

My Crown 961

Chapter 961: The Best Timing

“Qiaoqiao... Qiaoqiao, Qiaoqiao.” Grasping her small hand, he gently embraced her, simultaneously stroking her small head to pacify her.

He could sense that the little fellow’s body was extremely tense at the moment. In addition to being abnormally stiff, she was even...

She was trembling.

What was making his little fellow so afraid?

The little one in this state really made one’s heart ache, pulling terribly at his heartstrings.

If possible, he was even willing to offer the sun and the moon, the heavens and the earth, in exchange for her innocent smile.

Qiaoqiao, oh Qiaoqiao, what exactly have you hidden in your heart? Why aren’t you willing to pour out your troubles...

“We won’t compete anymore, we’re going home.” Mo Lian carried her up and whispered into her ear, “Darling, don’t be scared, I’ll always be here for you.”

After saying this, he abruptly turned to gaze ruthlessly at the nearby Dou Kui.

By this time, however, Dou Kui was in a rather tragic state.

His four limbs were showing ghastly white bone, and his chest was also continuously gushing out blood. From the looks of it, even if he were to be rescued afterwards, he could only be reduced to being a cripple.

Soon, the crown prince took the qualification title that Centre Master Hou handed over before carrying Qiao Mu out of the arena.

Duan Yue as well as the rest of the Qiao Family were naturally not in the mood to keep watching, promptly following them out.

Eldest Qin propped his chin on his hand, tilting his head with a meaningful gaze at Second Qin, who was sitting next to him. “Second Brother, what are you thinking about.”

Returning to the present, Second Qin reflexively looked at Eldest Qin but didn’t say anything.

He only felt an inexplicable sense of oppression in his heart.

A very abnormal emotion was entangling his chest. He couldn’t whisk it away, but it was very hazy even if he tried to recall it.

Sir Black Cat, who had been hidden in the shadows and secretly observing the entire time, mixed into the crowd at this moment and elbowed Mu Qianqian, whose face had turned pale.

After seemingly being horrified by Qiao Mu's ruthlessness, Mu Qianqian trembled at Sir Black Cat's nudge.

It was as if she had been touched by some kind of filth, almost causing her to jump up.

Sir Black Cat, on the other hand, merely hung his head under his thick hooded cloak.

Because his stature was less than half of a normal person's, as long as he didn't intentionally bump into their waists or legs, he definitely wouldn't attract any attention.

Mu Qianqian turned her head and nodded at him in understanding. Afterwards, she stooped over while sneaking out from the back of the crowd, quietly following Sir Black Cat downstairs.

"What better time to make your move than now." Under the hooded cloak, a cold smile crossed Sir Black Cat's mouth as he chastised in a suppressed voice, "The little lady is in low spirits right now and has totally let down her guard. You fool, why are you still chickening out with such a great opportunity? It'll be even more difficult in the future if you miss out on this opportunity today."

"Will, will I succeed?" Upon recalling Qiao Mu's severe and savage methods earlier, Mu Qianqian's body involuntarily shuddered.

"You will." Sir Black Cat licked his lips with a strange glow in his eyes.

Something called greed bloomed in the depths of his eyes.

Yet Mu Qianqian clutched the soul swap curse inside her sleeve and nodded furiously, going for broke in her desperation. "Okay. I'll be going now then."

After saying this, she tightly clenched her fists, turning around to bolt for the door to the martial arts centre.

After exiting, she saw His Highness the Crown Prince carrying that little b*tch into a carriage.

Mu Qianqian promptly narrowed her cold eyes at Qiao Mu's dazed expression.

Qiao Mu, your good days end here!

Chapter 962: Soul Swap

Many people were crowded around the parking area as they looked about curiously.

There were even several filthy beggars in tattered clothing listlessly squatting in the corner against the wall, occasionally stretching out a hand to beg for alms from the people walking past them.

Mo Lian disregarded these people as he carried Qiao Mu into the carriage, speaking to Duan Yue, who had run over, in a low voice afterwards.

The Qiao Zhongbang couple had also followed over in haste, anxious to check on their daughter's condition.

People with a discerning eye could perceive that their daughter's mood just earlier was very problematic.

Yet at this moment...

Mu Qianqian flashed to the rear of the carriage, and with a twitch of her brows, she softly recited the incantation to the curse that Sir Black Cat had taught her.

