

## My Crown 411

### Chapter 411: You Came for Revenge?

The Eldest Miss Ning brought her people to boldly sit at the main table smack in the center, while the rest of the Omni Faction disciples took up two to three tables that fanned out from Ning Bihuan's table.

The small feast was set up next to the flowers, rivers, and pavilions in the valley. There were a full 26 tables with a considerably bountiful selection of dishes. Xixia Valley was known for withdrawing from society, but its store of provisions was rather abundant.

As it was a rare chance for them to stuff themselves, all the Holy Water Sect disciples came early to secure a good spot.

Yet upon arriving, they saw Ning Bihuan's corpse-face somberly looking straight at them.

To say more precisely, Ning Bihuan's stiff and cold corpse-like face was directed towards Mo Lian. Her profound eyes stared unmoving at the youth before her.

She practically recognized this youth with a single glance as the person that had appeared in her younger sister's life lantern fragment.

Her deep gaze stared directly at the youth, but it did not evoke even the slightest bit of response.

After all, how would the youth notice Ning Bihuan's scrutiny when his tender gaze was on the little girl beside him the whole time?

Different from her usual pale-colored clothing, the little girl changed into pink today. After changing her upper garment, the little fellow looked to be even more pink and delicate, as if carved from jade.

Mo Lian had not yet noticed Ning Bihuan's aggressive stare, but the little fellow caught notice of it at once.

At this time, Ning Bihuan's gaze had also shifted to the little girl.

Upon seeing Ning Bihuan's features clearly, Qiao Mu automatically halted slightly.

She seemed to find this girl a bit familiar with her oval face and her willow brows that slightly curved into her temples. Dressed in a cyan robe, her entire being appeared to be extremely full of energy.

Seeing that she seemed to be a bit bewildered, Ning Bihuan knew that she already forgot about her moronic younger sister Ning Bifan.

It wasn't that she cared much about that moron; she only disliked that someone directly climbed over their Omni Faction's head to deride their faction.

Although her surname Ning meant 'peaceful,' she was not that good-natured.

Ning Bihuan curled the corner of her lips and said while looking directly at the little girl, "Is it that you feel like my face seems a bit familiar? Half a month ago, you killed a person with the same face as me at the adventurer base near the Great Swamp. That girl was my identical twin younger sister Ning Bifan."

Qiao Mu was suddenly enlightened, and she nodded her head at Ning Bihuan and said,

“I remember now, it’s that woman who brought her face close to me and kept yelling at me to hit her, then interrogated me on how I dared to hit her after I did. She really was a baffling person.”

The Holy Water Sect senior sisters were unaware of the cause, but after hearing the little fellow’s portrayal, they could experience how comical it must have been back then.

Ning Bihuan naturally didn’t know that there was such an episode in the adventurer base back then, but she had always known how idiotic her brainless younger sister was and did not doubt the little girl’s account.

“You came to avenge your younger sister?” Qiao Mu looked at her to ask.

Ning Bihuan scoffed. “Do I look like such a bored person? So what if an idiot died! I came to challenge him!”

Ning Bihuan’s finger pointed straight at Mo Lian, a competitive blaze dancing in her eyes. “You are very strong! This youth, I want to challenge you.”

When the Daybreak Sect, Heavenly Dao Sect, and the other Four Factions arrived, they just so happened to see Ning Bihuan pointing at Mo Lian to issue a challenge.

Everyone involuntarily murmured inwardly: The competition hasn’t even started yet, but people are throwing down the gauntlet one after another.

“Young Master Mo is not of our Holy Water Sect. He only came to watch the competition.”

#### **Chapter 412: Arranging for a Duel with Young Master Mo**

Xu Shanshan coldly rejected Ning Bihuan’s challenge. “Ning Bihuan, your opponent is us. Don’t be mistaken!”

Ning Bihuan pursed her lips noncommittally, then stood up to look directly at Qiao Mu. “Alright then, I hope to battle against Young Master Mo after the competition ends so as to vie for supremacy.”

Qiao Mu was confounded: Miss Ning, why are you staring at me? You want to challenge Young Master Mo, yet you’re directing your words at me? I’m not Young Master Mo, though?

Ning Bihuan also felt slightly glum. She originally didn’t come here to seek justice for her moronic younger sister!

From the outset, she only had one purpose in wanting to come and participate in this competition: To prevent anyone from deriding her Omni Faction, and to tell everyone from the Three Sects and Five Factions that her Omni Faction cannot be sullied!

Additionally, she came to arrange a duel with the white-clothed young master!

The moment she saw that powerful youth in her younger sister’s life lantern miniature, it practically set the competitive blood flowing through her body ablaze.

She wanted to fight! She was a person that was born to live for battle!

Nice to meet you, this stoic-faced miss, but did you really think I wanted to look at you while speaking?

