

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 697

Just like a sieve, small holes appeared one after another throughout the mute's body, simultaneously emitting black smoke.

Soon enough, he gradually became enshrouded by this dense black smoke that spewed out from his body, blurring his silhouette.

When Mo Lian happened to witness this scene upon jumping out from the lair, he instantly jolted in fright and swiftly bolted towards Qiao Mu, hugging her in his embrace. "What happened?"

"What can happen to me." Qiao Mu pursed her small mouth as she pointed at the mute, saying, "He's the one in trouble."

The white snakelet weaved out of the black smoke and flopped limply onto Qiao Mu's hand, cutely rubbing against her fingers.

Qiao Mu stroked its head. "Mo Lian, after the little white snake bit him, this person started emitting black smoke. What kind of special ability or cultivation technique is this?"

Mo Lian gazed deeply at the white snakelet.

Yet the white snakelet was not to be outdone and raised its snake head, sweeping Great Lord Mo a contemptuous glance with its protruding eyes.

"This is the dark energy of the netherworld. It is one of the three extremely powerful mysterious energies beyond the five spirits. It hasn't appeared in nearly a millennium, but I once read about it in a collection of marvels from the Upper Three Provinces. There was only a scant description regarding the energy of the netherworld."

When the white snakelet heard this, it swayed its head as it gazed at Qiao Mu with a “praise me, commend me, pet me” expression.

Qiao Mu was somewhat amused, so she petted its small head.

“This energy of the netherworld also has a peculiar power. Depending on how well the user can control the energy of the netherworld, the user can manipulate someone killed by this energy for a certain period of time.” Mo Lian explained.

By this time, after the black smoke dissipated, that mute had drooped his head and walked towards them, step by step.

When he raised his head, his eyeballs were gray, and that long, snake-like forked tongue curled up as it slithered out of his mouth.

“Demonic cultivator.” Mo Lian gazed at the mute gravely. “He’s already dead. Qiaoqiao, do you want to leave now, or go down for a look?”

“Let’s go down for a look, we can let this person lead the way!” Qiao Mu’s eyes lit up.

Mo Lian nodded. “The lair links up to other places underground. However, the paths lead into all directions, so if we didn’t have a guide, we would probably end up taking a roundabout way.”

“Then what are we waiting for, let’s go.” After all, Qiao Mu was quite curious about this underground world.

When the mute led the way from the lair to a rather large-scale underground village, the two people couldn’t help but be taken aback.

If not for the fact that they just so happened to encounter this mute crawling out from a crack in the wall, they would not have known that the lair underground led to places elsewhere, especially this village underground.

Mo Lian's eyes narrowed slightly.

Such a village appeared in a place so near the Mo Kingdom capital.

Before this, not the slightest rumor had leaked out about this place, so this truly was a bit abnormal, which made him vigilant.

The mute brought them into the village, upon which two burly men walked up with a smile and said, "Yo, you've returned. You've brought back two fat lambs so quickly? Not bad!"

While speaking, the two people eyeballed this pair of fat lambs in astonishment.

This graceful bearing and appearance, tsk tsk. If such a handsome man and beautiful woman were offered to the village chief, then the mute, this punk, would definitely receive great accolades.

The mute didn't make a sound, not even the occasional croaks that he would occasionally make, yet no one noticed.