

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker!

Chapter 2: Eye Witness

A chill suddenly crept up Qiao Mu's back as she felt a sense of danger, the kind of danger that comes from being targeted by a ferocious beast. It caused Qiao Mu to tense up, then her head suddenly shot up as well.

She turned her line of sight as a trace of icy killing intent sprang from her pitch-black eyes; however, it unexpectedly clashed with a pair of placid and austere ink-colored phoenix eyes.

Qiao Mu's heart sank with a thump.

This was her first time committing a crime after reincarnating, and she just so happened to be caught red-handed like this?

It made Qiao Mu somewhat speechless, but she was not too frightened as her pitch-black eyes eerily and unwaveringly watched the other person.

Thus, two pairs of eyes maintained contact across the two shores of the half-abandoned irrigation ditch.

Qiao Mu's side of the ditch was a deserted mud road littered with small and shallow potholes at every step. The side below the youth, however, was layered loess, and its landscape was pervaded by a storm of dust and sand that was caused by the horses' flying hooves.

The period between 13 and 14 years old just happened to be the time of fine clothes and magnificent horses.

The youth's outfit consisted of a thin, sleeveless spring jacket, wide open and untied at the waist, on top of a white robe. His black hair fell down his back like a waterfall, gracefully dancing and fluttering with his clothes in the breeze.

The sleeves of his robes were lightly rolled up to his elbows, revealing the bronze-colored skin obtained from time spent under the brazen sun.

When Qiao Mu looked over, she only saw how the hair on his forehead was slightly messy from the gentle breeze and how his phoenix eyes, which were as bright yet bottomless as pitch-black gems, shimmered with a bedazzling light that was as unfathomable as the abyss with every glance.

It was unknown how long he had sat there on his horse. His unworldly handsome looks blazed like the scorching sun while his expression was laden with spirit. Meanwhile, a group of youths collectively dressed in black, short-lapel clothes sat behind him.

The handsome and slender youth stood in the midst of the waltzing sand and dust atop the rich, yellow earth in spotlessly white clothes. Although he did nothing but stand silently on the side, he naturally formed a sight that could not be overlooked. It was as though everything in the world would lose its color the moment he chose to walk to that spot, and the world would be reduced to a backdrop that complemented his perfection and beauty.

He was clearly standing on nothing but the village's desolate land, but it looked as if he was standing in the country's most regal hall, looking down on the world. The incomparably noble aura of a leader emanating from him.

Qiao Mu could tell that a penetrating sharpness laid hidden in the youth's seemingly placid eyes, causing other people to be unable to directly look at him. People instantly associated him with the keen and crafty leopards in the grasslands, and the way in which they could ferociously latch onto your throat without warning, evoking an irrepressible sense of danger in people.

Of course, if you merely judged someone by their appearance, you would completely lose! Qiao Mu had lived two times already, and if she still did not understand this principle in life, then she would have lived in vain.

Qiao Mu could instinctively sniff a sense of "danger" from the unknown youth before her, so she immediately retracted her hands and released her death grip on Wu Yanzhen before expressionlessly glancing at the other side again.

Then, she calmly fixed her clothes and smoothed out her slightly messy hair before turning around and leaving leisurely with her hands tucked inside her pockets.

Ten to twenty similar-aged youths in black stood behind the white-clothed youth, and it was a while before they regained their breath.

One of them immediately trotted up on his horse and looked at where Qiao Mu had disappeared to with an astonished expression. "My lord, that little girl just now... she was killing someone, right?"

This question was evidently superfluous. Didn't any person with working eyes see it just now?

The white-clothed youth turned his head, a sneer showing on his matchlessly beautiful face—comparable to the blooming willows of spring.

The youth in black, whose eyes were sharp like an eagle's, scratched his nose with embarrassment. "This subordinate was just saying."

That little girl had grabbed a hard rock and fiercely smashed it to the back of the fat woman's head. After the fat woman rolled down the slope, she had indifferently plunged her into the muddy waters, trying to asphyxiate her. The whole series of killing motions were done adeptly, and her expression was also oddly placid—to the point of setting a person's hair on end.

However, in the end, she was hindered by the discovery of their presence and did not succeed. She was vicious to this extent, yet she looked like she was only five or six years old at most.

There also appeared to be something peculiar about her actions and the grasp of her strength?

Most importantly, after later realizing they had witnessed her entire act of murder, she could still act like nothing was wrong and calmly leave after fixing her clothes.

