

My Crown 461

Chapter 461: Who Dares to Obstruct Her

Ao'ye leaped up with a hop. "That's in the direction of the Holy Water Sect."

"What is Miss planning to do by going to the Holy Water Sect? Didn't His Highness say that she was going to return home?"

"Don't bother about so much! Hurry and catch up to her!" Ao'ye was so anxious that he hopped repeatedly. He hastily directed everyone to mount flying mystic beasts in pursuit.

However, Qingluan was extremely fast and had long covered 50 kilometers in the blink of an eye.

Even if they followed in pursuit, they would probably be slower by half a beat.

Ao'ye was so anxious that a fire raged in his heart. He soundly slapped the shoulder of the teammate who was steering the flying mystic beast. "Make it fly faster!"

"It's already at its fastest, Captain!"

Qiao Mu activated her defensive mystic weapon with a wave of her hand. She shielded herself within to block the strong gusts of wind in the sky.

She did not know that Ao'ye and his team were travelling day and night in pursuit.

She only took out a large wad of ebony and started drawing on them one by one as she sat quietly within the defensive shield.

Her complexion was as calm as water and simply had no discernable changes.

The entire time, she only kept carving talismans in silent concentration.

One talisman after another. Apart from the short amount of time in which she laid down to sleep for a while on Qingluan's back, she continued to draw talismans silently, one after another, once she opened her eyes. She carved until her eyes had reddened slightly but still stayed oblivious.

Three hundred ebony blue binding talismans—they could be assembled into five intermediate-level binding talisman matrices.

This kind of intermediate-level binding talisman matrix made from ebony could shackle about ten people at once, on the premise that these people's cultivation was equal to or below hers.

Three hundred ebony blue mystic-energy-guiding talismans—they could be assembled into five intermediate-level mystic-energy-guiding talisman matrices.

It could allow her body to unceasingly absorb all the mystic energy in her surroundings for one hour, which would replenish her rapidly consumed mystic energy.

When she journeyed through the Great Swamp, Qiao Mu was practically unstoppable and slaughtered whatever dared to obstruct her from returning to the sect.

Hence, when Ao'ye and his team arrived at the Great Swamp, they were simply dumbstruck by the mess of corpses inside the swamp.

All the zombie crocodiles were maimed beyond recognition. Most of them had been beheaded, while many others had been frozen into erect ice sculptures on the banks of the swamp.

Later on, they didn't see anymore zombie crocodiles that dared to come out to stir up trouble. They were probably scared of this explosive little girl and scattered stealthily.

Qiao Mu directly left the Great Swamp in less than six days and arrived at the adventurer base that they had stopped over at before.

Qiao Mu felt remorseful in her heart, knowing that Qingluan really needed to rest, as it had already flown for so many days and nights without sleeping.

So when Qiao Mu entered the adventurer base, she picked it up and let it nest on her shoulder to sleep.

She directly entered the market to purchase a horse.

No matter what, every bit counted. She would first mount a horse and have it gallop in the direction of Five Moon City. She would fly again once Qingluan woke up from its sleep.

Counting the number of days, she reckoned that she could rush back in seven more days. This was already the fastest speed she could achieve on this trip.

She could only do that because of Qingluan's existence. Otherwise, it would be impossible.

"Owner, I'm purchasing a horse." A cold voice sounded in the bustling market.

Everyone turned aside for a look. They were all involuntarily stunned when they saw the little girl's frosty jade-like appearance.

The adventurer base had a high turnover rate. As the little girl hadn't been around for so many days, the buyers and sellers in the market had long been replaced with another batch.

"Yo, where is this little missy headed to by purchasing a horse?" A sleazy voice sounded from behind her, triggering a series of malicious male laughter.

Qiao Mu's gaze chilled.

Chapter 462: Obstructors Die

When she strolled through the market with Mo Lian back then, it was evident at a glance that the crown prince wasn't to be provoked, and no one dared to do so from beginning to end.

So, she herself looked easy to mess with?

"Tut, tut. You really are a pretty little missy. Coming to our adventurer base by yourself, are you looking for a husband?"

"Hahahahaha!" Hearty laughter sounded from the surroundings.

Some people even joked, "How many husbands is this little missy looking for?"

However, when an anguished howl rang out immediately afterwards, it was like everyone's laughter had gotten stuck in their throats. They took a stupefied glimpse.

The little girl had kicked out the loafer that had taken liberties towards her at the beginning. He flipped a circle in mid-air before smashing into someone else's horse manger, with blood flowing from his head.

The horses were startled and started neighing.

Without a second word, Qiao Mu flung out a handful of Duan Yue's shooting stars. The loafer shrieked several "ah"s, and he stumbled heavily onto the ground again in a tragic state before he could crawl up.

