

## My Crown 861

### Chapter 861: Forgetting Their Origins

It was evident that the king was unaware of this situation. After being taken aback by these words, he said with a smile, "Marquis of Jiayuan, We have never heard you mention that your main family is the capital's Qiao Family."

Qiao Zhongbang stood up with a hint of anger restrained between his brows.

Unfortunately, before he could speak, Qiao Dongbo cut him off. "That is correct. We both belong to the same clan. Previously, it was because of the servants' incompetence that caused the marquis to have a misunderstanding toward the main family."

"In reality, the Qiao Clan's main family very much welcomes the marquis's family's return. With the crown prince consort's cultivation and abilities, she doesn't even need to go through the clan competition and can directly enter the clan's martial hall for study. After the Lantern Festival, we hope that the crown prince consort can represent our Qiao Clan for the competition." A smile blossomed like a chrysanthemum on Qiao Dongbo's face, with the wrinkles all over it trembling.

Qiao Zhongbang sneered before turning to cup his hands toward the king. "Reporting to the king. This official was merely a farmer in the past and has broken off relations with the Qiao Clan's main family for more than ten plus years. It is unavoidable that Family Head Qiao's action of bringing up an old case rather seems like claiming kinship to gain favor."

Qiao Dongbo's eyelid twitched, and he couldn't resist bellowing, "How can blood and family ties be broken off so easily? One day as a Qiao Clan member, one lifetime as the Qiao Clan's seed!"

"Shameless old bastard." Duan Yue snorted.

People who weren't blind could clearly see that this black-hearted patriarch from the Qiao Clan only wanted to make Qiaoqiao return to the clan after witnessing her shocking talent. *Participate in the competition?*

*He had enough cheek to actually dare say such a thing!*

On the other hand, Qiao Mu looked on coldly without uttering a word. She merely held her small soup bowl in her hands and drank the meat soup one spoonful after another.

Qiao Zhongbang vigorously flung his sleeves. "Family Head Qiao! Please conduct yourself with dignity."

Qiao Dongbo was so livid that his face had turned green, and he bounced up with a bellow. "Eldest Nephew, you're being selfish like this!"

While sitting up above the audience hall, Queen Zhao stared coldly with taut lips at the people from the Qiao Estate, and a faint trace of disgust crept up from the bottom of her heart.

Qiao Dongbo's eldest son, Qiao Zhongde, then remarked with a scoff, "Dad, what is there to say with these people who have forgotten their origins? After all, he is someone who is able to harden his heart and toss his old mother into a rundown temple to suffer the wind and get drenched in the rain."

Wei Ziqin's heart sank with a thump.

All the officials third-rank and above had congregated today, and the eight great patrician families were also present. If this black-hearted Qiao Dongbo successfully labeled them as "people who forgot their origins," then she couldn't imagine what rumors about her husband would be spreading around the capital by tomorrow!

Sure enough, the moment Qiao Zhongde spoke this, everyone in the audience hall gasped, and they all looked at Qiao Zhongbang with peculiar gazes.

After all, even the king would constantly have the words "filial piety" on his lips nowadays. The whole kingdom, from the leadership to the rank and file, all advocated filial piety. What fealty could be expected if a person couldn't even perform the most essential filial piety? If he were to walk out on the streets, people would be pointing fingers at him in condemnation.

Mo Lian set down the cup in his hand, and his phoenix eyes coldly swept over Qiao Zhongde. "If you are speaking about Elderly Lady Qiao, then what a coincidence! We can bear witness that it was Elderly Lady Qiao who kicked up a fuss, insisting on leaving the marquis's estate with her youngest son and youngest daughter-in-law no matter what. Is there a problem with this? Also, what is this about a rundown temple?"

Qiao Zhongde's entire body involuntarily tensed when Mo Lian's icy gaze swept over him.

There was a trace of horrifying deterrence in the eyes of the man before him, as if merely an arctic gaze was enough to put him to death by a thousand cuts.

### **Chapter 862: The King as the Fall Guy**

Yes, death by a thousand cuts—it was just that terrifying!

After trembling involuntarily, Qiao Zhongde straightened his body again and braced himself as he asserted, "Your Highness, Qiao Zhongde's words are by no means false. The day before yesterday, Father had brought back Aunt from the rundown temple. Aunt was in such a wretched state that she simply didn't look human anymore. Anyone who has a tiny bit of sympathy would find it unbearable, is that not right?"

"Oh?" Mo Lian responded with feigned puzzlement, "That day, We were also present. Elderly Lady Qiao was making a fuss to leave together with her youngest son and youngest daughter-in-law. So it turned out that Elderly Lady Qiao had later gone to stay at a rundown temple? But why?"

*F\*ck!* Qiao Zhongde simply wanted to curse out loud in his mind!

