

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 431

“Sir. Do you think that youth might have been sent here for practical training by a patrician family in the Six Prefectures?” Qiu San still didn’t believe that there was actually someone who sensed the fire elemental spirit at such a young age on merely a small Sikong Planet in the Lower Star Domain.

If that were really the case, then how formidable and jaw-dropping was his talent?

On the other hand, Liu Yizhi didn’t comment further. He silently observed the area before the stage for a while before turning around to leave as quietly as he came with his retainer Qiu San.

At the moment, he was only glad that he had only given out a demonic body pill and not a level-12 mystic breakthrough pill, or else it would have been a greater loss.

This person, Hui’an, could not be relied on for important matters!

Currently, Hui’an’s eyes were filled with a myriad of feelings: terror, bewilderment, bitterness, vexation, struggle, and despair. However, none of these numerous emotions entered the crown prince’s eyes.

His gaze simply didn’t even pause on her body for even a split second.

Engulfed in the purple blaze, Hui’an let out one anguished howl after another with a contorted face from the scorching pain.

None! Not sparing even half a glance! Not even a slight deviation of his gaze... Ahhhhh! Father, Hui’an is in so much pain! So much pain!

At this time, she only recalled the warning her father gave her just before he sent her into the Ghost Faction: Don’t try to provoke the person in Xijiu City again, or else even Father can’t save you then!

Mo Lian didn't care at all how much Commandery Princess Hui'an was suffering or regretting her actions. His heart was still thumping wildly even now.

When he saw that sword flying directly towards the little fellow's back just now, Mo Lian felt like his heart was about to leap out of his chest.

This Hui'an simply deserved to die ten million times over. He even had the desire to skin her alive!

Mo Lian pulled on the little fellow's small hand and lowered his head to examine her all over. He only let out a small sigh of relief when he saw that there was not a scratch on her. "Thankfully, you're alright."

Qiao Mu raised her head to look at him, and she suddenly raised her hand to lightly pat his chest several times. Her dark eyes were clearly saying: Don't be afraid, what could possibly happen to this darling!

Mo Lian abruptly hugged her tightly, and then he chuckled softly.

His darling was so amusing...

Qiao Mu tried her best to raise her head up in his embrace and raised her small paws, intending to push him further away, but for some reason, his grieved voice from that time continually echoed through his mind: Don't push me away, don't push me away!

Qiao Mu retracted her paws somewhat sullenly and thought: What happened just now probably really did scare him a bit!

Sigh, men... really were easily frightened. Qiao Mu lifted her small chin in resignation, and she encircled her small hands to his back to lightly pat him several times.

Murong Xun jumped up, and before she could roar, “Let go of my disciple, you d*mn punk,” Xixia Valley’s Valley Master, this good old fellow, beat her to it and leaped out to shout, “Next match! Holy Water Sect disciple Xu Shanshan versus Daybreak Sect disciple Liang Qingqing!”

Everyone’s gazes that were on Mo Lian and Qiao Mu instantly returned to the stage.

However, their shock towards the youth could not calm down even after a long time.

Only a small cluster was left from the purple blaze, and it dropped onto the ground to burn out slowly.

And Hui’an had already been burnt to ashes at some point in time.

Far away in Guanlan City in the Vassal King of An’nan’s Estate, the old vassal king suddenly received news from the person keeping watch over the ancestral temple, and he hastily hurried to the ancestral hall. When he saw that his daughter’s eternal life lantern had already extinguished, he dropped to the ground on his butt.

Hui’an, Hui’an, she died. Oh, his daughter—she didn’t even leave behind a word before dying.

All of the old vassal king’s sorrows spilled forth.

The Vassal King Consort of An’nan hastily hurried over, and she started wailing and bawling upon entering.