To tell the truth, your Young Master Mo wasn't even willing to forsake even a small glimpse out of the corner of his eyes from beginning to end. She only directed her words at Qiao Mu because she completely had no other choice.

"Mo Lian, someone wants to challenge you!" The little girl yanked his sleeve.

"Not available." Mo Lian grasped the little girl's small hand and followed along to sit down with the rest of the Holy Water Sect.

"You will definitely accept my challenge!"

Ning Bihuan said seriously while standing up, her gaze staring dismally at Mo Lian, but the latter completely threw this to the back of his mind.

Xixia Valley's Valley Master hurried over after receiving the news. He involuntarily let out a big sigh of relief when he saw that the Three Sects and Five Factions, who had all arrived, were talking quietly and clinking glasses with each other over food.

He had been informed just now that the Eldest Miss Ning was bickering with a Holy Water Sect disciple, and he was thinking that this crowd of small great aunts were once again about to turn the entire banquet on its head.

That's why he didn't expect such a harmonious scene upon arriving, and it really gave him such shock and joy that he almost wanted to shed tears of sympathy for himself.

It really wasn't easy to be a qualified peacemaker, sigh.

After three rounds of drinks, everyone had also basically eaten their fill.

Xixia Valley's Valley Master was prompted by a sudden impulse and ordered someone to carry over the bamboo tube for drawing lots. He chuckled and said to everyone, "I see that everyone from the Three Sects and Five Factions have all congregated, so we might as well hold the competition earlier. If Eldest Miss Ning doesn't have any objections, is it alright if we set the date for the day after tomorrow?"

Ning Bihuan waved her hand, a stiff smile on her solemn and serious face. "We're not so particular as martial artists, so feel free to decide. Day after tomorrow it is."

"Eldest Miss Ning really is forthright!" Xixia Valley's Valley Master was overjoyed!

Sigh, these ancestors—hurry and compete, then hurry and scam!

With a glance from the valley master, a Xixia Valley disciple hastily carried eight bamboo tubes in his arms towards the disciples from the Three Sects and Five Factions.

"There are 120 pairs of numbers here. After drawing a number, just find my disciples over there to have it recorded." The valley master explained while smiling from ear to ear before having all the disciples from the Three Sects and Five Factions draw their lots.

Since it was all dependent on a person's own luck, everyone didn't care too much and stuck their hands into the bamboo tube to pull out a number.

Two Xixia Valley disciples sat by the side to record the number and the corresponding name.

Our dear Qiao Mu suddenly stood up and trotted over to the Daybreak Sect's table.

Duan Yue instantly turned his head around excitedly, and he asked while blinking his peach-blossom eyes, "Qiaoqiao, are you looking for me?"

### **Chapter 413: He Was Very Confident**

"Not looking for you!" Qiao Mu shook her small head, then looked at Mu Liangde, who was sitting at the same table as Duan Yue.

Mu Liangde stood up and then gave the little girl what he considered to be an uncommonly refined and tasteful smile. He asked amiably, "Little Miss is looking for me again?"

Duan Yue directly pursed his lips at him!

Who was looking for you? The little miss was looking for you because she wants to beat you to death!

"Mhm, looking for you!" Qiao Mu nodded. "What number are you!"

"I am number 82!" Mu Liangde said with a good-humored smile after taking a look at the number in his hand.

He was not afraid of this tiny thing. Even if the little fellow said that she was going to beat him to death on the day of the competition, he only treated it as listening to a joke.

What kind of joke was this!

Such a small little girl shamelessly boasting that she was going to beat him to death in the first round of the competition, hahaha! It was hilarious just thinking about it. She really was a little girl spoiled to the bone by the elders in her family!

It was not good to be so blindly confident when going out for training. You'd be killed by your own arrogance and stupidity.

That's right, he just did not believe that he would still be trounced by the little girl with his mastery of skills! Haha, don't kid me!

He was not merely a mystic cultivator! Everyone from his entire sect knew of his abilities.

Even his master, Wei Cheng, had to butter him up at times in consideration of his identity.

"Qiaoqiao." Duan Yue tugged her and whispered, "This Mu Liangde is infamous in the sect as a wolf in sheep's clothing. I heard that he has a bit of relation to the talisman patrician family in Guanlan City and is supposedly from its branch family. He has many formidable talismans on hand."

He stuffed a small box of concealed weapons into her hands as he was speaking. "If you really go up against him, absolutely do not let him fling out his talismans. First feed him a streak of shooting stars to beat him to death."

A talisman practitioner? In her surprise, the little fellow gripped the box that Duan Yue stuffed into her hands and repeatedly nodded her small head.

So it's number 82? She first ran back to her own table and browsed through her senior sisters' hands. Hm, there wasn't number 82!

