

My Crown 471

Chapter 471: Hitting Someone When They're Down

"Protect?" Qiao Mu's eyes narrowed involuntarily, and her freezing eyes swept Fei Qing an unhurried glance.

Fei Qing inexplicably shivered all of a sudden, but he was also secretly exhilarated.

He had always liked beautiful maidens, especially the younger ones.

He, Fei Qing, had ruined 800, if not 1000 maidens in the towns just outside of Myriad Faction.

Thus, when Qi Mei'er teasingly called him a lecher, it was not only in name.

When he saw so many beautiful maidens from the Holy Water Sect at Xixia Valley, he had long been itching to make a move. Unfortunately, because of the three peak masters' presence, his father Fei Pengyi warned him severely to not cause trouble.

Hence, he didn't dare to do anything throughout the competition.

Going to and fro from the competition grounds, he had long seen this exquisite and adorable little junior sister that was like a small ice sculpture.

It was unfortunate that this little fellow was never alone and was always surrounded by a crowd. He didn't have a chance to kidnap her even if he wanted to.

But it was different today.

Look, look at how everything was destroyed. The Holy Water Sect was exterminated, so what could this little junior sister rely on in the future? Wasn't subduing her as easy as a casual grab of his hand?

As he thought of this, Fei Qing's expression grew more complacent. He ogled Qiao Mu with greedy eyes and beckoned her with his hand once again. "Little Junior Sister, don't be afraid. Come over here. Aren't we old acquaintances?"

On the side, Qi Mei'er giggled delicately again. However, she didn't expect that when she met Qiao Mu's chilling eyes that were like ice beads, her heart jumped slightly without reason.

On the other side, Ghost Surd impatiently roared, "If you have the leisure to prattle on with her, why don't you capture her first before doing so!"

When he finished speaking, he didn't care how indignant Fei Qing was and immediately reached for Qiao Mu's neck with a stretch of his hand.

He thought that he would be able to lift up the little girl as he would a little chick.

Ghost Surd's eyes even released a vicious gleam.

After all, during the competition, the Holy Water Sect had harmed more than half of the Ghost Faction's disciples. Heaven wasn't blind and had them exterminated as retribution. What was a better time than now to make a move?

The moment he attacked ruthlessly, he seemed to have completely forgotten how many times the little girl had trounced their Ghost Faction.

The first time they met, he, Ghost Surd, wasn't even the little girl's match.

Not to mention now.

A figure suddenly flashed before Ghost Surd. With a sharp swipe of her wrist, her dagger slid across Ghost Surd's neck, leaving behind a lengthy laceration.

Ghost Surd reflexively fingered that laceration on his throat. When he collapsed, his eyes were clearly still immersed in disbelief.

His life was taken that quickly? Why? ...

On the contrary, all the fine hairs on Granny Witch's body stood up as she roared angrily, "Moron, this little lass isn't that level-eight little mystic cultivator anymore! She..."

"Puh!" Granny Witch only felt her back hurt, and her entire body lunged several steps forward before spewing out a mouthful of blood.

This sneak attack simply set off alarm bells ringing in her mind.

Coitus Faction's disciples were also stupefied. They all turned their heads to look at Yao Ji, the person who had suddenly attacked Granny Witch.

Each of the faces were filled with shock and bewilderment. They shrieked out in horror, "What are you doing, Yao Ji?"

"I pledge to lay down my life for Little Master!" Yao Ji called out towards Qiao Mu before clawing towards a Coitus Faction disciple's face.

Instantly, a gurgling poison surfaced on that same disciple's face.

Chapter 472: You Should All Remain Here

Previously, Yao Ji was still slightly hesitant on whether she should make a move or not.

You had to know, the three factions together made up more than a hundred people, while the little girl was only by herself. If she were to suddenly betray the Coitus Faction and stand on the little girl's side to confront the three factions' hundred people, then she was undoubtedly going to face certain death.

But her soul was still in the little girl's hands. If she didn't help her, then she would still certainly die on the spot.

According to the little girl's ruthless nature and vicious methods, she definitely wasn't going to let her, an enemy, off.

Hence, after weighing all her options, Yao Ji felt that she was definitely going to die this instant.

However, when she saw the little girl kill Ghost Surd with a swipe of her dagger, Yao Ji knew that her chance had come.

The little girl seemed to be much stronger than she had expected. At that moment, she knew that she had to take a gamble, so she stood behind Granny Witch and pierced through her heart.

How would Granny Witch and the bunch of Coitus Faction disciples have expected that Yao Ji would suddenly assault them?