Eighteen small tacks had appeared on his face and limbs. One of the tacks even landed right between his brows, taking his life with a one-hit kill!

At this moment, all of the teasing passerbys sucked in a breath of cold air and retreated a step backwards.

This little missy really was ruthless in her methods, reaping a life in the blink of an eye!

Sure enough, those who dared to enter an adventurer base by themselves were not of a benevolent ilk!

The men that had teased her along with the loafer just now, asking Qiao Mu how many husbands she wanted, hastily fled with shrunken necks and their tails between their legs.

The horse proprietor was also gazing at this frosty little girl before him, who was surrounded by a chill coming from the depths of her bones, with fear and trepidation.

Qiao Mu threw a mid-grade magnetite at him. "Pick out your best horse that can run long-distance for me."

"Yes, yes, yes." This little great aunt was not to be provoked. The horse proprietor didn't dare to cheat Qiao Mu and picked out the most robust horse for her in a hurry.

Qiao Mu immediately mounted the horse with a flip. She shook the reins and had just advanced two steps when five to six hoodlums armed with clubs came over from the road ahead with a clamor.

"Who is it? Which little missy took my brother's life? Show yourself immediately!"

The horse proprietor hastily shrunk behind his stables before taking a peek. He kept shaking his head with a sigh.

After loitering around the adventurer base for a long while, these local thugs had recruited people into several gangs that often extorted common vendors. However, they were probably going to stub themselves in the toe today.

He could see that the little great aunt's eyes were furious. All of a sudden, a pitch-black ferule appeared horizontally before her eyes, and she rushed forward after grabbing hold of it.

"Obstructors die!" With a swing of her ferule, Qiao Mu instantly slapped the leading thug's head into his neck.

After taking a look, the remaining four or five hoodlums were scared into peeing their pants. Their legs weakened and trembled, and they all knelt onto the ground with a thud. "Spare our lives, great aunt! Spare our lives, great aunt!"

Seated high on the horse with ferule in hand, Qiao Mu's body overflowed with killing intent. Her sharp gaze swept towards the sides of the road.

At this moment, who else was daring enough to come out and court death? They all scrambled and crawled towards the corners of the road.

A broad road emptied out in the center. The peddlers on both sides were so frightened that their souls had left their bodies, and they also hastily shifted their stalls to the corners of the road, afraid they were obstructing this little great aunt's path.

After yanking on the horse reins with a shout, the horse broke out into a gallop and disappeared from the crowd in a jiffy.

Chapter 463: The Sect's Crisis

Only after seven to eight minutes had passed by did everyone catch their breath from this fright.

Everyone looked at each other and could see a deep-rooted horror from each other's expressions.

This truly was a little devil that took people's lives!

They only had themselves to blame for being blind. You really couldn't provoke just anyone now. Even if she looked like a soft little girl, in reality, she was even more frightening and formidable than a demon.

After Qiao Mu rushed out of the adventurer base, she spurred the horse into a mad gallop towards Five Moon City.

It was only until the second night, when the horse was about to foam at the mouth, that she halted and continued her journey by air on Qingluan.

However, it was already a bit late now. At this moment, the Holy Water Sect was confronting a subversive and sweeping crisis.

Liu Yizhi and Qiu San had brought along all of Shuntian Prefecture's men on Sikong Planet, which amounted to a little over 700 members in total.

They had arrived at the gate of the Holy Water Sect one day ago. They also encountered Anyi Prefecture's assistant manager Hong Jinchuan who had rushed over after receiving the news.

At the time, Liu Yizhi's expression was extremely unsightly; however, he reached an agreement with Hong Jinchuan after careful consideration.

Both powers decided to first seize control of Holy Water Sect and then find the sacred water. Afterwards, they would see which side the sacred water favored, which would resolve their differences peacefully.

Of course, it was another story later on should the other side be unconvinced at that time and end up fighting again.

At least for now, Shuntian Prefecture's Liu Yizhi and Anyi Prefecture's Hong Jinchuan could be considered to have reached an initial agreement.

In only the duration of one night, these people had slaughtered many Holy Water Sect disciples like wolves killing sheep. When Murong Xun's party had finally rushed back, everyone had already retreated to the Sect Master's Peak.

At the beginning when the two prefecture's people charged in, many disciples were not ready at all.

Thus, by the time Holy Water Sect's Sect Master rushed out, the disciples that were keeping watch at the gate of the sect had all perished.

The sect master blocked Liu Yizhi and Hong Jinchuan's attacks by herself. Although she barely managed to save the remaining disciples and relocate them to the Sect Master's Peak, by the time the three peak masters rushed back, it was evident that the sect master's life was barely hanging on by a thread.