Then she ran to Situ Yi's table and had him check if a Heavenly Dao Sect disciple had that d\*mned number 82 on hand.

"Qiaoqiao, you must have this number 82?" Wei Nanfeng couldn't resist teasing, "What if the person who drew number 82 is not willing to trade with you? For instance, what if the opponent corresponding to the number you drew is stronger! The other person would naturally not want to trade with you."

Qiao Mu swept him a glance, yet her small brows creased deeply again. "Troublesome!"

"There isn't 82." Situ Yi told the little girl after asking around, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

Qiao Mu was a bit upset. She turned around to glimpse at Baili Xi, who was sitting with the Violet Firmament Faction. She creased her small brows and thought for a while, then ran over.

"Is there 82?" The little fellow stretched out a finger to poke at Baili Xi's arm and asked with her eyes on him.

Baili Xi looked at her, but he didn't turn her down. It was only that his eyes were tinged with helplessness when he went around to ask his fellow faction disciples.

Sure enough, people are rewarded for their efforts, and Baili Xi's efforts finally bore fruit.

The person who drew number 82 was a 15 to 16-year-old girl from the Violet Firmament Faction. She had a round face that was like a lovely and beautiful red apple.

Miss Qiao lowered her head to look at her own number. "I am 53! Are you willing to trade with me?"

"Fine, since it hasn't been recorded yet!" Yuan Zhixin, the girl who drew number 82, handed her number over very straightforwardly.

The valley master had actually been watching the whole episode play out. Cough, cough, this was clearly a brazen act of cheating!

#### **Chapter 414: Too Unscrupulous**

Why didn't anyone stop her? Not to mention there were so many unscrupulous people jumping out in support instead.

The valley master felt crushed inside. Seeing how they were playing tricks in broad daylight, he could only choose to suffer from selective blindness!

"Thank you!" The little girl thanked very politely and gave her number 53 after receiving the other person's number.

Then, she even added, "If you can't beat that 53, I'll help you beat them afterwards! To help you get back at them."

Yuan Zhixin chortled in delight.

Number 53 silently glanced at the lot he drew: ...

Baili Xi twitched the corner of his mouth helplessly. "Miss Qiao, number 53 is standing next to you."

Hm? Such a coincidence! The little girl turned around and saw a typical passerby face. Number 53 was also a Violet Firmament Faction disciple, only that he was considered one of the weaker ones out of all the disciples.

So when the little girl's gaze shot towards him, number 53, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, hastily raised both his hands and said, "You can rest assured, Little Miss. I definitely will not be able to defeat Senior Sister Yuan Zhixin! With Senior Sister as an opponent, I'll immediately have to scam out of the arena with just two or three moves!"

This silly guy...

Everyone all chided while laughing! On the other hand, the little fellow sighed in relief and returned to her own table after bidding farewell to Baili Xi and the rest.

When Mo Lian saw her returning, he couldn't help chuckling softly.

The little fellow finally got her wish fulfilled after running around busily, but why was it just so amusing?

Mo Lian propped his chin with his hand and turned his head to look at her with an unrestrained smile. "What did you plan to do if the miss who had drawn number 82 was not willing to trade with you?"

Our dear Qiao Mu stayed expressionless, but her small brows knitted once again. "That Miss Yuan was quite nice. She's not a man either, so I could only leave it at that!"

As Mo Lian and Qiao Mu's conversation was not that quiet, all the youths and young adults sitting at the surrounding tables, being mystic cultivators, all heard it. They all couldn't help glowering upon hearing such a statement! What in the world did you mean? What was wrong with men? You just discriminated more against men, right?

Wei Nanfeng grinned and crowded over with a wine jug in hand. "Hearing your tone of voice, does that mean that if number 82 were a man and was unwilling to trade with you, you planned to give him a thrashing tonight and directly snatch away his number?"

Our dear Qiao Mu nodded candidly.

It couldn't be helped, as she planned to handle things like so in the beginning! It was just that number 82 turned out to be a girl, so it was better to be a bit more refined.

"Pfft." Wei Nanfeng winked at Mo Lian, then said meaningfully, "I feel like this little miss is even more naughty and mischievous than your family's Yu'er. You have to educate her well..."

When Murong Xun heard this, she immediately jumped out to fend for her disciple. "What? You have complaints? I think I'm instructing my disciple way too well!"

Wei Nanfeng hurriedly flattered in obsequence, "Indeed, indeed. Peak Master Murong, it was this disciple's slip of the tongue."

“Humph!” Murong Xun rolled her eyes at him, then served her youngest disciple some food with her chopsticks. “Disciple, you didn’t eat much from busying around the whole night. Here, eat more! Your body’s still growing!”

“Peak Master is absolutely right! Eat more!” Mo Lian directly picked up the small plate in front of the little girl to accept the food between Murong Xun’s chopsticks.