All at once, their Coitus Faction devolved into internal disorder.

And at the same time, the little girl had long charged forth and flung out countless spinning talismans, which encircled Fei Qing and his group.

Ebony intermediate-level binding talisman matrix: It could bind at most ten people each time.

The people before her had relatively lower cultivation than her, so once she used this binding talisman matrix, everyone was bound inside of it. They paled in fright as they were unable to come out no matter how they tried.

Only then did they remember that the little girl had once used this move during the competition on Mu Liangde from the Daybreak Sect. At that time, they had secretly ridiculed Mu Liangde as useless for being unable to defeat a silly 12 to 13-year-old little girl.

Now, however, when they tasted this binding talisman matrix for themselves, they all paled abruptly in fright.

They were unable to move!

Once they were bound inside this binding talisman matrix, they couldn't even release mystic energy?

Fei Qing, this useless fellow, was so horrified that his face contorted and his complexion paled. He continuously attempted to slam open this talisman matrix and raised his head to look at Qiao Mu.

As soon as he called out "Little Junior Sister," it triggered the little fellow to furiously raise up her ferule and smacked it down on his head.

"Who is your little junior sister!" Were you, this filthy fellow, fit to call me Little Junior Sister?

"Go die!" Qiao Mu threw out a handful of shooting stars with a swing of her hand. They hit the people inside the talisman matrix with a plink, plink, plink.

Fei Qing and company were like turtles in a jar and unable to resist at all. After the rain of shooting stars subsided, Fei Qing discovered in horror that the fellow faction member that he had pulled over in front of him looked like a live target. That person's body was speckled with these small tacks even after doing his best to resist.

"You!" Fei Qing panicked as he yelled. In this moment of life and death, he didn't care to call her 'Little Junior Sister' nor did he dare to tease her anymore. He kept mouthing, "You dare, you little slut."

"If you dare hurt me, my dad won't let you off!" Even Fei Qing himself felt that this threat wasn't very effective.

The expressionless little girl merely hit out a mighty mystic energy with her ferule, which violently smacked Fei Qing's chin. It directly blasted his mouth to smithereens.

Fei Qing's unpleasant howls ceased abruptly.

Qiao Mu pounced forward and ruthlessly smacked his skull once again with her ferule. It instantly split apart his skull as his brains burst out, and he died on the spot.

"Since you came, then remain." Two Core Ravaging Thunders appeared between the little girl's fingertips, which she roughly flung into the mass of people.

The Core Ravaging Thunder exploded with a boom before the crowd's panicked gazes.

When Ao'ye and company finally managed to catch up, they heard this explosion halfway up the mountain and immediately flew towards the snowy peaks without a care for their lives.

Chapter 473: Murong Xun Self-Detonated?

"Little girl, you're quite intriguing." A sinister laugh sounded behind Qiao Mu.

Anyi Prefecture's Hong Jinchuan had actually been lying low in wait in the Holy Water Sect.

Ever since the sect master self-detonated while latching onto Liu Yizhi, he suffered heavy injuries and was out of commission. The entire Shuntian Prefecture's overall strength subsequently declined.

Shuntian Prefecture's remaining men carried Liu Yizhi down the snowy peaks, but Hong Jinchuan was unwilling to leave things as they were. He decided to lie in wait with Anyi Prefecture's three hundred men for a few more days.

Sure enough, someone came along today.

After secretly observing this little girl, he found out her identity.

The personal disciple of the Holy Water Sect's First Peak's Peak Master Murong Xun really was a little fellow with outstanding strength.

After exchanging several blows, the three factions' disciples ended up injured or dead and scattered like birds and beasts.

Unfortunately, a little level-11 mystic cultivator was nothing in his eyes.

"Little lass, obediently tell me the sacred water's whereabouts, and I can spare you from death." Hong Jinchuan looked at Qiao Mu with a chuckle.

Calculating the time, the people from the other prefectures should almost be here.

Before that, he had to deceive the little girl into talking as soon as possible. If that didn't work, he might have to resort to some unpleasant means.

"Sacred water." Qiao Mu muttered to herself.

As expected, they came for Lady Holy Water? However, why did they call it sacred water?

"Right, sacred water. We received news that the sacred water is inside your Holy Water Sect." Unfortunately, they still ended up empty-handed after scouring through the entire Holy Water Sect.

The strangest thing was that there wasn't even a treasure pavilion inside such a large sect. It really made them depressed.

"Where is Murong Xun?" The little girl asked coldly all of a sudden without answering Hong Jinchuan's question.