*His Highness was clearly intending to shield Qiao Zhongbang, wasn't he?*

*Why do you mean 'why?' Why else would someone stay at a rundown temple? They had no money, no food, no shelter, nothing at all! What else could it be? Otherwise, would people go stay at a rundown temple when they could live in a nice, large, house?!*

“That day, Father-in-Law and Mother-in-Law had done their utmost to urge the elderly lady to stay, but the elderly lady insisted on leaving together with her youngest son.” Our dear Mo Lian’s ability to lie through his teeth had gradually upgraded, and he shook his head in deep lamentation, “We also had no other choice but to let the elderly lady move out of the estate with her youngest son.”

“The entire incident was actually quite simple. It was mainly that the elderly lady’s youngest son was too much of a good-for-nothing.” When Crown Prince Mo was recounting this, his entire expression turned austere, which made him look stern. “When he and his wife barged into the estate that day, he demanded that Father-in-Law hand over his position as a marquis and give him the main house. He even had Mother-in-Law hand over her royal mandate to his wife. How could that happen!”

Everyone in the main hall—male and female, old and young—all revealed unimaginably queer expressions.

Qiao Mu had been sipping her soup, so she almost choked when she heard this. As she lowered her small head to continue silently drinking her soup, she also secretly tugged at Crown Prince Mo’s sleeve.

*Enough already! If you keep spinning this tale, it’ll sound fake.*

Nevertheless, Crown Prince Mo’s expression was particularly solemn as he directly stood up to salute his royal father. “Royal Father, this son had never seen such unscrupulous people. They even insisted on dragging Father-in-Law and Mother-in-Law into the palace, declaring to have you confer the title of the marquis and the madam with a royal mandate anew!”

The king was flabbergasted!

Let alone the old king and the other royal court officials who were flabbergasted, even the Qiao Zhongbang couple were dumbfounded.

*Uh, was that the case? They were both present that day too, but did such a weird thing ever happen?* The couple exchanged speechless looks.

*Their son-in-law truly was able to spin a tale at the drop of a hat!*

“Royal Father, because this son couldn’t restrain his anger, this son directly kicked their family out in your name!”

The old king was at a loss for words...

Ever since he was young, there wasn’t one day when this son didn’t make his father clean up his messes! He had long known this, but freaking doing this right now in front of so many royal court officials and people from the eight great patrician families, was this really a good idea?

“Royal Father, shouldn’t such a person that disrespects his elder brother and Your Majesty to this extent be driven away?”

“He should!” The old king nodded.

“Shouldn’t they be prohibited from taking a step into the marquis’s estate for their lifetime?”

“They should...” *right?* The old king responded feebly.

He actually really wanted to ask, *what the heck did this lousy family matter of the Qiao Clan have to do with him?*

“Many thanks, Royal Father!” After Crown Prince Mo very straightforwardly saluted his old man again, he turned to wink at his Qiaoqiao before looking back at Qiao Zhongde and asking, “Did you hear all that?”

### **Chapter 863: Provocation**

*W-What was he supposed to hear?* Qiao Zhongde kept mum as he gazed at the crown prince in a daze.

“It was the king’s wish to drive that cruel and unscrupulous youngest son and youngest daughter-in-law out of the marquis’s estate. Did you not understand that?” Mo Lian swept Qiao Zhongde with the type of gaze that would be directed towards an idiot.

Qiao Zhongde silently clammed up.

“In regards to Elderly Lady Qiao, as mentioned before, she has hands and feet, and is her own person. Who can stop her from going with whomever she wishes?” Crown Prince Mo eyed Qiao Zhongde indifferently. “As for why they moved into a rundown temple...”

Pausing in his speech, Mo Lian blinked and remarked with a spurious smile, “Perhaps it’s a personal hobby. It could be that the elderly lady was tired of living in a big house and wanted a change of environment?”

“Pfft...” Duan Yue directly spat out the wine in his mouth.

This was met with a brusque glare from Mo Lian.

Qiao Zhongde was so infuriated that all his facial features had practically distorted. *What kind of bizarre argument was this? Were there people in this world who felt uncomfortable living in a big house, so they specially sought a change of environment in a rundown temple where one would get scorched by the sun and drenched from the rain?*

The king, being accustomed to expressing support for his son, also gave a low cough before concurring with a nod, “The crown prince’s words are not without reason.”

*Reasonable your \*ss!*

Qiao Dongbo’s face was also distorted from anger, and as he kept his hands against his robe, he wore a slight sneer on his lips. “In that case, then it really was Qiao Zhongheng that punk and his wife who didn’t know what was good for them.”

“But Zhongbang,” Qiao Dongbo turned around and started persuading with meaningful and heartfelt words, “No matter what, even if a family’s bones are broken, the tendons are still connected. Your old mother especially, when we went to bring her out of the rundown temple, you don’t know how wretched she looked...”