After a short while, the food on the small plate piled up to form a hill.

“Come, Qiaoqiao, eat more.” Mo Lian put the chopsticks into her hands and beamed at her. “You’ll only have the strength to thrash people after eating your fill!”

Everyone: “...”

Young Master Mo, your approach isn’t right!

If Huifeng were present, he would definitely chuckle sarcastically in response. Pardon me, but His Highness has always used such a discordant approach towards the little miss!

### **Chapter 415: Competition (1)**

Two days later.

Everyone had all nursed their energies and spirits to an exceptional peak, and the teams departed for the northern area of Xixia Valley, where there was an extremely vast space.

The valley master had long made preparations and ordered people to construct a large arena in this area where the trees weren’t as luxuriant, in addition to arranging seats for everyone.

The 10 or so chairs covered in silk in the first row were naturally prepared for the sect and faction masters, as well as their elders. The disciples sat behind them on rows of small square stools. Some people who were expecting to be utterly bored even prepared drinks and snacks, planning to eat while watching.

To emulate the grander festivities, the valley master had even set up a gong. The Xixia Valley male disciple with a red fluttering ribbon tied around his head matched with the red fluttering ribbon tied around the gong mallet in his hand.

The valley master had just sat down in the center main seat, briefly chatted smilingly with the peak and sect masters sitting next to him, and was just about to explain the rules before announcing the start of the competition, when he heard the gong “clang!”

Everyone: “...”

Freak, the valley master must be feeling extremely depressed right now! He still had yet to start calling out the numbers, but that foolish disciple had already struck the gong to signal the start of the competition!

Xixia Valley’s Valley Master turned his head to glare at this foolish disciple from far away. That disciple simply put on an innocent face and smiled foolishly at him while standing there with the gong mallet.

“Let me first spell out the rules! We will proceed in the order of the numbers on the lots you all drew. The battle will end as long as one side concedes. If you don’t admit defeat and can still fight, then keep fighting! As everyone here is from the Three Sects and Five Factions, it’s best if you don’t overdo it and stop when it’s appropriate!” Xixia Valley’s Valley Master chuckled, then said, “Alright, can we please have number 1 enter the arena now! Let the competition begin!”

Everyone all looked towards the youthful disciple holding the gong mallet.

That dunce, not striking when it was the time to strike. His eyes stared straight at the valley master, seemingly awaiting his order.

When the valley master didn’t hear the gong after waiting half a day, he turned to glare at that disciple and roared angrily, “Why aren’t you striking!”

“Pfft...” Everyone cracked up in loud laughter.

Amidst the “clang” of the gong, the two number 1 disciples flew up vigorously onto the stage in the arena and started exchanging blows without a second word.

Typically, a battle between mystic cultivators was decided by whose mystic energy was stronger or weaker.

The mystic cultivators at this time had not yet realized the importance of the mystic conscious, which was why they were only sending waves of mystic energy back and forth, hurling them directly at the other person’s body.

After cursory observation, Qiao Mu could basically determine these two mystic cultivators were using intermediate-level mystic techniques.

The mystic techniques circulating on the market were normally only beginner-level. It was already considered pretty good that they could join a sect or faction and cultivate intermediate-level mystic techniques.

Only the masters’ personal disciples, who were more talented, could cultivate their sect or faction’s advanced-level mystic techniques and even have the chance to browse through even more high-level ones in their treasure pavilion.

In a battle of mystic techniques, it went without saying that advanced-level mystic techniques definitely suppressed intermediate-level mystic techniques.

As the two people before her were both displaying intermediate-level mystic techniques, it was all dependent on each person’s comprehension of their mystic techniques. Intelligent people who finished reading through the mystic technique would not only completely comprehend and become well-versed in it, but they could even conceive more profound techniques from this foundation.

But apparently, these two were not especially intelligent people, as they executed their mystic techniques in a very standard fashion.

One trained his hand martial arts, while the other probably cultivated a technique that trained his head, so whenever the first person clawed over, that person always liked to use his big head to fend off the



attack. The scene caused our dear Qiao Mu to laugh on the inside, and even the corner of her mouth couldn't resist curling upwards.

"Number 2! Holy Water Sect's Chen Hanzi versus Ghost Faction's Peng Zhang." The valley master picked up the number list by his side and announced.

### **Chapter 416: Competition (2)**

The Xixia Valley disciple struck the gong vigorously.

"Clang!" After the sound of the gong passed, Chen Hanzi and the Ghost Faction disciple Peng Zhang flew up onto the stage and cupped their fists towards each other.

A venomous glint flashed past Peng Zhang's eyes and subconsciously landed on his junior sister Chou An, who was sitting with the rest of the Ghost Faction.

Senior Brother will certainly help you take revenge today, junior sister!

The people from the Holy Water Sect all deserve to die!

