fists and summoned a burst of mystic energy, springing towards Qiao Mu like she had lost her mind.

### **Chapter 339: Why Should a Pauper Pester Another Pauper?**

Only to hear a huge rumble!

Miss Qiao deflected Ning Bifan's strike, sending her and the window frame out of the building.

Miss Ning, who was splayed on half of the wooden window frame, along with a piece of crumbling wall, were smashed out of the building and landed in a heap on the ground.

The people on the street: "..."

They saw a young woman and a window frame flying out together. The passerby hastily scurried out of the way, dumbfoundedly watching that young woman collapsing to the ground with a plop. The fall sent her head spinning and eating dog sh\*t on the ground, her entire face bleeding.

Some wall shards and broken wooden window frames closely followed behind, raining on her body in a pitter-patter. She was reduced to quite a sorry state.

"Junior Sister!" The tall man pounced like a cat out of the window breach and hastily ran over to help up his junior sister.

Ning Bifan clutched her senior brother and wailed in his arms.

Morning Sunlight Pavilion's shopkeeper was at a loss, but he hastily exited the building. He impatiently said to the disheveled Miss Ning, "That, the wall and the window! You have to compensate for the destruction!"

The passerby: "..."

Shopkeeper, do you feel sincere doing this? The young woman already stumbled to the point of resembling a pig-face, yet you still came out chasing for compensation...

Ning Bifan only felt that in all her 18 years, life had never been as bleak as now. She gushed out in tears, raising her head to howl at the shopkeeper, "Was I the one who destroyed it? Are you crazy? Every injustice has its perpetrator and every debt its debtor! Go find her for compensation!"

She then pointed at our dear Qiao Mu who had followed them out.

The little stoic only felt that this young girl was a bit baffling, but she walked to the shopkeeper's side to say, "You didn't finish speaking just now."

The shopkeeper speechlessly glanced at the little fellow and patiently explained, "The Treasure Talisman is our Morning Sunlight Pavilion's special certification token and exchange voucher. Formerly, you could

register for a red jade Treasure Talisman with 10,000 gold taels, a blue jade Treasure Talisman with 100,000 gold taels, and a black jade Treasure Talisman with one million gold taels. You obtain a certain amount of credits after every time you purchase something.”

“Oh.” The little fellow decisively killed the conversation.

The elderly shopkeeper’s mouth twitched slightly and couldn’t help but to follow-up, “Nowadays we don’t issue Treasure Talismans, unless you can offer an auction item of considerable value.”

The little stoic didn’t say anything and just kept staring at the shopkeeper. The shopkeeper finally understood that the little stoic before him was waiting for him to continue his explanation. He could only exasperatedly continue, “Um, the 500 blank talismans you wanted just now need 3000 credits to exchange.”

“Tsk.” Ning Bifan couldn’t resist scoffing. “Country Bumpkin, do you have 3000 credits?”

Her 1000 credits was what she had saved up over the past six years! Even if you beat her to death, she wouldn’t believe that the country bumpkin before her had 3000 credits.

“You don’t have it either!” The little stoic turned her head to glance at Ning Bifan, her expression saying, “Why should a pauper pester another pauper?”

This little expression was absolutely exquisite. Even the shopkeeper couldn’t help but chortle in laughter.

“You! You really...” Ning Bifan’s entire body trembled in anger.

“Alright Junior Sister, don’t make a fuss anymore.” The man impatiently knitted his brows. “Since you’ve received your item, let’s go. Master is still waiting for us at the inn!”

“No, you have to compensate us in full first.” The elderly shopkeeper said with a somber face.

Ning Bifan stomped her feet in fury, but casually threw a sack of grain to the elderly shopkeeper. “Good enough?”

The elderly shopkeeper shook his head.

Ning Bifan was so enraged that her heart hurt, but she threw out another sack. “With so many beans, it’s enough for you to hire two people to repair ten walls!”

The shopkeeper didn’t say anything anymore.