"Ah-Xun, this time I really have to trouble you to shoulder this heavy responsibility." Holy Water Sect's Sect Master shakily took out a token from her lapels and handed it to Murong Xun, who was standing at the head of her bed.

"Master."

"From now onward, Murong Xun, will be the Holy Water Sect's 17th Sect Master..."

"Master!" Yang Xirong and Lu Yun both kneeled and gazed tearfully at the sect master who was at her last gasp.

Xu Shanshan and the other disciples hung their heads and kneeled outside the door. The tears in their eyes fell down and splashed drop by drop onto the bamboo flooring.

"Ah-Xun, Ah-Rong, Ah-Yun."

"Master, this disciple is here." The three people's voices choked and practically couldn't speak.

"Master's greatest achievement in this lifetime is taking you three in as disciples." Holy Water Sect's Sect Master reclined on a supporting cushion. She grasped her three disciples' hands and said with a smile, "Even though I call you all rotten disciples all the time, I know clearly in my heart that you are all the most filial of disciples."

"Master, rest. You will get better." Yang Xirong choked with sobs.

"I can't get better. Master knows her own situation." After fighting the two prefectures' experts, it was already a miracle that she was able to hang on until now without dying.

Only two prefectures had come right now, which was why they could momentarily ward off two powers with their one sect. If all of the six prefectures were to be present...

"Master will now tell you a secret." The sect master coughed heavily several times before firmly clutching both of Murong Xun's hands over that irradiating sect master token.

Chapter 464: The Difficult Decision of Who Stays and Who Leaves

“In the ancestral hall behind the Sect Master’s Peak, there is a mechanism behind the Buddha statue. Ah-Xun, you can use this token to activate an emergency space talisman matrix there, which will transfer you directly to somewhere in Polan Prefecture.”

“Among the Six Prefectures, Polan Prefecture is the one that stands most aloof from worldly affairs. They have many female members, cough, cough, cough. So if you infiltrate into a more remote area, you shouldn’t be discovered.”

“Of course, this space talisman matrix hasn’t been activated for a few hundred years. Master doesn’t know either if a problem will occur in the midst of transferring. Furthermore, this talisman matrix can only transfer 200 people, while we have 500 or so remaining disciples. So, Ah-Xun, Master will irresponsibly hand over this difficult decision of who stays and who leaves to you!” When she finished speaking, Holy Water Sect’s Sect Master clutched her chest and coughed harshly in succession. Then, she straightened her body all of a sudden and spewed out a mouthful of fresh blood with a cough.

The three disciples’ gazes flickered with tears, and they wept bitterly in their hearts. They all stretched out their hands to lightly press her chest.

“Master!”

“Sect Master!!”

The four master and disciples clasped their hands tightly together.

Holy Water Sect’s Sect Master exhaled a deep breath then slowly crumpled onto her supporting cushion. A faint smile hung on the corner of her lips, and she passed away just like that, as if she had fallen asleep.

“Sect Master!!” The disciples outside the door bawled, wailing sorrowfully.

Murong Xun stiffly clutched the sect master token in her hands. Then, all of a sudden, she turned around and raised up the token with a single hand. She proclaimed in a stern voice, “Yang Xirong, this Sect Master appoints you as the Holy Water Sect’s 18th Sect Master, effective today.”

Yang Xirong raised her head up from her kneeling position on the ground. She stared blankly at her senior sister and cried out tearfully, “Eldest Senior Sister??”

“Ah-Rong, immediately bring 200 disciples with you to the ancestral temple that Master mentioned and leave the Holy Water Sect at once.”

“No! Senior Sister! You have to leave together with us!” Yang Xirong scrambled to stand up from the floor and cried out loudly.

“This situation occurred because I didn’t discipline my disciple strictly. I am completely ashamed to face everyone in the Holy Water Sect! Anyone can leave! But I cannot!” Murong Xun shook her head and stared sternly at Yang Xirong as she said, “If you still treat me as your Eldest Senior Sister, then leave immediately!”

“Eldest Senior Sister... Eldest Senior Sister, I don’t want to, Eldest Senior Sister...” Yang Xirong cried so much that her voice had turned hoarse.

“Shanshan, Xue Xiao, go with your Second Aunt-Master!”

“Master, we disciples will not leave!!” The two spoke in unison to object.

“You two!” Murong Xun was both agitated and angry.

At this moment, a disciple rushed in hurriedly to cry out, “Eldest Aunt-Master, Eldest Aunt-Master, the two prefectures are leading their men to charge up the Sect Master’s Peak!”

“Ah-Rong, leave immediately!!” Murong Xun hoisted Yang Xirong up from the floor and pushed her forward heavily.