If it were not for you all, how would it be possible for his strong-minded junior sister Chou An to offer her body to that ugly and sickly old man?

Peng Zhang pulled out an item that was as narrow as a wire with his palm. This was mystic spider silk, his level-seven mystic weapon. It was incomparably sharp and was also extremely inconspicuous.

Oftentimes, it was only when the mystic spider silk was right before his enemies' eyes that they would suddenly realize that it had slit their throats.

By bringing out his mystic weapon from the start, Peng Zhang had decided to splatter Chen Hanzi's blood on the spot within three moves.

Chen Hanzi sneered and also summoned her *recherché* awl from her mystic conscious with a sudden flick of her hand. The *recherché* awl was shaped like an inverted triangle. Without doubt, the awl tip was sharper than the mystic spider silk. This awl also had a clever trick to it, which was that the head of the awl could suddenly elongate, but the enemy would only realize this point upon dying.

This level-nine mystic weapon was the treasure that she had dug out of the Maple Pavilion. She was quite proficient in using it, but she would not pull it out to use under normal circumstances.

However, since the other party had taken out his mystic weapon, did it mean that she had to suffer passively from his attacks? Humph! Not a single person from the Holy Water Sect was afraid of trouble.

Peng Zhang circulated mystic energy in his hands, which he then applied to the spider silk. He quickly stepped forward and directly swept the spider silk at Chen Hanzi's neck.

Upon seeing this move, even Lu Yun's eyes darkened entirely.

This Ghost Faction disciple clearly wanted her disciple's life from the start!

Doya anxiously clenched her fists. Although she didn't make a sound, her large watery eyes clearly attested to her agitation.

Chen Hanzi fell over backwards while facing the sky and abruptly threw out the *recherché* awl in her hand. Upon close observation, the awl tip and mystic spider silk actually gave off tiny sparks upon clashing.

Chen Hanzi's body turned around and rapidly kicked out twice. Borrowing that burst of energy to whirl around, she landed firmly on the ground after a backflip in the air.

The *recherché* awl once again returned to her hand. The light from a wave of mystic energy burst forth from the awl tip and swept out a curving energy ripple that rushed directly towards Peng Zhang.

Peng Zhang repeatedly stepped backwards multiple times before barely stabilizing his figure. However, he felt a strange taste in his throat and forcefully smothered the desire to spit out a mouthful of aggravated blood.

Underneath his gray headscarf, the depths of his eyes bared his intention to deal a fatal blow.

"Come out, Thousand-Faced Venomous Spider!" A hint of viciousness flashed across Peng Zhang's eyes.

Holy Water Sect disciple, you forced my hand! If you weren't so tactless and unwilling to docilely await your execution, how would I summon out my thousand-faced venomous spider?

Now, it's you who sought your own miserable death! You'd better not blame others for it!

Peng Zhang cracked open his mouth into a smile and pointed at Chen Hanzi, saying, "Venomous Spider, this is your lunch. Hurry and go!"

"Hiss." The thousand-faced venomous spider brandished its eight long legs and crawled at high speed in Chen Hanzi's direction.

Chen Hanzi's face turned solemn as she quickly let out her own level-nine mystic beast silver wolf.

As the silver wolf rushed towards the thousand-faced venomous spider, Chen Hanzi also bolted swiftly towards Peng Zhang, her eyes already condensed with tangible killing intent.

Peng Zhang sniggered. At the instant he flung out the mystic spider silk to bait Chen Hanzi's attention, he rapidly pulled out something from his sleeve and crushed it lightly.

### **Chapter 417: Competition (3)**

Qiao Mu, who was sitting among the audience, abruptly stood up, her piercing gaze fixed on Peng Zhang.

"Hanzi, quickly admit defeat! Come down." Lu Yun had also stood up and was watching her disciple anxiously.

No sooner said than done, the eight-legged venomous spider suddenly spit out venom with a hiss, its sharp venomous fangs biting fiercely into the silver wolf's claw.

The silver wolf was extremely intelligent and naturally knew how frightfully fearsome this thousand-faced venomous spider's mouth was.

However, just as it wanted to flee, it discovered that something had hooked its toe. Lowering its head for a look, it saw that a wad of spider web had unexpectedly entangled its claw without its notice.

The thousand-face venomous spider climbed up and bit into the silver wolf's white-furred skin.

The silver wolf immediately collapsed and rolled about in pain.

On the other end, when Chen Hanzi inwardly cursed "sh\*t" after realizing that she had breathed in a strange fragrance, she heard the silver wolf's anguished howl all of a sudden and panicked. With this second distraction, Peng Zhang's mystic spider silk was already swiping towards her neck.

"Punk, you dare!" Lu Yun hollered, her reddened eyes almost bursting from their sockets.