The soul swap curse inside her sleeve abruptly burst into a faint black luminous mist, speeding straight for Qiao Mu's location.

Black Cat simply sat in a row next to the other beggars, openly watching this amusing show in high spirits.

Should this soul swap curse succeed in one hit, hahaha!

He'd covertly bring away the Eldest Miss Qiao after the soul swap, after which he would interrogate her about her talisman art inheritance.

That's right! Black Cat's greatest desire right now was to pry Qiao Mu's complete talisman inheritance out of her.

No one would believe it if a 14 to 15 year-old little lady who possessed such perfected talisman skills didn't have an inheritance!

Black Cat's gloomy eyes flickered as he gazed at the carriage.

Suddenly, a beggar beside him kicked him hard.

"What are you doing, snatching territory? Don't you know that it's based on order of arrival? This is my area!" The beggar that spoke up was around 50 to 60 years old. His greasy hair had tangled into knots as it loosely draped on his face and shoulders, covering up the red and swollen chilblains on his face.

There were also chilblains on his arms and on the toe that was peeking out of his shoe. From this, it could be seen that the life of a beggar out in the elements was a tragic and ignoble existence – a life of not knowing the whereabouts of one's next meal.

Black Cat dared not lose his temper at him!

He had a bellyful of anger with no release. If not for the fact that he wanted to stay inconspicuous, then he would have long choked this vile beggar to death.

As Black Cat shrunk his body and wrapped himself in his hooded cloak, he scooted over to the edge. He didn't pay attention to the old beggar and instead watched the carriage closely.

He was on edge. After all, he had to take Eldest Miss Qiao's soul under control the moment the soul swap took place. He absolutely couldn't allow her to run... away?

No sooner said than done, in the time that Black Cat had recollected himself, the soul swap curse that Mu Qianqian threw out had already transformed into a black light, abruptly shooting for Qiao Mu.

Mu Qianqian's heart was beating so fast that it was practically about to jump out of her chest!

The small hand that her mother was holding suddenly stiffened, and Qiao Mu abruptly sat up straight, looking blankly at Crown Prince Mo who was next to the carriage.

An intermittent trickle of blood suddenly flowed out from the corner of her mouth.

This sudden development simply scared the daylights out of the Qiao Zhongbang couple!

“Qiaoqiao??” Wei Ziqin shouted in alarm.

“Sister!!!” Qiao Lin clutched Qiao Mu’s small hand.

Yet Qiao Mu abruptly fell backwards, as if all strength had drained out of her.

Just as the back of her head was about to hit the corner of the small tea table, Mo Lian’s pupils contracted, and he rapidly flitted to her side, cupping her small head with his hand.

“Qiaoqiao?”

“Sister!”

“Hurry! Quickly return to the estate!” Qiao Zhongbang yelled frantically.

“Huifeng, quickly summon Old Royal Physician Cao.”

“Yes, Your Highness!”

“Your Highness the Crown Prince, Mu Qianqian has fainted behind the carriage.”

“Throw her farther away!”

Chapter 963: Success

*D*mn it!*

Sir Black Cat watched as Crown Prince Mo’s two subordinates cruelly threw Mu Qianqian’s unconscious body onto a pile of rubbish in passing before walking off.

He then rushed over stealthily and grabbed ahold of Mu Qianqian before disappearing from the crowd with several leaps.

Nevertheless, he harbored some misgivings in his heart.

So strange, did the soul swap succeed or did it fail?

However, if it should fail, it would incur a backlash. A light one would be vomiting blood or half-body paralysis, while a heavy one would be having one’s soul scatter or dying on the spot. From the looks of it, it didn’t seem like she had failed.

Whatever! Just have to bring away Mu Qianqian’s body for now.

Perhaps Eldest Miss Qiao’s soul was already inside Mu Qianqian’s body. Upon thinking about this, Sir Black Cat couldn’t help but be wild with joy, seemingly already seeing himself in possession of a rarely seen talisman art inheritance.

Yet not long after he left, that old beggar whose body was covered in chilblains and hair filled with lice suddenly jumped up from the foot of the wall.

He first looked at his hands, after which he looked at the greasy hair draped over his shoulders, before abruptly screaming out loud.

However, once he heard his hoarse voice for real, it was as if he was struck by lightning, with his eyes bulging out in shock.

