

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 437

Qiao Mu's words immediately caused Mu Liangde's lungs to almost explode from anger!

How was he not a talisman practitioner? He was an orthodox talisman practitioner with an inheritance, alright? He came from a famous family! What kind of joke were you making?

Mu Liangde fumingly pulled out seven to eight talismans from his inner world and flung them one by one towards Qiao Mu. "I am a talisman practitioner! I am a talisman practitioner from Guanlan City's Mu Clan. What does a little miss like you know?"

Qiao Mu fished up those yellow talismans. However, after she studied them closely, she was so angry that she stomped on them furiously after throwing them all to the ground. "You fraud! I could already draw these lousy beginner-level talismans when I was seven! You still want to hoodwink me? You clearly stole these beginner-level talismans from somewhere, yet you dare say that you drew them yourself!! Shameless!"

Mu Liangde's eyes bulged out of his sockets.

On the other hand, the peanut gallery only felt that this drama was extremely entertaining.

From Little Junior Sister's words, they completely understood one fact: she already knew how to draw talismans when she was merely a seven-year-old child.

Mu Liangde of course also understood her implication. He stuttered in shock, "You, you? Who is your master?"

Qiao Mu looked at Mu Liangde disappointedly.

Her wish to compare notes with a talisman practitioner was utterly in vain. She had even diligently prepared for this match by drawing 200 more various talismans last night.

Useless!

She already lost complete interest in talking now.

Mo Lian was too familiar with this small expression of hers. He knew with a glance that the little fellow was not going to speak after this.

Just as expected, she suddenly released her grip and tossed a little chick into mid-air. At the same time, she summoned out the ferule from her conscious with a fling and bolted directly toward Mu Liangde without a second word.

The 60 binding talismans mobilized once again and encircled Mu Liangde with a whoosh.

Mu Liangde hastily dodged out of the way in alarm and shouted, "Mystic beast summon..."

"Shriek!" A shrill hum suddenly sounded from mid-air, and the large cyan bird swooped down from above, spitting out a large cloud of icy mist.

It instantly froze Mu Liangde's summoned mystic beast between layers of icy frost, and it slightly brandished its sharp claws.

With a faint "poof," Qingluan swatted the mystic beast sealed in frost into pieces that rolled about on the ground.

At this instance, everyone really was in shock!

Wei Nanfeng rolled off his stool with a leap. He subconsciously fanned himself like a refined scholar and muttered incessantly with widened eyes, "Savage, savage! What grade mystic beast is this really? The little miss is really too frightening."

"Amazing, amazing!" On the other hand, Princess Mi, who was near him, kept slapping her thigh in a cheer. "This is what a heated battle is supposed to be like! Hahaha!"

Mu Liangde's complexion utterly changed, and he could suddenly feel a dreadful death aura closing in.

The binding talisman matrix once again encircled him, and at the same time, the little girl had already arrived before him with a swinging fist.

"Boom!" The burst of energy released from a fist enveloped in a dense mystic energy directly pummeled Mu Liangde's body.

Mu Liangde warded off this attack with his palms, but he was unable to utilize the majority of his mystic energy due to the binding talisman matrix.

As a result, he directly spat out a mouthful of blood without even withstanding the little girl's first fist, and he was sent flying backwards like a kite whose string had been snipped.

The little fellow caught up to him directly and swung her fist again.

This time, her fist enveloped in mystic energy directly hammered Mu Liangde into a big ditch on stage.