Hong Jinchuan couldn't help being a bit angry and put on a fake smile. "Your master? Could it be that you still don't understand? Look at all of your sect's corpses, their broken limbs strewn about the ground. Why are they so incomplete? Hahahahaha, because these fools all self-detonated, hahaha! Unfortunately, to us level-15 great mystic cultivators, they are just like the light of fireflies, simply unable to injure us at all."

Qiao Mu endured the resentment in her heart and glanced at them coldly.

Hong Jinchuan and his group's auras truly were very powerful.

Among Anyi Prefecture's group of more than three hundred people, she was unable to see through the cultivation of at least one hundred of them, which meant that the cultivation of these one hundred plus people were definitely higher than hers.

Besides... how many of these people were level-15 great mystic cultivators like Hong Jinchuan?

If she were to bypass levels to challenge level-12 and level-13 great mystic cultivators, perhaps there was still a chance at victory.

However, as a small level-11 mystic cultivator, she was practically throwing away her life voluntarily by challenging multiple level-15 great mystic cultivators.

Of course, with her trump cards, it wasn't impossible for her to kill several level-15 great mystic cultivators.

"What is your name."

"This old man never conceals his name. I am Hong Jinchuan of Anyi Prefecture." Hong Jinchuan was not the least bit worried about the consequences of divulging his name to the little girl.

In his eyes, this final disciple of Murong Xun's was already a dead person.

"Murong Xun self-detonated?" The little girl pursed her lips before inquiring expressionlessly.

"You killed her?" The little girl added.

Hong Jinchuan became irritated. "Is there any difference as to who killed her? You little lass surely aren't thinking of avenging your sect all by yourself?"

Chapter 474: Bloody Battle Against Anyi Prefecture

"I advise you to honestly tell me the sacred water's whereabouts. Or else..."

Suddenly, a binding talisman matrix encircled ten of the Anyi Prefecture's men.

At the same time, Qiao Mu flung out a Core Ravaging Thunder, which pulverized the part of the ancestral hall that had originally collapsed with a boom.

She released Qingluan, who let out a sharp cry. As it swooped down, it spit out a wave of polar ice slashes, which froze three to four of Anyi Prefecture's men into ice sculptures on the spot without warning.

Qiao Mu swept her ferule horizontally, and those ice sculptures cracked into pieces. Their broken limbs encased in ice all rolled to the side.

"Silly girl, you dare be so brazen!" Hong Jinchuan bellowed lividly.

Did she think that she was still fighting against a mob at the three factions' level?

What she was pledging her life to fight was the Anyi Prefecture of the Six Prefectures!

Although the people in their group couldn't be considered experts inside the Anyi Prefecture, it was more than sufficient to deal with a little lass in this Lower Star Domain!

"Refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit! Wait until this old man captures you. I'll break your arms and legs and see if you'll divulge the sacred water's whereabouts then!" A hint of fury flashed past Hong Jinchuan's eyes. He instantly bolted forward and clawed at Qiao Mu.

"Clang!" Yet he ended up clawing a solid defensive shield, and his hand stiffened from the vibration.

What? This d*mned girl's defensive shield was so sturdy.

How would he know that ever since Qiao Mu advanced to be a level-11 great mystic cultivator, her eggshell defensive shield had also broken through several of its seals.

Currently, there shouldn't be much of a problem for it to deal with eight to ten of a level-15 great mystic cultivator's attacks.

No sooner said than done, the ferule in Qiao Mu's hand was encircled with a blazing energy, which she directed at Hong Jinchuan's arm with a whoosh.

Hong Jinchuan was stunned, but his eyes immediately lit up with greed. "Spiritual weapon!"

"Darn girl, the Holy Water Sect really treats you well, even willing to give you little lass a spiritual weapon."

"Unfortunately, we'll have to see whether you little lass have the life to wield it!" Hong Jinchuan attempted to snatch her ferule with a lightning move of his hand.

Tigers roared and birds cried—Qingluan was surrounded by a hundred beasts.

Qiao Mu threw up her small golem while blocking a saber that thrust at her from an angle.

"Miss!" When Ao'ye's team flew up to the Sect Master's Peak, they were met with such a terrifying sight. Their miss was besieged simultaneously on all sides by more than three hundred men and beasts. She was enduring bitterly and was soaked in blood from head to toe.

Upon turning her head for a look, Qiao Mu's pupils contracted. When she made a round through the Sect Master's Peak earlier, she had discovered many black-clothed youths' mutilated corpses. They looked very much like the crown prince's subordinates.