“Eh? Old Greasy, have you gone mad!” The other beggars squatting by the wall jolted in fright from his deranged behavior.

The crowd of common people who were concentrating their attention on the storyteller who was broadcasting the competition situation live all creased their brows, casting a glance at the old beggar who was hopping and screeching in shock.

“Ah! Ahhh! Ah!!” That beggar quivered his lips as he looked in horror at his hands that were covered with chilblains. It was as if he had become demented, with his entire body wobbling uncontrollably.

He would be touching his hand that was covered in chilblains in one moment, then cupping his hand around that old face in the next. His entire body was spasming madly, and his breathing had also become ragged.

The several beggars nearby snickered, “Old Greasy, what are you doing? What are you spasming for!”

“Idiot!”

“It’s not me, it’s not me, It’s not me, it’s not me! It’s not me!” The old beggar grabbed a slightly younger beggar next to him as he screeched with quivering lips, “Mirror, mirror! Do you have a mirror! Mirror!”

That beggar looked at him like he was a mental case before stomping back at him furiously. “Have you lost your mind? I’m a beggar! You think I’m a young lady who carries a mirror on her??”

This stomp managed to kick the frail old beggar over to a woman’s feet.

He reached up, intending to hug onto that woman’s legs, but this scared the woman into screaming continuously. Beside the woman, her husband then kicked him into rolling backwards, crashing to the ground with a “bam.”

However, there just so happened to be a dog bowl beside him with water inside.

He crawled over and looked up close, finally glimpsing a blurred but still roughly discernible face.

The wisps of hair that were sticking to his face seemed to have been gnawed at by dogs. Moreover, his old and hideous face was covered with chilblains and wrinkles, scaring him into shrieking out loud on the spot.

“Ah! Ah! Ahhh!! Ah!” The old beggar clawed at the ground, using his hands that were covered in chilblains to bash at the ground with a turbid gaze of disbelief.

“Ah!!” He then got up and muttered “Sir Black Cat, Sir Black Cat, Black Cat,” acting like a lunatic as he bolted away to look for his target.

Why did things turn out like this? Mu Qianqian did not know.

The soul swap curse had succeeded!

Right now, Mu Qianqian's soul had successfully been swapped into the old beggar's body...

Chapter 964: Aunt-Master Has Come

It had succeeded, the soul swap curse had succeeded!

Mu Qianqian's soul had successfully settled inside the old beggar's body, but this wasn't the success that Mu Qianqian wanted.

This kind of soul swap did not have any meaning to it at all.

Along the way, Mu Qianqian screamed raspily like a lunatic as she searched all over for Sir Black Cat.

Where was Sir Black Cat? In his overconfidence, he had picked up "Qiao Mu" and had long made a run for it.

Since the soul swap had succeeded, Sir Black Cat of course had to find a remote and secluded location. This way, he could slowly use torture to interrogate "Qiao Mu" about the origin and particulars of her talisman art inheritance.

Meanwhile, Mu Qianqian ran further and further away. After running out of the bustling main street, she shuttled through the small alleys and crazily screeched, "Sir, Sir Black Cat."

AHH!

Why did it turn out like this! Her hands, her face! Could she swap back?

She must find Sir Black Cat. Sir, Sir!! Ahh! Right now, she wasn't going to ask to swap into the crown prince consort's body anymore; she only wanted to swap back into her original body!

She didn't want to become a beggar, no way, no way, no way!

AH—

Bam! Mu Qianqian's head seemed to have bumped into something, hurting her.

She then widened her tearful eyes as she gazed at the empty area before her with muddled eyes.

There was nothing there?

Why did it feel like she had bumped into a wall just now?

She shuddered her old and icy body before taking a step forward again. *Bam!* This time, however, she could clearly feel the sensation of being rebounded by a wall.

"Ahh!" Mu Qianqian screeched before suddenly turning around with eyes widened in horror.

"You, vermin, have huge guts! How dare you lay your hand on my martial niece's soul!"

In her horror, Mu Qianqian could only glimpse a fleeting red-clothed projection that was so hazy she couldn't even discern her features. However, her voice sounded extremely crisp, like that of a young woman.

“Ah! Ah!! Ahhhhhh!” Mu Qianqian turned around to flee with a scream, but she still ended up running into a wall with a “bam.”

