

My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 992

Let's have this hawk-faced ferocious beast's mystic beast core benefit her pitiful little white squirrel!

Suddenly, Qiao Mu's gaze shifted as a dim light flitted past.

An attractive mystic energy coming from her hand instantly drew the hawk-faced mystic beast out of the defensive thunder barrier and to her feet.

"Roar!" The hawk-faced ferocious beast howled angrily, trying to lift its wings and slapping them over.

The little monk who had been silently forming Buddhist hand seals the entire time deftly flung out his small palm in an awe-inspiring manner, smacking a gold "卍" character straight onto the bellicose hawk-faced beast's forehead.

With a huge bang, the pitiful hawk-faced beast was basically pressed down to the ground by this "卍" character seal.

Qingluan also quickly ascended, giving the hawk-faced beast two more sword slashes without room for objection.

"Keep its head," Qiao Mu reminded with slight anxiousness, stopping Qingluan who was lifting over the hawk-faced beast that was at its last gasp.

Qiao Mu was expressionless as she swiped lightly with the Startled Swan Dagger in her hand, directly slicing open the hawk-faced beast's huge head to take out a red-colored core.

This mystic beast core was more remarkably florid than the cores she had seen before. Like a ruby, it sparkled in her hands.

The deeper the color of the core, the higher the mystic beast's grade. This core, in particular, amounted to a hundred common level-10 mystic beast cores.

Qiao Mu was in a good mood, and she directly put this mystic beast core away in her inner world first.

On the other hand, the old Daoist who was still inside the defensive thunder barrier was livid. He could only look on helplessly as his mystic beast got dissected alive for the core in its brain.

He simply couldn't rush out of the defensive thunder barrier to counter.

Yet his mystic beast was already deader than a doornail!

A mystic beast's death would undoubtedly cause a backlash, so at this time, the old Daoist got injured quite badly...

He was anxious, angry, and resentful. He instantly spewed out a mouthful of blood, and his complexion was instantly as white as a sheet.

"Ah!!" The old Daoist roared angrily.

He simply didn't expect that he would encounter such a huge difficulty when he was merely just disposing of a young village girl with his own hands.

Did he underestimate his opponent, or was it that the other party had grown up overwhelmingly powerful?

The evil beast claw in front of the old Daoist's chest scratched at the semi-transparent barrier with all its might, attempting to rip apart the defensive thunder barrier so that it could be let out.

Yet unexpectedly, Qiao Mu injected another surge of mystic energy into the defensive thunder barrier.

By this time, she was already simultaneously extracting mystic energy from her three main and branch arteries to keep the defensive thunder barrier activated.

All of a sudden, the entire miniature spiritual domain was flooded with the light of interweaving lightning, bereft of space to retaliate at all.

The thunderbolts criss-crossing inside the domain formed a “#” shape as they shaved towards the old Daoist.

It really was “shaving!”

The old Daoist looked on helplessly as the thunderbolts cleanly shaved off a piece of flesh from his shoulder. How did he dare still be careless?

After using spiritual armor to protect his chest, he then coursed mystic energy through his entire body before giving a loud roar!

The mystic energy even made his cyan-colored Daoist robe billow, forming a barrier to ward off the interweaving thunderbolts that blotted out the sky inside the miniature spiritual domain.

However, he had already been injured because of the mystic beast's backlash.

At this point, he was also expending a large amount of mystic energy to resist the thunderbolts. Even if he could withstand them at this moment, he couldn't withstand them forever.

If things went on like this, he would certainly get annihilated by these thunderbolts.

That's why in this predicament, he anxiously hastened the motions of the sharp claw in front of his chest to ferociously scratch, strike, and damage the defensive thunder barrier.

However, was it that easy to damage a spiritual weapon?

If it were to be destroyed with just a few strikes, then it wouldn't be called a spiritual weapon.

“Cough, cough cough!” The old Daoist was soon in bad shape, spitting out a mouthful of bloody saliva.