

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 700

The sound of rolling wheels weighing down on the ground travelled in this direction.

Qiao Mu and Mo Lian raised their heads and saw people carting out three humongous grills.

These so-called grills were in fact fire spits skewered with three people. Two normal people with benumbed expressions stood on either side of the grills, continuously turning the fire spit.

Qiao Mu almost threw up just from a glance, and she abruptly buried her head into the crown prince's embrace.

Although the crown prince was also extremely nauseated, nothing could be discerned from his expression as he coldly gazed at this crowd of madly laughing monsters.

Those three people were already disfigured beyond recognition. Their bodies were dripping with blood, and the sound of sizzling fat could be heard. It was obvious that they had already been roasted for a long time and were deader than a doornail.

"Eldest Brother, Second Brother, Third Brother!!" A wretched scream suddenly came from the foot of a demonic cultivator sitting in the front row.

One of the slaves tethered to that demonic cultivator suddenly erupted and bolted forwards with a furious roar, wanting to pounce at those three grills.

Yet the female demonic cultivator holding the chain abruptly pulled on it with a cackle. With a clanging sound, that bald little fatty who had called for his brothers was pulled back to the ground with a bam. In fury and despair, he cried bitterly as he smashed his fists onto the ground with all his might.

“Ahehehehe.” The female demonic cultivator let out an enchanting laugh. She stood up and pulled at the chain in her hand, dragging the bald lad back to her feet. Sharp thorns suddenly surfaced at her fingertips, and she clawed away a piece of flesh from the lad’s arm with a swoosh.

“Lad, you should thank me for not handing you over in tonight’s barbeque feast! Ahahahaha!” The female demonic cultivator cackled so much that it made her tremble while fiercely stomping on the large iron wok on that bald lad’s back. “What Eldest Brother, Second Brother, Third Brother, right now, you’re my little slave. You only have Master, ahahaha.”

Qiao Mu probed out her small head from Mo Lian’s embrace, and her fists involuntarily clenched.

Mo Lian, who could sense her change in mood, quickly placated her with his hand and whispered into her ear, “Wait a bit first.”

“Ah! Ah!!” The lad with the iron wok let out a series of despairing wails and angry roars, incessantly clawing at the ground while pressed underneath the female demonic cultivator’s foot.

“Tsk, really so uninteresting. You only know how to scream yourself hoarse. Don’t you know how to do anything else?”

“Jin Ji[1], you really are brutal!” Several demonic cultivators nearby bantered at her with a smile.

“Village Chief! Let’s have some entertainment!”

“Right, right, right! Last time’s live dissection was really entertaining! Hahahaha.”

The village chief laughed and put his hands on his hips, revealing his bulging pecs. “How about we have something even more thrilling this time? Do you want to watch?”

“Yes!” The crowd of demonic cultivators below swung their chains as they screeched excitedly.

The village chief smiled evilly and suddenly held out his hands, clapping three times heavily.

Soon afterwards, a series of low roars travelled over as a dark and thin woman personally pushed a wheelbarrow slowly to the center of the plaza.

On top of the wheelbarrow was a large, square iron cage, which was holding an intricately bound level-four zombie.

The level-four zombie gaped his mouth and bared two hideous fangs. His eyes were bloodshot, and he let out a series of furious bellows at the fresh meat in the plaza.

“Hahahahaha!” Everyone laughed madly in excitement.

“This is a level-four zombie that absorbed all of a level-six mystic cultivator’s power. His present strength is equivalent to a level-four mystic cultivator.”