“Your Majesty!” Suddenly, Duan Yue cut in, flipping the hem of his robe as he stood up to cup his hands with a smile. “Today is the day when the eight great patrician families congregate. We didn’t come to hear these domestic trivialities. If Family Head Qiao really does want to solve these mundane family

matters in this audience hall, then would it not be better to straightforwardly solve this conflict the way cultivators do!”

Mu Boming smiled and inquired, “Fourth Young Master Duan[1], when you say to solve this conflict the way cultivators do, you are referring to?”

“Fists!” Duan Yue swung his fist and exclaimed with a grin, “Rather than fussing about like an old woman, it’s more forthright to decide things with a fight!”

Qiao Dongbo’s face had turned dark, and he used a terrifying gaze to glower at that handsome young man that had abruptly cut him off.

Just earlier, he had sensed Qiao Zhongbang clearly wavering upon hearing Elderly Lady Qiao’s wretched state, and he believed that he had the hope to persuade Qiao Zhongbang to return to the Qiao Clan’s ancestral residence to visit his old mother. Yet his plan had been messed up by this squirt that popped out from who the hell knows where.

“Family Head Qiao, are you staring at me like this because you want to have a contest?” Duan Yue’s eager expression of itching to have a go at it was asking for a beating, and it made Qiao Dongbo’s teeth ache.

It would only be if he were f\*cking sick in the head that he would have a contest with this squirt.

As the patriarch of the Qiao Family, why would he have a contest with the younger generation of the Duan Family? There was nothing novel about winning, and losing would be even more disgraceful. He would be sick to compete with that squirt from the Duan Family.

Duan Yue blinked his eyes and gazed at Qiao Dongbo in disappointment. “Family Head Qiao, you’re actually afraid of having a contest with me!”

Upon hearing this, Qiao Dongbo couldn’t sit still anymore and immediately jumped up from his seat, the veins on his forehead practically exploding. “Squirt, be mindful of what you say. Don’t spout nonsense!”

“Grandpa, he’s scaring me!”

#### **Chapter 864: He’s Insulting Me!**

Duan Yue abruptly turned his head to the side towards an elderly man in his sixties who was drinking tea. Each strand of his hair stood up on his head like steel needles. He had a hale and hearty gaze and possessed a strong physique. The moment he opened his mouth, his voice was as sonorous as a large bell.

*Slam!* The elderly man slammed his teacup underneath his palm, pulverizing it into powder in an instant.

Qiao Dongbo trembled for no reason, and his gaze slightly contracted as he mused over his bad luck. *How did he provoke this difficult old bastard?*

“Qiao Dongbo, how dare you yell at my good grandson!” Duan Zhenxing interrogated angrily, like an enraged male lion about to lunge over straight away to tear open Qiao Dongbo’s throat.

Involuntarily stepping backwards, Qiao Dongbo smiled awkwardly at Old Master Duan. "Old Patriarch Duan, I apologize, my attitude just now was a bit aggressive."

Duan Zhenxing snorted before forcefully slamming the table and declaring thunderously, "If my good grandson wants to compete with you, it's your honor! Why are you still standing there?"

Qiao Dongbo's face immediately looked like sh\*t.

The hell did this old sir mean? He really wanted him to fight it out with that squirt from the Duan Family?

That cheeky squirt from the Duan Family who was still wet behind the ears looked so excited and eager to have a go at it. He even loosened up his limbs on the spot, resembling an impulsive hothead who had never compared notes with anyone before. He just looked so foolish.

If he happened to strike hard, he wouldn't be able to answer to the old sir, but he wasn't willing to strike lightly either. *This...*

"I'll fight with you!!" Qiao Zhongde abruptly stood up beside him and hollered, "You, still don't have the qualifications to fight with my dad!"

Immediately, Old Master Duan's face turned sullen again. He exerted a bit of force with his wrist, and the short table in front of him collapsed with a booming slam.

"Squirt, who do you say has no qualifications?" Old Master Duan roared.

The corner of the king's eye jerked, and he looked beside him at the queen who was sitting upright in her seat. "My queen, did you prepare more tables in advance?"

Upon seeing that the old sir's explosive temper was about to ignite, Qiao Dongbo hastily held back his son and said obsequiously, "Old Sir, my son is not sensible..."

"Okay!" Duan Yue responded in a clear and sharp voice, and he directly bounced over the small table with an abrupt stride before jumping to the center of the audience hall. He wore a weird smile as he beckoned at Qiao Zhongde with his finger. "Don't cry when you lose, you bastard."