Upon seeing that the development wasn't right, Xixia Valley's Valley Master also jumped up immediately and stretched out his hand to put a stop to it, declaring, "Ghost Faction disciple! You have won, so release the Holy Water Sect disciple this instant and descend the stage quickly! Split up! Split up!"

However, the valley master's shouts were of no use at all! It couldn't stop Peng Zhang's crazed conduct at all!

In her moment of extreme peril, Chen Hanzi tilted her body and bent her neck backwards to evade the mystic spider silk.

Unfortunately, her brain was muddle-headed and swelled at this time, and her mobility was greatly affected. Her limbs felt as if they were restrained by something and moved uncommonly slowly, her whole body in fatigue.

Although she evaded Peng Zhang's fatal blow to her neck, she couldn't avoid it striking her shoulder with the slack in her movement.

The spider silk stabbed into her shoulder.

Chen Hanzi already couldn't sense the pain in her shoulder at this time. She only felt that her body was very, very heavy. Her head was so weighty that she had difficulty balancing it, and her body suddenly collapsed backwards onto the stage with a thud.

"Senior Sister Chen!"

"Junior Sister Hanzi!"

The Holy Water Sect senior and junior sisters all stood up and cried out angrily.

Xixia Valley's Valley Master promptly ascended the stage swiftly and grabbed Peng Zhang's wrist that was still about to make a move. The valley master glanced coldly at him, then said, "Ghost Faction disciple Peng Zhang is victorious."

"Humph!" With great unwillingness, Peng Zhang forcefully flung away the valley master's hand and leapt down from the stage.

When he passed by his junior sister Chou An's side, Peng Zhang halted and whispered to her, "Junior Sister, how did I do?"

Chou An revealed a harsh look in her single eye from underneath her headscarf, then nodded with a smile to say, "Senior Brother, you did very well this time."

On the other end, several Holy Water Sect senior sisters had long ran up onto the stage to carry Chen Hanzi and her silver wolf out of the arena.

The injuries on both the person and the beast oozed out black fluid, and they were both at their last gasp. The silver wolf, especially, was injured extremely severely by the thousand-faced venomous spider. Its skin was continuously festering and dropping onto the ground in batches.

"Ghost Faction, you're so despicable, to go as far as to use this kind of wretched poison!" After standing up furiously, Doya broke out in insults as she pointed in the Ghost Faction's direction.

"Don't say despicable, this little sister from the Holy Water Sect. This is a competition! As long as you can defeat your opponent, it doesn't matter whether you use drugs or poison. As long as you execute your method correctly and defeat the other person, then it's your win!"

#### **Chapter 418: It's Miraculous**

"Do my senior brother's words sound quite reasonable?" A Ghost Faction disciple continued the conversation with an evil laugh.

"Senior Sister Chen!" Ming Xia supported Chen Hanzi's body and anxiously raised her head to look at Lu Yun and the other peak masters. "Master, what should we do now? Everyone, check to see if you have antidote pills on you. Take them out if you do!"

"Antidote pills won't be of use. The silver wolf got poisoned by the thousand-faced venomous spider's venom, and a simple antidote pill won't be able to detoxify this kind of poison. And looking at Hanzi's condition, that Ghost Faction disciple must have given her an extremely malevolent drug that prevents her from gathering up the mystic energy in her body."

"How is it, how is it? I have several antidote pills here. How about feeding them to her first to try?" After striding over quickly, the daughter of Daybreak Sect's Sect Master, Liang Qingqing, crouched next to Chen Hanzi and asked in concern.

"Master already said that antidote pills won't be of use." Ming Xia was about to cry out of exasperation.

"Everyone move aside! Don't crowd around." A cold voice suddenly cut in and instantly caused everyone who was out of their wits to suddenly see the light.

"That's right! Didn't Little Junior Sister save City Lord Wu's daughter before in Five Moon City?"

"That's right, that's right. Didn't his daughter get poisoned by that whatever heartbreak grass?"

"Little Junior Sister detoxified the poison quickly and effortlessly at that time, in all likelihood, the poison in Senior Sister Chen's body this time..."

Everyone was still trying to get a word in, but Qiao Mu had already shooed them away impatiently.

The others very tactfully made space for her, but were generally still surrounding Chen Hanzi.

When Duan Yue, Situ Yi, Wei Nanfeng, and Baili Xi barged through the crowd, they saw Mo Lian standing leisurely to the side, the space surrounding him emptied out.

Chen Hanzi was lying there, while Darling Qiao crouched by her side. She first felt her pulse, then looked over the silver wolf at death's door.

She pulled out a small wooden box and first took out several pills for the silver wolf to ingest.

Subsequently, she concentrated on administering acupuncture to Chen Hanzi.

Once she started manipulating needles, that inexplicably familiar feeling of having manipulated needles millions of times surged forth once again.

