

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 702

“However, if your slave gets eaten up by the zombie in minutes, you have to receive punishment as well.” Mother Zhen sniggered.

“That’s right!”

The restless crowd of demonic cultivators underneath screeched, “We want to see an entertaining match.”

“That’s right, that’s right! If there aren’t any brilliant moments! You have to receive punishment as well!”

“Come down, Jin Ji. In my view, your little slave won’t be able to last for one second, let alone one minute!”

When faced with such a strong and powerful level-four zombie, how could the bald little fatty be its match?

When Jin Ji heard this, she was extremely infuriated, giving the bald little fatty a heavy kick. “Don’t disappoint me! Go up! If you dare lose in less than a minute, I’ll skin you alive!”

The bald little fatty gave a grunt and slowly got up from the ground. He shook the chains binding his hands as he stared fixedly at Jin Ji with a crimson, cold glint.

“Right, I want this battle-thirsty gaze.” Jin Ji laughed alluringly. She then reached out to pat the little fatty’s chubby face with a giggle and said, “I’m optimistic about you, Brother Little Fatty. You can definitely do it.”

“Pah!” The bald little fatty spat a mouthful of spittle at her.

Everyone laughed uproariously.

Jin Ji's face instantly turned dark green, and she swung her palm towards the little fatty's face without thinking.

Slap! The little fatty stiffened his spine and stared unwaveringly at Jin Ji with gritted teeth.

Right now, the depths of his heart was full of hatred!

This bunch of dirty, perverted, and distorted stinky pests who killed his three brothers! He wished for nothing more than to drink their blood and consume their flesh, and to grind all these people's bones into scattered dust!

"Let the little fatty go up!"

"Let the little fatty go up, yeah! Hahaha!"

This bunch of neurotic demonic cultivators started to holler again, excitedly clapping their hands as they cheered loudly for the little fatty.

"Look, the little fatty's even carrying a large iron wok on his back. He must be a cook, hahahahaha!"

Qiao Mu's gaze landed on the bald little fatty.

She had also seen this little fatty once previously.

It was on the day she made up her mind to leave Paradise Planet.

When she descended the snowy peaks, she saw this little fatty, Zhang Yue, as well as the several brothers in his team.

At that time, the four of them wanted to go digging on the snowy peaks. There was a moment when she wanted to kill, but she let them go in the end.

It was only because this Zhang Yue had a bit of fate with the Holy Water Sect when he was younger.

Yet she didn't imagine that the affairs of life toyed with people like this. Although she let them survive back then, they still couldn't escape their fate of being slaughtered by the powerful.

At this moment, this little fatty, Zhang Yue, was the only one left in this adventuring team.

His three brothers had all become the nauseating food on the grill.

These insane and barbaric demonic cultivators simply couldn't be considered people.

"Prop up the defensive barrier!" With the village chief's order, four level-six mystic cultivators wielding defensive mystic weapons stepped forwards. They injected a wisp of mystic energy into their defensive mystic weapons at the same time, causing four faint rays to intersect. This propped up a defensive barrier in the center of the plaza.

The village chief crossed his arms and gazed at the little fatty in amusement. "The same rules as before, if you can survive this game, then we'll release you and let you leave."

"Aawooo!" The crowd of demonic cultivators below continuously let out frenzied howls.

This entertainment program truly made people's blood boil in excitement...