"Squirt, you're seeing your own death." Before Qiao Dongbo could stop him, Qiao Zhongde had already barrelled towards Duan Yue after taking an indignant step forward, just like an enraged elephant. His fist, accompanied by an explosive roar, had already arrived before Duan Yue.

Some timid and weak-willed officials' daughters had already covered up their eyes with both hands, unable to bear seeing an elegant and peerless fine young sir struck flying by a brute force that was comparable to that of a savage bull.

They merely heard the sound of a huge boom.

When Qiao Mu glanced out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Eldest Uncle from the Qiao Clan's main family had flipped a good several times in mid-air. He had been directly smashed flying out of the audience hall by a ruthlessly tremendous force, which was probably enough to bash a shallow pit in the bluestone bricks outside.

After exchanging glances, the king and Queen Zhao silently turned their gazes to that Fourth Young Master from the Duan Family.

This Fourth Young Master Duan had unexpectedly stopped smiling. A vehement fury surfaced within his peach-blossom eyes, and he abruptly turned to the old sir from the Duan Family, protesting, "Grandpa, Grandpa! He's insulting me!"

"He actually sent a minor level-six mystic cultivator to compare notes with me! By insulting me, he's insulting Grandpa!"

Duan Zhenxing: ...

*Before fighting, didn't you already know that Qiao Zhongde was a minor level-six mystic cultivator?*

### **Chapter 865: She's Not Free**

*It's obvious that you just wanted to brutally beat up the guy, yet you even found an excuse for what you did, claiming that the other person was insulting you!*

Even a grandpa as eccentric as Duan Zhenxing couldn't resist feeling a bit embarrassed from his grandson's shameless words.

"Ah, hahaha!" The king suddenly let out a peal of awkward laughter. "Sure enough, heroes originate from the youth! Fourth Young Master Duan has such shocking and spectacular cultivation! We really have truly opened Our eyes today, hahahahaha!"

By this time, Qiao Zhongde's second brother, Qiao Zhonghao, had already helped his older brother back into the audience hall.

Qiao Zhongde's face had turned black and blue from his airborne flight, and several of his molars had probably fallen out, too. At the moment, he was dejectedly leaning on his brother, not even possessing the strength to walk by himself.

"Zhongde, Zhongde." Paling in fright, Qiao Dongbo called his son several times before abruptly turning to glower at Duan Yue. "You squirt were way too vicious in your attack!"

"What did I do?" Duan Yue glared back at Qiao Dongbo in bafflement. "You're the one who insisted on sending a minor level-six mystic cultivator to compare notes with me. I had only lightly stuck out a finger, yet he got sent flying by just that. It's my fault then?"

Everyone kept silent.

Just earlier, everyone had very clearly seen that Fourth Young Master Duan had really only just poked Qiao Zhongde's fist with the raise of a single finger.

Subsequently, a horrifying force caused Qiao Zhongde to fly backwards uncontrollably, and he screamed tragically while directly spinning and tumbling out of the main hall in mid-air.

Strictly speaking, Fourth Young Master Duan had really sent Qiao Zhongde flying with a single finger!

"No wonder your Qiao Clan was so impatient to have our Qiaoqiao return! So it was because the other people in your Qiao Clan's main family are weaklings!" Duan Yue snickered.

Although that was the truth, Qiao Dongbo was still extremely angry from embarrassment.

“You think that I want the crown prince consort to enter this competition only for the sake of our clan?” Qiao Dongbo rebutted angrily, “I am doing this for the king, and for our Northern Mo’s sake.”

“Speaking frankly, the reason why our eight great patrician families are holding a competition in the first place is to choose four outstanding youths under 20 years old, in preparation for the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm that opens every ten years!”

“Think about it! If the crown prince consort enters the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm as a Qiao Clan disciple, there will definitely be at least an eighty percent certainty, if not a hundred percent certainty, that she will obtain one or two treasures for our Mo Kingdom.”

Hearing these words, the king’s eyes lit up. “Family Head Qiao’s words aren’t false, Crown Prince Consort...”

With the king’s call, everyone’s gazes simultaneously converged on the crown prince consort again.

Yet what was the crown prince consort doing?

She was still leisurely eating while holding her small bowl. She was pigging out with gusto, using her chopsticks to pick up a sweet and sour fish fillet, then a braised shark’s fin in yellow wine sauce.

The king’s mouth twitched, and he sent his son a “supervise your wife” look.

On the contrary, Crown Prince Mo was quite happy because his wife had eaten a lot today. He made a note to properly reward the chef in the royal kitchen tomorrow for making dishes that suited his Qiaoqiao’s taste.

“Qiaoqiao, be careful of choking. Drink some porridge to moisten your throat.” Crown Prince Mo handed a bowl of porridge to his wife, and when he noticed the king’s weird gaze upon looking up, he exclaimed with a raised eyebrow, “What are you all doing? I’m telling you all, don’t think of involving my Qiaoqiao! She’s not free!”

