

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 963

D*mn it!

Sir Black Cat watched as Crown Prince Mo's two subordinates cruelly threw Mu Qianqian's unconscious body onto a pile of rubbish in passing before walking off.

He then rushed over stealthily and grabbed ahold of Mu Qianqian before disappearing from the crowd with several leaps.

Nevertheless, he harbored some misgivings in his heart.

So strange, did the soul swap succeed or did it fail?

However, if it should fail, it would incur a backlash. A light one would be vomiting blood or half-body paralysis, while a heavy one would be having one's soul scatter or dying on the spot. From the looks of it, it didn't seem like she had failed.

Whatever! Just have to bring away Mu Qianqian's body for now.

Perhaps Eldest Miss Qiao's soul was already inside Mu Qianqian's body. Upon thinking about this, Sir Black Cat couldn't help but be wild with joy, seemingly already seeing himself in possession of a rarely seen talisman art inheritance.

Yet not long after he left, that old beggar whose body was covered in chilblains and hair filled with lice suddenly jumped up from the foot of the wall.

He first looked at his hands, after which he looked at the greasy hair draped over his shoulders, before abruptly screaming out loud.

However, once he heard his hoarse voice for real, it was as if he was struck by lightning, with his eyes bulging out in shock.

“Eh? Old Greasy, have you gone mad!” The other beggars squatting by the wall jolted in fright from his deranged behavior.

The crowd of common people who were concentrating their attention on the storyteller who was broadcasting the competition situation live all creased their brows, casting a glance at the old beggar who was hopping and screeching in shock.

“Ah! Ahhh! Ah!!” That beggar quivered his lips as he looked in horror at his hands that were covered with chilblains. It was as if he had become demented, with his entire body wobbling uncontrollably.

He would be touching his hand that was covered in chilblains in one moment, then cupping his hand around that old face in the next. His entire body was spasming madly, and his breathing had also become ragged.

The several beggars nearby snickered, “Old Greasy, what are you doing? What are you spasming for!”

“Idiot!”

“It’s not me, it’s not me, It’s not me, it’s not me! It’s not me!” The old beggar grabbed a slightly younger beggar next to him as he screeched with quivering lips, “Mirror, mirror! Do you have a mirror! Mirror!”

That beggar looked at him like he was a mental case before stomping back at him furiously. “Have you lost your mind? I’m a beggar! You think I’m a young lady who carries a mirror on her??”

This stomp managed to kick the frail old beggar over to a woman’s feet.

He reached up, intending to hug onto that woman's legs, but this scared the woman into screaming continuously. Beside the woman, her husband then kicked him into rolling backwards, crashing to the ground with a "bam."

However, there just so happened to be a dog bowl beside him with water inside.

He crawled over and looked up close, finally glimpsing a blurred but still roughly discernible face.

The wisps of hair that were sticking to his face seemed to have been gnawed at by dogs. Moreover, his old and hideous face was covered with chilblains and wrinkles, scaring him into shrieking out loud on the spot.

"Ah! Ah! Ahhh!! Ah!" The old beggar clawed at the ground, using his hands that were covered in chilblains to bash at the ground with a turbid gaze of disbelief.

"Ah!!" He then got up and muttered "Sir Black Cat, Sir Black Cat, Black Cat," acting like a lunatic as he bolted away to look for his target.

Why did things turn out like this? Mu Qianqian did not know.

The soul swap curse had succeeded!

Right now, Mu Qianqian's soul had successfully been swapped into the old beggar's body...

A/N: Raise your hand if the title scared you!