She made a gesture to throw talismans, but then she realized with a start that the body she was in right now wasn't her own!

What talisman could she obtain?

She didn't have talismans!

This old beggar was merely a normal person!

Previously, when she forcefully settled inside the old beggar's body, she had directly steamrolled the old beggar's original soul into pieces.

So right now, even after using all her might, she couldn't break through this invisible and sealed wall!

Could it be that she was about to die?

No no no! She didn't want to die! She didn't want to die at all!

She was still so young; she was merely 18 years old right now, still in the bloom of her life. *She couldn't die!*

Wuwuwu, she couldn't, she couldn't...

Mu Qianqian knelt down in terror and despair, kowtowing repeatedly before that powerful and imposing red-clothed projection as she begged for mercy. “L-Let me off, I beg of you, please let me off! I won't dare to in the future anymore! I won't dare!”

She could sense that the person before her was very powerful. That kind of might was as if the other party could directly crush her to death like an ant with a stretch of her hand.

Tears and snot clung to her damaged old face, making her look extremely hideous.

While giving a snort, the projection rapidly formed several hand seals, and a bizarre power instantly entered Mu Qianqian's mind.

Mu Qianqian only felt as if a huge but formless hand had grabbed ahold of her soul, and her entire body started trembling uncontrollably.

Chapter 965: Absolute Obliteration

Suddenly, the still air surrounding Mu Qianqian produced a barely discernible ripple.

A see-through playback video flashed continuously between the two people at a very high speed.

Mu Qianqian abruptly gaped at that continuously flashing see-through video in terror.

So very scary! It was so scary!

This powerful venerable one before her could extract memory fragments from the depths of her soul?

Right now, the video that the mysterious venerable one was playing back was of her meeting with Sir Black Cat to conspire against Qiao Mu with a soul swap curse.

Mu Qianqian only thought that the venerable one had used a special seal to forcefully extract her memory.

However, what she didn't know was that the other party wasn't extracting her memory by squeezing her soul at all.

This was simply because the other party controlled the power of time. Hence, it was possible to even initiate this playback on empty air.

What's more, Mu Qianqian didn't know the fate awaiting her.

At this moment, she could only beg the other party bitterly.

Mu Qianqian was extremely horrified.

She was completely unable to conjure up any thoughts of resistance. She lay sprawled on the floor like a pool of mud as she cried out with incessantly quavering lips, "V-Venerable One! Venerable One, please pardon me, oh Venerable One! Please, please spare my life. I won't dare anymore, I really won't dare anymore. Venerable One, wuwuwuwu..."

It was too terrifying! Why did Qiao Mu have such a mysterious venerable one as her aunt-master?

As the red-clothed projection drew near, a powerful oppressive force pressed down on Mu Qianqian.

As if wanting to crush her entire body into gristle, the force was so mighty that it caused Mu Qianqian to sprawl on the ground and gasp for breath with her mouth open.

"You mean vermin! We had only just stabilized her soul after nourishing it with great difficulty, yet your greed injured it again!"

"No, I don't know anything at all! Venerable One, do spare my life. Venerable One, please spare my life!" *If just a mere projection exuded such formidable presence, then what if the actual person was standing in front of her for real?*

Mu Qianqian was simply too afraid to contemplate this thought any further!

"Ha! You actually vainly attempted to swap her soul, you! There is no value to your existence! Die—" The projection condemned.

A huge formless hand lifted Mu Qianqian up before heavily flinging her down on an ice wall that suddenly sprung up from the ground.

Bam! Mu Qianqian felt as if her body was about to split apart.

The most horrifying thing was that she actually saw her own reflection on the ice wall when she turned her head.

Greasy wisps of hair were hanging on to such an old, hideous face that was covered with chilblains. *That was her? Was that her? Ahhhh!*

Mu Qianqian covered her face and yelled, but she wasn't aware that her voice had long been isolated within five barriers, so nothing could be heard outside at all.

"Heh, frightened by your own appearance, no? Would you like to know what your body will be like ten years, twenty years, thirty years later?"

"This is the consequence of trying to lay a hand on my martial niece." An icy voice rang out mechanically.

As she looked at the ice wall, Mu Qianqian discovered in horror that her own face had started to constrict and hollow out. The wrinkles on her face covered her face more and more densely, and her eye sockets sunk in deeply. Furthermore, the veins on her hands and legs also started to distort.

