

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 464

“In the ancestral hall behind the Sect Master’s Peak, there is a mechanism behind the Buddha statue. Ah-Xun, you can use this token to activate an emergency space talisman matrix there, which will transfer you directly to somewhere in Polan Prefecture.”

“Among the Six Prefectures, Polan Prefecture is the one that stands most aloof from worldly affairs. They have many female members, cough, cough, cough. So if you infiltrate into a more remote area, you shouldn’t be discovered.”

“Of course, this space talisman matrix hasn’t been activated for a few hundred years. Master doesn’t know either if a problem will occur in the midst of transferring. Furthermore, this talisman matrix can only transfer 200 people, while we have 500 or so remaining disciples. So, Ah-Xun, Master will irresponsibly hand over this difficult decision of who stays and who leaves to you!” When she finished speaking, Holy Water Sect’s Sect Master clutched her chest and coughed harshly in succession. Then, she straightened her body all of a sudden and spewed out a mouthful of fresh blood with a cough.

The three disciples’ gazes flickered with tears, and they wept bitterly in their hearts. They all stretched out their hands to lightly press her chest.

“Master!”

“Sect Master!!”

The four master and disciples clasped their hands tightly together.

Holy Water Sect’s Sect Master exhaled a deep breath then slowly crumpled onto her supporting cushion. A faint smile hung on the corner of her lips, and she passed away just like that, as if she had fallen asleep.

“Sect Master!!” The disciples outside the door bawled, wailing sorrowfully.

Murong Xun stiffly clutched the sect master token in her hands. Then, all of a sudden, she turned around and raised up the token with a single hand. She proclaimed in a stern voice, "Yang Xirong, this Sect Master appoints you as the Holy Water Sect's 18th Sect Master, effective today."

Yang Xirong raised her head up from her kneeling position on the ground. She stared blankly at her senior sister and cried out tearfully, "Eldest Senior Sister??"

"Ah-Rong, immediately bring 200 disciples with you to the ancestral temple that Master mentioned and leave the Holy Water Sect at once."

"No! Senior Sister! You have to leave together with us!" Yang Xirong scrambled to stand up from the floor and cried out loudly.

"This situation occurred because I didn't discipline my disciple strictly. I am completely ashamed to face everyone in the Holy Water Sect! Anyone can leave! But I cannot!" Murong Xun shook her head and stared sternly at Yang Xirong as she said, "If you still treat me as your Eldest Senior Sister, then leave immediately!"

"Eldest Senior Sister... Eldest Senior Sister, I don't want to, Eldest Senior Sister..." Yang Xirong cried so much that her voice had turned hoarse.

"Shanshan, Xue Xiao, go with your Second Aunt-Master!"

"Master, we disciples will not leave!!" The two spoke in unison to object.

"You two!" Murong Xun was both agitated and angry.

At this moment, a disciple rushed in hurriedly to cry out, "Eldest Aunt-Master, Eldest Aunt-Master, the two prefectures are leading their men to charge up the Sect Master's Peak!"

"Ah-Rong, leave immediately!!" Murong Xun hoisted Yang Xirong up from the floor and pushed her forward heavily.

"Second Senior Sister, hurry and leave!" Lu Yun also yelled anxiously, then pushed Chen Hanzi, her Third Peak's disciple, to Yang Xirong's side.

At this moment of life and death, many disciples cried out one after another, "I'm not leaving, I'm not leaving!"

"I vow to exist or perish with the Holy Water Sect!"

"Third Junior Sister, you're not leaving either?" Yang Xirong turned pale in fright as her eyes popped out. She wanted to grasp Lu Yun's arm, yet Lu Yun flung her hand away gently.

"Second Senior Sister! Please take good care of yourself! We will leave the Holy Water Sect's heavy responsibility to you now." Lu Yun smiled at her gently as she stretched out her hands to cup her fists.

"Hurry and leave!" Murong Xun was so anxious that she went up to give Yang Xirong a kick. She dragged along Yang Xirong and the 200 disciples that she selected on the spur of the moment, pushing them towards the back door.

"Are Holy Water Sect's disciples afraid of death?" Murong Xun asked coldly.

"Not afraid!"

"We won't lose out by killing one, and we'll make a gain by killing two!"

“Kill!”