“Second Senior Sister, hurry and leave!” Lu Yun also yelled anxiously, then pushed Chen Hanzi, her Third Peak’s disciple, to Yang Xirong’s side.

At this moment of life and death, many disciples cried out one after another, “I’m not leaving, I’m not leaving!”

“I vow to exist or perish with the Holy Water Sect!”

“Third Junior Sister, you’re not leaving either?” Yang Xirong turned pale in fright as her eyes popped out. She wanted to grasp Lu Yun’s arm, yet Lu Yun flung her hand away gently.

“Second Senior Sister! Please take good care of yourself! We will leave the Holy Water Sect’s heavy responsibility to you now.” Lu Yun smiled at her gently as she stretched out her hands to cup her fists.

“Hurry and leave!” Murong Xun was so anxious that she went up to give Yang Xirong a kick. She dragged along Yang Xirong and the 200 disciples that she selected on the spur of the moment, pushing them towards the back door.

“Are Holy Water Sect’s disciples afraid of death?” Murong Xun asked coldly.

“Not afraid!”

“We won’t lose out by killing one, and we’ll make a gain by killing two!”

“Kill!”

Chapter 465: The Holy Water Sect Won’t Perish

“Master, must we leave?” Second Peak’s Yu Gui wept as she kept looking back at where they came from.

At this time in the originally peaceful and tranquil bamboo forest, the sounds of killing threatened to shake the heavens.

The 200 disciples felt as if their hearts were tormented by raging flames, their eyes brimming with tears and hatred.

“Let’s go!!” Yang Xirong hardened her heart and looked the other way, rushing into the ancestral hall with the 200 disciples. If she had known before this crisis that the sect had such a special passage, she would’ve brought the child along to flee together. But now, the child was alone, all on her own. Her heart ached just thinking about it...

“Second Aunt-Master!” Chen Hanzi bit her bottom lip as she choked with sobs.

“Don’t cry anymore!” Yang Xirong hollered as she held back her tears. “Don’t betray the sect master and the two peak masters’ kind intentions. We must live on unwaveringly! There will be hope as long as we live on! As long as the Holy Water Sect has us! The Holy Water Sect won’t perish!”

“Yes! The Holy Water Sect won’t perish!”

No matter how difficult the road ahead was! They would not retreat!

Even if it were strewn with thistles and thorns, cleaved with gorges and chasms! Even if they had to crawl the entire way until their bodies were speckled with poisonous thorns, they would strive to keep crawling on!

Because, each of them bore the lives of more than 800 Holy Water Sect disciples!

Eight hundred disciples united in one heart and one life!

The Holy Water Sect will not perish! It never will!

When the sect master token activated the talisman matrix and a moonbeam encapsulated the 200 disciples, one cluster after another of mysterious and transparent runes flowed around them like twinkling stars.

Everyone cupped their fists in homage towards the direction of the bamboo forest, shouting tearfully in their hearts: Senior Sisters and Junior Sisters, we shall meet again!

The ancestral hall shuddered slightly, then reverted to tranquility in an instant.

Liu Yizhi wheezed heavily with coughs as he hacked his way through the Holy Water Sect disciples. Yet when he charged up to the Sect Master’s Peak, he was impeded by a water pillar.

He involuntarily squinted his eyes and said with a smile, “The Lower Star Domain really is a miraculous place. There is actually someone who can control the water spirit in a tiny Holy Water Sect? Could it be that you are carrying the sacred water!”

Murong Xun snorted at him. “Why don’t you come and try me! Then you’ll know if I have it.”

Like meteors streaking across the sky, the two people abruptly traded blows all of a sudden. Explosive gusts dispersed from their sides as they triggered their mystic energy with a whoosh.

On the other end, as Hong Jinchuan led the two prefectures’ disciples to slaughter the Holy Water Sect disciples, they would interrogate them for the holy water’s location.

“I don’t know!” A Holy Water Sect disciple crumpled to the ground, her eyes glowering at Hong Jinchuan. She then yelled in laughter, “Even if this great aunt knows, I won’t tell you bunch of bastards! Go die!”

As soon as she finished speaking, she suddenly self-detonated.

When the sound of the explosion transmitted over, Lu Yun, who was trading blows with an elder from the two prefectures, swayed involuntarily. She bit her lips as she turned her head for a look.

The Holy Water Sect disciples' successive self-detonations were all intercepted by the two prefectures' defensive mystic weapons.

However, their expressions looked relatively foul at this moment.

This bunch of ants actually dared to retaliate! Up until now, not one person had divulged the sacred water's location. It really made them deeply mortified!

