

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 2220

“When has her body been in good condition?”

“That’s right, Sixth Young Lady. You’re worrying too much. Perhaps you’ll discover when you return that Concubine Jiang is feeling better.”

“This time is different from before! Mom’s symptoms are extremely severe! Apothecary Gu says that the blood-clotting cinnabar fruit can save my mom! The blood-clotting cinnabar fruit... ah!” The two guards shoved her back, making her lose her balance. She fell back several steps.

“Sixth Young Lady! If you continue making trouble like this, we brothers will also be punished along with you.”

“Isn’t that so? Sixth Young Lady, please go back. Come back early tomorrow morning.”

Guan Yibo rushed up the stairs like crazy, and she hit those two guards in the chest with two fire spirits.

However, as a minor level-one spiritual cultivator, she was obviously not a match for two level-three spiritual cultivator guards.

One of the guards looked at her mockingly and gave a snort. He blocked the fire spirit with his palm.

Guan Yibo’s weak fire spirit lasted less than three seconds in the guard’s palm before going out.

That guard sneered, “Sixth Young Lady, you had better give up with your bit of spiritual energy. You know that you can’t barge in, so what are still trying to do?”

“We humble ones don’t want to fight you. If we hurt you anywhere, we won’t be able to answer to the prefecture lord, right?”

“Ha.” The other guard also chortled. “Sixth Young Lady, please!”

“Dad!! Dad. Dad!! I beseech you for an audience! Dad!! Dad.” Guan Yibo charged up the stairs with all her might. However, the two guards shoved her, and she fell back down several steps again.

After this tussle happened for the third time, the guards had lost their patience and did not control their strength.

One of them shoved her down the steps.

Guan Yibo rolled down the steps twice before steadying herself. She stood up and saw the door to the prefecture lord’s quarters open.

Her father Guan Zhaotang was wearing a middle layer garment that showed his chest. His arm was around a young voluptuous woman who was exposing her neck and shoulders, and he looked down coldly on her from the top of the stairs.

“Guan Yibo, what are you doing?” Guan Zhaotang berated.

The voluptuous woman in his arm wriggled her slim waist and put her hand on Guan Zhaotang’s chest. She looked down with a smile at the disheveled Guan Yibo, who had fallen on the steps.

What Sixth Young Lady? She was inferior to even a dog. The woman looked at Guan Yibo with ridicule before completely nestling against Guan Zhaotang.

“Dad! Please bestow the blood-clotting cinnabar fruit to save my mother.” Guan Yibo got onto her knees and shuffled up the stairs. “Dad!”

“Nonsense!” Guan Zhaotang stared coldly at his youngest daughter.

“Do you know what the blood-clotting cinnabar fruit is?” Guan Zhaotang scoffed at this daughter of his. “That is a divine-rank medicine! Divine-rank! There only this single one in the entire Guan Clan! That is a medicine that can save one’s life. How can it be used on that good-for-nothing mother of yours? Go back! Don’t speak such nonsense in the future!”

“Dad!” Guan Yibo crawled up several more steps. “Dad! This daughter can do anything. Just please, bestow the blood-clotting cinnabar fruit to save my mother.”

“Ha.” Guan Zhaotang sneered at her.