Why did they come to throw away their lives? This was her sect's problem and had nothing to do with others.

They shouldn't have come!

Ao'ye's team consisted of several dozen people. They swiftly summoned their mystic beasts and joined the fight. However, even with their reinforcement, there was still a huge disparity in numbers between the two sides.

She flung out large batches of talismans towards Ao'ye and his team.

She had already activated a mystic-energy-guiding talisman matrix, and all the mystic energy within 50 kilometers of the Holy Water Sect poured uninterrupted into her body.

Noticing this, a trace of greed flickered past Hong Jinchuan's eyes. He hesitated, feeling that it was a pity to kill such a gifted great talisman practitioner.

"If you are willing to hand over the sacred water and offer me a thread of your soul, I'll spare your life, as well as theirs?"

Qiao Mu's response to him was spurting a mouthful of blood onto the ferule, Inky, after biting through the tip of her tongue.

The ferule released a strange glow!

Chapter 475: Counterattack at an Impasse (1)

It clinged and clanged in Qiao Mu's hand before suddenly flying forward and spitting out a surging inferno in Hong Jinchuan's face.

Hong Jinchuan raised his saber to block, but the ferule squarely severed the mystic weapon in his hands into two. The top part of the saber stabbed into the ground with a thud.

Hong Jinchuan's eyes shot out a trace of fury. The instant his body barreled forth, he mustered up all the mystic energy in his body to wickedly strike Qiao Mu in the head.

Yet at the last second, a faint, bluish-white apparition leaped out from the ferule and abruptly blocked this old man's ferocious fist head-on before the little fellow.

"Bam!" Hong Jinchuan paled in fright. He spewed out a mouthful of blood as his body flew backwards while somersaulting uncontrollably.

Qiao Mu widened her pair of eyes and reflexively bit her lip. She frantically ran several steps forwards and stretched out her hands inexplicably, wanting to embrace that wispy but faintly discernible apparition.

Mo Lian! Mo Lian definitely got injured, he got injured...

Mo Lian's apparition turned its head around, gazing at her anxiously.

Just as Qiao Mu hugged that apparition in her arms, his entire being abruptly dissipated from her embrace with a faint ring.

The little fellow just numbly maintained her embracing motion.

Uwah, Mo Lian was gone...

The little fellow opened her mouth and did her utmost to suppress her urge to cry. She choked as she yelled at Ao'ye and his team who were engaged in a bloody battle, "Hurry and leave!"

With a turn, she flew towards Sky Peak, pursued relentlessly by an unshakeable cluster of Anyi Prefecture's men.

At the same time far away in Guanlan City, Mo Lian was perusing through memorials when his hand trembled slightly, and a trace of blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth.

"Your Highness?" Xiao'xi'zi was currently lowering his head in a bow while presenting tea to him with both hands. He was so alarmed that he fell to the floor, the teacup in his hands shattering as it fell to the floor.

When the officials engaged in a discussion in the southern study saw this, their complexions also paled greatly as they cried out, "Your Highness?"

Seventh Yan suddenly appeared next to him and called out in deep worry, "Master."

The brush in Mo Lian's hand let out a splitting crack. When he raised his head, there was already a raging storm brewing in his eyes.

Someone triggered the divine conscious[1] that he had left in the ferule. His Qiaoqiao was in trouble!

Mo Lian stood up resolutely. "Little Seven, let's go!"

Didn't she return home? Didn't she go to Xijiu City? Why did she appear at Holy Water Sect?

Why didn't anyone in Ao'ye's team send him a message? Mo Lian's heart was burning with anxiety.

The fragmented image that his thread of divine conscious transmitted back just now before it dissipated simply tore his heart apart.

The little girl's entire body was scarlet from blood, and her eyes were like ice.

Disobedient, too disobedient! Why didn't she return home obediently?

The gold dragon leaped up and flew into the air. Everyone ran out behind him and gaped as they watched His Highness running away.

Your Highness, don't... we still hadn't finished discussing the matters regarding Hong City's fortification...

His Highness only left them a golden gleam on the horizon as the group of officials looked at each other in bewilderment.

At this moment, Qiao Mu had already drawn away most of Anyi Prefecture's men to Sky Peak.

She turned around and stared coldly at the several level-15 great mystic cultivators in the front row.

The Tianji Treasure Blueprint suddenly flew out from her conscious. She converted all of the mystic energy in her main and branch arteries into mystic conscious, which she frenziedly poured into the Tianji Treasure Blueprint.

Sky Peak is about to become your burial ground!