Hong Jinchuan's eldest disciple, Gong Yang, fiendishly picked up a plump woman and gave her a sound slap across the face. "Speak! Where is the sacred water? As long as you tell me! I'll give you a chance to live!"

Fat Sister pounced fiercely and knocked her head heavily onto Gong Yang's forehead, which immediately resulted in a large red mark appearing.

She spat a mouthful of saliva onto Gong Yang's face and roared with laughter, "Little bastard! Go die!"

Chapter 466: Fight to the Death

"Boom!" Although Gong Yang had activated his defensive weapon, he was still blasted away by the force of the self-detonation, his head bloodied from tumbling heavily on the ground.

"Fat Sister—" The maidens of the First Peak cried out inconsolably.

The always smiling Fat Sister who attended to everyone's meals and accommodations, tirelessly stewing soup and cooking food for them every day, was gone.

"Damn it!" Gong Yang was infuriated and staggered as he got up from the ground.

When he saw the disdainful gazes of several junior brothers from the Anyi Prefecture, he became even more infuriated.

Meanwhile, after colliding palms, Liu Yizhi and Murong Xun swiftly parted.

Liu Yizhi's eyes flickered with astonishment. "A person's cultivation can reach at most level-15 mystic cultivation in the Lower Star Domain. But you, this old man can't see through your cultivation."

"But it's no matter. This old man will find a few more people to exchange moves with you! Even if you have surpassed level-15 and entered the spiritual realm, your cultivation is definitely suppressed at present, hahaha, cough cough cough! I heard that your sect master died, and everyone in the sect is filled with grief and indignation right now. Hahahaha, this old man will go have a nice talk with your dying sect master! Let's see whether you disciples and grand-disciples can bear seeing your old sect master's remains be riddled with holes into a neither-human-nor-ghost appearance, hahaha!"

"You dare!!" Murong Xun's anger flared, and a whirlpool of water swiftly flew over.

However, before it could entangle that old geezer Liu Yizhi's body, it was intercepted by five to six Shuntian Prefecture elders.

These elders' cultivation were at level-15. In Shuntian Prefecture, they would at most be a small outer prefecture manager. However, in the Star Domain, they could swagger and make others deferentially address them as elders.

Although Murong Xun's cultivation was very high, the several Shuntian Prefecture elders entailed her successfully, and she could only glare with bloodshot eyes as Liu Yizhi charged into the sect master's room.

"Master!" From another direction, Lu Yun attacked two of the two prefectures' elders like crazy, forcing them to retreat step by step.

She flew over and whisked towards the sect master's room.

The two elders were filled with an intense hatred, and they simultaneously hurled two dense waves of level-15 mystic energy at Lu Yun's back.

"Cough." Although Lu Yun stumbled several steps forward and coughed out a mouthful of blood, she still kept rushing towards the sect master's room.

"Junior Sister!" At the same time that Murong Xun mustered up a water defense, she abruptly threw down a Water's Verdict with a flip of her hand. The slush on top of the snowy peaks cascaded down in an earth-shattering fashion and smashed towards those five to six Shuntian Prefecture elders with a resounding boom.

As soon as the many Shuntian Prefecture elders started panicking, they maliciously joined hands to amass a terrifying mystic energy whirlpool that they directly threw at Murong Xun.

Murong Xun swallowed down a mouthful of blood. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her head of black hair danced along with her robes with a wave of her hand.

In everyone's eyes, they only saw First Peak's Peak Master, dressed in a crimson robe, giving off a burning brilliance.

In the blink of an eye, the entire snowy peak shook and quaked, catalyzing all the underground creeks and flowing slush to sweep turbulently towards the two prefectures' disciples...

At the same time, Liu Yizhi had already flashed into the sect master's room. He raised his palm, about to clutch the sect master's throat.

Yet, the sect master's bed board suddenly flipped over, and someone leaped out from underneath the bed, ferociously using her palm to pierce through this level-15 great mystic cultivator's chest.

"Cough!" Liu Yizhi sputtered out a mouthful of blood, and he hastily pulled out a large handful of pills and elixirs to consume.

As he gulped down the pills and elixirs, he glowered viciously towards the bedboard. However, he was stunned soon afterwards.

Chapter 467: The Dust Has Settled

Although the Holy Water Sect's Sect Master's complexion was ghastly pale, she was still standing there perfectly all right. How was she already dead?

A woman, about fifty years old, was standing next to her and supporting the sect master's arm.

The two cut to the chase and pounced at him. The mystic energy from each person's fist melded together and swept towards his face with a roar.

This greatly shocked Liu Yizhi.

He had had a taste of the sect master's ability earlier and knew that she was a level-15 great mystic cultivator through and through. As for this old woman beside the sect master, he could tell from her strength that she was not ordinary either.