After creasing her brow, Queen Zhao then gently told her treasured son, “Crown Prince, there are unusually many treasures in the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm.”

## **Chapter 866: A Basin of Cold Water Splashing Down**

**Translator:** Henyee Translations **Editor:** Henyee Translations

“Mhm.” The king hurriedly nodded in a rare expression of excitement.

*That was the legendary Mystic Beast Forest secret realm!*

This naturally-formed secret realm had stirred up huge waves for its eccentricity, and it was said that only youths between the ages of 13 and 20 could go inside to hunt for treasure.

If those that had already turned 20 vainly attempted to force their way into the secret realm, then they would be completely annihilated at the entrance.



The secret realm would only open once every ten years, and it would stay open for a month. Furthermore, those who were unable to make it out of there in time would have to remain inside forever.

“As long as we can obtain a divine weapon, it will become the kingdom’s national treasure. This will be greatly beneficial to the royal court,” Queen Zhao said faintly.

The king also added joyfully, “Yes, that’s right! It’s said that aside from divine weapons, there are also divine beasts inside too.”

Qiao Dongbo was delighted, and he immediately cupped his hands toward the king and concluded, “In that case, the king also agrees to have the crown prince consort participate in this competition as a Qiao Clan disciple then. Rest assured, Your Majesty. With the crown prince consort’s cultivation and abilities, she will naturally be able to distinguish herself in the selection and secure a valuable quota for this journey to the secret realm.”

“Beside the four finalists of the eight great patrician families’ competition, Your Majesty can also select two outstanding youths from the families of officials to join the team.” Qiao Dongbo got more worked up the more he spoke, as if he was about to welcome Qiao Mu back to the Qiao Clan’s main family right away!

Northern Mo had six quotas in total for the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm exploration. On the other hand, Northern Wei and Southern Baili only had four quotas, while some other small kingdoms only had one quota. The impoverished small kingdoms on the frontier didn’t even have any.

When the other clans heard Qiao Dongbo’s declaration, they felt that it did seem quite reasonable.

The stronger one’s teammates were, the greater the chance of obtaining treasures during the exploration.

According to the stipulation, the inner worlds of six people in the exploration team would undergo a scan. At that time, they would only be able to keep one treasure, and they would have to hand the rest over to their clans.

Of course, the clans also had to offer them to the old king of the Mo Kingdom too. This was what it meant to fleece the youths layer by layer.

In the end, the youths that braved through this life or death struggle could only pocket a single treasure, not to mention the possibility that they might even die inside the secret realm.

The crowd excitedly discussed how Qiao Mu returning to the Qiao Clan’s main family would indeed be an extremely beneficial matter to them.

The two young sirs from the Qin Estate looked on coldly, and Second Young Sir Qin had even curled up his lips into a smile that contained a dash of derision.

Meanwhile, Qiao Dongbo was cheerfully waiting for everyone to finish their discussion. The old king would then hit the gavel and give the final word to have Qiao Mu report back to the main family.

Qiao Dongbo’s face revealed an immensely pleased expression.

Yet at this moment, Qiao Mu looked up and unexpectedly asked, “Hey, the heated discussion just now, was it about me?”

Qiao Dongbo turned around with a chuckle and looked at Qiao Mu with a false kindly smile on his old face, “Of course, we were...”

*Splash!* Qiao Mu took out a basin of footbath water from her inner world and directly splashed it at Qiao Dongbo, who was standing in front of her.

Our dear Duan Yue, who had long been on alert, had escaped far away, so only Qiao Dongbo and his two sons, as well as a corner of the old king’s sleeve, had gotten doused by the footbath water.

Previously, after using holy water to soak her feet, she had saved it, feeling that it would be quite wasteful to just throw it out. *See, didn’t it end up benefiting Qiao Dongbo!*

“Sober yet?” Qiao Mu asked a well-intentioned question.

### **Chapter 867: Awfully Shameless**

This splash drenched Qiao Dongbo and his two sons into drowned rats on the spot, and even a corner of the king’s sleeve had also been unavoidably tainted with a water stain.

The trio exchanged unsightly glances with each other before simultaneously redirecting them at Qiao Mu.

“If I truly wanted to go to the Mystic Beast Forest secret realm, do I even need to compete with all my might in order to obtain a quota?” Qiao Mu looked irritatedly at the father and son trio.

“What now, I can’t go because I don’t have a quota? If I want to go, can you pieces of trash stop me?” Qiao Mu ridiculed, completely disregarding how distorted Qiao Dongbo’s face had become.

“Yet I must go to the secret realm in your Qiao Clan’s name, and dig up its treasures at the risk of my own life only to benefit you? Qiao Dongbo, is it that you are braindead or that I am stupid? Huh? This kind of plan to benefit oneself at the expense of others, I’ve got to give props to you for thinking of such an idea.”