These people, she wanted dead!

Her brain was already assaulted by unbearable pain, as she was pushing it by using a divine weapon with her current cultivation.

It was fortunate that the divine weapon was willing to accommodate her...

Chapter 476: Counterattack at an Impasse (2)

The thin blueprint dazzled with a golden splendor as it swiftly expanded before everyone's eyes.

With Qiao Mu's current level-11 mystic realm cultivation, she could at most activate Tianji Treasure Blueprint's fourth-layer offensive.

Normally, it was not much of a problem to activate the third-layer offensive, but Qiao Mu was now exerting herself to activate the Tianji Treasure Blueprint's fourth-layer offensive, which would execute a large-scale and indiscriminate area-of-effect attack.

Solely a third-layer offensive was not enough!

She was now confronting five to six level-15 great mystic cultivators, in addition to more than a hundred level-12 and level-13 great mystic cultivators.

She wanted them buried on Sky Peak as a tribute to the entire Holy Water Sect!

This required a one-hit kill!

She wouldn't have a second chance...

An unending stream of mystic conscious squeezed into the Tianji Treasure Blueprint with all its might.

Divine weapons all had spirituality, so the Tianji Treasure Blueprint could already sense its little master's desperation. It was like she had completely staked her life on this singular attack!

It wanted to reject this remaining portion of mystic conscious.

After all, it didn't want its little master to get hurt.

But its little master had already gone into a complete frenzy, and it was simply unable to stop her at all.

Anyi Prefecture's men only felt that the gleam was very glaring, and they couldn't resist shutting their eyes. The next instant, granular concealed weapons blotted out the sky and covered the earth, immediately penetrating their entire bodies with a swish, swish, swish.

Two level-15 great mystic cultivators bore the brunt of the attack. The granular concealed weapons penetrated their defensive shields and promptly riddled the two people into sieves.

They numbly lowered their heads to look at themselves, only to discover that their bodies were perforated with thousands of small holes that were all spurting trickles of fresh blood.

Their brains cracked open instantly, painting a freakish and horrific picture. Like pouring grains of sand, their entire bodies transformed into skeletal dregs as their minced flesh splattered onto the ground.

This terrifying scene immediately scared the other few level-15 great mystic cultivators into retreating several steps. They mobilized all their mystic energy into fortifying their defensive shields.

The remaining three level-15 great mystic cultivators were already completely stupefied, and they stiffened their necks as they turned their heads around.

They only then witnessed how the two hundred plus men of Anyi Prefecture had already transformed into a pile of marrow and bloody flesh from the Tianji Treasure Blueprint's indiscriminate area-of-effect attack. Their remains were mixed in with the snowy ground and dyed the entire expanse into a reddish-brown color.

That was more than 200 hundred people! More than 200 people! They were all mystic cultivators above level-10 cultivation, and they got exterminated just like this?

Among them were also two negligent level-15 great mystic cultivators that were slaughtered in this area-of-effect attack.

This couldn't be considered a battle anymore, but was rather a one-sided massacre!

"Puh." Qiao Mu's mystic conscious suffered severe injury, and she slumped weakly to the snowy ground after releasing a single attack.

Her eyes stared intently at the dark sky overhead. It turned out that the night fog had already descended unknowingly.

In the past, she had never felt that the night was as pitch-black as it was today. She couldn't even glimpse an infinitesimal star above the horizon.

It was so black. Wasn't it too black?

The three level-15 great mystic cultivators fixated intently on the hovering Tianji Treasure Blueprint that had shrunk into the size of a paper fragment.

Their pairs of eyes revealed a malicious gleam like that of wolves.

"Cough cough cough, the Tianji Treasure Blueprint." Hong Jinchuan pressed against the injury on his chest. As he ascended the Sky Peak step by step, his vicious gaze landed on Qiao Mu. "D*mn girl, you're so young, yet the treasures you have on you get better and better."

"Unfortunately, beautiful women suffer unhappy fates. These items, cough cough cough, will be the death of you." Hong Jinchuan smirked.

Chapter 477: To Have Nothing At All

Earlier, Mo Lian's apparition had counterattacked with a punch. This had injured his heart vessels and instantly sent him flying.

However, he was extremely glad that this had slowed his return. If not, he would probably have ended up like those two slightly weaker level-15 great mystic cultivators, dying under the Tianji Treasure Blueprint's indiscriminate area-of-effect attack.

Now, though!

Hong Jinchuan cackled wickedly and looked down in contempt at Qiao Mu, who had collapsed to the ground and was unable to move at all.

