

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 857

The soup and drinks splashed at his feet, as well as two people from the Fan Family beside him who jumped up with shocked expressions.

Yet the little fellow was not finished. She directly drew out her ferule and flung a streak of fire in Fan Qiuhe's direction.

With a hiss, the streak of fire shot straight for Fan Qiuhe's feet like a writhing snake, about to slither up his legs.

Fan Qiuhe was greatly alarmed, and he hastily activated his defensive shield to resist this streak of fire.

Everyone could hear a sizzle, and they saw that a corner of Fan Qiuhe's robe had already caught on fire. That raging fire was especially fearsome, burning the hem of Fan Qiuhe's robe to ashes upon contact.

Decisively pulling off his outer robe, Fan Qiuhe flung it to the floor before retreating backwards.

At this moment, the defensive mystic weapon in his hand had already activated, enveloping his entire body within.

When he looked up again, he could no longer maintain his smiling face, and he looked like sh*t...

He saw the crown prince consort step lightly onto the flipped table with a figure as lithe as a swallow, chasing after him like a shadow. She then raised the ferule up high and fiercely shouted, "Wrathful Dragon Slash!"

A gigantic wave of mystic energy that rose up to the skies erupted from her body before converging on the ferule. A mystic energy maelstrom that took the shape of a dragon's head charged down on him!

F*ck—

Everyone was in tears on the inside!

Wasn't this a freaking banquet to entertain the eight great patrician families? Why was the opening so electrifying!

As for the king and Queen Zhao, who were sitting high up in the chief seats of the main hall, their eyelids were twitching continuously as they watched this attack about to land on the head of this lad from the Fan Family.

In his anxiousness, the king bounced up from his dragon throne and hastily shouted, "Crown Prince Consort!"

Boom! A powerful attack containing the strength of a level-12 mystic cultivator smashed heavily into Fan Qiuhe's defensive mystic weapon.

Fan Qiuhe only felt the vital energy and blood in his chest churning, and he almost couldn't hold himself back from vomiting a mouthful of blood.

Fortunately, the defensive mystic weapon helped him ward off more than half of the attack power, or else the consequences would have been unthinkable!

Why in the world was this crown prince consort out to kill upon seeing him? Fan Qiuhe's gaze trembled as his defensive shield suddenly cracked and fell apart in the blink of an eye.

He tugged at the corner of his mouth with difficulty, wanting to display a decent smile.

But he really was f*cking unable to smile at the moment!

Qiao Mu abruptly flung her hand, and the people from the Fan Family and Qiao Family, who had originally moved quickly to the side because of the battle, hollered "Wah!" as they stepped backwards again in utter horror.

They saw a cyan little chick fly towards Fan Qiuhe with a swoosh, when all of a sudden, it manifested its humongous true form with outspread wings and let out a shrill cry.

It opened its beak, and a ruthless shower of icicles sprayed over at Fan Qiuhe.

"He'er, watch out!" At the moment of imminent peril, an elder abruptly rushed over, grabbing his arm and pushing him behind himself. Then, he lowered his palms and roared, "Tiger Form Fist!"

Boom! An explosive mystic technique warded off Qingluan's mouthful of frigid ice. However, the person's arms were instantly frostbitten upon coming into contact with the ice, turning into a bluish-purple color.

"Fourth Elder!" Fan Qiuhe was greatly alarmed on the spot.

"Crown Prince Consort!" How could Queen Zhao still sit still? She also abruptly jumped up from her seat and sternly looked at Qiao Mu with a severe gaze.

"Haha." Qiao Mu's laughter was extremely peculiar. She only used her glutinous and monotone voice to enunciate "Haha," and it wasn't that she was laughing at the moment...