After patting her small hands, Qiao Mu stood up and coolly swept the Qiao Dongbo trio a glance. “Immediately disappear from my sight.”

“Scram!” Qiao Mu shouted explosively, and in the blink of an eye, a horrifying killing intent had enveloped her icy countenance.

This bellow immediately scared Qiao Dongbo into stumbling backwards, and when he finally regained his footing, his old face contorted in shame.

While supporting his eldest brother Qiao Zhongde, Qiao Dongbo’s second son Qiao Zhonghao glowered angrily at Qiao Mu. “You! Are you disowning even your ancestors?”

Yet Qiao Mu merely pursed her lips tauntingly. “If the Qiao Clan’s old ancestors in the nether world were to be cognizant of your actions, they would certainly be so infuriated by you good-for-nothing descendants that they would come back to life as corpses.”

“You wicked woman!” Qiao Zhonghao lashed out angrily, and his entire face coursed with a turbulent wrath, as if he would erupt in the next second, pouncing at Qiao Mu to tear her into pieces.

Wei Ziqin was incensed. “Qiao Zhonghao, you insist on bickering over these family matters right here and now, is that it? Since Old Qiao’s clan isn’t afraid of getting humiliated, then I will reason properly with you here! Who exactly is the wicked one, and who exactly is the awfully shameless one!”

“Why haven’t you lot of vile, black-hearted characters gone to look at yourselves in the mirror? Don’t you feel ashamed, guilty, or embarrassed?” While glaring with round eyes, Wei Ziqin rebuked sternly, “Back then, according to established practice, on the second day after we moved to the Mo Kingdom capital, Old Qiao and I brought gifts with us to call on the main family!”

“The result? Was denied entry! And forcefully evicted from the main family’s residence!”

“Mom!” Both Qiao Mu and Qiao Lin turned to look at her, and they pressed, “This really happened?”

The couple, as well as Second Uncle, had never mentioned this incident in which they had been humiliated in front of the children, so Qiao Lin and them simply didn’t know that such a thing had ever occurred.

“Qiao Zhongde, you dare deny such an incident? It was you at that time! You had your nose up in the air, propping your chubby hands on your hips as you said something to us? Huh? You don’t remember! ‘You country bumpkins, attempting vainly to climb the ladder by claiming kinship with this trash? Go back to wherever you came from!’ Now, I want to return these exact words to you!” Wei Ziqin gnashed angrily, “You avaricious beasts! Deluding that you could use a bullsh\*t quota to claim kinship with my daughter who has become the noble crown prince consort? Scram back to wherever you came from!”

Wei Ziqin rebuked this last sentence in one breath, and the radiant glint in her eyes surged as she glared at Qiao Zhongde and his brother! It effectively intimidated Qiao Zhongde into shrinking his neck and falling back weakly.

*Whack!* After flinging a thin piece of paper onto Qiao Dongbo’s face, Qiao Mu then eyed this old geezer mockingly. “Look carefully, what is written in black and white on it.”

### **Chapter 868: Severing Relations**

“This family division document has been written clearly enough, right. Those whose eyes haven’t gone bad should be able to comprehend it.” Qiao Mu coldly swept Qiao Dongbo a glance. “Seeing that you are advanced in age, I will call you old sir out of respect. If not for that, you would just be an old shameless piece of work!”

“You! You!!” Qiao Dongbo was so infuriated that his internal organs were trembling uncontrollably.

Qiao Mu spread out her fingers, and that thin family division document immediately flew back to her palm with a swoosh.

“Our family has already split from Qiao Zhongheng’s family of bad characters, let alone you ridiculous bunch of evil monsters. What now, you think that you’re part of our family just because you have Qiao as a surname? Delusionally thinking of establishing kinship with me by discussing our relationship? With this disgusting behavior, are you even worthy?” Qiao Mu mocked without reservation.

“Fine, fine.” Qiao Dongbo was already so livid that he couldn’t speak properly, and only his fingers were trembling uncontrollably. Suddenly, he turned to grab his son Qiao Zhonghao’s shoulder before hollering loudly, “We’re leaving!”

As Qiao Mu unhurriedly folded that family division document, she swept a cold gaze over at Qiao Dongbo and them. “Family Head Qiao, I hope that you conduct yourself carefully and don’t recklessly spread rumors. After all, you know that those who wag their tongues irresponsibly will still have to enter the Hell of Tongue Ripping after death! They will never be able to reincarnate for all eternity.”

Qiao Mu practically uttered out that last sentence syllable by syllable from between her teeth, and it directly made Qiao Dongbo and his sons feel their body temperature dropping as they turned back for a glance.