It was like she had aged by ten years in these short several dozen seconds, and she kept on aging further and further...

Her voice was like that of a dying old person, and her turbid eyes were filled with horror as she yelled "No, no," again and again.

The skin and flesh on her body instantly melted into thin air, transforming her into a skeleton that scattered loosely to the ground.

Chapter 966: Master

"Tsk, no one can escape the time curse's catalysis..." With these cold words, the illusory projection retracted all the barriers within this small alley.

Meanwhile, the skeleton on the ground had long transformed into a pile of fine dust that scattered with the wind.

"Black Cat." She muttered softly. Yet just as she was about to move, her figure suddenly paused, as if restricted by something.

"You d*mn Heavenly Law. You dare suppress me?" An intangible fetter made her pause momentarily on the spot.

With a sudden snap, the projection swiftly threw off the fetter and whisked off into the distance. "I'll return after finding and killing that Black Cat."

Boom! A sudden clap of thunder out of the blue landed next to the projection.

"F*ck! I already tolerate you striking me so many freaking times normally, but I can't today!"

"Give me half an hour!"

"Swish swish swish—" Nevertheless, several invisible chains flew onto the projection's figure, pinning her down firmly in place.

"You just have to oppose me, is that right?" The female voice exuded a thick killing intent.

"Come back quickly! You can't stay there!! Your power of time will affect the stability of this Lower Star Domain's space-time!!" A crisp voice screeched indignantly in exasperation.

“They laid a hand on my martial niece!”

“I’m begging you! Come back quickly! She’s fine! She will be fine! Who would dare lay their hands on her!” *Wuwuwu...*

“D*mn it, stop pulling already!” The projection then instantly vanished into thin air.

Two beggars that had chased after Mu Qianqian peered around in the small alleys in this area before looking at each other in bewilderment.

“Eh? Where is Old Greasy?”

“I clearly saw him enter here! But why isn’t anyone here?”

“He was acting like such a lunatic. Forget it, don’t mind him anymore.”

The Marquis of Jiayuan’s Estate.

Mo Lian sat on the edge of the bed with knitted brows as he looked at the little one that was lying on the bed with a pale complexion.

“Old Royal Physician Cao, how is her condition?”

“The crown prince consort’s pulse is stable, and her body is in peak condition. There isn’t the slightest peculiarity.” Old Royal Physician Cao also knitted his brows as he stood up to reply.

Just now, he had meticulously taken the crown prince consort’s pulse, and there was nothing wrong. However, the crown prince consort just wouldn’t wake up.

“You all can first leave!” Mo Lian instructed faintly.

“Yes!”

After everyone had exited and closed the doors behind them, Mo Lian then drew near and grasped Qiao Mu’s wrist.

An endless stream of medicinal power flowed into Qiao Mu’s body.

Cold sweat accumulated on Mo Lian’s forehead as the minutes ticked by.

But his Qiaoqiao still didn’t wake up.

Suddenly, he seemed to have sensed something. He abruptly turned around, but he had yet to make out who that black-clothed projection was.

Yet a gust from the projection’s finger directly knocked him out.

“Almost got exposed.” If it weren’t for the fact that this boy had excessively depleted his energy earlier, she would have gotten exposed.

What a strong child!

The black-clothed projection drew near the bed and supported Qiao Mu up.

In the blink of an eye, several silver needles landed accurately on her body.

It was all that female's fault earlier for making her soul so unstable. Did Junior Sister dispose of that person yet?

After a while.

Qiao Mu's complexion had turned slightly better. Finally, her eyelashes lifted lightly, and she gazed particularly blankly at the muslin canopy above her head.

Afterwards, she seemingly sensed something, and she turned her head to the side.

She first saw Mo Lian sprawling by her bedside, and she jolted in fright. "Mo..."

"Child." A faint voice rang by her ear.

Chapter 967: You're Very Strong!

This familiar voice, this presence that was still familiar after countless dreams...

Qiao Mu's heart trembled, and she abruptly turned her small face towards that projection.

"Master?" Even though Qiao Mu struggled to move, her limbs felt powerless, and she couldn't budge at all.

"Don't move." That projection floated leisurely to her as it sighed lightly. "Just now, someone attempted to swap your soul."

With this, the projection formed a hand seal, and Mu Qianqian's likeness appeared in mid-air. "Do you know her?"

