

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 475

It clinged and clanged in Qiao Mu's hand before suddenly flying forward and spitting out a surging inferno in Hong Jinchuan's face.

Hong Jinchuan raised his saber to block, but the ferule squarely severed the mystic weapon in his hands into two. The top part of the saber stabbed into the ground with a thud.

Hong Jinchuan's eyes shot out a trace of fury. The instant his body barreled forth, he mustered up all the mystic energy in his body to wickedly strike Qiao Mu in the head.

Yet at the last second, a faint, bluish-white apparition leaped out from the ferule and abruptly blocked this old man's ferocious fist head-on before the little fellow.

"Bam!" Hong Jinchuan paled in fright. He spewed out a mouthful of blood as his body flew backwards while somersaulting uncontrollably.

Qiao Mu widened her pair of eyes and reflexively bit her lip. She frantically ran several steps forwards and stretched out her hands inexplicably, wanting to embrace that wispy but faintly discernible apparition.

Mo Lian! Mo Lian definitely got injured, he got injured...

Mo Lian's apparition turned its head around, gazing at her anxiously.

Just as Qiao Mu hugged that apparition in her arms, his entire being abruptly dissipated from her embrace with a faint ring.

The little fellow just numbly maintained her embracing motion.

Uwah, Mo Lian was gone...

The little fellow opened her mouth and did her utmost to suppress her urge to cry. She choked as she yelled at Ao'ye and his team who were engaged in a bloody battle, "Hurry and leave!"

With a turn, she flew towards Sky Peak, pursued relentlessly by an unshakeable cluster of Anyi Prefecture's men.

At the same time far away in Guanlan City, Mo Lian was perusing through memorials when his hand trembled slightly, and a trace of blood trickled down from the corner of his mouth.

"Your Highness?" Xiao'xi'zi was currently lowering his head in a bow while presenting tea to him with both hands. He was so alarmed that he fell to the floor, the teacup in his hands shattering as it fell to the floor.

When the officials engaged in a discussion in the southern study saw this, their complexions also paled greatly as they cried out, "Your Highness?"

Seventh Yan suddenly appeared next to him and called out in deep worry, "Master."

The brush in Mo Lian's hand let out a splitting crack. When he raised his head, there was already a raging storm brewing in his eyes.

Someone triggered the divine conscious[1] that he had left in the ferule. His Qiaoqiao was in trouble!

Mo Lian stood up resolutely. "Little Seven, let's go!"

Didn't she return home? Didn't she go to Xijiu City? Why did she appear at Holy Water Sect?

Why didn't anyone in Ao'ye's team send him a message? Mo Lian's heart was burning with anxiety.

The fragmented image that his thread of divine conscious transmitted back just now before it dissipated simply tore his heart apart.

The little girl's entire body was scarlet from blood, and her eyes were like ice.

Disobedient, too disobedient! Why didn't she return home obediently?

The gold dragon leaped up and flew into the air. Everyone ran out behind him and gaped as they watched His Highness running away.

Your Highness, don't... we still hadn't finished discussing the matters regarding Hong City's fortification...

His Highness only left them a golden gleam on the horizon as the group of officials looked at each other in bewilderment.

At this moment, Qiao Mu had already drawn away most of Anyi Prefecture's men to Sky Peak.

She turned around and stared coldly at the several level-15 great mystic cultivators in the front row.

The Tianji Treasure Blueprint suddenly flew out from her conscious. She converted all of the mystic energy in her main and branch arteries into mystic conscious, which she frenziedly poured into the Tianji Treasure Blueprint.

Sky Peak is about to become your burial ground!

These people, she wanted dead!

Her brain was already assaulted by unbearable pain, as she was pushing it by using a divine weapon with her current cultivation.

It was fortunate that the divine weapon was willing to accommodate her...