

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 424

“Everyone, absolutely do not misunderstand.” Mu Liangde hastily opened his mouth to speak. “Senior Brother Duan Yue, I really didn’t get close to the people from Ghost Faction. I...”

Duan Yue waved his hand, clearly not wanting to say anything more to him.

Liang Qingqing also looked at him disappointedly. “Senior Brother Mu, you already committed a wrong by mingling with the people from Ghost Faction.”

Mu Liangde opened his mouth, and then shut it to sit there sulkily with his stifled anger, his gaze directed towards the stage.

He saw the little girl ascending the stairs very steadily onto the stage.

A pure white snow leopard landed by her feet with a whoosh.

Chou An flew lightly onto the stage with a very graceful leap. It was impossible to see that she had been at her last gasp merely a few days ago from having her hand chopped off.

Chou An’s gaze landed proudly on Qiao Mu’s face. “You weren’t expecting this, right?”

She opened her mouth to speak with an incredibly raspy voice that seemed to have been whipped by innumerable vines. It was so hoarse that it was simply terrifying.

“It actually wasn’t that unexpected. I just didn’t think that there would be people so stupid that they would rush to seek their death.” Qiao Mu said dryly while shaking her head.

1“Sl\*t!” Chou An cursed loudly, her eyes nearly about to shoot out a poisonous light. “Have you heard of a saying? It’s called ‘a scholar who has been away for three days must be looked at with new eyes!’”

Chou An’s right hand peeked out from her sleeve, and everyone automatically gasped in shock upon taking a clear look.

This person’s right arm no longer looked like a person’s hand but was rather like a withered branch, her fingers and nails, too, distorted like long withered vines.

“Demonic cultivator!” Someone abruptly shouted.

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“Be careful, Little Junior Sister! This person fused with the abilities of an evil plant.”

“Hahahahaha!” Chou An proudly threw back her head in sardonic laughter. She then unveiled her gray headscarf to reveal a face that was so pale it looked a bit bizarre.

“Is my face pretty?” She used that hand that was distorted like a withered vine to lightly caress her fair and smooth face. “Is it pretty?”

That face... how to describe it? It was quite pretty when disassembled, but it gave people an especially awkward feeling when put together. It was as if they were looking at an artificial face in which the creator drew a mark here and then patched up a part there. It was put together in such a way that it didn’t quite have that necessary sense of cohesion!

Qiao Mu shook her head. “It’s extremely ugly.”

1Chou An’s face stiffened promptly, then she yelled in chagrin, “What do you understand! My face used to be 10,000 times prettier than this! But it was all because of you, because of you!”

She walked up to Qiao Mu one step at a time. She pointed to one of her eyes, then asked with a coarse chuckle, "Can you tell that this eye is an artificial one?"

Qiao Mu nodded. "Don't exert yourself so much in anger, or else your eyeball might fall out later."

Everyone: "..."

Why did this scene feel so bizarre?

"Ah!" Chou An yelled.

She was simply about to go insane from anger. She had originally wanted to intimidate the little sl\*t, but how could she anticipate that the stoic face would stay expressionless from beginning to end? Shouldn't normal girls who saw her artificial eye be at least slightly appalled?

"Do you know who I am?"

Qiao Mu shook her head. "I don't know you."

"You don't know me, haha! You don't know me, hahahahaha!!" Chou An only felt like this sentence was incomparably sarcastic.

Her foe did not know her at all, yet because of her, she was in so much agony every single day and night that she would be better off dead.

How ridiculous was this.

Chou An laughed so much that her single eye produced tears. “Do you still remember Nian Kui, who attempted to kill you back in Xijiu City?”

“I was his master. The master of the pitiful creature who self-detonated after you squeezed his soul!”