"Mu Qianqian."

"It was her."

Qiao Mu's heart shook as she widened her eyes.

"I remember now! When I was in the carriage earlier, I suddenly felt an oscillating attack to my conscious." She was still a bit muddle-headed at the time, so this jolt caught her off guard, hurting her.

At that time, it was as if several large hammers were bashing away at her brain, so it caused her to involuntarily blank out and faint from pain.

"Your conscious..." The projection contemplated it over before nodding in comprehension. "It is indeed so. Because the other party wanted to affect your soul, so she had to penetrate your conscious. However, she wasn't aware that the Golden Talisman Jade Tome in your conscious had helped you ward off most of the attacks, and it also rebounded her soul out."

"Then where is Mu Qianqian now?"

"Her? She went for wool and came back shorn. After her soul was kicked out, it landed inside a beggar's body." *She only had herself to blame for that.*

However, how could she allow such a malevolent person to live and continue doing harm to her beloved disciple?

“A beggar!” Qiao Mu’s head moved, but she still couldn’t raise her limbs. “That means that Mu Qianqian has become a beggar?”

This really was the biggest joke in the world!

“Your Aunt-Master has already chased after her. Most likely, she has already turned into a pile of bones by now.” The female voice said indifferently.

“Master, I know you are my master. But why can’t I remember anything?” *Her heart felt so unbearably stifled.* Qiao Mu really wanted to pound her head so that it could help her remember.

While caressing her face gently with her palm, the projection chuckled, “Silly child, when Master and your aunt-master sent you back at the time, we sealed most of your power. Your memories, too, will be fragmented from the space-time transfer. You don’t need to worry. You will remember everything with your growth.”

“But why did you have to seal my power.” The little fellow blinked, tilting her small face as she looked at the projection.

“Because you’re... too strong.” The projection chortled and explained, “If we didn’t seal you back then, Heavenly Law absolutely wouldn’t have permitted you to return. When you left, the laws would restrict you.”

Ha ha! Master, your joke is very funny.

Qiuqiu had said that she was very strong, and Master was now saying that she was very strong too! Ha ha, but why the heck did she not know herself that she was very strong...

“But Master can sense that there really are many young geniuses that are defying the laws in this Lower Star Domain.” With a motion of her finger, a moon-shaped jade pendant suddenly hung around Qiao Mu’s neck.

“Little Treasure, your soul has been unstable all along since many years ago. Master had told you last time that you absolutely cannot draw out the Fuxi Greatsword in your current condition. You must listen, okay?”

“Master, I’m very obedient.”

Chapter 968: Ballistic

The moment that jade pendant hung around the little fellow’s neck, a chill assaulted her, and it was so cold that it caused her to tremble uncontrollably.

But very soon after the chill wore off, that moon-shaped jade pendant practically fused together with her, instantly becoming toasty warm and very comfortable.

“Although the Golden Talisman Jade Tome helped ward off the soul swap earlier, making it end in failure, your soul still suffered a light concussion. Therefore, it is normal if your body feels uncomfortable or powerless at the moment. You’ll be fine again after recuperating for two days.”

“This is a soul-calming arctic jade. It’s the essence that your Aunt-Master refined from the heart of the arctic jade. It can stabilize your conscious, as well as help you cultivate and repair your divine conscious.”

At this, Qiao Mu looked down at the soul-calming arctic jade around her neck. “Master, can you tell me your name?”

She felt that her master and aunt-master’s names were on the tip of her tongue, but she couldn’t recall them no matter how hard she tried.

“Master...”

Whoosh! Qiao Mu could hear the sound of space cracking, as well as chains flinging out, and she opened her eyes wide. She couldn’t see anything, but she could clearly sense that something similar to a chain had bound the projection’s arms.

“Heavenly Law, enough already!” Her darling disciple only wanted to know her name! This too was freaking restricted? Wasn’t that too excessive!

Was her name just that shameful?

“Come back quickly! If you don’t get back here now the space-time here will collapse! Ahhh!” If Heavenly Law could take form at this moment, it would probably be going ballistic!

If rolling about the ground to seek pity could do the trick, Heavenly Law would definitely lie on the ground and refuse to get up!

“Master. Master!” Qiao Mu struggled to move her limbs, wanting to get up from the bed.

