

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 708

In reality, Wu Yanzhen naturally couldn't recognize at a glance the seven-year-old Qiao Mu from back then just by seeing the nearly 15-year-old Qiao Mu today.

It was only because her stoic face didn't have any change in expression that Wu Yanzhen thought she looked familiar.

Speaking of the little fellow, she had a habit of sticking an aura-repressing talisman on herself while she was out travelling.

She drew this aura-repressing talisman back when she had just started learning how to draw talismans. As those were all beginner-level talismans, they could only repress her cultivation by five levels.

That's why she sincerely seemed to be an insignificant level-six mystic cultivator at the moment.

A level-six mystic cultivator actually mentioned Mother Zhen by name, wanting to challenge her!

At this point, all the demonic cultivators were truly riled up.

The snake beauty's expression was also very unsightly, and she turned to fixate on Mo Lian. "You're actually not stopping her?"

"Would it matter if I did?" Mo Lian swept her a glance with a scoff. "If I stopped her, wouldn't you still make her go fight with the level-four zombie?"

The snake beauty curved her lips and crossed her arms. "Quite intriguing."

Mo Lian coldly cast his gaze aside.

“Who are you guys exactly.” The snake beauty asked with a smile. “I had someone go check the mute’s house, and there was no trace of him. You guys couldn’t have turned the mute to ashes, right?”

“But it’s no matter.” The snake beauty chuckled with a chilling smile. “The mute was originally one of the bottommost people in this village. He hasn’t found prey in nearly half a month, so that’s why you saw him so freakishly skinny. It’s because he didn’t have meat to eat.”

“So what if the mute died? However, I want to know what your purpose is in coming here.” The snake beauty’s hand revealed a small, sharp dagger that nimbly weaved between her fingers.

Meanwhile, on the other end, the neurotic demonic cultivators’ emotions had already been completely set ablaze.

Each person stood up agitatedly and shouted with a broiling passion, “Fight her, fight her, fight her!!”

The corners of Wu Yanzhen’s lips turned down slightly, and she abruptly reached out to unfasten her outer black robe, revealing the cyan fighting robe inside. She then spiritedly flashed inside the defensive barrier.

When the level-four zombie saw that more food had delivered itself to its doorstep, it hastily tossed away Jin Ji’s already cooling corpse and pounced over at Wu Yanzhen with a roar.

No sooner said than done, a pudgy, slightly deformed huge paw slid out of Wu Yanzhen’s sleeve and abruptly swept towards the level-four zombie’s large head.

With a crisp ‘bam,’ Wu Yanzhen split open the level-four zombie’s large skull like a watermelon with only a single strike.

“Wow!” The audience in the plaza let out piercing cheers.

There simply couldn't be anything more awesome than this, alright?

Sure enough, Mother Zhen was too strong, directly smashing a level-four zombie's skull like a watermelon.

“Ahahahaha!” The demonic cultivators laughed wildly as they simultaneously hopped up and roared, “Finish her off!”

“This little mystic cultivator who doesn't know the immensity of heaven and earth!”

“You think you're all that because you're a mystic cultivator?”

“I'm telling you, even if we aren't mystic cultivators, we can still wring off you mystic cultivators' skulls like watermelons, one by one!”

Qiao Mu strode slowly into the defensive barrier amidst such a feverish and rallying atmosphere. She raised her head coldly and swept her gaze in a circle across the plaza.

“Can you guys shut up?”

“A bunch of full-grown men shouting like a flock of ducks.”