Yet they saw that little lady standing at the border where the lights came to an end. It was as if the ghostly, black gates to hell were indistinctly opened wide behind her, and it spooked them terribly.

Qiao Dongbo shuddered, and as he supported the feeble and powerless Qiao Zhongde, the father and son trio left the audience hall in a fit of pique, not even informing anyone else of their departure.

The remaining seven great patrician families, as well as the king and the queen, didn’t look so well.

The king very carefully glanced at his daughter-in-law’s sullen expression, then he furtively stole a glimpse at his son. Subsequently, a wisp of helplessness rose up in his heart.

*Sigh, he felt so disheartened!*

With such a proper evening banquet ending up like this, everyone’s interest had waned somewhat.

“Hmph, with such a foul atmosphere hanging over the Qiao Clan, not a single one of them is of good character.” Mu Qianqian sneered in a voice that was neither loud nor soft, but it just so happened to be able to enter the ears of everyone present.

Upon hearing this, Queen Zhao felt even more vexed.

She originally didn’t have a favorable opinion of the little stoic, and today, she felt very uncomfortable inside when she saw that her family members weren’t good characters.

Mo Lian’s icy eyes settled on Mu Qianqian’s face, and only a glimpse was enough to make Mu Qianqian’s body subconsciously shiver all over.

Madam Mu abruptly grasped her daughter’s hand, and her eyes widened in terror.

Mu Boming also promptly waved his hand, and a defensive talisman suddenly jumped onto his daughter Mu Qianqian’s body. He also exclaimed in a deep voice, “Your Highness!”

*Bang!* The wine cup in front of Mu Qianqian burst apart by itself.

Mu Qianqian’s entire face had turned extremely pale. Because the defensive talisman had helped her ward off the intangible killing move, although her life could be said to be preserved, but the collision from the aftershock caused even her internal organs to hurt.

In that instant earlier, she distinctly experienced His Highness's ruthlessness in wanting to cut her life short on the spot.

Subsequently, Mu Qianqian heard her heart shattering with a "bang." *It hurt so much!*

She had only commented that that woman's family matters were complicated, yet His Highness nearly eliminated her for that. *Did this man forbid other people from saying a single bad thing about her?*

### **Chapter 869: Qianqian Unleashing Her Dark Side**

Mu Boming's face was enshrouded in a dark haze.

Family Head Mu looked coldly at Crown Prince Mo and declared, "This one's young daughter was rude to the crown prince consort first, but her crime doesn't deserve death! Will His Highness please pardon her offense."

While withdrawing the powerful energy that he had aimed at Mu Qianqian, Mo Lian also coolly cast Family Head Mu a glance. "Family Head Mu, your daughter has affronted Our wife over and over again. According to the rules, she would need to be punished severely."

Mu Boming's expression changed, and he looked up at the king and Queen Zhao who were seated up above.

The king was somewhat embarrassed. After all, he had just accepted such a generous gift of two protective talismans from Family Head Mu, yet his treasured son was now about to make an example of Family Head Mu's daughter. This didn't seem too magnanimous no matter how one looked at the situation.

The old king quickly gave a dry laugh, and he sent his son a look while mediating, "It's just some small disputes between young girls. It's fine, everything's fine."

However, when he saw his daughter-in-law looking up at him with an icy gaze, the old king felt his heart beating like a drum, and he quickly added, "Um, Family Head Mu, Miss Mu should still be taught certain etiquette and manners again. In the future, it is best to not be so impudent in front of the crown prince consort."

Mu Boming responded affirmatively in a sullen voice.

At this point, there was no need to continue the banquet any further.

The king was incredibly disheartened, and after hastily placating everyone, he dismissed the banquet with a long sigh.

*Heavens! If this banquet were to continue, who knew how much more trouble would arise!*

Mo Lian personally sent Qiao Mu and her family back to their estate before heading back to the palace. In the middle, he instructed Huifeng, "Send people to keep an eye on Qiao Dongbo's family. If they dare play any tricks, then..."

Mo Lian motioned a gesture to kill them on the spot.

Huifeng nodded to accept his order.

On the other end, just as Mu Qianqian boarded the carriage after exiting the palace gates, she vomited out a mouthful of blood, unable to stifle the roiling qi and blood in her heart any longer.

This freaked Madam Mu out so badly that she shrieked.

Mu Qianqian didn't want to speak to her mother anymore, so she simply shut her eyes and pretended to have fainted.

Mu Boming had mounted a horse outside, and when he heard his wife shriek from inside the carriage, his eyes flashed in great impatience. He then struck his horse with the whip and ordered, "Send the madam and the young miss back to the estate."

That night.

Mu Qianqian, who was lying flat on a large bed made of camphor wood, abruptly shot her eyes open. She got off the bed like a wandering ghost, and after lighting up a stick of incense in a corner of the room, she sat in front of the mirror to fiddle with her head of beautiful hair.

