

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 280

White snow covered the main peak of the Holy Water Sect. There was a row of simple bamboo buildings sitting in the depths of the light green bamboo forest.

The bamboo forest remained exuberantly green even in this world of ice and snow.

“We only have enough food to last three months.” Murong Xun languidly laid on the brocade divan and expressionlessly stared at her sect master who sat across from her.

The sect master of the Holy Water Sect was 60 years old with ordinary looks. She wore an extremely simple blue and white robe and had an amiable appearance with a smile on her lips. She was holding... a large cattail-leaf fan that was used to light a fire for cooking.

It could be said that this elderly woman would not cause a splash if she was thrown into a crowd. She was completely like a normal elderly grandma from a peasant family.

The sect master’s hand paused in her fanning as she sighed and said, “Ah, there’s nothing to be done. It’s a difficult world right now, and the common people’s lives are even harder than ours. How about this? Murong, tell the 800 disciples in our sect that we’ll change from one meal every three days to... one meal every five days from now on!”

The sect master showed five fingers and waved it.

Murong Xun’s lips fiercely twitched. “...”

She just knew that this unreliable sect master could only come up with these rotten ideas!

“What’s most important to us cultivators is to train our body’s endurance. Enduring hunger is also a mission in our cultivation.” The sect master earnestly said, “This old woman has not eaten a grain of rice in 10 days already. My body feels very light and extremely well...”

“Rumble!” The sect master’s stomach produced a very striking noise.

Murong Xun nearly chortled out loud and she mockingly looked at the old woman.

Eh!

The sect master nearly could not stay composed. She lightly coughed and said, “Master isn’t hungry. Master is about to enter secluded cultivation and enter a subconscious state immediately, so Master naturally won’t feel hunger at that time.”

Murong Xun stood up and opened the bamboo doors, shouting, “Someone, prepare a meal for Sect Master.”

“You wicked disciple.” The sect master angrily placed down her fan.

“In reality, the more realistic solution is to go to nearby cities and accept some missions as needed,” Murong Xun said with an exasperated expression as she turned around and leaned against the door frame.

Mystic cultivators also needed to eat, so they could not fully abstain from eating.

However, they could restrain their body from exhausting any energy every time that they entered secluded cultivation, so they were able to endure hunger a bit better than normal people.

“No no no.” The sect master furiously waved her hand. “The children are ambitious to improve and work hard at cultivating every day, so how can we bother them with some mundane matters?”

This again! This naive sect master! Murong Xun exasperatedly rolled her eyes. “Master, entering the secular world is also a type of training. They are cultivating their mind and training their ability to adapt and react. Their reaction ability is also a vital component of their strength in a battle.”

“Master, the world has already turned into a battleground now. None of us can stay protected and safe!” Murong Xun sent the sect master a deep and meaningful look.

She could understand the sect master’s practice but did not agree with it.

The sect master wanted to protect all of their sect’s disciples, but this blind protection was, in reality, weakening the strength of their sect.

How could young buds that did not grow in bloody battle endure the battering of the world later?

The old woman was pensively silent for a long time before suddenly looking up and asking, “Ah-Xun, when will you accept the sect master position?”

\*Bang!\* The bamboo door was violently slammed shut by Murong Xun and nearly fell off of its frame.

The disciple who was walking toward the room with a bowl of porridge in her hand dazedly paused in her spot and looked back at the back of Aunt-Master Murong’s fleeing figure.

“Wicked disciple!” The sect master leaped up in anger and slapped the brocade divan.

At this time, the porridge-bringing disciple looked up at the sky and called in shock, “S-sect Master, come and take a look! Hurry!”

The sect master lividly ran out of the bamboo building and set her eyes on the dense ball of mystic energy in the sky, shock overcoming her expression.