However, the moment she moved her body, it felt like her head had been hammered at, and it was terribly painful.

“Don’t move. Master is fine, it’s only that Master has to go back now.” That person flicked a small, vibrant green jade bottle into Qiao Mu’s arms. “This is a foundation-solidifying pill. It can help you consolidate your realm and stabilize your cultivation. Master observed a powerful energy within your body that you have yet to fully assimilate, you...”

Heavenly Law! I haven’t finished speaking yet!

She had indeed yet to fully assimilate the essence earth inside her body. Qiao Mu then yelled out anxiously, “Master, Master, then can you tell me how we met?”

That person’s faint chuckle reverberated through empty space: “The first time Master saw you, you were only seven years old. Surrounded by strong enemies, you were wielding the Fuxi Greatsword and... mhm, you were killing people.”

Heavenly Law’s crisp voice screeched: “How could you divulge so much of the past to her! Ahhhhh! Come back quickly! Space-time will collapse, ahhh...”

Soon afterwards, a crack appeared in empty space.

“Master, Master.” The little fellow called out frantically.

Yet that voice gradually dissipated inside the room. "Little Treasure, take good care of yourself. Master and your aunt-master will only be able to sense your condition if something unusual happens to your soul. Nourish your soul properly, and don't get hurt again."

"Master!" Qiao Mu struggled to move, and her small hand was suddenly grasped by a warm palm.

"Qiaoqiao." Mo Lian gazed at her worriedly. "Did you have a nightmare again?"

Qiao Mu gazed at him dazedly before piteously crying out, "Mo Lian, I can't move."

This kind of sensation where she couldn't control her limbs and couldn't move at all really felt too terrible.

Being like this would make her recall that unbearable past out of the blue.

Chapter 969: Do You Believe in Karma

Mo Lian quickly lifted her up and patted her back to placate her. "You're fine, you're fine. How do you feel right now?"

"Head hurts. I can't move my body at all. Only my neck can move a bit." Qiao Mu felt more pitiful the more she spoke.

It was all that Mu Qianqian's fault. *Why did she want to swap her soul without rhyme or reason?*

Cuddling her limp body in heartache, Mo Lian softly said, "Your conscious seemed to have been injured from an external force without cause or reason. I used medicinal power earlier..."

"You used medicinal power to help me?" Qiao Mu immediately lifted her head, examining his exhausted complexion closely. "Did you overuse your medicinal power?"

"I didn't, I know my limits," Mo Lian pacified her. "Qiaoqiao, do you know what happened?"

Qiao Mu nodded. "It's Mu Qianqian! She..."

Upon thinking about this, realization suddenly dawned on Qiao Mu. "She should have used a kind of forbidden curse technique to force my soul out of my body, so as to seize my body for herself."

"What?" Mo Lian was gobsmacked.

"My master told me this." Not hiding it from him, Qiao Mu continued. "My master just came earlier."

"Your master?" Mo Lian abruptly recalled having seemingly sensed a powerful presence entering the room earlier. However, when he turned around, he only saw a black fog-like projection before getting knocked out.

How strong was Qiaoqiao's master...

"Mhm." Qiao Mu nodded, and then she exclaimed anxiously, "Mo Lian, there's a moon-shaped jade pendant hanging from my neck. Can you remove it and see if there are any characters carved on it?"

Mo Lian nodded, yet just as he touched that moon-shaped jade pendant, his fingers shrunk back from the frigid chill that seeped into his body.

“What’s wrong?” Qiao Mu could sense that his body was taut.

“It’s especially cold.” Afterwards, Mo Lian’s hand gently ignited a cluster of scarlet flames, wrapping it around that jade pendant before removing it from her neck.

“Are there any characters on it?” Qiao Mu’s eyes brightened.

“There are names.” Mo Lian flipped that moon-shaped jade pendant over, revealing the small characters on the back. “Xuan Huang[1]. Ni Tian[2].”

As if struck by something, Qiao Mu was instantly stunned, and then she shouted excitedly, “Right, right! My master’s name is Xuan Huang. I remember now!”

“Also my Aunt-Master Ni Tian, Aunt-Master Ni Tian. I-I remember now.”

Mo Lian didn’t say anything else and just gazed at her as he patted her back, helping her calm her excited mood.

And yet, that was it. She could only remember a bit after seeing their names, but she couldn’t recall anything else.