Ning Bifan turned her head and pointed at Qiao Mu...

### **Chapter 340: Let’s Fight**

“Don’t be so pleased with yourself, country girl! I’m Omni Faction’s Faction Master Ning Guilai’s daughter, Ning Bifan! If you have the guts, report your name! I’ll settle accounts with you later!”

“Oh.” Qiao Mu nodded and simply didn’t give much of a reply. This attitude really could anger a dead person back to life.

“Country girl...” Ning Bifan’s brain was about to explode, and she was just about to break out into curses.

“You’re so annoying! I don’t even know you, so why have you been pestering me the whole time?” Qiao Mu’s body suddenly flashed, and a streak of snowy silver-white left her hand, going straight for Ning Bifan’s neck.

“Junior Sister.” The man behind her clearly saw that if that dagger were to really swipe across Ning Bifan’s neck, it would’ve taken her life.

The man was frightened into a cold sweat all over, and he hastily pulled his junior sister forcefully behind him. At the same time, he quickly mustered up a wisp of mystic energy to grab Qiao Mu’s wrist bare-handed.

Just as his five fingers were going to clasp onto her wrist, Qiao Mu’s slender wrist rotated. The dagger instantly switched hands before the dagger in her left hand shot out like lightning.

“Ah!” Ning Bifan paled in horror, crumpling to the ground on her butt.

Staring closely, the free-flying dagger was currently stabbed horizontally in Ning Bifan’s chest.

It was only because Ning Bifan carried a defensive mystic weapon with her that the dagger only pierced two-thirds of a centimeter before getting stuck. Only a slight trace of blood faintly bled from her chest.

Ning Bifan had still not recovered from the fright, her body trembling all over.

The man turned his head to glance at her, then looked towards Qiao Mu with a creased brow. “This little miss’s actions are too ruthless. Is it necessary to take my junior sister’s life when she only argued with you a bit? What group do you hail from?”

“Senior Brother, don’t speak too much with her, just kill her! This witch must have been sent out by some wicked sect or evil faction.” Ning Bifan’s eyes were red as she roared angrily while sitting on the ground.

Qiao Mu expressionlessly glanced at him before her fingers gradually pulled out a pitch-black ferule from an empty space. “You also want to die?”

“Miss, aren’t you too confident?” The man was slightly furious. Earlier, he saw that this little girl’s chilly aura was like that of a snow angel, which was why he couldn’t help stealing a few more glances. Who knew that once he actually interacted with her, he would almost be half angered to death.

“I’m a level-10 mystic cultivator. Even if I don’t summon my mystic beast, you, a weak level-eight mystic cultivator might not even be my match!”

The man’s words caused the surrounding audience to all gasp.

Level-eight mystic cultivator?

This little girl seemed to only be twelve or thirteen-years-old, but she actually already broke through to be a level-eight mystic cultivator? No wonder she had such an aloof attitude, as icy as frost.



“I also don’t want to bully the weak and oppress you with sheer strength. How about I let you go after you apologize politely to my junior sister?” The man said indifferently.

“Senior Brother!” Ning Bifan furiously pounded the ground with a loud roar, “I don’t want her apology, and I’m definitely not letting her go! Kill this witch for me! Kill her!”

“Shut up!” The man reprimanded.

The little stoic raised her eyes slightly, the ferule in her hand flicking gently. “What’s the use of speaking so much rubbish. You’ll know once we fight.”

Prattling from morning to night, what nonsense! It’s better to fight!

It was rare that Master said they could stay a night in this adventurer base, giving them free time to go out and explore. How did she end up encountering this pair of oddballs when she only came out to buy blank talismans?!

The little stoic inwardly thought: “If I just trounce them, then there wouldn’t be so much talking...”

On the other side.

“Master.” Huifeng’s figure appeared like a phantom beside Mo Lian. “This subordinate received news that someone is stirring up a ruckus in front of Morning Sunlight Pavilion.”

Mo Lian lifted an eyebrow. “Let’s take a look.”