

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 707

Qiao Mu maintained her stoic face as her gaze fixed on the snake beauty before her without a ripple at all.

It truly caused people to feel defeated.

The snake beauty's attitude instantly changed in a dramatic fashion and she said with a grin, "How about, you call me 'Sister,' and I'll excuse you from fighting the level-four zombie. What do you think?"

She had a "it's quite worth it, right" expression written all over her face as she smiled at the little stoic.

Qiao Mu merely scoffed and turned her small head aside, disinclined to even give her a second glance.

So infuriating! Why was this stoic face like this, such a slick character! This made her very frustrated!

The snake beauty stood up abruptly and declared belligerently, "What is everyone still waiting for? Pick out the next person right now and let this level-four zombie continue its meal! I see that it's not full yet!"

When the group of mental demonic cultivators heard this, all of them shrieked in a frenzy, and they trampled the floor while letting out excited howls.

The snake beauty crossed her arms and swept Qiao Mu a provocative glance. "How about it? Have you changed your mind yet?"

Qiao Mu didn't say a word and merely turned her head and pressed close to the crown prince, whispering something to him.

The snake beauty's face turned more and more sullen.

"For the next match, let our..."

"What's so fun about fighting a zombie?" While standing up impassively, Qiao Mu raised her hand to point at the person beside the village chief, Mother Zhen, with a frigid gaze. "You! Do you dare fight in a match with me?"

"Wow!!" It was great now; that bunch of neurotic demonic cultivators were so pumped up that they ended up stammering.

All of them jumped up on the spot and brandished all their limbs, yelling feverishly, "Someone's challenging Mother Zhen!"

"Challenge Mother Zhen!"

A haze flitted across Mother Zhen's dark and thin face, and her pair of eyes that told of the vicissitudes of life stared coldly at this little lady before her.

Why did she feel like this girl's face looked a bit familiar?

The snake beauty was taken aback and subsequently wanted to pull her back, yet Qiao Mu retracted her hand and evaded her.

"You don't know what's good for you." A faint anger flitted across the depths of the snake beauty's eyes. "Do you know what kind of person Mother Zhen is? She's a third-rank demonic cultivator in addition to being a speed-type superhuman. You aren't her match."

“She’s also fused with the power of a bear’s paw. After one slap, you’ll shed a layer of skin even if you don’t die.” The snake beauty sniggered. “Each person should know their limitations.”

After all, she could see that the little lady before her was merely a level-six mystic cultivator. Don’t be kidding, an insignificant level-six mystic cultivator wanted to escape from a third-rank demonic cultivator with a speed-type superpower?

Delusional!

How would Qiao Mu pay attention to her? She walked out of the crowd alone and slowly made her way towards the defensive barrier.

“How about it? Do you dare or not?” Qiao Mu kneaded her small palms as her charming eyes gazed at Mother Zhen with a cold light.

Mother Zhen harrumphed angrily. “You’re simply seeking your own death.”

Mo Lian curved his lips into a sneer.

Just now, among the few sentences the little fellow whispered into his ear was, “Today, I’m taking Wu Yanzhen’s life for sure.”

That’s right.

The little fellow recognized that Mother Zhen as soon as she saw her.

She was precisely the Mrs. Wu who Crown Prince Mo had sent to Black City for forced labor.

It was unknown how Mrs. Wu escaped from Black City, nor did the little fellow want to find out.

She only knew that, without a doubt, Wu Yanzhen would certainly die today.

This filthy underground village didn't need to continue existing...

And since seven to eight years had passed by after all, Wu Yanzhen only felt that the little stoic looked familiar.