

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 318

Breakfast and dinner at First Peak were taken at the dining hall on the east side.

Murong Xun currently had a total of 154 disciples, including Qiao Mu. Aside from some disciples who were in closed-door cultivation, everyone else gathered together to share their meals.

Everyone could call each other by their name and was very familiar with each other, forming a happy and harmonious group.

“I heard Third Senior Sister is back! She’s truly awesome for training outside for so many years!” a female disciple exclaimed cheerfully.

“I’ve only seen Senior Sister Ye once before.”

“She’s the same as Little Junior Sister, a madman about training! She’s in closed-door cultivation all the time, and we rarely see her.”

“Master’s here, Master’s here!” someone called. Everyone’s chatter dwindled as their gaze shot toward the entrance.

Murong Xun, in her purple clothes, entered the hall with her typical smile on her face. A young woman—around 18 or 19 years old—with prideful eyes in yellow clothes trailed in behind Murong Xun. The newcomer was Murong Xun’s third disciple, Ye Lingmin, who had not returned for many years.

“Sit, Lingmin,” Murong Xun said with a faint smile after leading Ye Lingmin to the main table and sitting down herself.

Ye Lingmin stood next to the table unmoving, her gaze coldly landing on the young girl next to her Master.

The girl was sitting there unmoving, except for her hands which were lightly petting a small chick. The chick had its head leaned back with pure enjoyment on its face.

“Third Junior Sister is back.” Xu Shanshan stood up and bowed toward Murong Xun before turning to nod in greeting at Ye Lingmin.

Xue Xiao humphed and disdainfully pursed her lips, secretly rolling her eyes at Ye Lingmin before turning around and bowing toward Murong Xun as well.

“Master, this little junior sister is?” Ye Lingmin asked. Her voice was crisp and cold like an icy pond high up in the mountains.

Finally! Xue Xiao was truly ruffled by this Third Junior Sister of hers! She just knew that this Third Junior Sister would definitely target Qiaoqiao with her haughty personality.

Murong Xun immediately reached out to pat Qiao Mu on her head with a grin. “This is your Little Junior Sister, Qiao Mu. She’s my final disciple.”

Ye Lingmin chuckled and crossed her arms across her chest, surveying Qiao Mu. “On my way here, I heard that Little Junior Sister advanced to seventh-level mystic cultivator not long after she entered your tutelage four years ago. But now, nearly five years have passed and she’s only advanced one level? Is that so?”

Everyone’s expression shifted.

Those words were quite abrasive! Little Junior Sister’s talent was obvious to everyone. Although she had only advanced one level these past years and was currently an eighth-level mystic cultivator, she deserved to be called a genius for breaking through to the realm of an eighth-level mystic cultivator at 12 years old.

“It is as you said.” Qiao Mu was not angered at all and merely stared back at Ye Lingmin coolly.

She had a good understanding of her own body. The majority of the mystic energy she ceaselessly absorbed into her body inside the mystical treasured land these past few years had entered Qiuqiu’s stomach. The rest was used to train her branch artery.

Her first branch artery was now half a finger thick and could condense into mystic conscious without any difficulties, so she could use it to control the apparition inside her conscious to cultivate daily.

The strength of the mystic conscious that normal mystic cultivators formed absolutely would not surpass 10% of their own mystic energy at the start. Normally, it also would not exceed 50%, and people who could reach 60% were considered abnormal.

In other words, an eighth-level mystic cultivator typically would not have a mystic conscious that was higher than fourth-level.

However, Qiao Mu was different. She currently could turn 100% of the mystic energy inside her branch artery into mystic conscious without using a single bit of mystic energy from her main artery.

Hence, she might be an eighth-level mystic cultivator, but her mystic conscious had reached eighth-level as well already. This was an absolutely unbelievable matter.

“An eighth-level mystic cultivator, huh? You’re qualified to fight with me then.” Ye Lingmin suddenly attacked, kicking the chair in front of her.