Outside, besides the sliver of moonlight shining on the window frame, it was pitch dark.

"Hehehe." A sinister laugh was suddenly heard behind her back.

"Eldest Miss Mu, for what reason have you summoned this old man this late at night?" As if it had come from the underworld, that voice was fleeting and raspy, and it was so gloomy that it didn't seem human.

Mu Qianqian fixed her eyes on the reflection in the mirror of that very short shadow shrouded underneath a hooded cloak.

She had never seen this person's true appearance.

"Black Cat, I promise you. I'll help you steal that supreme-grade summoning talisman enshrined in the ancestral hall."

The shadow was evidently excited, and his voice had even started trembling. "Truly?"

"I have a condition in exchange!" Mu Qianqian abruptly stood up in front of the mirror. Underneath the moonlight, her small face had already slightly contorted together.

"I heard that you are able to draw a particularly amazing and special curse."

"What?" The raspy voice questioned.

"Soul exchange curse!"

*Hm?*

The shadow was also very obviously shocked by Mu Qianqian's words.

### **Chapter 870: Deal**

Soon afterwards, the shadow released a long, disturbing cackle. "Eldest Miss Mu, you are quite knowledgeable about us curse practitioners."

Mu Qianqian pulled her lips into a thin line and clenched her two fists in a death grip. After a good while, she couldn't bear it any longer and howled, "Deal or no deal?"

"Deal!" The shadow cackled, "I can give you the soul exchange curse seven days later. At that time, remember to give me the summoning talisman in your Mu Clan's collection! Remember, you only have a single chance to succeed in the soul exchange. If you fail, a light backlash would be vomiting blood or half-body paralysis, and a heavy one would be your soul scattering or dying on the spot, kekekekeke. The young miss is quite courageous..."

Like a black mist, the laughter dissipated fleetingly.

"Great Master, Great Master Black Cat! Great Master?" Mu Qianqian pushed open the door to the room, searching for a trace of Black Cat under the light of the moon.

Even so, Black Cat had long taken his leave, and Mu Qianqian could only grumpily clench her fists as she muttered to herself, "Under what conditions exactly can I use that soul exchange curse."

"Exactly how great are the chances of success." Mu Qianqian walked inside before pressing her back against the door, mumbling to herself continuously, "I want to become the crown prince consort, I am the crown prince consort, I'm the one who is the crown prince consort! I am the crown prince consort."

'Qianqian, Mom can see it now too. The crown prince is simply heartless towards you. Look at how ruthless his methods are, hurting you again like this! You had better give up on him early, lest you get hurt all over.'

Mu Qianqian's mind couldn't stop echoing the words that her mom repeatedly said next to her while weeping during her feigned fainting spell.

*She was unwilling, unwilling, unwilling!*

Her mom had always said in the past, that she had the greatest hope of becoming the crown prince consort.

And she had treated this to be her objective the entire time, doing her best to curry favor with Her Majesty the Queen, as well as the consorts and concubines in the harem.

Her Majesty the Queen had summoned to see her more than once, and was also very satisfied with her!

Originally, everything had been perfect. She didn't have to worry and only needed to wait to be bestowed with the title of crown prince consort!

However, why had everything changed overnight?

It was her, it was that little sl\*t who snatched away all the glory that originally belonged to her, shamelessly snatching away her wonderful future!

Since there was no use begging her dad, her mom, or anyone else, then she could only think of a method herself to personally! Snatch! It! Back!

"I am the crown prince consort! I am! I am!" The more she muttered, the more resolute her gaze became. She lifted up the sleeve of her white middle layer garment and waved her hand towards the

empty air, saying sweetly with a weird smile on her lips, “No need for so many formalities, you can all rise!”

...

At this moment, the Shu Estate was also shrouded in a gloomy atmosphere.

Last night, the lady of the house had failed in her attempt to hang herself. After being rescued, the master flew into a thunderous rage, reprimanding her mercilessly before stomping off with a flick of his sleeves.

At the crack of dawn, Madam Shu started kicking up a row again—crying and fussing, finding a rope and moving a chair—scaring the large crowd of maidservants and nannies so badly that all color drained from their faces.

This was because at daybreak, the indoctrinating nanny that the queen sent over sat outside Madam Shu’s bedroom, lowering her eyelids as she sternly repeated with a frown, “This old servant is Nanny Gong, who has come on Her Majesty the Queen’s order to instruct Madam Shu in relearning social etiquette and ceremony.”

Madam Shu didn’t want to live anymore!

This old wicked servant had sat outside her court from early in the morning, repeating this sentence over and over again. It was likely that those concubines in the master’s harem were all rolling about their beds in laughter right now!