The medicinal powder that Chen Hanzi inhaled had scattered all over her body and transformed into small powder pellets that clogged up the circulation of mystic energy in her body.

The hand with which Qiao Mu held her needles paused slightly. She only suddenly realized that she had unconsciously applied her mystic conscious into her eyes, and could unexpectedly see the flow of mystic energy through Chen Hanzi's body.

This method of controlling the convergence of her mystic conscious into her eyes was the cultivation technique recorded in the second layer of the Spirit Division Record's soul chapter.

Previously, she had stopped at the first layer the entire time to bitterly cultivate the part on how to use her mystic conscious to control her apparition.

She had only skimmed through the soul chapter's second layer briefly and had yet to study it. She didn't expect that she would master it with one try in today's urgency!

Our dear Qiao Mu was slightly excited on the inside. She quickly converged all the mystic energy in her branch artery into her mystic conscious, which she then continued to guide into her eyes to survey with rapt attention.

She saw that Chen Hanzi's main mystic meridian was more than half-full with mystic energy.

The entire mystic meridian was not brimming with mystic energy because Chen Hanzi's battle with the Ghost Faction's Peng Zhang just now had consumed a lot of her mystic energy, and her mystic energy had yet to recover.

This was indeed miraculous. It truly allowed her to clearly observe the situation inside Senior Sister Chen's body and really was advantageous for her medical treatment.

Qiao Mu regained her senses quickly after her momentary daze, and she manipulated her needles to clear away the small powder pellets inside Chen Hanzi's body.

If she could always monitor other people's mystic meridians in the future...

Then wouldn't that mean possessing a cheating device during battle? If she activated her mystic eyes after progressing through half the battle, wouldn't she be able to clearly see exactly how much mystic energy was left in the other person's body?

## **Chapter 419: Don't Help**

However, her mystic conscious dissipated imperceptibly before two minutes had passed. In addition to that, her small brain also felt a slight sting.

It was probably related to her overconsumption of the mystic conscious.

Qiao Mu didn't dare to recklessly utilize her mystic conscious again. Fortunately, her hands were quick and had basically cleared up all the small powder pellets in Chen Hanzi's body in that small amount of time.

As Chen Hanzi had only inhaled a small amount in the first place and was treated speedily, her deathly white complexion gradually turned slightly rosy before long.

Everyone automatically let out a long sigh of relief upon seeing the improvement in Chen Hanzi's complexion.

Lu Yun's countenance also looked a little better. She asked in a low voice, "Qiaoqiao, how is Hanzi's condition?"

"There aren't any big issues." Qiao Mu had Chen Hanzi ingest a poison-dispelling pill, then stood up to say, "Carry Senior Sister Hanzi over to the side to rest. She shouldn't utilize mystic energy during these two days and should instead nurse her body properly."

"Alright, Little Junior Sister."

"Qiaoqiao, are you alright?" Mo Lian abruptly tugged her small hand and worriedly caressed her slightly pale face with his own hand. "Is it very tiring to administer acupuncture? I can help you..."

"I'm fine!" Qiao Mu hastily broke off his sentence and squeezed his hand forcefully to signal for him to shut up.

She knew what he wanted to say; he wanted to help treat Senior Sister Chen with medicinal power!

You think she didn't know that there were also side effects for superhumans who exhibited their medicinal power? An overuse of medicinal power might even trigger conditions as scary as falling into a deep coma.

She didn't require that much effort to treat Senior Sister Chen and the silver wolf. Her complexion only paled because she was curious and took a longer glimpse at the situation inside Senior Sister Chen's body, leading to the slight overuse of her mystic conscious.

She would recover to normal after a slight rest. On the other hand, it was best not to expose the crown prince's identity as an apothecary if it was unnecessary to avoid trouble.

Mo Lian's eyes curved slightly, and he chuckled softly before nodding to say, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

What were these two people conversing about again? They couldn't understand! Everyone felt their feelings take a dive as they expressed their incomprehension.

"Oh my, Little Junior Sister actually knows how to administer acupuncture. It seems like your medical skills are very superb!" It was unexpectedly Mu Liangde who spoke aloud.

He had closed in near the crowd at some time, and he was currently looking right at Qiao Mu with interest while chortling out loud.

This fellow, don't you know that Little Junior Sister wants to lash out at you once she catches hold of you? Go further away! Everyone glanced at him disdainfully, but Mu Liangde was thick-skinned and completely thought otherwise as he continued standing next to everyone to look at Qiao Mu with a simper.

Qiao Mu didn't have time to deal with him, as she was currently rescuing Senior Sister Chen's silver wolf.

The silver wolf was more heavily injured than Senior Sister Chen, and its wound had already festered completely. That thousand-faced venomous spider's venom was indeed potent, in addition to also carrying corrosive effects.