"D*mn girl, I'm giving you one last chance." Hong Jinchuan forced out each word from between his teeth. "Tell me the whereabouts of the sacred water, and I'll spare your lowly life."

"Hong Jinchuan, you can take the sacred water, but the Tianji Treasure Blueprint is now mine!" All of a sudden, one of the three great mystic cultivators quickly lunged at the Tianji Treasure Blueprint and grabbed at the paper fragment.

"Bullsh*t!" Hong Jinchuan brandished his palm. "I am the chief manager in charge of all the affairs in the Lower Star Domain. How can you guys fight with me over this?"

That middle-aged man who wanted to snatch the Tianji Treasure Blueprint sulkily retracted his hand before glowering angrily at Hong Jinchuan. "Treasures view everyone as equals. How about this, it will belong to whomever among us that is able to contract with it first. The others are not allowed to protest."

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu lay in the icy snow. Her suit of plain-colored clothing had already been completely dyed the color of blood.

On her robes, there was the blood of her fellow sect disciples, along with her own blood. But most of it was, the enemy's blood...

She only felt that her body was completely exhausted. She squinted her eyes slightly and glared without regard for anyone else at the black splotches on the horizon. None of the words in those people's heated argument had actually entered her ears.

"Don't play dead, you darn girl!" Hong Jinchuan hammered over a fist of mystic energy from chagrin.

Just as it was about to land on Qiao Mu's body, something pounced over from the side and pressed on top of her body. It completely got blown into pieces from this punch.

Qiao Mu blankly hugged its round and glossy head. Her small hands felt about the nearby snow, wanting to pick up the fragmented arms and legs that had scattered around her.

Her Big Treasure had completely broken apart.

That silly and incessantly noisy fool that would crawl over to her every few days to say "Little Master, you're so pretty today," no longer existed.

That weak chicken had been besieged until now, and she didn't know if it had also died either.

She didn't hear from Ao'ye and his team even until now, which meant that they had probably died too...

En, everyone had died.

She had used up all her talismans and didn't have much mystic energy left either. She had also just about depleted her mystic conscious.

She already...

Had nothing left at all!

It felt like she was the only person left on all of the snowy peaks.

It was so quiet that she felt smothered, and her eyes were unable to produce another bitter tear.

Perhaps, she would also die too very soon...

But, was she willing to die just like this?

She was unwilling! Unwilling! Unwilling!

Her entire conscious felt like it had been ripped apart. She felt that only this dreadful pain—this pain that was so painful that she wanted to roll about the ground—could wear away her emotional pain.

She hated, she hated these grotesque evildoers who were insatiable by nature. But even more, the person she hated the most was herself. She hated her own powerlessness...

“Chirp!” The little white squirrel rubbed against her neck continuously, its black beady eyes filled with streaks of pitiful tears.

Painful...

It was like someone was using a large cleaver to repeatedly cleave at her conscious without stopping. It hurt so much that her entire body was quivering.

Suddenly—

Chapter 478: The Fuxi Greatsword

The hatred in her chest was practically about to transmute into a tangible evil intent and spill forth.

The waves of throbbing pain in her brain caused her to curl up her small figure in the snow, yet suddenly, her gaze landed on her left hand.

She was unaware when a small section of a pointy sword tip sprung out of her left hand.

“Fuxi[1]... Sword?” She inexplicably murmured its name. She forced herself to stretch out her right hand and caress this small section of its sword tip.

This sword? Had always been hiding within her body? And her, from beginning to end, had not sensed anything at all in all these years?

She could readily disclose the sword's name and even sensed a bizarre familiarity assaulting her.

You must be my old friend, right!

But I don't even remember you right now...

Qiao Mu squeezed out her remaining conscious and mustered up her just about exhausted mystic conscious with all her might in order to pull out this sword from her body.

She could sense a boundless and formidable power contained in this sword.

She hoped to use her two hands to wield this... Fuxi Greatsword.

Right now, she really wanted to kill people!

But Hong Jinchuan and the others weren't fools. They had already sniffed a trace of danger and squinted their eyes as they watched Qiao Mu, who was curled up on the ground.

"What is she doing?"

"It couldn't be that this d*mn girl still has hidden trump cards?" The middle-aged mystic cultivator remarked frigidly.

Hong Jinchuan promptly creased his brows and hollered furiously, "The d*mn girl is probably not going to divulge the sacred water's whereabouts. Let's butcher her then search again!"

"Look quickly! A sword is springing out of the little lass's palm?"

