

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 285

“S-should be. S-someone t-told us to c-come here to b-bring this to Miss Qiao!” The captain turned more frightened. Why did he feel like chilly winds were whipping past him?

Murong Xun’s face turned foul looking immediately.

She started to recall the past few days.

After the eye-blindingly bright light from the entry test that night, Second Peak’s Junior Sister Yang brought an extremely talented disciple back to her peak. Then, that new disciple of hers entered secluded cultivation and absorbed all of the mystic energy in the sect for three days...

Now, people were suddenly here to give an apology gift to Miss Qiao from the Holy Water Sect’s First Peak!

What else could it imply? Her little disciple arrived a long time ago!

What Second Peak disciple?! It was clearly her, Murong Xun’s, final disciple!

D\*mn it! Second Peak’s Yang Xirong actually dared to snatch her precious disciple!

AH! Murong Xun felt like she was about to explode on the spot.

What kind of lousy incident was this?!

“Aunt-Master Murong Xun!” the disciples called, only to see Murong Xun launch into the air with a dark expression and swiftly fly toward Second Peak.

Xu Shanshan was stunned briefly before hastily following her master.

Upon seeing this, Sect Master slapped her thigh. "Oh no! Did you see Ah-Xun's expression? Ah, looks like something happened. We should hurry and see."

Sect Master looked back and realized her third disciple was nowhere to be seen. Her mouth twitched as she turned back around. Her third disciple was closely following after Murong Xun and was long gone.

"Rotten disciple!" Sect Master fumingly cursed before turning to the secretly laughing disciples behind her. "Children, you'll be responsible for transporting the supplies back to the sect. Leave them there for now and wait for your little junior sister to accept it."

Then, she quickly chased after her disciples. Her fan swayed back and forth as she called out in a panicked voice, "Ah, Ah-Xun, calm down. Don't be impulsive..."

If the sect master could put away her amused expression, it would be more believable.

On the other end, Qiao Mu was watching Su Qinghu eat the steamed corn bread. She nodded and asked, "How do I get to First Peak from here?"

It was rather comical that day. Aunt-Master Yang ran back here after snatching her, and then she immediately entered closed-door cultivation, so she did not have any chance to explain.

"Why are you going to First Peak?" After the little cannonball finished her cake, she felt her empty stomach feel slightly better.

"You can only fly to First Peak, and you need to be a level-seven mystic cultivator at least to successfully go there yourself. Us other disciples have to borrow a large crane to go there. Also, if you want to visit

other peaks, you have to report to the chief disciple of your peak, and you can't go to other peaks every day. The crane typically comes every five days, and it just came yesterday."

What?! Then does that mean she could not go to First Peak for a few more days? Qiao Mu furrowed her brows in turmoil. She originally planned to leave quietly, but it appeared she now had to explain the matter to Aunt-Master Yang.

At that moment, Yang Xirong's joyful voice was heard, "Ah! I heard my little disciple left closed-door cultivation! Quick, come here and let Master take a look."

"Yang Xirong, be quiet! Who's your little disciple?" A bright red figure reached Qiao Mu as fast as lightning and picked her up before Yang Xirong could get there.

The child turned her stoic face, her eyes brightening as she called, "Master."

Murong Xun irritably flicked Qiao Mu's forehead. "Fool!"

Xu Shanshan did not understand the situation, but she looked at Qiao Mu and exasperatedly chuckled, "Little Junior Sister, you're truly naughty. Master kept futilely waiting for you in First Peak. Who knew you would secretly return to the sect and run over to Aunt-Master Yang's Second Peak?"

Yang Xirong found something amiss with those words and nervously sprinted over. She shouted angrily, "Murong Xun, what are you doing?! Release my disciple."

"Your disciple?" Murong Xun turned around with the child in her arms and narrowed her eyes dangerously.