

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 322

“Before that, this Sect Master will permit you all to head to the lowest level of the mystical treasured land and earnestly request Lady Holy Water to bestow a drop of holy water to each of you!” the Sect Master announced with a grin as she amiably looked at her extraordinarily talented grand-disciples.

Mad elation instantly appeared on every disciple’s face when they heard that.

All the senior sisters and junior sisters met each other’s eyes and saw the infectious smile coming from them.

Only the little stoic expressionlessly stood behind Xu Shanshan and Xue Xiao in the First Peak’s team. She coldly stared ahead without any joy on her face.

The disciples from the three peaks were lined up in three columns, and the little stoic was standing in the third row of the first column.

The person standing in the same row as the little stoic was a disciple from Second Peak, Chang Yuxi. She was also one of Second Peak Master, Yang Xirong’s, personal disciples.

Miss Chang covertly glanced at the little stoic and suddenly cleared her throat. “Sect Master! This disciple heard that members of the Five Factions will also participate in the Three Sects’ Competition this time, so the competition is very intense! All the disciples that our sect is sending are mystic cultivators above the tenth level! However, I heard Little Junior Sister, an eighth-level mystic cultivator, replaced Senior Sister Ye of the First Peak as a participant. Isn’t this a little improper?”

From the second row of the third column, where the disciples from the Third Peak were standing, a 15-year-old girl wearing red clothes quickly turned to look at the indifferent and still apathetic Qiao Mu.

The Sect Master made an “Eh” noise and was about to say something to smooth over the matter when a crisp and cool voice suddenly rang out. “Do you want to spar with me, Senior Sister?”

When she heard that, the corner of Murong Xun's lips twitched.

Chang Yuxi's arms rose to cross in front of her, and she turned to look back at Qiao Mu and chuckled lightly. "Are you saying you will withdraw from the competition team on your own if you lose, Little Junior Sister?"

"What if you lose, Senior Sister?" The girl also turned to aloofly look at Chang Yuxi.

Chang Yuxi inexplicably felt an icy feeling assaulting her.

"If I lose, I'll accept my loss graciously of course, and I'll be your lackey for the rest of the trip! How about it?" After saying that, her eyes twinkled cunningly, and she quickly swung a fist encased in mystic energy toward Qiao Mu.

Qiao Mu did not hide or dodge and directly extended a fair and delicate looking fist to meet it.

Instantly, the vibration of mystic energy evoked a ferocious gale of wind, sending everyone's clothes and hair fluttering high.

Yang Xirong peered up and saw her foolish disciple fly into the air with a "Piu!" like a leaking balloon, painting a perfect arc and crashing into the Sect Master's bamboo forest with a "Boom!".

The Sect Master's expression changed instantly, and she slapped her thigh and anxiously dashed into her forest. "Ah! My bamboo!"

The disciples of the three peaks all stared at the young girl, dumbstruck and speechless.

It was not until the Sect Master angrily returned with Chang Yuxi in hand, whose clothes had turned tattered, that all the disciples recovered from their shock. Their gazes all swooshed toward the unlucky Chang Yuxi.

“Ah, my waist!” Chang Yuxi supported one hand against her waist and her face was contorted as she complained, “Little Junior Sister, aren’t you too vicious? Fine, fine, I lost! I’ll accept my loss and be your lackey from now on!”

Yang Xirong rubbed her face and inwardly wondered, How did I end up with such a foolish disciple?

“I don’t need one!” The four icy words petrified everyone.