Hong Jinchuan jolted in fright from the mystic cultivator's yell. When his gaze landed on Qiao Mu, he felt a chill surfacing in his heart.

He absolutely couldn't allow this d*mn girl to live on any longer.

She was so young, yet she had so many trump cards and had such strong combat prowess. Who knew if he and the rest would still be her match after a year or two?

This kind of prodigy had an indissoluble enmity towards their Anyi Prefecture and was already prepared to fight them to the bitter end.

He absolutely couldn't allow such a latent yet powerful enemy to continue living!

After this battle, Anyi Prefecture's forces on Sikong Planet were practically wiped out. Their vitality really was severely injured.

After expending so much manpower, if they were unable to bring back some treasures, they wouldn't be able to answer to their Prefecture Lord.

It was all because of this d*mn girl, who had slaughtered so many of their Anyi Prefecture's men after taking out the Tianji Treasure Blueprint.

But it was no matter. He had already secretly planned to claim the Tianji Treasure Blueprint as his own contribution and pander to the Prefecture Lord by offering it as tribute.

As for the sacred water, that was what he truly wanted. No matter what, even if he had to dig three feet below the ground, he would ferret it out.

"This sword is about to emerge completely!" The middle-aged mystic cultivator roared. "We can't let her continue on."

When he finished speaking, that middle-aged mystic cultivator promptly shot out a wave of mystic energy towards Qiao Mu's body.

"Chirp!!" The little white squirrel's fur exploded, and it abruptly leaped out from the nook of Qiao Mu's neck, darting towards the incoming mystic energy with a leap.

"Bang!"

After this sound, its tiny body flew out from the jolt of mystic energy and crashed heavily to the snowy ground.

"You're overestimating your own capabilities!!" The middle-aged mystic cultivator humphed angrily. He suddenly had a wicked urge and flew to Qiao Mu's side. He lifted up a leg and stomped towards her tiny head without a second word.

"Audacious!!!" A severe censure that was charged with boundless fury abruptly hammered the depths of everyone's souls.

Chapter 479: The Strong Are Respected

"Puh!!" The middle-aged mystic cultivator opened his mouth to spew out a mouthful of blood. At the same time that his heart received a tremendous shock, his complexion turned ghastly pale.

A hazy projection with indistinguishable features appeared before his eyes, but he could hear that it was the voice of a young woman.

It was apparent how powerful that divine spirit projection was from how it was able to injure each of their conscious with just the transmission of sound!

They had never encountered such a terrifying person even in the Middle Six Prefectures. Who was she?

The Holy Water Sect actually had such a powerful background?

"Who had the guts to hurt my disciple? Your soul can explode!" With these words, the powerful projection pounced forward. At that instant, he could feel a mighty power that made his heart quiver, suppressing his entire body.

The middle-aged mystic cultivator watched in complete horror as his own body automatically ballooned, and...

"Boom!" The next second, the middle-aged mystic cultivator's body was forced into self-detonating against his own will!

"Ah!! Ahhh!" The other two great mystic cultivators were scared out of their wits, and they immediately took to their heels as soon as they saw that the situation wasn't right.

"Can you escape? You guys." A voice devoid of warmth sounded once again. All of a sudden, four formless barriers rose up beside the two level-15 great mystic cultivators, and a black mist coiled around them before heartlessly combusting in the air.

Clearly, there was only a thread of black mist covertly coiling around them, yet there was not a trace of smoke or fire. Even then, the two people's anguished howls rang out across the five peaks and sounded extremely mournful.

As the black mist spiraled around them, their bodies shrunk smaller and smaller. It was like the water, blood, bones, and flesh in their bodies were being evaporated bit by bit as they slowly lost their last support.

Until they softened into a black puddle, before completely vanishing within the barrier.

Hong Jinchuan's body started trembling all over. His two calves were numb and weak from the terrifying scene that had just played out before his eyes.

"Spare my life, Venerable One! Spare my life, Venerable One!" Hong Jinchuan kneeled automatically. Furthermore, his expression was sincere and extremely submissive. There was absolutely no trace of humiliation.

Faced with a strong figure with such a powerful aura, Hong Jinchuan completely couldn't muster up any thoughts of retaliating.

Right now, his mind was filled with regret and horror. Had he known that the Holy Water Sect had such a terrifying backing, how would he have dared to come and cause trouble?

"Slap!" With a flick of the projection's sleeve, Hong Jinchuan sustained a heavy slap across the face.

Soon afterwards, ten more slaps crashed onto his face with the force of a stormy gale. Very quickly, Hong Jinchuan's old face quickly swelled up. His teeth loosened, and his mouth spurted fresh blood.