This... just what kind of broken child was she! Was she truly not a demon?

"She was stoic the whole time, and her disposition was calm to the point of apathy," another youth in black stated as he trotted up.

They must have opened their eyes wrong! Therefore, they witnessed a five-or-six-year-old girl's act of unsuccessful murder in this tiny, ordinary mountain village.

Thank you for reading on

Qiaotou Village's assembly place was decorated with little patches of barren earth.

Under the sunset, the village's 100 families gathered here. They stood in dead silence for nearly an hour and had turned dusty from all the dust blowing in the wind.

However, no one dared to utter a sound, and everyone held their breath, tinges of fear visible in their eyes. They watched as the cyan-robed man walked around while leading a hyena the height of a human.

The man had a languid smile on his lips as he leisurely walked toward the crowd.

The hyena was ceaselessly sniffing around the legs of the people, causing everyone to be frozen to their spots in fear, not daring to move a single centimeter.

Suddenly, the hyena bared its sharp teeth and lowly whimpered before fiercely leaping toward a certain figure in the crowd. Its swift speed and the force behind its pounce

elicited a sharp, terrified scream from the crowd, and they instinctively dispersed to the sides with a swish.

Immediately, the hyena's thick legs collided with a middle-aged man, and his back crashed onto the ground, sending dust flying everywhere.

The people around the middle-aged man receded back like a tide—unease, apprehension, and fear dominating their eyes.

Whish! A whip mercilessly landed on the middle-aged man, and everyone could clearly see how he slightly curled up and how his limbs violently spasmed.

“You lowly scum!” The cyan-robed man who released the hyena to attack stood in front of the crowd with his arms crossed in front of his chest. He derisively peered at the man underneath the hyena, and his lips coldly turned up as he mockingly jeered, “Everyone knows that magnetite mines belong to the Heavenly Law Sect. If anyone who privately extracts from one, then it is considered illegal possession! You have committed an unpardonable theft! Tell me, how do you want to die?”

“Liu’zi!” A woman whose hair was in disarray charged out from the crowd with an 11-or-12-year-old girl.

The two of them threw themselves forward in a scramble; however, they involuntarily cried out in fear and retreated back in panic after being mercilessly whipped a few times by the cyan-robed man.

“Leave! Hurry and go!” the middle-aged man, Qiao Liu, fearfully shouted when he saw that his wife and daughter had recklessly charged out.

The hyena stood on its hind legs, reaching 1.8 meters in height, and ferociously pounced on the girl. It then chomped on the end of her dress, carelessly tearing it apart. The girl fell back in fright, her legs paralyzed, and she scrambled backwards with her arms while screaming.

On the other hand, Qiao Mu was being held by her father, who was standing in the crowd, with clear displeasure on her face.

After all, she was already quite old in mental age, so how could she enjoy being held by her father. Least of all, a father who she inwardly felt a tinge of anger and dissatisfaction toward.

Her mother, Wei Ziqin, worriedly watched Qiao Liu’s family of three before looking down at her younger daughter, the three-year-old Qiao Lin, who was hugging her calf and hiding behind her. She patted her daughter’s head and gently comforted her. “Don’t worry, child. It’s okay, it’s okay.”

This was merely Mother's weak comfort. How could it be okay?

Meanwhile, in the center of the crowd, a human-sized hyena was chasing Qiao Liu's daughter, who was screaming from terror, and ripping her clothes and dress like it was playing with a toy.

Although the onlookers had fury on their faces, they did not dare to voice it aloud. As for the cyan-robed man who allowed the hyena to bully and humiliate the girl, he simply stood on the side with a smile and enjoyed this amusing show with ridicule in his eyes.

The girl's clothing was ripped apart piece by piece and scattered down like snow, the rags on her covering less and less skin.

The old village chief of Qiaotou Village stood there on his crutch and furiously looked up at the sumptuously dressed patrol officials beside him.

However, the officials turned a completely blind eye to Qiao Liu's daughter's humiliation as they stood next to a noble young master, lavishing him with flatteries.

But the noble young master did not look pleased in the slightest, and he even ignored those brown-nosing officials. Instead, his gaze anxiously followed the movements of the cyan-robed man, a thin layer of sweat faintly surfacing on his forehead.

"Tell me, where is the magnetite mine that you illegally started mining?" The cyan-robed man tugged on the rope leashing the hyena and stepped on Qiao Liu's chest. The enormous force behind his foot made Qiao Liu's face flush red and his chest feel indescribably tight.

Thank you for reading on