

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 340

“Don’t be so pleased with yourself, country girl! I’m Omni Faction’s Faction Master Ning Guilai’s daughter, Ning Bifan! If you have the guts, report your name! I’ll settle accounts with you later!”

“Oh.” Qiao Mu nodded and simply didn’t give much of a reply. This attitude really could anger a dead person back to life.

“Country girl...” Ning Bifan’s brain was about to explode, and she was just about to break out into curses.

“You’re so annoying! I don’t even know you, so why have you been pestering me the whole time?” Qiao Mu’s body suddenly flashed, and a streak of snowy silver-white left her hand, going straight for Ning Bifan’s neck.

“Junior Sister.” The man behind her clearly saw that if that dagger were to really swipe across Ning Bifan’s neck, it would’ve taken her life.

The man was frightened into a cold sweat all over, and he hastily pulled his junior sister forcefully behind him. At the same time, he quickly mustered up a wisp of mystic energy to grab Qiao Mu’s wrist bare-handed.

Just as his five fingers were going to clasp onto her wrist, Qiao Mu’s slender wrist rotated. The dagger instantly switched hands before the dagger in her left hand shot out like lightning.

“Ah!” Ning Bifan paled in horror, crumpling to the ground on her butt.

Staring closely, the free-flying dagger was currently stabbed horizontally in Ning Bifan’s chest.

It was only because Ning Bifan carried a defensive mystic weapon with her that the dagger only pierced two-thirds of a centimeter before getting stuck. Only a slight trace of blood faintly bled from her chest.

Ning Bifan had still not recovered from the fright, her body trembling all over.

The man turned his head to glance at her, then looked towards Qiao Mu with a creased brow. "This little miss's actions are too ruthless. Is it necessary to take my junior sister's life when she only argued with you a bit? What group do you hail from?"

"Senior Brother, don't speak too much with her, just kill her! This witch must have been sent out by some wicked sect or evil faction." Ning Bifan's eyes were red as she roared angrily while sitting on the ground.

Qiao Mu expressionlessly glanced at him before her fingers gradually pulled out a pitch-black ferule from an empty space. "You also want to die?"

"Miss, aren't you too confident?" The man was slightly furious. Earlier, he saw that this little girl's chilly aura was like that of a snow angel, which was why he couldn't help stealing a few more glances. Who knew that once he actually interacted with her, he would almost be half angered to death.

"I'm a level-10 mystic cultivator. Even if I don't summon my mystic beast, you, a weak level-eight mystic cultivator might not even be my match!"

The man's words caused the surrounding audience to all gasp.

Level-eight mystic cultivator?

This little girl seemed to only be twelve or thirteen-years-old, but she actually already broke through to be a level-eight mystic cultivator? No wonder she had such an aloof attitude, as icy as frost.

"I also don't want to bully the weak and oppress you with sheer strength. How about I let you go after you apologize politely to my junior sister?" The man said indifferently.

"Senior Brother!" Ning Bifan furiously pounded the ground with a loud roar, "I don't want her apology, and I'm definitely not letting her go! Kill this witch for me! Kill her!"

"Shut up!" The man reprimanded.

The little stoic raised her eyes slightly, the ferule in her hand flicking gently. "What's the use of speaking so much rubbish. You'll know once we fight."

Prattling from morning to night, what nonsense! It's better to fight!

It was rare that Master said they could stay a night in this adventurer base, giving them free time to go out and explore. How did she end up encountering this pair of oddballs when she only came out to buy blank talismans?!

The little stoic inwardly thought: "If I just trounce them, then there wouldn't be so much talking..."

On the other side.

"Master." Huifeng's figure appeared like a phantom beside Mo Lian. "This subordinate received news that someone is stirring up a ruckus in front of Morning Sunlight Pavilion."

Mo Lian lifted an eyebrow. "Let's take a look."