

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 990

The muscles underneath the old Daoist's robe bulged as he instantaneously mustered up his level-15 cultivation and discharged mystic energy.

This discharge ended up colliding with the snowflakes that Qiao Mu had shot over.

Instantly, several slicing sounds were heard, and the old Daoist's eyes bulged in disbelief as he looked at his slashed robe. Not to mention...

The snowflakes had also cleanly lacerated his two arms through the robe, and they were bleeding.

Upon exchanging blows, a small level-12 mystic cultivator injured him?

Qiao Mu didn't speak a word. Her battle approach was that she absolutely wouldn't waste a single breath on you once the fight began.

She flicked her fingers, and the dozen advanced-level attack talismans she was guiding flew over head-on, simultaneously bombarding the old Daoist's face as if they didn't cost anything.

At the same time, following Qiao Mu's intention, Qingluan turned around and flew toward the hawk-faced beast, spewing icy winds and hail straight at the beast's head.

On the side, the little monk was also forming several Buddhist seals silently. At this moment, Qingluan and Qiao Mu couldn't keep an eye on him either.

One charged towards the hawk-faced beast as it initiated an attack.

While the other instantaneously jumped off Qingluan's back, activating her defensive shield. She took several large strides in mid-air before rushing towards the old Daoist.

The old Daoist was simply flabbergasted.

Wasn't this d\*mn lass fleeing just earlier?

He thought that she was scared. Yet what was with her turning back around and rushing over as if she didn't care for her life?

How would he know that at the beginning, Qiao Mu didn't want him to see her putting away the heart of the secret inheritance realm, which might attract unnecessary troubles. Therefore, she planned to leave this area and return to the capital as soon as possible.

Moreover, she had promised Mo Lian that she would return to the capital in three days. By this time, three days had passed. If she returned any later, her family members would be sure to nag at her nonstop, as well.

She hadn't wanted to bother with the d\*mn old Daoist, yet the result—

She saw that old Dao trailing behind her, pursuing relentlessly like a fly that one just couldn't get away from.

Consequently, her rage flared up.

What the heck? Could it be that she was scared of this wicked old Daoist?

Let's fight then!

For now, let's see who'll have the last laugh.

She really hadn't been scared of anyone during these years after her rebirth. He thought that she couldn't kill him?

Seven to eight years ago, she had already dared challenge a multitude of strong enemies all by herself, so was it even possible for her to be scared of a mere Daoist right now? What a joke!

The little monk was correct, yet not quite correct.

The true cultivation of the three of them added together indeed couldn't measure up to this old Daoist and the hawk-faced beast's.

But was it possible that she only had this paltry bit of cultivation to rely on?

She was a person who, besides her cultivation, possessed various divine weapons and spiritual treasures!

Her true standard in actual combat really couldn't be determined by her cultivation.

By this time, Qiao Mu had already leaped before the old Daoist, and she suddenly turned a black ring on her finger.

Because she was so close, the old Daoist could clearly see her action. For some reason, his eyelid jerked abruptly!

“Ha ha.” Qiao Mu let out a nearly unfeeling and dull laugh before suddenly raising her hand, activating and encasing the defensive thunder barrier around the old Daoist and the hawk-faced beast.

Being suddenly trapped inside a semi-transparent light barrier, the man and beast were momentarily confounded.

“Spiritual weapon!!” The little monk cheered, exclaiming in his sweet voice, “Benefactress, since you have a spiritual weapon on hand, why didn’t you take it out earlier!”

“Masta originally had no desire to bother with him!” Qingluan commented with a harrumph, “Yet he just had to come and seek death.”

Inside the defensive thunder barrier, the old Daoist and the hawk-faced beast roared furiously from the thunderbolts that struck down on their bodies.

The old Daoist;s eyes were fiendish as he glowered at Qiao Mu through the semi-transparent barrier.  
“You think you’ve won?”