

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 965

Suddenly, the still air surrounding Mu Qianqian produced a barely discernible ripple.

A see-through playback video flashed continuously between the two people at a very high speed.

Mu Qianqian abruptly gaped at that continuously flashing see-through video in terror.

So very scary! It was so scary!

This powerful venerable one before her could extract memory fragments from the depths of her soul?

Right now, the video that the mysterious venerable one was playing back was of her meeting with Sir Black Cat to conspire against Qiao Mu with a soul swap curse.

Mu Qianqian only thought that the venerable one had used a special seal to forcefully extract her memory.

However, what she didn't know was that the other party wasn't extracting her memory by squeezing her soul at all.

This was simply because the other party controlled the power of time. Hence, it was possible to even initiate this playback on empty air.

What's more, Mu Qianqian didn't know the fate awaiting her.

At this moment, she could only beg the other party bitterly.

Mu Qianqian was extremely horrified.

She was completely unable to conjure up any thoughts of resistance. She lay sprawled on the floor like a pool of mud as she cried out with incessantly quavering lips, “V-Venerable One! Venerable One, please pardon me, oh Venerable One! Please, please spare my life. I won’t dare anymore, I really won’t dare anymore. Venerable One, wuwuwuwu...”

It was too terrifying! Why did Qiao Mu have such a mysterious venerable one as her aunt-master?

As the red-clothed projection drew near, a powerful oppressive force pressed down on Mu Qianqian.

As if wanting to crush her entire body into gristle, the force was so mighty that it caused Mu Qianqian to sprawl on the ground and gasp for breath with her mouth open.

“You mean vermin! We had only just stabilized her soul after nourishing it with great difficulty, yet your greed injured it again!”

“No, I don’t know anything at all! Venerable One, do spare my life. Venerable One, please spare my life!” If just a mere projection exuded such formidable presence, then what if the actual person was standing in front of her for real?

Mu Qianqian was simply too afraid to contemplate this thought any further!

“Ha! You actually vainly attempted to swap her soul, you! There is no value to your existence! Die—”
The projection condemned.

A huge formless hand lifted Mu Qianqian up before heavily flinging her down on an ice wall that suddenly sprung up from the ground.

Bam! Mu Qianqian felt as if her body was about to split apart.

The most horrifying thing was that she actually saw her own reflection on the ice wall when she turned her head.

Greasy wisps of hair were hanging on to such an old, hideous face that was covered with chilblains. That was her? Was that her? Ahhhh!

Mu Qianqian covered her face and yelled, but she wasn't aware that her voice had long been isolated within five barriers, so nothing could be heard outside at all.

"Heh, frightened by your own appearance, no? Would you like to know what your body will be like ten years, twenty years, thirty years later?"

"This is the consequence of trying to lay a hand on my martial niece." An icy voice rang out mechanically.

As she looked at the ice wall, Mu Qianqian discovered in horror that her own face had started to constrict and hollow out. The wrinkles on her face covered her face more and more densely, and her eye sockets sunk in deeply. Furthermore, the veins on her hands and legs also started to distort.

It was like she had aged by ten years in these short several dozen seconds, and she kept on aging further and further...

Her voice was like that of a dying old person, and her turbid eyes were filled with horror as she yelled "No, no," again and again.

The skin and flesh on her body instantly melted into thin air, transforming her into a skeleton that scattered loosely to the ground.

