

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 272

“Excuse me! Uncle! Aunt! Sister! Ah, ah! Excuse me, please let me pass! Excuse me...” The little fellow was tiny and short, so she nearly drowned in this sea of people.

The adults who were clapped all turned around and had to look down to see the taut-faced girl running past them.

“Eh? Child! Stop! Child, why are you cutting the line? Line up in the back!”

“Right, right! Get in line! Don’t think you can cut the line just ’cause you are young!”

“We’ve been waiting here for very, very long!”

“That’s right! This child doesn’t have any manners! Go to the back, the back! Line up!”

Qiao Mu was immediately blocked by several middle-aged women. She tilted her head and looked at the distant gate of the Holy Water Sect.

There were at least a thousand steps before she could get there!

Every step of the snaking mountainous path was crammed with people—old and young, large and small. For some reason, the line was so long that the end could not be seen!

Speaking of which, she was returning to her sect, so how was she line-cutting? Qiao Mu took a step back and stared at the women blocking her way, her brows unconsciously furrowing. “Why are you queuing here?”

“Huh? This child!”

“She’s still pretending to not know what’s happening!”

“My my, she’s so young, but she’s quite cunning!”

“Why are you here then?” a woman asked Qiao Mu with a glare while clutching the shy girl around 12 years old next to her.

“I came to find my master!” Qiao Mu impatiently wanted to squeeze through the crowd.

“Huh? Stop, stop!”

“Who isn’t here to find their master?”

“That’s right! Aren’t you too much, child? Where’re your parents? They aren’t with you?” A middle-aged woman fumingly glanced at Qiao Mu while holding her granddaughter, who was around eight or nine years old.

“You are all here to find Master?” D\*mn... Murong Xun claimed that she was exceptionally talented and would only take her on as her final disciple for the rest of her life. She begged and cried to carry her back to the sect and even had no scruples against using that mystical treasured land to bait her to the sect.

‘So what in the world is this? So many people are here to find her, and she actually accepted so many disciples?! Giant liar! She lied to me!’

“My master accepted you?” ‘That’s impossible, right?! These women don’t look like mystic cultivators at all! Why the heck did Master accept them? To do her laundry and cook and clean for her?’

“What are you saying, huh?”

“Didn’t you also come here for the Holy Water Sect’s annual open-gate disciple recruitment?”

More people surrounded the short child, and a bunch of old and young women extended their arms to block Qiao Mu’s path.

A woman snorted, “You’ve even started calling ‘Master, master’ already! Who’s your master?”

“My master is Murong Xun from the First Peak,” the little stoic earnestly replied.

“Pft!”

“Hahahahaha...” The audience burst into laughter.

“My my, this child might be young, but she even knows Peak Master Murong of the First Peak.”

“This is too hilarious. Who knows how many years it has been since Peak Master Murong accepted a personal disciple? She can’t even make up a more believable lie!”

“That’s right, that’s right! If you told us Peak Master Yang of the Second Peak or Peak Master Lu of the Third Peak was your master, it would be slightly more believable.”

“Ahaha!”

The crowd was delightfully guffawing from the joke while Qiao Mu was at an utter loss for words.

“Caw!” The little chick kneeling on Qiao Mu’s shoulder suddenly jumped, about to fly into a rage.

Qiao Mu quickly grabbed the little cyan chick.

These uncles and aunts were just a bit asinine and foul-mouthed, but they were not those evil-doing Qiu soldiers, so they did not deserve a mouthful of icicles from Qingluan...