

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 918

Qiao Mu continued with the harassment by coordinating seamlessly with Qingluan, using her blazing ferule to strike Priest Dayu's shoulder blade with the force of a thunderbolt.

In order to dodge the ice pillar attacking his chest, Priest Dayu simply couldn't dodge the hit to his shoulder blade.

She originally thought that she would be able to bust up the old Daoist's shoulder blade with this hit, yet she didn't expect that her overpowering force would end up punching cotton, unable to hurt Priest Dayu in the slightest.

Qiao Mu's heart instantly sank with a thump.

Sh*t, this person's cultivation was unfathomable. His cultivation should be much higher than hers.

That Daoist priest even smiled at her bizarrely. All of a sudden, a giant bestial claw popped out of her chest like a third hand, abruptly pummeling towards Qiao Mu's chest.

If she were to get struck, then she would end up half-crippled if not dead.

Qingluan's figure twisted in mid-air, unexpectedly tucking in its wings and taking on a human form. He held a long sword made of ice in his hand, fiercely slicing it towards the old Daoist's neck as swiftly as a clap of thunder.

If this wicked Daoist priest wilfully carried through with wounding Qiao Mu, then his head was also certainly bound to get decapitated by Qingluan's ice sword.

The old Daoist didn't dare to be reckless, so he evaded Qingluan's swift and fierce thrust by planting both feet firmly on the ground and tilting his body diagonally.

Yet at the same time, a purple blaze charged with skyrocketing fury bore down menacingly. After transforming into a roaring and surging fire dragon in mid-air, it abruptly pierced through the old Daoist's back with a tyrannical dragon strike, pummeling him face down onto the ground with a boom.

The surroundings were absolutely silent. All the officials were trembling with fear, practically unable to face the crown prince's fury straight on.

The old king had also clammed up at this time.

It was as if someone had flicked the crown prince's reverse dragon's scale[1]. Unable to curb his violent rage, he instantly congealed a long and slender jet-black sword in his hand after that fire dragon strike.

A mere horizontal sweep instantly mowed down all the grass and flowers on the ground, directly churning up the dust from its terrifying oscillating force. A series of afterimages followed the slender Raven Moon sword, making it seem as if tens of millions of swords were spinning in front of everyone.

In an instant, it had already arrived before the old Daoist, about to cut his life short on the spot.

Boom! After hearing this huge sound, a dense smoke enveloped everyone within. While coughing nonstop, they vigorously swept away the billowing smoke before them.

Meanwhile, several dozen Hidden Night Pavilion members appeared behind the crown prince.

"Search the entire city, and kill without mercy," the crown prince spat out apathetically.

"Yes." Countless shadows dispersed and scattered.

Still fuming with anger, the crown prince grasped Qiao Mu's small hand, pulling her out of Clearwater Fine Park with large strides.

Including the king and Queen Zhao, the entire crowd was noiseless and silent, seemingly at a loss for words.

Yet the crown prince suddenly halted and turned back to gaze at them coldly. "You all best not challenge my bottom line again! Otherwise, I will shake this heaven! And destroy this earth!! If you dare try to harm my woman again!! I'll make you regret ever having walked upon this earth!"

Absolute silence descended...

"Royal Father!" The crown prince gazed icily at his father with an intense hatred smoldering in his phoenix eyes. "If you can't bear to sentence that vixen to death. Then let this son do it for you!"

By now, Zheng Cao had collapsed limply to the floor, trembling as he watched the crown prince leaving in a rage.

The old king was also shocked and unable to utter a word. When he met his daughter-in-law's glance back at him, his entire body shook involuntarily.

'Your Majesty, Courtesan Zheng killed your youngest son! Even so, you can forgive her?'

[1] Figurative expression of something you should not touch.