"Xiao Hong, bring the children away!" The sect master suddenly lunged over and latched tightly onto Liu Yizhi's body.

Everyone saw the door to the sect master's room being smashed open. Their sect master, who was already breathing her last, rushed out and flew towards the snowy peak's summit while clutching onto Liu Yizhi.

"Ah-Xun! Leave!" Before everyone could be surprised, the sect master left her last words. While dragging Liu Yizhi towards the snowy peak's summit, a booming self-detonation erupted...

Aunt Yi's eyes instantly watered.

Along with this self-detonation, half of the Sect Master's Peak split apart and triggered a roaring and hair-raising avalanche...

At the same time.

Duan Yue, Situ Yi, and company who were hurrying back to the Daybreak Sect and the Heavenly Dao Sect, respectively, all simultaneously received news of the Holy Water Sect coming under attack.

Daybreak Sect's Sect Master Liang Wanshan promptly said, "The three sects are branches of the same tree. We cannot just look on unfeelingly as the Six Prefectures besiege the Holy Water Sect."

"Master, I'll go with you." Duan Yue said immediately.

The group immediately started to reroute towards the Holy Water Sect. They met up with Situ Min and company from the Heavenly Dao Sect at the adventurer base and hastened towards the snowy peaks.

On the other end, inside Five Moon City.

City Lord Wu Mantian and his madam stood at the window and looked at the blackened sky in deep worry, not knowing what to do.

There was no one in Five Moon City who didn't know about the great commotion inside the Holy Water Sect tonight.

Everyone didn't understand what happened over at the Holy Water Sect, but the common people naturally didn't dare to stick their noses in other people's business either.

The next day, everyone was left speechless with fear as they gazed over at the Holy Water Sect's practically razed snowy peaks.

Half of the Sect Master's Peak, especially, seemed to have been directly shaved off, the entire peak reduced by more than half. The towering flames burned for the entire night.

No one dared to go over and investigate what happened.

Five Moon City's City Lord, too, only dared to send two level-10 experts over for a stealthy look.

Very soon, the news they brought back was: Not a single person was alive in all of the Holy Water Sect.

Everything, all the dust, seemed to have settled.

The earth-shattering war three days ago seemed to have been buried by the never-melting snow.

These few days, the citizens inside Five Moon City were discussing in private that the Holy Water Sect had probably offended an expert from the Six Prefectures, which was why they sparked such a tragic extermination.

"What did you say got exterminated?" Suddenly, a small, white, and clean hand grabbed a chatty woman's collar and lifted her up with a single hand. It terrified that woman so much that her legs kicked erratically as she repeatedly begged for mercy. "Spare me, Miss. Spare me."

Qiao Mu, who had hastened back for three days and four nights straight and finally arrived at Five Moon City, could not accept this piece of news at all.

Impossible!

She shook her head! Master wouldn't lie to her!

Qiao Mu shook her head furiously, then shook her head again. She abruptly threw down that chatty woman and bolted towards the city gate with a leap off her toes. Everyone only saw a pale figure flash like mist past a hundred people in a split second, and their eyes all involuntarily bulged in wonder at the sight.

Chapter 468: Sweeping Devastation

Qiao Mu dashed the entire way out of the city and soon arrived at the foot of the snowy peaks.

Upon arriving at Xianghe Village, she was so frightened by the deathly silence that her heart started to tremble.

Deathly silence, it truly was deathly silent.

Normally at this time, this small village at the foot of the snowy peaks would long be bustling with activity—children's laughter, mixed in with the housewives' gossip, as well as men coming down the mountain after a day's labor.

Spiraling kitchen smoke, the sound of happiness and laughter...

These were all gone now!

Deathly silence, it truly was as silent as death.

Qiao Mu dashed into the village but then stood still, dumbstruck.

Before her eyes, there were only crumbling fences and dilapidated walls. The ground was full of incomparably desolate remains, and there wasn't even a complete corpse amongst the sweeping devastation.

"Senior Sister! Senior Sister!" Qiao Mu dashed to a Holy Water Sect disciple whose face was covered in blood. While hugging onto her head that had rolled beside the grass, she shook her body forcefully.

"Senior Sister!" Qiao Mu hugged this head tightly and didn't realize at all that her chest was already soaked by a patch of blood. "Senior Sister, senior sister!"

This senior sister guarded the gate all year round along with several other people whose cultivation was around level-five and level-six.

With reddened eyes, Qiao Mu turned her head around abruptly. As if in a craze, she suddenly fished out a tiny and complete girl's body from beneath a headless corpse.

Her fingers could sense a bit of warmth.

This child was still alive. She was still alive!

