

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 607

The glare that Wu Xiaosu directed towards the Qiao Family's carriage could almost shoot out fire, and she punched the carriage frame heavily with a bam. Wu Xiaosu hollered furiously, "B*tch! The older one is already such a b*tch, but the younger one is b*tchy too!"

"Miss, what should we do now? If we can't board the Qiao Family's carriage, then we can't..." Wu Xiaosu's personal maid started speaking in a quavering voice.

When suddenly, Wu Xiaosu slapped her soundly across the face, causing her to cry out "ah" in alarm. The maid cupped her face with a hanging head, her tears about to roll down.

"You're asking me what to do? What's the use in keeping all you bunch of trash! Forget it if you don't know how to come up with ideas, yet you're asking me what to do now!"

Her personal maidservant tearfully kneeled down inside the carriage and repeatedly kowtowed for forgiveness.

By this time, the Qiao Family's carriage had already travelled far. After exiting Dongshun Gate, it had turned left.

Wei Ziqin poked her daughter's forehead with her finger, both annoyed and amused. "Stop pretending already!"

After all, this act just came at the drop of a hat. How was this younger daughter just so remarkably talented to be able to even force out cold sweat?

Sticking out her tongue, Qiao Lin revealed a sweet smile as she held her mom's arm and said, "Mom, as it happens, her carriage broke down in this bitterly cold weather only just as we came along. I wouldn't believe it if that Miss Wu said that she didn't have any ulterior motives. At any rate, we should refrain

from hurting others, yet guard against those trying to hurt ourselves. Sister also said that we shouldn't be overly kind. We have to be sharp-eyed and clear-headed, as well as always thinking things over."

"Sigh, you!" Wei Ziqin couldn't help but be amused. These two daughters were both rascals with honest demeanors. The older one was stone-faced and taciturn, but her thoughts were more meticulous than anyone else's. Meanwhile, this younger one looked to be carefree and simple-minded on the outside, yet in reality her thoughts weren't careless, and her brain was also very active.

"Hehe, Mom. I just feel like that Miss doesn't seem like a kind one. We just won't mind her much and it'll be fine."

"Mhm." Wei Ziqin cast her a glance before sighing. "My daughter has grown up and also has more ideas now. Mom can't manage her anymore."

Qiao Lin giggled and started simpering while hugging her mom's arm, "How could that be? Mom, Daughter is very obedient."

The mother and daughter were presently speaking affectionately when all of a sudden, a sword's glint abruptly flew over and hacked towards the carriage. It instantly chopped the shaft in two, falling onto the ground with a clang.

The carriage driver couldn't control the swerving carriage and rolled down from his seat. However, before he could even say anything, he was beheaded by an incoming glint.

The mother and daughter grabbed onto Chunying and flew out of the wrecked carriage, and the carriage body that had flipped to the ground was instantly riddled into a sieve by the numerous arrows.

Chunying was beside herself with apprehension, and she hastily shouted after landing, "Madam, Second, leave quickly! Don't mind this servant."

Around a dozen fully grown men, with extremely powerful auras and dressed in nighttime combat outfits, surrounded the mother and daughter pair, fiercely attacking the two people all at once.

“Chunying, retreat backwards!” Qiao Lin’s eyes deepened, and the eleven-year-old little lady’s eyes faintly revealed a penetrating gleam at this moment.

Wei Ziqin waved her sleeve to block a person’s attack, and she looked at the intruders with a solemn expression. “Who are you? Actually daring to attack a madam with a royal mandate in front of Dongshun Gate, do you all not want to live?”

The dozen people dressed in nighttime combat outfits didn’t say anything and only surrounded Wei Ziqin and her daughter, launching attacks on them without fearing for their lives.

Among these dozen people, there was a level-nine mystic cultivator, whose mystic energy was very full-bodied. Wei Ziqin, this tiny level-three mystic cultivator, and Qiao Lin, this level-four mystic cultivator, were naturally not his match.