

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 883

A hole the size of a ball immediately opened up in the main door from Qingluan's brute attack. The two servants that had been eavesdropping delightfully behind the door were tragically swept away at once as they let out two shrill howls.

After spiraling around twice in mid-air, Qingluan abruptly plunged down, once again spitting out numerous sharp ice blades, directly cleaving apart the two panels of the main door from the middle then and there. After tottering for a moment, the two damaged door panels, which were riddled all over with holes, collapsed with a boom from their inability to bear the weight any longer.

The people of the Qiao Clan's main family all swarmed out of their rooms, hurriedly bolting for the main entrance.

They were simply stupefied. After all, they didn't expect that there would be someone so brazen as to directly attack their Qiao Clan's main family in broad daylight!

What the f*ck! Exactly who was it that actually had the nerve to do this?

The swarm of people channeled toward the entrance, and they gaped at what they saw.

By this time, it was nearing dusk, and the setting sun hung over the treetops as several cold gusts blew.

They saw a little lady dressed in a plain pink robe holding a super-large club that was half her height as she stood at the Qiao Estate's entrance, staring back at them apathetically.

It seemed as if wolves and tigers were howling and roaring in the depths of her cruel gaze.

"Have Qiao Dongbo get the hell out here," Qiao Mu stated insipidly as she stared at the group of Qiao Clan disciples that had run outside.

“Ha, so just any person can dare rush up to our Qiao Estate and shout curses at us? Who the hell do you think you are? Just because you want my grandpa to come out to see you, he has to... ah!” Qiao Ni only felt that something had hooked onto her neck, and her eyes momentarily widened in terror. However, she was swiftly pulled over before she could even resist.

The brothers and sisters beside her attempted to grab onto her, but how could they rival that huge force?

Qiao Ni was sucked into a small chilly palm at once, and her entire body shuddered for no reason.

Upon looking up, she just so happened to gaze into the little lady’s icy pair of frosty eyes that were enveloped in an eerie apathy.

What kind of pitch-black and abyssmal eyes were those?

Qiao Ni opened her mouth, but before she could utter a word, she abruptly felt her cheek stinging. It turned out that the little lady had already given her a big slap across the face with a lightning move of her hand.

Qiao Ni, the young miss of the main family and Qiao Zhongde’s quite talented daughter, had frequently tormented her in her past life.

She remembered how ever since she came with her father to the Qiao Clan’s main family after turning nine, they had resided in a small, remote, and dilapidated court the entire time.

During that time, this Miss Qiao imperiously sought her out with a group of young masters and young misses in tow. She would order her about with insufferable arrogance to do all kinds of tiring work like a lowly maidservant.

At that time, she hadn't been able to trigger her mystic meridians, but she had never given up on herself! With her esteemed nickname as "the trash of the Qiao Clan," she suffered from the scorn of everyone in the main family, and anyone was able to walk all over her.

She hadn't imagined that in their first meeting in this life, Qiao Ni, who seemed so out of reach in her past life, was actually so weak that she could just suck her over.

Truthfully speaking, there were many matters that she simply didn't want to pursue anymore.

Especially if they were day-to-day small trivial conflicts that had nothing to do with an intense and deep-seated hatred, such as Zhou Tao from the Qiaotou Village. She actually wasn't bothered to care about that kind of trivial matter anymore, and it was also a way for her to liberate her icy and broken heart.

Qiao Ni and her like of young masters and young misses from the main family were indeed hateful. During the period from when she was nine to sixteen, in those days of darkness when she had yet to trigger her mystic meridians, they had tormented her body and spirit with who knows how much suffering.