Even so, Master had said that after she truly grew up, she would definitely be able to undo the seal and thereby obtain her missing memories.

Mo Lian hung that moon-shaped jade pendant around her neck again. “This jade is very good. It can help you nourish your conscious. With it, you’ll be able to achieve twice the result with half the effort when cultivating your spiritual conscious.”

“Mo Lian. Do you... believe in karma?”

“Hm?” Mo Lian gazed at her in puzzlement, and then he hugged her tightly as his heart also started to fluctuate. “I do.”

“I believe in everything that you say.” After gazing at her deeply, he lay her down on the bed again before tucking in her blanket. “How about sleeping for a bit?”

Qiao Mu responded with a “mhm.” She indeed felt tired out, from a kind of mental exhaustion.

Chapter 970: Judgment

Master had said that her soul had been very unstable all along, and it needed to recuperate properly. At present, it couldn’t even withstand getting injured again.

Although she couldn’t remember many things right now, she already indistinctly harbored a bizarre yet accurate conjecture regarding this matter in her heart.

In addition, Qiuqiu had told her very assuredly last time that she was reborn because her master and aunt-master had used the power of space-time.

So ultimately...

After she died in her past life, on the one hand, she wasn’t immediately reborn.

On the other hand, her soul had probably wandered in a desolate nothingness for a long time, to the point that she had lost all sense of time.

Furthermore, she simply didn't know whether that nothingness was hell, nor could she remember at all what exactly had happened then.

Afterwards, she must have encountered Master and Aunt-Master...

Eventually, Master and Aunt-Master used the power of space-time to help her be reborn. This resulted in her totally lacking her memories of wandering, as well as her interaction with her master and aunt-master.

In actuality, there was no need to investigate too deeply into past matters after getting reborn.

But... some things she really didn't want to forget.

In addition, there was one thing that she was afraid of looking back on after getting reborn, a knot that she had buried deep inside her heart the entire time.

It was a very hazy memory that she felt would kill her from pain if she were to dig it out:

How exactly did she die in her past life?

She hadn't thought back on it all along!

When she attempted to think back on the cause of her death in her past life, her brain hurt terribly, as if ten thousand needles were stabbing at her brain, and she couldn't raise her exhausted eyelids at all. Subsequently, she smelled a faint sedative medicinal fragrance.

She had no idea when she fell into a deep slumber.

Seeing that she was knitting her brows the whole time, seemingly unable to sleep even though she had closed her eyes, Mo Lian administered some medicinal power on her. After observing that her breathing had slowly turned steady, he finally let out a sigh of relief.

After sitting with her for a while, Mo Lian left Nanzhu Garden after closing the doors behind him.

A dark figure then appeared beside him.

"Where is he?"

"This subordinate temporarily threw him into an empty guest court that no one goes to. Is Your Highness heading over right now?" Ao'ye replied in a low voice.

Giving a nod, Mo Lian led Ao'ye in the direction of the guest court.

Upon entering the guest court, Mo Lian quickened his steps, directly pushing open the doors to one of the side rooms.

Inside the side room, the dim lamplight illuminated a man that was lying on the icy floor.

He was in a very tragic state, with both his arms and legs showing ghastly white bone. He lay there, gasping weakly whilst struggling at death's door.

This was precisely the Dou Clan's Dou Kui.

"Your Highness." Ao'ye placed a report in Mo Lian's hands.

The report was very succinct, with just a mere two pages summarizing everything.

Beside him, Ao'ye reported in a low voice, "According to Night Pavilion's investigation, this Young Sir Dou has several clandestine hobbies."

He whispered several sentences into His Highness the Crown Prince's ear, after which Mo Lian directed an extremely icy gaze at Dou Kui.

Mo Lian set those two pages down. In the end, the only thing that was certain was that Dou Kui's parents had planned to buy Qiao Lin back when they had lived in a town near Qiaotou Village.

Dou Kui's family merely belonged to a branch of the capital's Dou Family. If it weren't for the fact that Dou Kui was quite talented, it would have been very difficult for his parents, who were normal people, to live with the Dou Family in the capital.

Mo Lian narrowed his eyes and turned to instruct Ao'ye. "Wake him up, I have several questions to ask him."

"Yes." Ao'ye promptly went up and ruthlessly splashed a basin of salt water onto Dou Kui's body.