"How dare ants besiege an angry tiger." The raging projection grabbed Hong Jinchuan with its hand immediately. It effortlessly tore his body into two before throwing it to the ground like scraps of paper.

Qiao Mu was still lying in the snow, but her eyes were lost in thought as she bewilderedly watched that ballistic projection.

So powerful, it really was so powerful!

In that person's eyes, level-15 mystic cultivators were only mere ants! Eradicating them only took a single breath's time and was as simple as a flip of her hand.

Master...

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The projection before her eyes was most likely her former master that the sapling had mentioned. No wonder she kept feeling that the projection was very, very familiar.

Qiao Mu felt her tear ducts hurting, but they were unable to produce a tear, even though she obviously wanted to cry so much.

"Little Treasure, Little Treasure." That projection anxiously called out twice. "Be alright, ok? Don't make Master worry. Your soul is unstable, so don't carelessly summon the Fuxi Greatsword. Put it away now. In the future, only use it as a last resort. You must absolutely remember this!"

Master...

Chapter 480: Displaced Anger

“Little Treasure, you’re Master’s good child. You’ve already grown to be so big and so beautiful. Master only hopes that you will be well. Right now, both your spirit and your body are unable to control the Fuxi Greatsword, so you must absolutely remember not to summon it out. Good child, both Master and your Aunt-Master miss you very much...”

As the projection dissipated, her voice still lingered by her ear.

The little stoic lay there blankly without moving. As her nose tingled in grief, one sentence kept reverberating in her head:

Master, Aunt-Master! Don’t abandon Little Treasure! Don’t abandon Little Treasure; Little Treasure will be obedient!

“Master!!” The sapling’s voice suddenly sounded with a trace of anxiety and alarm. “What is going on? How did you get in this miserable wreck when I only just entered closed-door cultivation for a little over a month?”

“Qiuqiu, the sect master died. Murong Xun also died. Eldest Senior Sister, Second Senior Sister, and the others also died. Even Big Treasure has died. I don’t have anything left anymore.” The little stoic said pitifully as she hugged Big Treasure’s round head.

“How is it possible that you don’t have anything left? Regardless of what the future holds, at least you still have me, Qiuqiu! No matter where Master goes, Qiuqiu will accompany Master!” Qiuqiu cried out with an aching heart.

“Master, don’t be afraid and don’t worry. First return to Paradise Planet, and Qiuqiu will also bring your senior sisters there too, okay?”

“Okay.” Qiao Mu’s voice was dry, and she nodded gently.

Even if there were only a bunch of broken limbs, she still wanted to bury them properly.

She’ll bury them on the Peach Orchard Slope in Paradise Planet. That area was encircled by a jade lake and looked out across a peach grove. Her senior sisters would certainly like the scenery there very much, right...

“Master, your conscious is just about exhausted. You have to rest well and recover properly!” After the sapling carried Qiao Mu back into Paradise Planet, it crouched beside her. The two black beady eyes on its trunk gazed at her in deep concern.

“I want to lie here for a while. I don’t want to think about anything or talk about anything.”

“Master.”

“Where’s the holy water?” Qiao Mu suddenly thought of something and redirected her attention.

“After the holy water fused with you, it would also receive a portion of my power. It should have pretty much finished absorbing by now. I’ll go drag it over.” The sapling was considerate and secretly sent it a message: Master is in a very bad mood right now, so you have to be careful.

Ever since Qiao Mu fused with the holy water’s essence, the two little ones were able to form an indirect connection.

“Gurgle!” The little water blob shrunk itself into a small, solid ice bead and hopped docilely into its little master’s hand.

Ever since its essence completely fused with its master, Lady Holy Water had obtained benefits from the sapling, so it entered closed-door cultivation.

After leeching off the sapling’s power, both it and the sapling had simultaneously advanced into the mid-toddler stage now.

“Master, you can now summon out Dottie with a simple thought, and Dottie will attack with liquid and solid water forms at will.” The little ice bead abruptly transformed into a water blob, quietly gliding about Qiao Mu’s palm.

Yet Qiao Mu stayed expressionless, and all of a sudden, she threw it away with a flip of her hand.

“Leave. Starting now, I’m not your master. Leave my mystic domain, and go wherever you wish.”

The little water blob morphed into a bulb-headed water doll with a plop. It strode over abruptly and leaped to Qiao Mu’s side, crying out pitifully, “Why, Master? What did Dottie do wrong? Master, don’t be angry!”