Qiao Mu immediately administered acupuncture to promote respiration and fed her the best medicinal solution she had on hand.

After a long while, the girl coughed out a mouthful of blood. She weakly opened a slit in her eyes, and they suddenly released a faint glow.

"I recognize you. You are the celestial sister that flies in the sky." The girl's voice was raspy and muddled, her speech disjointed.

"I'm not a celestial being. I'm only a useless person. I can't save you, nor can I save anyone else. I'm sorry... sorry, sorry." Qiao Mu's tears cascaded down at once.

It was too late. She came back too late! It was still too late.

Medicine couldn't save this girl anymore. If she had come back half a day earlier, perhaps she could have saved her. Or perhaps if the little tree were present, she could request a superb panacea from it...

But it was useless to say anything now.

"Sister. My mom said that dead people will turn into monsters." The girl's internal organs were severely damaged, and she was also just barely hanging on from not having eaten food nor having drunk water for so many days. Blood continued to spurt out of her mouth as she spoke.

"I-I don't want to turn into a monster."

As Qiao Mu hugged her, her tears dropped onto the girl's face. She nodded resolutely and said, "Sister promises you that you will never turn into a monster, alright?"

As the little girl stretched out her hand and pointed, she said feebly, "M-my mom..."

Qiao Mu embraced her tightly and subconsciously clasped her small and frigid hand. She murmured gently, "Mhm, Sister will bury you and your mom together. You two won't be apart. Your mom will continue to protect you in your next life."

"Sister, don't cry. You are a celestial being..." The girl's voice became weaker and weaker until there was no more sound.

Qiao Mu bit her thin lips and hugged this child firmly. She lowered her small head and said gently, "I'm not a celestial being, I'm not. I can't even save you."

On both sides of the path from Xianghe Village to the gate, she would see several of her senior sisters' incomplete corpses now and then.

Qiao Mu didn't know how she hiked up there. She really didn't know. Her entire being felt light and airy, like she was stepping on a cloud of cotton, stumbling and staggering up the mountain.

Chapter 469: Murong Xun, You Big Liar

Her tears had already run dry.

Qiao Mu had never known that a person could actually cry so many tears.

Hence, upon seeing the tragedy before her once she ascended the Sect Master's Peak, she didn't cry and only stood there blankly, dumbstruck.

The bamboo and buildings had been razed. Even the bamboo forest that the sect master loved most had burnt to ashes.

She couldn't distinguish which of the corpses piled on the ground belonged to the enemy, and which belonged to her own senior and junior sisters.

Suddenly, her leg seemed to have kicked something.

Lowering her head for a look, she recognized this person: Second Peak's dunce, Chang Yuxi.

She crouched down and patted her bloody face. She shouted expressionlessly, "Dunce, get up! Didn't you want to be my lackey? I'll allow it! So get up!"

Chang Yuxi's eyes were shut tightly, and she didn't speak. She no longer had that effusive energy like in the past.

"Get up, get up!" Qiao Mu hoisted up her body and looked on helplessly as the lower half of her body fell to the ground with a thud.

As she trudged forward spiritlessly, she saw countless familiar faces.

Senior Sister Li Ling from Third Peak: The first time she saw her was before the Qinghe Town mission. She walked before her and introduced herself brightly with a smile, "I'm Li Ling from Third Peak."

Senior Sister Su from Second Peak, Su Qinghu: That time when Second Aunt-Master carried her back to Second Peak, the moment she came out from her closed-door cultivation, she saw her senior sister faint from hunger on her own Second Peak. She had thought that they were idiots then.

She had even asked her: "You're very hungry?"

At that time, Senior Sister Su smiled abashedly at her. "I'm fine, Little Junior Sister," she said.

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Fine? Not fine at all. You're all dead now...

"Second Senior Sister." She saw that half of her second senior sister Xue Xiao's body had gotten chopped off and fell into a snow pit.

Upon turning her head, she ran forward madly and leapt beside a body.

Compared to those pitiful senior and junior sisters, Eldest Senior Sister Xu Shanshan's body was very complete. She lay quietly just like that next to the snow pit with her eyes shut, her head touching Second Senior Sister Xue Xiao's head.

Qiao Mu thought that she was already so sorrowful that she couldn't cry anymore.

Yet inexplicably, her tears kept falling downwards incessantly. She completely couldn't stop it at all!

"Liar!" Qiao Mu stiffly patted her eldest senior sister Xu Shanshan's arm and sobbed. "At Qinghe Town, you said, you were going to protect. You said you weren't going to leave me alone!"

"Liar, liar!" Qiao Mu patted her twice more before suddenly thinking of something and examining the corpses on the Sect Master's Peak repeatedly.

All of a sudden, she dragged out her voice and screamed, "Murong Xun! Murong Xun!"