Some of the flesh surrounding the wound had even suffered from necrosis already. Qiao Mu sliced off the decaying flesh bit by bit with a small dagger before rapidly cleaning its wound with her quick hands. She took out a packet of medicinal powder and scattered it on a bandage, which she then subsequently used to firmly cover the silver wolf's wound.

Very quickly, the wound that the venomous spider gave the silver wolf stopped festering outwards, and it also stopped bleeding.

At this time, Chen Hanzi had already woken up indistinctly and was currently calling out softly, "Silver Wolf, Silver Wolf."

Several Holy Water Sect senior sisters immediately hurried to her side and bent their waists to tell her softly, "Don't worry, Junior Sister Chen. Little Junior Sister rescued your silver wolf, and it's doing alright now."

Chen Hanzi then let out a sigh of relief. She felt her eyes darken, and soon, she couldn't endure it anymore and passed out.

#### **Chapter 420: Asking for a Beating**

When Peng Zhang, who was sitting with the rest of the Ghost Faction, watched the Holy Water Sect hurriedly trying to administer medical treatment, a callous smile full of disdain manifested on his face.

A waste of effort!

Even if it were still possible to treat Chen Hanzi's condition that resulted from the mystic-forsaking powder that he scattered, then the silver wolf's bite from the thousand-faced venomous spider was simply impossible to treat.

That lot of stupid women from the Holy Water Sect were still deluding themselves about saving the silver wolf's lowly life?

He understood the thousand-faced venomous spider's venom very well.

His thousand-faced venomous spider just advanced to level-10 not long ago. It was simply a piece of cake to bite a level-nine mystic beast to death with one bite.

When the silver wolf dies, Chen Hanzi, as a mystic cultivator that lost her mystic beast, would naturally lose a great part of her strength. Without mentioning her inability to make a contract with other mystic beasts in the future, she definitely wouldn't be able to cross over this rift in her heart, to say the least, and her prospects would end there.

Hahaha! Peng Zhang straightened his back and sent a look to his junior sister Chou An, who was sitting next to him: Look closely, Junior Sister. Senior Brother will help you vent your anger, starting from this female disciple!

Chou An smiled without a change in her outward expression. However, her face that she covered with the gray headscarf soon creased together.

From where she sat, she just so happened to be able to see Mo Lian, who was standing to the side, intently watching the crouching little girl carry out rescue procedures.

When she saw that the youth's gaze did not budge from the little girl's body from start to finish, her heart felt like it was being gnawed on by innumerable ants. To say nothing of how her heart was riddled with holes, the pain was also abnormally unbearable.

You will regret it! Chou An tugged the corner of her mouth into a sinister sneer.

Peng Zhang was unaware of the ins and outs and gathered up his robe to cross his leg over the other, waiting composedly for the people over at the Holy Water Sect to start bawling.

However, after a long while, even after two battles had ended, there still wasn't much of a ruckus over at the Holy Water Sect's side. On the contrary, they all sat down one by one in their seats again.

Peng Zhang was slightly perplexed and knitted his brows while looking in the Holy Water Sect's direction. He turned his head towards a junior brother next to him and said, "Go over and inquire what's going on with the Holy Water Sect."

The little disciple from the Ghost Faction didn't really dare to go over, as he kept feeling that he would just be looking for a thrashing. That group of girls from the Holy Water Sect didn't seem like they were to be trifled with.

After some hesitation, he finally had no choice and could only stand up sulkily and walk over deflatedly under Senior Brother Peng Zhang's threatening stare.

Their Ghost Faction was just like this. It was common for the superiors to push around subordinates, and for the elders to push around normal disciples.

Everyone worked hard to climb up the ladder with their own abilities. The people at the lowest rung basically didn't have much of a way out. Especially for those junior brothers like him who had just joined, they simply didn't have any status in the faction. In the eyes of those grown-up and elder senior brothers, they were only manservants that could be bossed around arbitrarily.

Even though his heart was trembling, the little disciple braced himself and walked up to a Holy Water Sect senior sister. He asked timidly with the volume of a mosquito that was only loud enough for one



other person to hear, "C-Can I ask this senior sister, h-how is the condition of the senior sister that you carried down earlier!"

"Who are you calling senior sister!" That female disciple stood up abruptly and lifted her hand up to strike a heavy slap across this Ghost Faction disciple's face. "Scram! Don't run over to squabble with us, you mob of lowly animals from the Ghost Faction! Who is acquainted with you anyways!"

The little disciple from the Ghost Faction was practically about to cry out loud, and he turned his head to look back at the Ghost Faction's seating area while covering his cheek. However, he could only see that his senior brother Peng Zhang's gloomy face looked a bit terrifying.

"S-Senior Sister, I-I didn't want to come over either." The little disciple retreated a step while covering his cheek.