

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 415

Everyone had all nursed their energies and spirits to an exceptional peak, and the teams departed for the northern area of Xixia Valley, where there was an extremely vast space.

The valley master had long made preparations and ordered people to construct a large arena in this area where the trees weren't as luxuriant, in addition to arranging seats for everyone.

The 10 or so chairs covered in silk in the first row were naturally prepared for the sect and faction masters, as well as their elders. The disciples sat behind them on rows of small square stools. Some people who were expecting to be utterly bored even prepared drinks and snacks, planning to eat while watching.

To emulate the grander festivities, the valley master had even set up a gong. The Xixia Valley male disciple with a red fluttering ribbon tied around his head matched with the red fluttering ribbon tied around the gong mallet in his hand.

The valley master had just sat down in the center main seat, briefly chatted smilingly with the peak and sect masters sitting next to him, and was just about to explain the rules before announcing the start of the competition, when he heard the gong "clang!"

Everyone: "..."

Freak, the valley master must be feeling extremely depressed right now! He still had yet to start calling out the numbers, but that foolish disciple had already struck the gong to signal the start of the competition!

Xixia Valley's Valley Master turned his head to glare at this foolish disciple from far away. That disciple simply put on an innocent face and smiled foolishly at him while standing there with the gong mallet.

“Let me first spell out the rules! We will proceed in the order of the numbers on the lots you all drew. The battle will end as long as one side concedes. If you don’t admit defeat and can still fight, then keep fighting! As everyone here is from the Three Sects and Five Factions, it’s best if you don’t overdo it and stop when it’s appropriate!” Xixia Valley’s Valley Master chuckled, then said, “Alright, can we please have number 1 enter the arena now! Let the competition begin!”

Everyone all looked towards the youthful disciple holding the gong mallet.

That dunce, not striking when it was the time to strike. His eyes stared straight at the valley master, seemingly awaiting his order.

When the valley master didn’t hear the gong after waiting half a day, he turned to glare at that disciple and roared angrily, “Why aren’t you striking!”

“Pfft...” Everyone cracked up in loud laughter.

Amidst the “clang” of the gong, the two number 1 disciples flew up vigorously onto the stage in the arena and started exchanging blows without a second word.

Typically, a battle between mystic cultivators was decided by whose mystic energy was stronger or weaker.

The mystic cultivators at this time had not yet realized the importance of the mystic conscious, which was why they were only sending waves of mystic energy back and forth, hurling them directly at the other person’s body.

After cursory observation, Qiao Mu could basically determine these two mystic cultivators were using intermediate-level mystic techniques.

The mystic techniques circulating on the market were normally only beginner-level. It was already considered pretty good that they could join a sect or faction and cultivate intermediate-level mystic techniques.

Only the masters' personal disciples, who were more talented, could cultivate their sect or faction's advanced-level mystic techniques and even have the chance to browse through even more high-level ones in their treasure pavilion.

In a battle of mystic techniques, it went without saying that advanced-level mystic techniques definitely suppressed intermediate-level mystic techniques.

As the two people before her were both displaying intermediate-level mystic techniques, it was all dependent on each person's comprehension of their mystic techniques. Intelligent people who finished reading through the mystic technique would not only completely comprehend and become well-versed in it, but they could even conceive more profound techniques from this foundation.

But apparently, these two were not especially intelligent people, as they executed their mystic techniques in a very standard fashion.

One trained his hand martial arts, while the other probably cultivated a technique that trained his head, so whenever the first person clawed over, that person always liked to use his big head to fend off the attack. The scene caused our dear Qiao Mu to laugh on the inside, and even the corner of her mouth couldn't resist curling upwards.

"Number 2! Holy Water Sect's Chen Hanzi versus Ghost Faction's Peng Zhang." The valley master picked up the number list by his side and announced.