"Murong Xun, where are you?"

"Murong Xun, you big liar!"

"Murong Xun, you lied to me!" She wearily dragged her steps and circled the entire Sect Master's Peak, but she was unable to find Murong Xun.

She did find Third Aunt-Master Lu Yun's head, though.

She carried Lu Yun's head and staggered as she ran to Xu Shanshan's side. She set her down abreast to each other and wept until her throat was hoarse. She said pitifully, "Third Aunt-Master, keep Eldest Senior Sister company here for now. I still have to find my master. I don't know where my master went. Third Aunt-Master, where do you think my master went?"

She carried up Lu Yun's head again and helped her wipe the dirt off her face. She asked dazedly, "Third Aunt-Master. Where do you think my master went?"

"Murong Xun! Come out, Murong Xun!" The little fellow set Lu Yun's head next to Xu Shanshan before abruptly bolting towards the ancestral hall.

Chapter 470: I Don't Have a Master Anymore

Half of the ancestral hall had long been destroyed, leaving a small portion of lonely ruins.

Qiao Mu looked dazedly through the sect's disciples' life lantern miniatures.

She saw that at the final juncture of Second Senior Sister Xue Xiao's battle against the enemy, her battered body was flicked apart...

Qiao Mu couldn't cry any more tears.

She propped her cheek with her hand and looked through the life lantern miniatures one by one.

When she saw the sect master dragging a stooping old man's body towards the snowy peak and self-detonating, her entire body stiffened all of a sudden.

She recognized this old man. She had encountered this old man right outside Xixia Valley's Second Southern Courtyard.

Afterwards, she had also seen this old man at the competition arena.

Wasn't he a guest elder of the Ghost Faction? What exactly were the Middle Six Prefectures that the rumors in the marketplace were talking about? Could it be that this guest elder of the Ghost Faction was in fact someone from the Middle Six Prefectures?

She was unable to find Murong Xun's life lantern. Perhaps it was because more than half of the disciples' life lanterns were crushed by stones due to the ancestral hall's collapse.

Qiao Mu lowered her head. She couldn't find it even after half a day of searching through the stone crevices, and her fingers were all bleeding after digging so much.

"Master." Chirpy hadn't dared to speak the entire time and feebly cried, "Don't dig anymore. It should have slid down the snowy peak along with the avalanche."

"Murong Xun. You big liar!" The little stoic yelled expressionlessly.

What 'you still have master,' what 'Master will definitely accompany you,' what 'Master will never lie to you!' All lies!

"Chirpy, do you know?" The little stoic murmured softly to herself, "In the future, I... won't have a master anymore."

"Hahaha, even if you don't have a master, what are you afraid of. Even if you don't have a master, you still have Brother, me! Little beauty, as long as you are willing to go back with Brother, me, I guarantee that you will eat well and live well. Your days definitely won't be terrible." A grating and philandering voice abruptly entered Qiao Mu's eardrums.

She stood up and took a step. Her foot kicked something along the lines of a hard iron tablet, and she bent over to pick it up. After looking it over, she put it away in her inner world with a chilly expression.

Afterwards, she raised her eyes to look at the group of people outside the ancestral hall.

She recognized them. Myriad Faction's Faction Master's son who looked sickly yet kept leering lustfully at Holy Water Sect's disciples, Fei Qing.

Ghost Faction's Elder, Ghost Surd.

Coitus Faction's Granny Witch and company. There was also someone among there that was an old friend of Qiao Mu's.

When they were fighting over the secret paradise, Mo Lian had helped her extract a thread of that person's soul—Coitus Faction's Yao Ji.

At this moment, the thread of her soul was still inside Qiao Mu's inner world, so when Qiao Mu gazed coldly at her, Yao Ji's eyes contracted slightly.

"You lecher! You still haven't changed that bad habit of yours." Coitus Faction's Qi Mei'er covered her mouth and giggled in laughter. She swayed her body seductively and told Qiao Mu with a sweet smile, "Little Junior Sister, there's only you now, ah. Tut tut tut, you cried. Look look look look, that beautiful tear-stained face. Tut tut, the tears haven't even dried yet. If the Holy Water Sect's three peak masters saw you now, their hearts would definitely ache."

Qiao Mu stared frigidly at this woman and said coldly, "What now, Ghost Faction, Myriad Faction, and Coitus Faction are itching to come hit someone when they are down?"

Myriad Faction's Fei Qing laughed arrogantly and said, "What do you mean? When we heard that the Holy Water Sect was in trouble, our three factions especially rushed over for a look and to give our consolations. Little Junior Sister, don't be afraid. Come, come over, over to Brother here. Brother will protect you."