

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 611

The level-12 mystic cultivator's conscious rapidly crumpled from Qiao Mu's mental attack, and his brain was stabbed by pain while his body also wanted to fall sideways.

While inwardly shouting "sh*t" in horror, he quickly fished out two mystic energy beads from his inner world.

But would Qiao Mu give him the chance to use mystic energy beads?

As if alive, the vine coiled around the level-12 mystic cultivator's wrist, and a crisp crack rang out without the vine ostensibly exerting any strength.

That level-12 mystic cultivator's pupils contracted, and he stared simply in disbelief at his snapped wrist.

This... how was it possible?

A flimsy and pliable vine could actually snap his wrist in one second? Was this still a level-12 mystic cultivator's robust body?

Meanwhile, the vine animatedly swallowed down the two mystic energy beads, which completely turned into nourishment for Qiuqiu.

This level-12 mystic cultivator would never have imagined that this vine was in reality a doppelgänger that the sapling Qiuqiu had created by snapping off a branch. It possessed a portion of the sapling's power, which was already more than sufficient enough to deal with this level-12 mystic cultivator!

"Slap!" The vine once again started harassing the level-12 mystic cultivator and whipped him on the face.

He could even hear his cheekbone letting out a crisp sound. It seemed as if his cheekbone had totally fractured!

“No!” He was struggling to regulate his chaotic breathing and reorient his extremely painful conscious.

However, Qiao Mu wouldn’t give him the time to catch his breath.

The vine successively whipped the level-12 mystic cultivator’s body, limbs, and face around a dozen times, and the last strike directly whipped one of his eyeballs out of its socket.

Qiao Mu’s lips curled up into a sneer. “Now, do you still believe that I can’t return to the Eastern Palace?”

Off to the side, the group of hidden guards that were hiding in the shadows all shrunk their necks.

Heavens! The crown prince consort’s methods were absolutely abnormal! Perhaps she ordinarily didn’t pay too much attention to other people, but once she was truly provoked, her methods of retaliating were utterly dangerous and cruel.

“Dictum talisman.” Qiao Mu didn’t waste time talking to him and directly threw a dictum talisman over.

Normally, the dictum talisman was ineffective on people whose cultivation was higher than hers. But right now, the person in front of her had already been beaten into a pulp, and his conscious was almost shattering. His present cultivation couldn’t be considered level 12 anymore.

Qiao Mu wanted to test the dictum talisman’s effect, and after waiting for almost a full minute, her brow creased slightly.

Just as she thought that the dictum talisman couldn't escape the laws' restriction and was doomed to fail, a faint gleam suddenly flashed past that miserable level-12 mystic cultivator's glabella.

Success!

Raising an eyebrow, Qiao Mu directly got right to the point and asked, "Who sent you to kidnap Madam Qiao and Second Miss Qiao?"

"Cough, cough cough." The level-12 mystic cultivator coughed heavily while laying askew on the ground. He croaked in a hoarse voice, "I-It's..."

As he was affected by the dictum talisman, his body automatically described the person who sent him in detail.

An icy bone-chilling intent flitted across Qiao Mu's eyes.

With one hand holding the vine, and the other hoisting up the gasping level-12 mystic cultivator like a gunny sack, she started leaping towards the destination he divulged.

Behind her, the group of hidden guards looked at each other and then shouted "Not good" before hastily running after her.

On her mother's end, there definitely wouldn't be any problems with Mo Lian handling the matter, so she wasn't in a hurry to find Crown Prince Mo. Instead, with a cold sneer hanging on her lips, she swiftly dashed straight for her destination with the level-12 mystic cultivator in tow.