

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 477

Earlier, Mo Lian's apparition had counterattacked with a punch. This had injured his heart vessels and instantly sent him flying.

However, he was extremely glad that this had slowed his return. If not, he would probably have ended up like those two slightly weaker level-15 great mystic cultivators, dying under the Tianji Treasure Blueprint's indiscriminate area-of-effect attack.

Now, though!

Hong Jinchuan cackled wickedly and looked down in contempt at Qiao Mu, who had collapsed to the ground and was unable to move at all.

"D*mn girl, I'm giving you one last chance." Hong Jinchuan forced out each word from between his teeth. "Tell me the whereabouts of the sacred water, and I'll spare your lowly life."

"Hong Jinchuan, you can take the sacred water, but the Tianji Treasure Blueprint is now mine!" All of a sudden, one of the three great mystic cultivators quickly lunged at the Tianji Treasure Blueprint and grabbed at the paper fragment.

"Bullsh*t!" Hong Jinchuan brandished his palm. "I am the chief manager in charge of all the affairs in the Lower Star Domain. How can you guys fight with me over this?"

That middle-aged man who wanted to snatch the Tianji Treasure Blueprint sulkily retracted his hand before glowering angrily at Hong Jinchuan. "Treasures view everyone as equals. How about this, it will belong to whomever among us that is able to contract with it first. The others are not allowed to protest."

Meanwhile, Qiao Mu lay in the icy snow. Her suit of plain-colored clothing had already been completely dyed the color of blood.

On her robes, there was the blood of her fellow sect disciples, along with her own blood. But most of it was, the enemy's blood...

She only felt that her body was completely exhausted. She squinted her eyes slightly and glared without regard for anyone else at the black splotches on the horizon. None of the words in those people's heated argument had actually entered her ears.

"Don't play dead, you darn girl!" Hong Jinchuan hammered over a fist of mystic energy from chagrin.

Just as it was about to land on Qiao Mu's body, something pounced over from the side and pressed on top of her body. It completely got blown into pieces from this punch.

Qiao Mu blankly hugged its round and glossy head. Her small hands felt about the nearby snow, wanting to pick up the fragmented arms and legs that had scattered around her.

Her Big Treasure had completely broken apart.

That silly and incessantly noisy fool that would crawl over to her every few days to say "Little Master, you're so pretty today," no longer existed.

That weak chicken had been besieged until now, and she didn't know if it had also died either.

She didn't hear from Ao'ye and his team even until now, which meant that they had probably died too...

En, everyone had died.

She had used up all her talismans and didn't have much mystic energy left either. She had also just about depleted her mystic conscious.

She already...

Had nothing left at all!

It felt like she was the only person left on all of the snowy peaks.

It was so quiet that she felt smothered, and her eyes were unable to produce another bitter tear.

Perhaps, she would also die too very soon...

But, was she willing to die just like this?

She was unwilling! Unwilling! Unwilling!

Her entire conscious felt like it had been ripped apart. She felt that only this dreadful pain—this pain that was so painful that she wanted to roll about the ground—could wear away her emotional pain.

She hated, she hated these grotesque evildoers who were insatiable by nature. But even more, the person she hated the most was herself. She hated her own powerlessness...

"Chirp!" The little white squirrel rubbed against her neck continuously, its black beady eyes filled with streaks of pitiful tears.

Painful...

It was like someone was using a large cleaver to repeatedly cleave at her conscious without stopping. It hurt so much that her entire body was quivering.

Suddenly—