

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 420

When Peng Zhang, who was sitting with the rest of the Ghost Faction, watched the Holy Water Sect hurriedly trying to administer medical treatment, a callous smile full of disdain manifested on his face.

A waste of effort!

Even if it were still possible to treat Chen Hanzi's condition that resulted from the mystic-forsaking powder that he scattered, then the silver wolf's bite from the thousand-faced venomous spider was simply impossible to treat.

That lot of stupid women from the Holy Water Sect were still deluding themselves about saving the silver wolf's lowly life?

He understood the thousand-faced venomous spider's venom very well.

His thousand-faced venomous spider just advanced to level-10 not long ago. It was simply a piece of cake to bite a level-nine mystic beast to death with one bite.

When the silver wolf dies, Chen Hanzi, as a mystic cultivator that lost her mystic beast, would naturally lose a great part of her strength. Without mentioning her inability to make a contract with other mystic beasts in the future, she definitely wouldn't be able to cross over this rift in her heart, to say the least, and her prospects would end there.

Hahaha! Peng Zhang straightened his back and sent a look to his junior sister Chou An, who was sitting next to him: Look closely, Junior Sister. Senior Brother will help you vent your anger, starting from this female disciple!

Chou An smiled without a change in her outward expression. However, her face that she covered with the gray headscarf soon creased together.

From where she sat, she just so happened to be able to see Mo Lian, who was standing to the side, intently watching the crouching little girl carry out rescue procedures.

When she saw that the youth's gaze did not budge from the little girl's body from start to finish, her heart felt like it was being gnawed on by innumerable ants. To say nothing of how her heart was riddled with holes, the pain was also abnormally unbearable.

You will regret it! Chou An tugged the corner of her mouth into a sinister sneer.

Peng Zhang was unaware of the ins and outs and gathered up his robe to cross his leg over the other, waiting composedly for the people over at the Holy Water Sect to start bawling.

However, after a long while, even after two battles had ended, there still wasn't much of a ruckus over at the Holy Water Sect's side. On the contrary, they all sat down one by one in their seats again.

Peng Zhang was slightly perplexed and knitted his brows while looking in the Holy Water Sect's direction. He turned his head towards a junior brother next to him and said, "Go over and inquire what's going on with the Holy Water Sect."

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The little disciple from the Ghost Faction didn't really dare to go over, as he kept feeling that he would just be looking for a thrashing. That group of girls from the Holy Water Sect didn't seem like they were to be trifled with.

After some hesitation, he finally had no choice and could only stand up sulkily and walk over deflatedly under Senior Brother Peng Zhang's threatening stare.

Their Ghost Faction was just like this. It was common for the superiors to push around subordinates, and for the elders to push around normal disciples.

Everyone worked hard to climb up the ladder with their own abilities. The people at the lowest rung basically didn't have much of a way out. Especially for those junior brothers like him who had just joined, they simply didn't have any status in the faction. In the eyes of those grown-up and elder senior brothers, they were only manservants that could be bossed around arbitrarily.

Even though his heart was trembling, the little disciple braced himself and walked up to a Holy Water Sect senior sister. He asked timidly with the volume of a mosquito that was only loud enough for one other person to hear, "C-Can I ask this senior sister, h-how is the condition of the senior sister that you carried down earlier!"

"Who are you calling senior sister!" That female disciple stood up abruptly and lifted her hand up to strike a heavy slap across this Ghost Faction disciple's face. "Scram! Don't run over to squabble with us, you mob of lowly animals from the Ghost Faction! Who is acquainted with you anyways!"

The little disciple from the Ghost Faction was practically about to cry out loud, and he turned his head to look back at the Ghost Faction's seating area while covering his cheek. However, he could only see that his senior brother Peng Zhang's gloomy face looked a bit terrifying.

"S-Senior Sister, I-I didn't want to come over either." The little disciple retreated a step while covering his cheek.